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A

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DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

EDITED BY THE REV. L. L. HAMLINE, A. M.

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JANUARY, 1843.

SCENE AMONG THE HIGHLANDS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

The rude aspects of nature in the neighborhood of Lakes George and Champlain, assort with those stormy scenes of warrior life which have become associated with these rough regions. Here Dieskau, the Frenchman, and Johnson, the commander of the provincial forces, aided by the celebrated Sachem, Hendrick, fought a severe battle in 1755. The Revolutionary conflicts which followed, consecrated the soil and the scenery. And even during the last war a tragic interest was added to all the past by the naval skill of M'Donough, and the heroism of the brave American tars, who destroyed the British fleet, and took undisputed possession of these seas.

Those times are past. We trust in God that the two *Christian* nations by whose differences the quiet of these seas was disturbed, will learn war no more, and that, instead of such savage conflicts, they will blend their influence in endeavors to spread the Gospel of peace, and advance its dominion over a wicked and perishing world. Such fraternal efforts for the good of mankind might be hailed as a pledge of the approaching reign of the Messiah. May God unite the nations in this work of Christian benevolence! May he call them from carnal conflicts, and gather them, as a great fraternity of sanctified philanthropists, to the battle of the Lord of hosts, and move them by his grace to labor for so great and glorious an end as the introduction of that blessed period, when

> "Peace shall visit earth, and truth let in
> Her wakening daylight on a world of sin."

EVENING STAR.

VERSIFICATION OF OSSIAN'S ADDRESS.

Hail! glowing orb of dark, descending night!
Fair, in the distant west, thy spotless light!
From forth thy cloud thou lift'st thy unshorn head,
While o'er the hills thy stately steps are led—
Declare what see'st thou on the plain display'd?
Within their caves the stormy winds are laid—
The murm'ring torrent cometh from afar—
Waves roaring climb the rocks in noisy war—
The evening flies are on their feeble wing,
And with their hum the fields and valleys ring;
But what dost thou behold, thou peerless light?
Thou smilest, and departest with the night;
Then waves around thee haste, in joyous care,
Receive thee in their arms, and bathe thy lovely hair!
Thou silent beam, farewell! let light arise,
And Ossian's soul explore the mystic skies!

Original.

MOSES ON PISGAH.

BY JOHN T. BRAME.

The aged patriarch on the mountain stood
And gazed with joy upon the promised land;
Doomed yet to die, before his weary feet
Might bear his toil-worn frame o'er Jordan's wave—
Before, with those he loved, he might enjoy
The promised bliss and long expected rest.
The long, gray locks which floated in the breeze,
The furrow'd cheek, told that his pilgrimage
On earth had been prolonged, and soon must end;
Yet not one sigh escaped, nor murmur burst
The barrier of his lips, nor did grief wear,
With still, but sure corrodings, life away.
He long had served his God, and well he knew
That what that God enjoined, for him was best.
Calm was his brow—true index of the soul;
Mild dignity had made his face her throne—
His eye beamed love and gratitude and praise,
And on each feature resignation sate.

He bow'd to God and prayed, and in that prayer,
As if the energies of long gone years
Were concentrated for a mighty effort,
He wrestled with Jehovah—scene sublime!
That voice of prayer, like incense pure, ascends,
And heavenly seraphs guard the holy hour!
He prayed for Israel's race,
"That God would spare
And visit not upon their guilty heads,
Demerit of their crimes; that he would hear
Their cries for succor, and relieve their woes;
Heal their backslidings, and receive them back,
As sons repentant to his heavenly fold."

He ceased, and gazed in holy confidence,
With vision all undimmed, to yonder sky,
As if he saw his Master through the space—
That Master, who, from Sinai's flaming top,
Had giv'n to him the tables of the law;
By whose high arm supported, he had braved
The threats of Pharaoh, and his minions proud;
By whose almighty guidance he had led
The stiff-necked people through the desert way,
And who, with him alone of mortal men,
Held friendly conversation, face to face.
He sinks—his eye is dim—his voice is hushed!
Thou hast, in thy sepulchral court, O Death,
No nobler trophy than his holy clay!
His ransomed spirit hath gone up to heaven,
To take its rank in the celestial host,
And strike its golden harp, and live for ever!

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Original.

THE MILLENIUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

The word millenium, signifies a thousand years. In theology it denotes a coming period, of the universal spread and prevalence of holiness. As to its manner, there are two differing opinions. The first is, that Christ will reign personally on the earth, and that the martyrs and eminent Christians will rise from the dead, and share in his terrestrial reign. Others argue that Christ will not appear in person, but will come by the power of the Holy Spirit, and that the resurrection of the martyred saints denotes only the restoration of their holy, self-denying tempers to the hearts of Christians.

The former opinion has been embraced by thousands of learned and pious men. Justin Martyr, who wrote in the second century, earnestly supports it. He claims that in his day it was the commonly received opinion. In modern times, Dr. Gill, Bishop Newton, Mr. Kett, and others of equal eminence, adopted this view of the subject. Recently, some of the most respectable divines in Europe and America have become converts to the same faith. It is said that in England, such men as Baptiste Noel and Bickersteth are its firm adherents. The opinion is gaining advocates amongst learned American divines.

If we are correctly informed, Mr. Wollf, the converted Jew, now a presbyter of the Church of England, and a sincere and zealous minister of Christ, has extensively propagated this view of the millenium in the English Church. To him, more than to any other, may its present currency be traced. It is said that he deems this view of the prophecies important in regard to the conversion of the Jews.

Some of the ablest living expositors of Scripture in the west agree with this opinion. A few openly advocate it. Whether it gains or loses ground amongst the clergy, we cannot say. Our clerical acquaintances hold for the most part, that the millenium will be a period of unexampled religious prosperity, in which Christ will have spiritual dominion from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth. This is our own opinion, and for the following reasons.

1. The prophecies which relate to Christ's millenial reign are highly figurative in their style. This is the case with the Book of Revelation. To interpret the fourth verse of the twentieth chapter as simply implying a restoration of the *spirit* of the martyrs to the Church, seems to us a warrantable license, taking into view the *genius of the Apocalypse*. Should we insist on the literal sense of this text, why not also on the passages which describe the binding of Satan with a great chain, or the flight of the woman into the wilderness.

2. The personal reign of Jesus on earth is hardly consistent with some portions of Scripture, especially those texts which speak of his second advent. "And it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the *judgment;* so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the *second time* without sin unto salvation." Here the judgment and the "second coming" are connected, in a way that precludes the millenial advent.

3. The passage in Revelation xx, 4, speaks not of the bodies, but of the *souls* of the martyrs. "I saw the *souls* of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." How natural to interpret this as denoting the restoration to the Church, in her millenial state, of the purity and zeal which glowed in the hearts of her ancient confessors. As Elijah was restored to the world in the person of John the Baptist, of whom the Savior said, "Elias hath already come;" so the ancient witnesses will return in the persons of many holy ministers, who shall not count their lives dear unto them, if they may but minister as becomes the Gospel, and finish their course with joy. Happy Church, and blessed period, when a martyr's spirit shall glow in every pious bosom! And "the time is at hand." There are signs which none need to mistake, of the near approach of the Savior's universal dominion. He shall soon "take to himself his great power, and reign King of nations, as he is King of saints."

As to the commencement of this happy period, we have litule to say concerning it. It is near at hand. Of this there can be no doubt. How near—whether at the door, or one, twenty-five, or one hundred and fifty-eight years distant, can be of little consequence. Too much may have been written already on this point. It is important to believe firmly that it is near; but what practical benefit could result from knowing the day or the year?

It seems to us unadvised to draw the attention of the Church to what may properly be called curious and unlearned questions. And have we not done it in regard to the millenium? Its exact period, its mode of commencing, its implications as it regards the personal coming of Christ, are of no great practical moment, or they would have been revealed so clearly as not to admit of *pros* and *cons*. These are unlearned questions—that is, they are unlearnable, not being set forth with certainty in the Scriptures. The fact that they are not, is a hint to man. He should let them alone, or at least touch them lightly and diffidently. Over and above mere hints, we are admonished to "avoid" them. "It is not for us to know the times and seasons which God hath put in his own power." Creatures cannot tell us the *when* of these things, nor the *how* in any precise detail. Why should we, launching on the sea of God's providence, attempt to navigate regions which the chart he has given does not cover? Let us explore where he offers pilotage and anchorage. Let us bear away from courses uninvited and unwarranted, and betake ourselves to the voyage on which he sends us. He commissions us to sail in the regions of repentance, and afterwards in the regions of faith and love. When we have circumnavigated these fields, and have no more

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discoveries to make or depths to sound, let us strive how many we can take in convoy over the regions we have so thoroughly explored. When we have the world in our wake, and not a craft on its surface is heading towards perdition, then—no, not even then may we launch beyond the limits of our commission! Then we will cast anchor, and wait for farther orders.

Some think these things are revealed. If revealed, why so much labored argument? why so many and differing opinions? If revealed, they are facts, and should be presented as clearly as the facts of history. What orthodox couplet of high or low Churchmen ever debated whether there shall be a resurrection and a judgment—whether there is a heaven or a hell? These are Gospel postulates with all but infidels. So is the millenium; but not its period, nor the manner of Christ's coming to dwell among his saints; whether in person, or by the presence of the Comforter. Let us hold on to the postulate then, and make good use of it, but leave all else where God is pleased to leave it. Let us hold on to the postulates, that courage and zeal may not be wanting in the warfare whose issues involve this holy, blessed millenium.

Some other things are revealed which it deeply concerns us to ponder. We should know that perilous times are at hand. Dread darkness will go before the sunrise of the millenium. This is told us for a warning. Shall we stir curious questions, and pass admonitions by? He would be a reckless officer, who should disregard the reports of faithful spies. "An ambush," say they, "is in your van. A fearful foe lurks in the fastnesses of yonder heights, at the base of which you are leading your thronging legions." The commander hears, calls a halt, draws up his troops, and when they wait to hear a spirit-stirring appeal to their courage and ambition, and warnings to beware, their General entertains them with lively and graphic descriptions of the cities they shall conquer, and the booty they shall win. Is this the way to triumph? It is the way to disaster and defeat. Is it not our way? What, sing and shout in millenial tones, while ambuscades are thickening all around us, and shutting Zion in on every side! An army of formalists presses her on one side, and hosts of errorists on the other side. These mix and sweeten poisons to destroy her—those waft upon her the spirit of slumber. Under both, she nods and sickens. And shall we fall to and entertain her drowsy, enfeebled senses, with things sweet and savory to her palate? She wants music. Give it to her; but let it be none of your soft, cozening symphonies about a "millenium at hand." Sound an alarm in God's holy mountain. The foe! the foe! should be exclaimed by all her watchmen along the extended walls of Jerusalem. Yet she is putting off her armor, as though her enemy were finally and for ever repulsed. Repulsed! There never was an hour in fifteen centuries so full of brooding mischief to the Church, as is this very hour. Her own zeal has inspirited her foes, and her own providence has taught them. Would to God that she could profit by her own experience, as they do by her example!

One thing is certain. Ours will be a day of conflict. The Scriptures which admonish us of perilous times, are so near being fulfilled, that the event begins to interpret the prophecy. The millenium, as is generally supposed, may be near—that is, within two centuries of us. But in the meantime, there are waiting for sudden development the elements of fiercer persecutions than ever yet raged on earth. These the Church must endure, and she should be making ready for the travail.

Is this unwelcome intelligence? It ought to be most welcome. Persecutions are precursory of the millenium. "In the last days, perilous times shall come." And if perils are to herald the reign of the Messiah, shall we dread their approach? They are graves which lie between us and the augured triumphs of the cross. They are shadows which we are assured must gather around us, that out of their deepest gloom may spring, to our transport, the intense, abiding light. Shall we lament the trials, which however they involve us, are harbingers of Zion's universal conquests? No. We hail the era of persecution. If we must pass through this strait gate to the millenium, thank God that we begin to feel its pressure. Let the enemy exult upon us—let the kindling fires burst forth—let blood flow like rivers. These violences are the throes of a new birth, and shall result in the regeneration of a world.

But in the meantime, what should be the attitude of the Church? It should be *boldly offensive*. No effort should be relaxed, no emprise of charity abandoned. Otherwise, her zeal and toil should be increased a thousand-fold. She should be above past example a praying, laboring, suffering witness for Jesus and his truth.

First, she should be a praying witness. We continually forget the power of prayer; or if not, we are indolent and worldly, and do not apply this power to help on the conquests of Zion. If you were now called upon to select the most efficient of Christ's militant followers, to whom more than to any others, Zion is indebted for her advances and her victories, where would you look for them? In the pulpit? You might mistake. Would you fix your eye on a public-spirited professor, who gives ten thousand dollars to a college, ten thousand to a theological seminary, ten thousand to the missions, and ten thousand to the Bible society? You might greatly err. I would not go to the pulpit, or the lists of charities to make this selection; but I would go to the closet. Give me access to the devotions of the closet, and power to ascertain who spends most time in secret prayer, and wrestles with most faith and fervor for God's blessing on a perishing world, and I will, with bold assurance, point out the most efficient of Christ's militant followers. The humblest subaltern in Zion's armies may be the bravest of her warring bands—her champion in God's sight who seeth not as man seeth—who judges not from the outward or formal organization of the Church, but looketh on the heart. Probably such a champion might be found in some undistinguished mother in Israel, who for fifty years has been drawing nearer and nearer to God, and now with almost open vision, a faith clear as sight, wrestles day

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and night for the revival of God's work, exclaiming, O, that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!

And this is emphatically woman's sphere. Does she ask what she can do for Zion? I answer, pray. Pray as Abraham did for Sodom, (and with more perseverance.) Do this and you shall stand in the front of battle. The invincibles in Immanuel's army are those who, with uplifted weapons, receive the enemy on their knees. Woe to them who make an onset in this direction. They will meet the captain of the Lord's host, and will be scattered like chaff before the wind.

And when the whole Church awakes to prayer—when each of her members thirsts after God, and weeps day and night for perishing sinners, the world will be moved. A heavenly power will descend and sway the minds of its perishing millions, and like the multitudes on the day of Pentecost, these millions will exclaim with one voice, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

But the Church must be a *laboring* witness for God. She must no longer busy herself about the world. She must turn her energies into another channel. Her enterprise must be directed towards the relief of the spiritual, not merely the temporal wants of our nature. She must evidence that her treasure is truly in heaven, and that her business is to accumulate riches there. She must prosecute her work of saving souls with a zeal proportionate to her avowed estimate of the value of the soul. She is, even now, a busy Church. What a bustling scene does she present to the observer! But what is she doing? Buying and selling, and getting gain—hoarding up silver and gold, and lavishing both in extravagant outlays for sumptuous dwellings and prideful display. The disciple of Jesus, with successful emulation, rivals the vainest and most profligate of the world; and from their manner and apparel, who can distinguish the Church from the world—the modest bride of Christ from the bold and flaunting harlot? O, what a stripping of herself will there be from the disguises she hath so long worn! What a putting off of pride and its coverings—what aversions from sin and its indulgences—what a dressing of herself in the decent attire of a humble, laboring, blood-bought Church, whose business it is to come out from the world, and bring the world out from itself to serve the living God. The hour is at hand when prince and princess will turn exhorters in the cause of God, and the saloons of the palace will witness the birth and halleluiahs of converts to righteousness.

And why not now? Why not enter at once on the blessed avocations of pity and charity? Why not, to-day, commence the labors which are to bless the perishing nations with a millenium? Let the reader and the writer make two of the number who shall toil henceforth to *millenialize* the world. Let us, in this holy cause, do what our hands—our lips—find to do, with our might. We may stir up others to join us in these labors. It may expose us to some reproach; but Jesus will not frown—it may cost us sufferings; but we should remember that the Church must also become a *suffering* witness for Jesus. What will be the mode or amount of her sufferings we cannot well determine. Scorn and derision from her foes, and treachery from her friends, will greatly annoy and waste her. Her enemies have scarcely yet commenced their assaults. The Church has done little to provoke derision. She is now so like the world, that the world, which loves its own, can tolerate her with great comfort. When her example becomes reproving, and the world is frowned from her fellowships, we shall see a change. Then men will be provoked to ancient proofs of the malignant wickedness of the heart. It will then be seen that God and his Son are not less abhorred than when Noah built the ark, and Christ was "crucified and slain."

But the severest sufferings of the Church will flow from direct and cruel persecution. Let none suppose for a moment that no more trials of this sort await us. Look for sanguinary scenes. The spirit of past ages is rolling back upon us, and already we can see the swell and hear the surge. Zion has endured sharp conflicts, and has won hard-fought fields. In certain periods of her militant career, she has been bold and faithful. Sometimes she might have been addressed,

"Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought!"

But to her it cannot be said, as to Abdiel—

"The easier conquest now remains to thee."

Like Satan and his discomfited legions, after the first day's onset, her enemies have invented new weapons of war, and

"Not distant far, with heavy pace, the foe
Approaching gross and huge,"

trains his infernal enginery, compasses the camp of the saints about, and is waiting to lay waste the beloved city. Our business should be to prepare to witness for Jesus by meek and patient suffering. The approaching conflict will call for the exercise of all the passive virtues. True, we must remit no holy enterprise. Our missions must be sustained, our revivals encouraged, our benevolent associations all cherished and multiplied a thousand fold; but while we act, we must also be ready to die for Jesus.

In conclusion, if all the Church were to assume the attitude of a *praying*, *laboring*, *suffering* witness for Jesus, we need not look far forward to the millenium. We should suddenly find ourselves making our triumphant entrance upon its opening scenes of light and joy.

Some well meaning Christians tremble for their salvation, because they have never gone through a valley of tears and sorrow to arrive at regeneration: to satisfy such minds, it may be observed, that the slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment, and that the greatest is insufficient if it do not. Therefore, by their own fruits let them prove themselves; for some soils will take the good seed, without being watered by tears, or harrowed up by affliction.

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Original.

"LET WELL ALONE."

"Let well alone," is one of those wise old saws which, in all of its homeliness, has—upon the authority of our grand-mothers—come down to us from time immemorial; and it is still just as apt of admonition as ever it was; for it suits to a fashion which never changes, but is perpetuated to all the races and all the generations of men; namely, the fashion of being not quite satisfied with their present condition—by which we mean to say, with the circumstances by which they are surrounded; for, alas! the self-conceit and pride of man would fain persuade him that all *within* is just as it should be. And whilst God is supplying to him, in greater or less measure, those things which he needs, the *devil*, abetting his ingratitude, is marring his content, and instigating him to "comparisons" which "are odious," and also idle; and because he possesses not all that his inordinate desires would claim, moving him to "*a change*." And herein may we see, even in connection with the act, its necessary punishment. We would speak in regard to the affairs of business. Looking about the world, hither and thither, do we not see that all who, in their beginnings, despise "the day of small things," and in their thankless impatience give up a certainty for a "speculation," almost invariably injure themselves; and continuing to pluck on from bad to worse, they finally end in total bankruptcy.

The young are deceived in this matter. They believe, if their affairs are not in a very prosperous train, that by effecting a change they are only exerting a proper spirit—the energy of their time of life—and that they were rather blame-worthy to abide in small profits, when, by "enterprise," they may become rich at once.

And, indeed, there is very much to be said in extenuation of the young upon this subject; for all the tendencies of the age are to extremes, *alias*, to bankruptcy. And this sin rests upon the thousands of "bold bad men" of mature life, who, having squandered their means, perhaps the patrimony of pains-taking fathers, and impatient of industry, and *having nothing to lose*, dash into some "brilliant speculation," and, *possibly*, by swindling all whom they have involved in the *scheme*, come out themselves *rich*. Yet no less for that are they swindlers. Yet what recks it—whilst they feast their friends—whilst they open the house of hospitality, and are liberal to popular purposes, *giving back* a farthing upon a thousand dollars—they are still accredited. Is not such an one a "noble fellow," "whole hearted," one that "knows how to give!" "he never grudges a penny," not he! &c.

But why do persons not discriminate character more than they do? Why do they receive, upon the word of others, what it concerns themselves to know for themselves? namely, the moralities, at least the *honesty* of their associates! Is there not an extreme meanness, too, in participating the luxuries procured by these persons? No doubt of that; but "many a one does it," and "what all the world does must be right." The latter aphorism probably originated as touching some mere custom which involved no question of morals, and was well enough in its place. But to affect to impose it as a grave truth is a most strange perversion. And very few persons, if they would take the trouble to think, are so dull as not to distinguish the matter of fact condition of things from the mere imposed apology. They should know that "apology" should never be valued as equivalent to that which it excuses—in short, they know right from wrong. But habits of selfish indulgence, or the puerile fear of offending the base, or the indolence of siding with the multitude, and many such like unfaithfulnesses, hinder them from withdrawing themselves, or even from giving a voice against the accredited culprit, who keeps what is called "good company!"

But to keep more near to our subject. Worse than this, the holder of moneys, so procured, is said, in merchant's phrase, to "have effected a vast amount of business"—to "be a very smart man"—to have "raised himself from poverty"—to be "a man of a thousand," and many more such striking eulogisms are bestowed upon him who has in truth only "become rich too fast." That he is denounced in the *text* is never applied to him; for he is tried mostly by his fellows, and they never meddle with such things. Now is not all this calculated to confuse the youth just assuming business? It does more than that—it confuses in the principle and it *leads* in the practice. And if such an one shall be his exemplar, being not as expert as his master, he will probably often *change* his business, and that to its necessary issue, of a losing result. But who is to blame? Every father is to blame if he do not, early and late, time and again, hold such characters up to the detestation of his growing sons. Let them, by time and example, "here a little and there a little," point the morality of shunning them. Let them keep them out of their company, and out of the company of their sons until it is impossible that they shall swerve into any sort of liking for them or their ways; and at the same time that they inculcate moderation and patience in acquiring, point them to the possible sources of a livelihood by these methods; and more than all, *put them early enough to business—initiate* them, and it can be done little by little *only*. A boy already of seventeen or eighteen years, if he have been put to no duties, has had no training, is totally *hopeless* of any resource within himself. He feels as if the thing were impossible. He is timid, and awkward, and discouraged. You wonder at this, for perhaps your son has been accounted more than ordinarily apt, and yet simpler boys have got the start of him here. But you do not wonder, when you see the youth of sixteen or seventeen years, who, for the first time in his life, mounts a horse—you do not wonder that he cannot ride; for you well know it is because he has not been trained to it. You know that if a father wishes his son to become a good horseman, he practices him from the time almost that he can hold a bridle; and you know then it is almost a matter of course that he becomes an adept in riding, feels assured

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and at ease, is competent to any little emergency that may occur, and can manage the horse to his use. He is the master of the horse, not the horse of him. At this you do not wonder; yet in a matter a thousand times more complex, engrossing mind and character, and requiring every form of attention, you think it possible to succeed *without practice*. But *not* so. As the youth who has grown to manhood without ever having managed a horse, will never become an accomplished horseman—will never be "handy" at it, so neither will the youth without training be competent to business—never apprehend the thousand minute duties and observances, not of performance alone, but of time, and place, and opportunity, and of exigency and retrievement. Yet that such an one can never in his life become an expert man of business you do *not* calculate! But so it is. His activity has run to waste, or has run another course—his thoughts and tastes have been engrossed in other objects until they lead him. And if duty or necessity now compels a course of business, it is with no small difficulty and an almost irrepressible distaste that he sets about it, burdened as he is with a double task; for he must disembarrass himself of old habits before he can institute new ones. And if he have no inheritance, he feels as if he had rather shuffle through the world without property, than endure what seems to him the drudgery of working for it.

And such is the origin of many an unhappy and despicable *loafer!* Yet how easy and sweet is the progress of the young boy who is trained betimes to his occupation. It seems as simple to him as going up the stairs; and having his energies engrossed, and his wishes stayed, he is happy in that self-respect which, however young, he naturally craves. And the parent who does thus much for his children does *more* for them, and they are taught to rest in their *piety*, and to that also do they refer their duties.

The world at large look on and deem that family of children to be most felicitously situated who are born to an ample fortune, and that, too, even when the father, confiding in money alone, leaves them unprovided with the knowledge and the method of *retaining* it. Yet the frugal parent with moderate means, or indeed one destitute of money, who yet puts his sons betimes into the methods of procuring it, does for them much more than the other, with however large a fortune, can possibly do for his with a bequest alone. In the one instance, the *heir* is possessed alone of that which, to a proverb, "takes to itself wings and flies away;" to say nothing of all the deteriorating influences to which, in idle hands, it ministers; whilst the other "portionless" boy, as he is called, is initiated into methods of creating supplies which the other only knows how to squander; and this ability is an unalienable possession. So that, rationally speaking, the condition of the two can never be compared—the one having, in the passage of life, so incomparably the advantage of the other—and he is the one who works for himself.

We do not assert that no heir, who enhances not his inheritance, yet preserves it unimpaired. Some small number do—such, perhaps, as are of low and unexcitable temperament—or some few philosophers—or the reader—the private scholar; but scholarship is an *employment*, and that shall itself save from squandering. But all will concur with us in the position that most men either gain or lose money as a characteristic trait. And this latter evil is what we deprecate; for how great an evil the want of money is! It is not in one sense alone that the moneyed man is said to be "independent." His character, in the collision of life, cannot have play, unless he can "afford" that it should. We do not refer to any sinister purposes; but he will be repudiated of his very virtues if he is poorer than his associates; and he will conceive all those disgusts at the world's injustice, which not his self-love alone but even *truth* revolts at. It is indeed a most inconvenient thing to be poor.

But to return to our subject, i. e., the changing of business. We ought to say that the being competent, and betimes versed in any pursuit, is a greater safeguard against this evil. The notion of change is probably more often suggested by the uneasiness of not knowing how to manage the present concern than from any other cause. Some indeed there are of so roving and vagrant a temper that they must carry their love of novelty even into their business. And they are of those of whom it is said that "they have tried a good many different things," but "they don't seem to get along with any." And so it is. In wishing to change they should reflect that the object looked to may, on acquaintance, prove as unsatisfying as that in possession, with the disadvantage and loss attendant on a breaking up of the old, and the outlay for new arrangements. And more than the loss of customers and clients is the break-up of confidence as to the *stability* and soundness of character in him who so acts. In contemplating a change—a new plan of life—whatever else may be the calculations, it is generally overlooked that we are so strongly attracted to the points which strike our regard, that we leave quite out of view the contingent disadvantages which belong to it, to say nothing of all the concomitant annoyances which complete the picture.

That these latter belong to every state of life we acknowledge; yet it is much easier to cope with the evils and the disagreeables to which we are accustomed, than to "flee to others which we know not of." And this tendency calls for the restraining and coercive hand of the guardian, or the parent, from earliest life. The parent remaining is, perhaps, the widowed mother; and to her we would commend vigilance, decision, and promptness in placing her sons "*soon enough*" to business. We are aware that in the early season of bereavement she has little heart for performances of this sort, and that her affection, particularly at this time, may betray her into a laxity of discipline which her judgment would contemn. Yet she cannot too soon say to herself whether her sons are or are not to be trained to business; and postponement neither changes the nature of the regulation nor abates its difficulties. Its difficulties, perhaps, are only of the unconsenting

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child, loth and ignorant of his own good, and timid and apprehensive because of his inexperience. This is transiently painful. But what earthly advantage have we without its trial and its tax? The child may work, too, with his hands—the "manual labor schools" and the "lyceums" are rife about the country; and the beautiful expanse from the Valley of the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, affords its thousand sites to allure and to reward the farmer—the happy, healthy, respectable farmer. From *that* occupation, at least, there is very little danger of *changing;* for we apprehend that the sentiment of the son of nature, fresh from the campaign, in first threading the mazes of a city, is, "what *insanity* possessed the people that crowd their dwellings into the nooks and cranies of a city, when the open fields are in sight!" And his is a genuine taste.

Appropos of work. It is now an idea, subscribed to by many, that they do not deem it a good to leave their sons a fortune; for, say they, "let them go to work and get one for themselves," then "they will know how to value it." This is excellent; yet amongst the many who *say* it, but few act on the principle further than to spend more freely themselves, without putting their sons in the way to obtain it; so that, with this *super*-considerateness, they neither leave their children a fortune, nor aid them in procuring one. And we should deem the "reformed method" rather as squinting to the selfishness of the father, than as revealing benefit to his children. But not to fatigue our reader with too much digression we will close; and as we commenced with one excellent old proverb, so, as a sort of corollary to it, we will finish with another; namely, "Seek rather to improve the business you are in, than to endeavor after a new one."

PHILANTHROPOS.

Original.

CHRISTIANITY AND WOMAN.

THE propagation of Christianity is the most important work which can engage the attention of mankind. The rise, progress, and downfall of empires—the lives of philosophers and of princes may furnish useful and interesting materials for thought and reflection, but nothing is so momentous as the diffusion of the light of the Gospel. It is this which brings to nations sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death the knowledge of salvation; and it bears this knowledge from the Source of infinite wisdom and goodness. No resources of nature have ever been found sufficient to impart this knowledge. In vain do we look for it in the most profound lessons of philosophy. Science, in all ages, without a divine revelation, has left man where it found him—"dead in trespasses and sins."

The human family has fallen from innocence and rectitude, and in its fall has contracted blindness in the understanding, aversion from God in the affections, and stubbornness and opposition of will to all spiritual good; and these disordered powers, by exerting their corresponding influences upon the soul, bring it into sinful subjection as by the force of an invincible law, and constitute the source of all moral evil. Though man has thus fallen, he remains a rational being; and as such, he is still a subject of moral government.

In no part of society does Christianity exert a more benign influence than over woman. It not only elevates her to her proper sphere, and secures to her respect, but also opens a wide field for the exercise of those peculiar virtues which, under the influence of a pure religion, become so brilliant and alluring in her character. When controlled by ardent piety, the retired walks of domestic life are enlivened by her cheerfulness, and rendered attractive by the influence of her devotedness to God. Her attentions mitigate, in a thousand forms, the lot of suffering humanity—soothe the pains of sickness and the anguish of death. In no situation is she destitute of means for winning souls to Christ; while her noble energies, combined with prudence, find ample scope in impressing character on the youthful mind, and in appropriately training the immortal spirit for its present vocations, and its future destiny.

When we regard Christianity not only as designed to be enjoyed, and to be practiced in order to its enjoyment, but also as the means of staying the desolations of sin, and of saving souls from death, how natural that its principles should receive the countenance and aid of woman! Accordingly, woman has been its warmest advocate. One has well remarked, that "were the Christian religion to be banished from the earth, its last altar would be the female heart." "Woman was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre, last at the burial and first to look on the risen Jesus." The cross of Christ is lifted up to the sight, that all might look and believe; but woman particularly should clasp and hold it as with a death grasp; for has not Christianity been the triumph of woman? *It* came to bring into notice a class of virtues, that man, in the pride of his heart, despised as womanly. It proclaims GOD'S approbation of *those* virtues, and shows that they do not spring up spontaneously, nor grow in the unregenerated heart.

In almost every country, particularly in the eastern world, woman has her certain place. She has to perform offices of hardship and servitude repugnant to her very nature. In Austria we see her making mortar, digging cellars, and wheeling out the clay; and there, too, we see her harnessed with cattle to a plough, while her husband may apply the lash equally to both. She saws and splits wood, drags coal about the streets, and wheels such loads to market as, in our country, would be considered a heavy task for beasts of burden. In Asia, in regions smiling with the ceaseless verdure of the tropics, she is doomed to toil, unprotected from the sun, and is regarded by her master as destitute of a soul. But it is not necessary to enlarge. The sad story of woman's wrongs where the true God is not worshiped ought to be familiar to all. To those who live in this enlightened land—whose lines have fallen to them in such pleasant places—it should be an occasion of gratitude that the cause of female education is rapidly progressing. Here the sentiment of community

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abhors the doctrine of woman's mental inferiority. Here Christianity, to which we owe the most common privileges of our being, is offering to our sex the means of boundless improvement. We are incited, by every consideration of gratitude, as well as of self-respect, to urge on with vigor our course of preparation for the high and responsible duties of this life, through which we may be enabled, in the highest degree, to promote the happiness of man in the world to come.

H. G.

Original.

THE VALUE OF SPEECH.

Speech is a rich blessing. We were not made intelligent that we might shut up thought within ourselves; but to give it a voice, and exchange it for others' thoughts. Our power over others lies not in the amount of thought within us, but in the power of bringing out what we possess. A person of more than ordinary intellectual vigor may be a cypher in society, wanting skill in the use of language, or a proper and graceful mode of expression.

Not only do we influence the minds of others, but we greatly aid our own intellect by giving distinct and forcible utterance to our conceptions. We understand ourselves better—our own ideas grow clearer by the very effort to make them clear to others. Our social rank, too, depends greatly on our conversational powers.

The principal distinction between those who are called gentlemen, and the vulgar, lies in this: the vulgar are awkward in manners, and are essentially wanting in propriety, clearness, and force of expression. Persons who never open their lips without violating some rule in syntax, or who are unable to address us without darkening their meaning by a confused, unskillful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which their natural good sense entitles them.

To have agreeable intercourse with the intelligent, we must speak their language, and be able to communicate as well as to receive instruction. The pleasure and profit of social intercourse depend almost entirely on our colloquial talents. Thoughts are communicated, sympathies exchanged, joys and sorrows made known through the medium of language; and without this faculty we should be but little removed from the brute creation. Wit sharpens wit, thought produces thought. Our knowledge is increased in an animated conversation. Powers, which we were unconscious of possessing, are developed in conversation, and often we wonder at our own amount of information. This faculty, then, is given us for improvement, and will tend as much as the exercise of any other faculty to raise us to that elevated sphere in the scale of being for which we were designed by our Creator. Conversation may be studied as a science, or practiced as an art. Cowper says—

> "Though conversation, in its better part,
> May be esteemed a gift and not an art,
> Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
> On culture and the sowing of the soil.
> Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse
> But talking is not always to converse."

And believing this, I would suggest to the teachers of our female seminaries, that, instead of one of the various "*ologies*" now pursued as studies by young ladies, this more important one should be introduced. I think teachers would find apt scholars. Many have already advanced so far in the practical part of the subject that I think they would be well qualified to afford assistance in the instruction of others. Let a class be organized, and a circle formed. The teacher might commence by introducing some interesting topic; and after giving his own opinions, might politely invite each one of the class to favor the company with her views on the subject. If the theme were one at all calculated to excite the feelings, or one upon which there was a diversity of opinion, I think we should soon ascertain that most young ladies (how taciturn soever they may usually appear) only want an occasion to develop their powers of elocution. We should, no doubt, be astonished at the sage and pithy remarks, the profound observations, the brilliant figures, the lively sallies of wit, that would flow in a continuous strain from lips that hitherto had always been sealed. It is a duty incumbent upon all to improve this faculty—one of the most wonderful that God has bestowed upon man—one that is his peculiar characteristic. We should endeavor to provoke the dormant powers of speech in our friends and acquaintances. How often do we see verified the description of the poet—

> "The circle formed, we sit in silent state,
> Like figures drawn upon a dial plate."

But let these humble suggestions become practical, and the silence and reserve of the social circle, so finely depicted in this quotation, would soon disappear. Friends would rejoice in a perfect understanding of each other's feelings and sentiments—intellectual intercourse would lose its cold and unsocial formality; and in the vivacity and cheerfulness that would characterize our fire-sides we should realize the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Puella.

Original.

AN ACROSTIC.

Sarah, we have heard the Savior
Ask a welcome in our hearts;
Rest and peace he gives for ever
All who bid him not depart.
Haste we, then, for time is rushing

Hourly by, with eagle wing;
On he moves, unkindly crushing
Low as dust each earthly thing.
Come, then, let us claim the blessing—
Ope our hearts a God to win—
Mercy seek, till prayer unceasing
Brings the holy Savior in.

M. De Forest.

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Original.

MISSIONARY EFFORTS IN SAN PAULO.

BY D. P. KIDDER.

THE "Sketches of Travel in Brazil" which have hitherto appeared in this periodical, were not penned without a higher object in view than the mere entertainment of those who might take an interest in their perusal. Experience has shown the great difficulty of making correctly understood, the actual nature and bearing of our missionary labors in South America, without previously giving more definite and authentic information respecting the state of the country, than is to be obtained from existing publications. Although a systematic arrangement of the facts and materials in my possession would require several numbers more, upon the history, literature, and manners of the country antecedent to my present topic, yet I feel anxious to record at this time several circumstances connected with the special object of my tour in the province of San Paulo.

Although two hundred years had elapsed since the discovery and first settlement of that province, it is not known that a Protestant minister of the Gospel had ever visited it before. Although colonized with the ostensible purpose of converting the natives, and subsequently inhabited by scores of monks and priests, there is no probability that ever before a person had entered its domains carrying copies of the word of life in the vernacular tongue, with the express intent of putting them in the hands of the people.

It is necessary to remind the reader, that throughout the entire continent to which reference is now made, public assemblies for the purpose of addresses and instruction are wholly unknown. The people often assemble at mass, and at religious festivals, and nearly as often at the theatre; but in neither place do they hear principles discussed or truth developed. The sermons in the former case are seldom much more than eulogiums on the virtues of a saint, with exhortations to follow his or her example. Indeed, the whole system of means by which in Protestant countries access is had to the public mind, is unpracticed and unknown. The stranger, therefore, and especially the supposed heretic, who would labor for the promotion of true religion, must expect to avail himself of providential openings, rather than to rely on previously concerted plans. The missionary, in such circumstances, learns a lesson of great practical importance to himself; to wit, that he should be grateful for any occasion, however small, of attempting to do good in the name of his Master. The romantic notions which some entertain of a mission field, may become chastened and humbled by contact with the cold reality of facts; but the Christian heart will not be rendered harder, nor genuine faith less susceptible of an entire reliance on God.

The unexpected friendship and aid of mine aged host at San Bernardo, already mentioned, was not a circumstance to be lightly esteemed. Scarcely less expected was the provision made for me at the city of S. Paulo, of letters of introduction, to gentlemen of the first respectability in the various places of the interior which I wished to visit. At one of those places, the individual to whom I was thus addressed, and by whom I was entertained, was a Roman Catholic priest; and it affords me unfeigned satisfaction to say, that the hospitality which I received under his roof, was just what the stranger in a strange land would desire.

When on reaching the town where he lived I first called at his house, the Padre had been absent about two weeks, but was then hourly expected to return. His nephew, a young gentleman in charge of the premises, insisted on my remaining, and directed my guide to a pasture for his mules. In a country where riding upon the saddle is almost the only way of traveling, it has become an act of politeness to invite the traveler, on his first arrival, to rest upon a bed or a sofa. This kindness having been accepted in the present instance, was in due time followed by a warm bath, and afterwards by an excellent, but a solitary dinner. Before my repast was ended, a party of horsemen passed by the window, among whom was the Padre, for whom I was waiting. After reading the letter which I brought, he entered the room and bade me a cordial welcome. He had arrived in company with the ex-Regent Feijo, with whom I had previously enjoyed an interview at the city of S. Paulo, and from whom he had received notices of me, as inquiring into the religious state of the country. My way was thus made easy to introduce the special topic of my mission. On showing me his library, a very respectable collection of books, he distinguished as his favorite work Calmet's Bible, in French, in twenty-six volumes. He had no Bible or Testament in Portuguese. I told him I had heard that an edition was about to be published at Rio, with notes and comments, under the patronage and sanction of the Archbishop. This project had been set on foot in order to counteract the circulation of the editions of the Bible societies, but was never carried into effect. He knew nothing of it. He had heard, however, that Bibles in the vulgar tongue had been sent to Rio de Janeiro, as to other parts of the world, which could be procured gratis, or for a trifling consideration. Judge of the happy surprise with which I heard from his lips, that some of these Bibles had already appeared in this neighborhood, three hundred miles distant from our depository at Rio. His first remark was, that he did not know how much good would come from their perusal, on account of the bad example of their bishops and priests. I informed him frankly, that I was one of the persons engaged in distributing these Bibles, and endeavored to explain the motives of our enterprise, which he seemed to appreciate.

He said Catholicism was nearly abandoned here, and all the world over. I assured him that I saw abundant proofs of its existence and influence; but he seemed to consider these "the form without the power." Our conversation was here interrupted, but having an opportunity to renew it in the evening, I remarked, that knowing me to be a minister of religion, he had reason

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to suppose I would have more pleasure in conversing on that subject than upon any other.

I then told him I did not comprehend what he meant by saying, that Catholicism was nearly abandoned. He proceeded to explain, that there was scarcely any thing of the spirit of religion among either priests or people. He being only a *diacono*, had the privilege of criticising others. He was strong in the opinion that the laws enjoining clerical celibacy should be abolished, since the clergy were almost all *de facto* much worse than married, to the infinite scandal of religion—that such was their ignorance, that many of them ought to sit at the feet of their own people, to be instructed in the common doctrines of Christianity—that the spirit of infidelity had been of late rapidly spreading, and infecting the young, to the destruction of that external respect for religion, and fear of God, which used to be hereditary. Infidel books were common, especially Volney's Ruins. I asked whether things were growing better or worse. "Worse," he replied, "worse continually!" "What means are taken to render them better?" "None! We are waiting the interference of Providence." I told him there were many pious persons who would gladly come to their aid, if it were certain they would be permitted to do the work of the Lord. He thought they would be well received if they brought the truth; meaning, probably, if they were Roman Catholics.

I asked him what report I should give to the religious world respecting Brazil. "Say that we are in darkness, behind the age, and almost abandoned." "But that you wish for light?" "That we wish for nothing. We are hoping in God, the father of lights."

I proceeded to ask him what was better calculated to counteract the influence of those infidel and demoralizing works he had referred to, than the word of God. "Nothing," was the reply. "How much good then is it possible you yourself might do, both to your country and to immortal souls, by devoting yourself to the true work of an evangelist?" He assented, and hoped that some day he should be engaged in it.

I had before placed in his hands two or three copies of the New Testament, to be given to persons who would receive profit from them, and which he had received with the greatest satisfaction. I now told him, that whenever he was disposed to enter upon the work of distributing the Scriptures, we could forward them to him in any quantity needed. He assured me that he would at any time be happy to take such a charge upon himself; that when the books were received, he would circulate them throughout all the neighboring country, and write an account of the manner of their disposal. We accordingly closed an arrangement, which subsequently proved highly efficient and interesting. When I showed him some tracts in Portuguese, he requested that a quantity of them should accompany the remission of Bibles. On my asking how the ex-Regent, and others like him, would regard the circulation of the Scriptures among the people; he said they would rejoice in it, and that the propriety of the enterprise would scarcely admit of discussion. "Then," said I, "when we are engaged in this work, we can have the satisfaction to know that we are doing what the better part of your own clergy approve." "Certainly," he replied, "you are doing what we ought to be doing ourselves."

Seldom have I spent a night more happily than the one which followed, although sleep was disposed to flee from my eyelids. I was overwhelmed with a sense of the goodness and providence of God, in thus directing my way to the very person out of hundreds best qualified, both in circumstances and disposition, to aid in promoting our great work. This fact was illustrated in the circumstance, that although I had a most cordial letter of introduction to the Vigario of the same village, which I left at his house, he happening to be out when I called, yet I did not see him at all. To use the expression of a gentleman acquainted with the circumstances, "he hid himself," as though fearing the consequences of an interview; and by not showing at least the customary civilities to a stranger, greatly offended the gentleman who had given me the letter. The Padre, whose kindness I experienced, had paused in his clerical course some years before, and was engaged in the legal profession, although he retained his title and character as a priest. In correspondence with this circumstance, there is scarcely any department of civil or political life in which priests are not often found. After the second night I was under the necessity of taking leave of him, in order to pursue my journey.

I found various occasions for giving tracts to persons with whom I met. In one instance, after having drank a glass of milk, for which nothing would be taken in payment, I offered the man of the house a tract. He asked what it was for. I told him it was to be read, and explained its contents. He said, "I do not know how to read." I then requested him to keep it for my sake, and to cause his children, a number of whom were around him, to learn to read. He thanked me, and showed the *folhetinho* as an object of great curiosity.

At another village I was entertained at the house of a German physician, a very learned and agreeable man. His nephew, a young gentleman who had been educated in Germany, was often in my room, and rendered himself very agreeable by his frank and intelligent conversation. He represented this to be one of the most religious places in the country, having a large number of churches and priests, in proportion to the population. In one church, particularly, the priests were unusually strict; and in the judgment of my informant, quite fanatical. They always wore their distinguishing habit, were correct in their moral deportment, required persons belonging to their circle to commune very often, and moreover, discountenanced theatres. This latter circumstance was unusual; for in addition to the clergy being often present at such amusements, there was even in that place the instance of a theatre attached to a church.

I introduced to this young gentleman the subject of

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circulating the Bible. He at once acknowledged the importance of the enterprise, and expressed great desires that it should go forward; saying that the Brazilians once understanding the objects of the friends of the Bible, could not but appreciate them in the most grateful manner. He proposed to converse with his friends, to see what could be done towards distributing copies among them. I put two Testaments in his hands as specimens. The next morning he told me, that having exhibited them the evening previous to a company of young persons, there had arisen a universal demand for them, and many became highly urgent not to be overlooked in the distribution. He consequently repeated his assurance that the sacred books would be received with universal delight, and requested a number of copies to be sent to his address. I was told that here also many of the rising generation had very little respect for religion, through the influence of infidel writings, and of other causes. The apology for almost any license was, "I am a bad Catholic." The people generally assented to the dogmas of the Church, but seldom complied with its requirements, except when obliged to do so by their parents, or prompted by the immediate fear of death. The rules requiring abstinence from meats on Wednesdays and Fridays, also during Lent, had been abolished by a dispensation from the diocesan Bishop for the last six years, and the Provincial Assembly had just asked a repetition of the same favor. The decision of the Bishop had not then transpired, but many of the people were expressing a disposition to live as they should list, be it either way.

Just previous to my visit to this place, a young man of a respectable family, having sunk his fortune in an attempted speculation on a newly arrived cargo of African slaves, had committed suicide. It was said to be the first instance of that crime ever known to be committed in the vicinity, and the result was, an unusual excitement among all classes. I may here observe, that suicide is exceedingly rare throughout the whole of Brazil; and there can be but little question that the rules of the Church, depriving its victim of Christian burial, have exerted a good influence in investing the subject with a suitable horror and detestation. Would to Heaven a similar influence had been exerted against other sins, equally damning, but more insidious. The very abomination of moral desolation could exist in the same community almost unrebuked; while the assassin himself would find many chances of protection and escape.

At a third village I was entertained by a merchant, of truly liberal ideas, and of unbounded hospitality. He also offered to co-operate with me in the circulation of the sacred volumes, not only in his own town, but also in the regions beyond.

Having accomplished a journey of about two hundred miles under very favorable circumstances, I again reached the city of S. Paulo. I had not staid so long in various places as I should have been interested and happy to do, in compliance with affectionate invitations. I had, however, important reasons for not indulging my pleasure in this respect. My mind had dwelt intensely upon the state of the country, as shown by facts communicated to me from various and unexceptionable sources. I had anxiously inquired how something for its good might be accomplished; whether there was any possibility of exceeding the slow and circumscribed limits of private personal communication of the truth. Hope, in answer, had sprung up in my mind, and was beginning to be cherished with fond expectation.

From the idea of distributing a couple of dozens of Testaments in several schools of the city, I was led to think of the practicability of introducing the same as reading books in the schools of the whole province. This seemed the more desirable from the fact, universally affirmed, that there then prevailed an almost entire destitution of any books for such use in the schools. The Montpelier Catechism was more used for this purpose than any other book; but it had little efficacy in fixing religious principles upon a proper basis, to resist the undermining process of infidelity.

Encouraged by the uniform thankfulness of those individuals to whom I presented copies, and also by the judgment of all to whom I had thought proper to suggest the idea, I had finally resolved to offer to the government, in some approved form, a donation of Testaments, corresponding in magnitude to the wants of the province. Fortunately I had in the Secretary and senior Professor of the University, a friend fully competent to counsel and aid in the prosecution of this enterprise. I laid the whole subject before him. He informed me that the proper method of securing the object would be by means of an order from the Provincial Assembly, (if that body should see fit to pass one,) directing the teachers of schools to receive said books for use.

Early next morning he called with me to propose the subject to various prominent members of the Legislative Assembly. We visited gentlemen belonging to both political parties; two priests, one a Doctor in Medicine, and the other a Professor in the Academy of Laws; the Bishop elect of Rio de Janeiro, who was confidential adviser of the old Bishop of S. Paulo, the latter also belonging to the Assembly; and at length the Andradas, men of great distinction in the empire, and surviving brothers of the late José Bonefacio de Andrada, sometimes denominated the Franklin of Brazil. Each of these gentlemen entertained the proposition in the most respectful manner, and expressed the opinion that it could not fail to be well received by the Assembly. The Bishop, who was chairman of one of the committees to which it would naturally be referred, said he would spare no effort on his part to carry so laudable a design into effect. He, together with one of the Padres referred to, had purchased copies of the Bible at the depository in Rio for their own use, and highly approved of the edition we circulated.

Our visit to the Andradas was peculiarly interesting. These venerable men, both crowned with hoary hairs, and almost worn out in the service of their country, received me with gratifying expressions of regard to-

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wards the United States, and assurances of entire reciprocity of feeling towards Christians who might not be of the Roman Church. They were acquainted with, and appreciated the efforts of the Bible societies; they moreover highly approved of the universal use of the Scriptures, especially of the New Testament. They pronounced the offer I was about to make to be not only unexceptionable, but truly generous; and said that nothing in their power should be wanting to carry it into full effect. Indeed, Martin Francisco, the President of the Assembly, on parting, said, that it gave him happiness to reflect that their province might be the first to set the example of introducing the word of God to its public schools. Senhor Antonio Carlos, at the same time, received some copies of the Testament as specimens of the translation, which, with the following document, as chairman of the committee on public instruction, he presented in course of the session for that day:

"*Proposition to the Honorable Legislature, the Provincial Assembly of the Imperial Province of S. Paulo.*

"Whereas, having visited this province as a stranger, and having received high satisfaction, not only in the observation of those natural advantages of climate, soil, and productions, with which a benignant Providence has so eminently distinguished it; but also in the generous hospitality and esteemed acquaintance of various citizens; and,

"Whereas, in making some inquiries upon the subject of education, having been repeatedly informed of a great want of reading books in the primary schools, especially in the interior; and,

"Whereas, having relations with the American Bible Society, located in New York, the fundamental object of which is to distribute the word of God, without note or comment, in different parts of the world; and, whereas, the New Testament of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is a choice specimen of style, as well on subjects historical as moral and religious, in addition to embodying the pure and sacred truths of our holy Christianity, the knowledge of which is of so high importance to every individual, both as a human being and as a member of society; and,

"Whereas, having the most unlimited confidence in the philanthropic benevolence of said Society, and in its willingness to co-operate for the good of this country, in common with all others, and especially in view of the happy relations existing between two prominent nations of the new world: therefore, I propose to guaranty on the part of the said American Bible Society, the free donation of copies of the New Testament, translated into Portuguese by the Padre Antonio Pereira de Figueiredo, in sufficient number to furnish every primary school in the province with a library of one dozen; on the simple condition, that said copies shall be received as delivered at the Alfandega (Custom House) of Rio de Janeiro, and caused to be distributed among, preserved in, and used by the said several schools, as books of general reading and instruction for the pupils of the same.

"With the most sincere desires for the moral and civil prosperity of the Imperial Province of San Paulo, the above proposition is humbly and respectfully submitted. D. P. KIDDER.

City of S. Paulo, Feb. 15, 1839."

The same day I received a verbal message, saying that the Assembly had received the proposition with peculiar satisfaction, and referred it to the two committees on ecclesiastical affairs and on public instruction. The following official communication was subsequently received.

[TRANSLATION.]

"To MR. KIDDER,—I inform you that the Legislative Assembly has received with especial satisfaction your offer of copies of the New Testament, translated by the Padre Antonio Pereira de Figueiredo, and that the Legislature will enter into a deliberation upon the subject, the result of which will be communicated to you.

God preserve you!

MIGUEL EUFRAZIO DE AZEVEDO MARQUEZ, *Sec.*

Palace of the Provincial Assembly, S. Paulo, Feb. 20, 1839."

Among other acquaintances formed at S. Paulo, was that of a clergyman, another Professor in the Law University. His conversation was frank and interesting, and his views unusually liberal. He gave as emphatic an account as I had heard from any one of the unhappy abandonment of all vital godliness, and of the unworthiness of many of the clergy. He approved of the enterprise of the Bible societies, and cheerfully consented to promote it within the circle of his influence by distributing Bibles and tracts, and reporting their utility. Exchanging addresses with this gentleman, I left him, entertaining a high estimation of his good intentions, and with ardent hopes that he might yet be greatly useful in the regeneration of his Church, and in the salvation of his countrymen.

Thus were happily completed arrangements with persons of the first respectability and influence in each principal place of the interior which I had visited, that they should distribute the word of God among their fellow citizens. All the copies that I brought were already disposed of, and there was a prospect that the day was not distant when it could be said that a Roman Catholic Legislature had fully sanctioned the use of the Holy Scriptures in the public schools of their entire territory. I was told, on the best authority, that the committees of the Assembly were drafting a joint report recommending compliance with the offer by means of an order on the treasury for the funds needed in payment of the duties and the expense of distribution.

Such circumstances as the results of this short visit were so far beyond the most sanguine anticipation, that on leaving I found it difficult to restrain my feelings of gratitude and delight for what mine eyes had seen and mine ears had heard.

In conclusion of this article, it becomes necessary to add, that, owing to the agitations and intrigues common to most political bodies, action in reference to my proposition was delayed beyond the expectation of its

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friends. Before long the suspicions of the old Bishop were excited by slanders put in circulation by an English Catholic priest, and the Legislature finally adjourned without acting upon the question. The last direct intelligence I had from the subject was received in conversation with the President of the Assembly at Rio, who expressed a hope that on the next organization of that body the proposal would be fully accepted. Although I have never heard of its reception, yet I have much pleasure in recollecting the assurance of the venerable Andrada, that it would never be rejected. It probably was suffered to remain on the table.

Original.

THE CONDITION OF HUMANITY.

Man's earthly being, in its best estate, what is it? It is, for the first twenty-five years, mostly *physical* in its claims and tendencies, with the moral sense, and taste, and intellectuality, as references, rather than as integral motives of action.

Again, from twenty-five to fifty years of man's life, he follows to the lead and in the reign of *intellectual* novelty, as a resource from the engrossing, restless, and somewhat exhausted vivacity of physical impulse; and this intellectuality for years suffices to amuse and to engage him, being a part both by impetus and momentum of his worldly speculations as of his preferments of character. But these again grow cold as the snows gather about his head, and he in part relinquishes what has also in part gone away from him. And being now indeed in the meridian of his humanity, he rallies to the last vital principle—the *heart*, and in its precious moralities, blending the three-fold cord of being—itself the strongest, (and however unwise have been his previous engrossment,) he is able, with attention, thence to evolve *another principle*—the fair compound of all these. The interests of physical life are warmed, not as before stimulated, into action by the moral tendencies; whilst his intellectuality, now disembarrassed, as a load star draws the ship with its richer freight away from the yawning gulf ere it is whelmed. And this is the work of man's spirit, as educed and submitted to the transforming influences of the Spirit of the holy One. And of man's present advent, it is the completion.

By this time he is ready to be gathered anew into his elements—his body to the dust from whence it was—his moralities conservated in the memories of another generation—and his intellectuality, unless, woe to him, he have hidden it under a bushel, reflecting, and refracting many beams, heaven derived, to many looking eyes still on earth; whilst his piety, by the grace of God, is effectual to the saving of his *own soul*.

The worst thing that can be said of the most powerful is, that they can take your life; but the same thing can be said of the most weak.

THE TRIUMPH.

Died, at the residence of her mother, at North Bend, Ia., on the 16th of November last, Mrs. Mary, wife of Dr. J. F. Thornton, and daughter of the late President Harrison, in the 34th year of her age.

In the summer of 1828 she became a member of the Baptist Church in this city. This profession, however, did not bring peace to her soul. She remained, according to her own views, a stranger to the love of Jesus, and the plan of salvation.

About five years since it pleased God to reveal Christ to her soul, as the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life*. With a joyful heart she united with the Presbyterian Church at Cleves, and continued to walk with them until her death.

After careful and prayerful inquiry on the subject, she viewed with regret and surprise her past neglect of duty towards her children, and hastened to dedicate them to God in the ordinance of baptism, observing that no duty appeared more obvious or gave more perfect satisfaction to her own conscience.

During her painful and protracted illness she manifested composure of spirit and perfect resignation to the will of God. Her last conversation with a friend for whom she had sent, when death approached, exhibited the state of her mind in her dying moments. It was in substance as follows:

"My dear friend, how good is God to permit you to come in time. I have had an inexpressible desire to see you before I go home, and to express my gratitude to you for your efforts in behalf of my poor soul. To you under God I am indebted for the happiness of this dying hour. When you first saw me I was a stranger to experimental religion. Your preaching and conversation led me to a knowledge of myself and a knowledge of the Savior, and he has become the rock of my salvation. In this house of death I have the most perfect peace with God. Not a cloud intervenes between me and Christ. He is all in all to me. I only fear of offending him by a desire to depart. But, O tell me how it is possible for a sinner like me to enjoy such perfect peace when dying. How is it possible for me to be so entirely weaned from the world? If I could now be assured of living here ten thousand years in the highest state of enjoyment I ever conceived of, it would be no inducement to stay here. 'Let me depart and be with Christ which is far better.' I once thought I could not leave my children; that the tie that bound me to them must be violently broken. But now I resign them as cheerfully as I ever laid them in the cradle. I part with them without a single pang—I have given them to Christ. They are his, and will be abundantly provided for."

When the angel of the covenant came and summoned her to yield up her spirit, she inquired of her husband, "Am I not dying?" Being answered in the affirmative, joy beamed in her eye, as with a voice of gladness she bade him tell her friends the good tidings. Then folding her hands upon her bosom, she calmly fell asleep.

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Original.

THE FINER FEELINGS.

BY B. H. NADAL.

Although the mariner may not understand the combination of causes that produced the evening rainbow, and may expend his rude philosophy upon it in vain, yet as soon as it appears he identifies it with as much ease as the philosopher, and hails it as the harbinger of a pleasant breeze and a smiling sky to-morrow. So, notwithstanding the "finer feelings" may not have been subjected to a philosophical investigation by all, and though some who have examined and reflected upon them may differ as to what they *are*, yet all know them when they appear, and render them acknowledged or secret homage to their charms. By the "finer feelings" we do not mean the feelings of *fine, splendid*, or *pompous people*—we do not mean a delicate perception in the choice of finery—an exquisite sense of personal beauty, or correct notions of bodily symmetry, graceful bowing, and fashionable grimace—these are things which owe their *existence* to the pride and folly of our nature, and their shape and coloring to haberdashers and dancing-masters—they are to be reckoned not among the ornaments but the clogs of the mind, fastened upon it under the pretext of embellishment, but becoming the tawdry bonds of intellectual slavery. But by the "finer feelings" we mean, those pure and generous emotions of our nature—those moral and intellectual gems, as valuable as rare, which glitter in the mind and glow in the heart, adorning the character, while they enrich the soul. In speaking of the "finer feelings" we use the word "fine" in its highest sense, viz., dignified, noble; and "feeling" we shall define as an emotion or state of the mind. By the "finer feelings," then, we are to understand, the most noble and most dignified states, or emotions, of which the human mind is susceptible. It will not, perhaps, be expected that all these feelings should be embraced in this article—this would detain both you and myself too long. I shall, therefore, select a few, and leave you to number as many more as you can; for the more of these feelings you find, the more you ennoble our nature.

1. The first of these feelings which we shall notice, is that which results from a just perception of the virtues and talents of others, and a cheerful readiness to acknowledge them. We readily admit this feeling to be rather intangible, and difficult to define; but even the slightest examination of it will show that it has not been improperly classified.

The great Creator intended that we should derive pleasure from every beautiful object in nature, and every amiable quality of the mind. This appears to be a law of our being. Hence we esteem the blind man a great loser—the charms of creation being shut out from his vision. And if any man with his organs of vision complete, were sincerely to tell us that every beautiful object in nature, instead of giving him pleasure, pained and tortured his mind almost to phrenzy, we would at once say that this was a horrible perversion of the sense of sight—that the loveliness of creation ought greatly to augment, instead of diminishing his happiness. So, if we see a man unwilling to look candidly at the excellences of another—if we see him tortured at beholding virtue or wisdom in another—if we think at all, we at once decide that he is violating the law of his nature, and the law of God, and that his punishment is self-inflicted, in the torture which his envious soul endures; for talents and virtues have not less of real beauty and excellency when found in another than when found in ourselves; and surely, wherever they may be found, they ought to yield more pleasure to an intelligent being than all the beauties of inanimate nature. But still, lovely and charming as the amiable qualities of the mind may appear to the eye of disinterested virtue, when they are viewed through the discolored media of prejudice and jealousy, their beauty is marred, and the sight is painful. How ignoble, how groveling must be that man who cannot look upon the foibles of his fellow without magnifying them into vast moral delinquencies! But how much more contemptible and unhappy is that creature who cannot see true worth in another without having all the worst passions of his heart inflamed and thrown into commotion! On the contrary, how ennobled—how raised above every thing sordid—how versed in the practical philosophy of mind—how true to his own best interest the man who can as easily excuse his neighbor as detect his faults—who can nobly dare to withhold flattery from wealth and power, and bestow well earned applause to true greatness, though unsupported by patronage, and unadorned by pompous titles—who can discern merit wherever it exists, and appreciate it wherever it is discerned! The man who is possessed of such a feeling governs the kingdom of his mind with ease, and is "greater than he that taketh a city;" for this feeling turns ordinary fare into luxury, and the luxuries of men into something far surpassing the fabled nectar and ambrosia of the heathen gods.

2. Another of these feelings is gratitude. Gratitude differs from thankfulness in this—gratitude is a feeling—thankfulness is the expression of that feeling. We may see the estimation in which this feeling is generally held, if we reflect how men regard its antagonist, *ingratitude*. Nothing wounds us more than harsh treatment from those who have been laid under obligation by our kindness. And why? Only because it proves them ungrateful. A son who returns his father's indulgence and affection by prodigality and disobedience, merits and receives the contempt of society. And wherefore? Mainly because ingratitude enters largely into his offense. The traitor Arnold is held in sovereign detestation by every American who is acquainted with the history of his treachery. And why? Chiefly because he was ungrateful to the land which gave him birth, and the government which gave him office and power. Our hatred of ingratitude is the measure of our admiration of gratitude. Just as much as we hate ingratitude, just so much we love gratitude.

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Again. The forms of society testify in favor of this feeling. If the most indifferent question is asked respecting our welfare, we make large acknowledgments of gratitude, and the phrase, "I thank you," is kept as constantly in motion, in the politer circles, as any word in our vocabulary. And the reason of this is obvious. Gratitude is so noble a sentiment, so exalted an impulse, that every one would be thought to possess it. The rogue, the hypocrite, the gamester, the niggard, all lay claim to a share of this feeling, and use the forms of society in reference to it; and although, as worn by them, "it is a mere pretense, in which the devil lurks, who yet betrays his secret by his works," yet their selecting it as the cloak of their dishonesty, or meanness, is a proof of the great value set upon it among men. How widely it differs from the pretended thanks of the inflated Pharisee! and how strikingly is it developed in the spirit and conduct of the grateful Zaccheus! It softens the heart of him who feels it, and repays and blesses him who receives it. The following remarkable incident, illustrative of the power and loveliness of this feeling, is recorded in the history of Persia.

In one of the battles of Cyrus with the Babylonians, in which the former was victorious, among the prisoners of war there was a lady of exquisite beauty by the name of Panthea, the wife of Abradates, the king of Susiana. Such was the fame of her charms, that Cyrus was requested to see her. He positively refused, and ordered the lady to be protected until she could be given back to her husband. Panthea wrote to Abradates, her husband, and he immediately repaired to the Persian camp with two thousand horse. Cyrus restored his wife to his bosom, which treatment so overcame them both with gratitude, that they forsook their kingdom, and became the faithful subjects of the Persian general.

Now, my readers, is not gratitude a "feeling"—a noble feeling—a powerful feeling—a feeling that never can be adequately described, either by the "poet's pen," the sculptor's chisel, or the painter's pencil? Abradates and Panthea felt this powerful emotion, when at its bidding they laid aside their regal authority, and bowed at the feet of Cyrus as his faithful subjects—they felt it when it rose up out of the deep fountains of the soul—when it gushed from their eyes in tears, and fell from their lips in melting confessions of boundless indebtedness. Cyrus understood it, then, for he felt that his own princely benevolence had produced it—he understood it, then, for he read it in the faces and conduct of this noble pair. The historian has written an account of this affair, and we have repeated it; but the historian's page is but a shadow of the gratitude of the king and queen of Susiana, and what we have said is but the reflection of that shadow.

3. Another of these feelings is sympathy with human misery. Our estimate of this feeling will be heightened by imagining for a moment what the world would be without it. If this "bird of heavenly plumage fair," were to take its flight from the earth, there would scarcely be left a relieving object for the eye to light upon. True, the globe might not change its furniture. Its woods might still resound with the song of the bird, and the tuneless melody of the shaking leaf—the zephyrs might be as gentle, the sky as bright, the sea as pure, and the earth as fertile as ever—our cities might still be filled with wealth, and decked with gayety, and our private saloons and places of public entertainment might continue to echo to the dance, and reverberate with the laugh of the fashionable and polite. But still, without this sympathy, desolation would be reigning over half the globe. The earth would wear its verdure, and the heavens put on their glorious garniture in vain for the millions that be dying unaided and unpitied. The widow, in visiting whom Christ declared pure and undefiled religion to consist, would be abandoned, a prey to unresisted disease. The asylum for the helpless orphan would be blotted from the list of institutions. The aged man of wealth, with his infirmities thickening upon him, forgetting his own feebleness, would dash the tattered hat from the hand of the broken soldier as he held it out to beg, and deride his unsightly limbs, which had been shivered in the defense of his country. The fierceness of war would allow no mitigation. As war is now conducted, when the warrior strikes the deadly blow, and sees his enemy fall, he admires his valor and laments his fate. But in a world destitute of sympathy for human misery, war would be nothing better than cold-blooded slaughter, and the battle field a mere butchering place. But let us adore the great Exemplar of sympathy, that the world is not altogether without this feeling. See a Howard, spending his whole time and fortune in traversing his own country, and others, that he may buy up the fleeting opportunities of doing good and be permitted to weep with those who weep. See a Fletcher who denied himself the comforts of life that he might have to give to those who needed. Hear him upon his death-bed exclaiming, "O, my poor! what will become of the poor of my parish?"

Behold, how it diffuses its gentle influence in the palace of the king! When Edward VI. was requested to sign the death warrant of an alledged heretic, he at first positively refused; but being pressed by Cranmer, he at length yielded, and with tears in his eyes said to his instigator, "You shall bear the responsibility!" See how it softens the horrors of the battle scene! Sir Philip Sidney being wounded in battle, and being faint from the loss of blood, some one handed him a cordial. As he was in the act of putting it to his lips, he observed near him a wounded soldier looking him wishfully in the face. In his sympathy for his fellow sufferer he forgot himself; and without tasting the cordial, handed it to the soldier, saying, "Drink—your necessities are greater than mine!"

Behold how this feeling shines in a character greater than divine, soldier, or statesman, and in scenes more imposing than those of the palace or the battle field! For when the Savior of the world looked upon Jerusalem, moved by her guilt and danger, he *wept* over her; and when he stood at the grave of Lazarus, the evangelist, crowding the whole of divine pathos and sym-

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pathy into two words, tells us "*Jesus wept.*" If the institutions which assist the needy and protect the weak are of any value, cherish this feeling, for it is the seed from which they spring, and its tears the showers by which they are watered. If the picture of human misery and corruption is dark, cherish this feeling; for it is that which softens its horrors, and throws light upon its gloom. If the pages of history have been stained with the cruelty of those whose names it records, cherish this holy sympathy; for those tyrants had a few virtuous cotemporaries who let fall upon the record of crime some drops of sorrow with which, in the mournful perusal, we may mingle our tears, and enjoy a feast of delicious grief.

But this feeling is not only rich and delightful in itself, but, if its promptings be obeyed, it is immediately followed by reward; for no sooner do we relieve the case of suffering or need which excited our sympathies, than we begin a rich repast on the gratitude we have awakened, and the happiness we have occasioned. This virtue is emphatically its own reward. Sympathy with human misery in a Christian is more pure and powerful—it leads him to look with ineffable concern upon the souls of others, both friends and foes. It causes him to weep over the wandering prodigal, and to be satisfied only with the prodigal's return. And at last it expands into universal Christian benevolence, and at one generous embrace takes in the world, and labors for its salvation.

> "As the smooth pebble stirs the peaceful lake,
> The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds
> Another still, and still another spreads;
> Friends, neighbors, parents, first it will embrace,
> Our country next, and next all human race;
> Wide, and more wide, the o'erflowing of the mind
> Takes every creature in, of every kind."—Pope.

Sympathy with human misery likens its possessor to all the good; and he who possesses most of it most resembles Him who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities—whose pity knew no abatement until he had redeemed the earth with his blood.

4. Another class of these feelings, are those which arise from the domestic relations. Here we are presented with many a touching scene—within the sacred precincts of these relations we are called to contemplate the feelings of parents and children, and brother and sister. Have you never observed a fond father, as he sat in the midst of a group of playful children, looking alternately into the face of each, as if tracing his own features in them? And as he thus sat, have you not seen his feelings, his paternal feelings, compel him to bury his face in his handkerchief? Have you not observed the interest he takes in all that concerns them—that he is even pleased with the pictures in their primers, because they afford pleasure to the children—that he listens patiently to their school stories—that he sits and builds castles in the air by the hour, and that he is transported at any indication which they may give of superior intellect? It may be said these are small things—and so they are; but they develop the unfathomed fountain of paternal feeling.

Again. Do not most of my readers even now enjoy or at least remember the affection of a mother? Did I say "remember!" Our right hand shall forget her cunning, and our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth, when we dare forget her whose hands cradled us—whose care guided our feet in their first efforts to walk, and our lips and minds in our first attempts to speak and think—who taught us the holy exercise of prayer—who knelt by our cot-side in childhood, and poured forth devotion so pure and fervent as none but a mother's heart could indite. At that time we could not appreciate the *feeling* that prompted a mother's prayer; but, O, what unutterable richness and beauty we see in it now!

The feeling of which we are speaking gives to home all its attractions, and to the little sonnet of home all its popularity. Why is no place like home? Because those we love are there. And even when the old parental tenement has fallen into decay, or passed into other hands, and there remains to us

> "Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth,
> Not e'en the dog that watched the household hearth,"

still the charm lingers when the associations which gave it being are no more. The brook in the meadow is brighter than other streams to me, because my little brother and myself together chased the affrighted mullet through its limpid waters. The shade of the old oak in the yard is more pleasant than the shade of other trees, because the children used to group themselves there on a summer's Saturday for the purpose of getting their tasks; and the old beech that stands by the path leading to the school-house is more precious to my memory than all the trees of the forest, because my little sister held my books while I carved her name and my own upon its bark. When these scenes are mentioned, or in any way called up before our minds, they awaken feelings which may possibly define themselves in the heart, but which never can be made clear by description.

(*To be concluded.*)

Original.

ON TIME.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

What art thou, Time—a relic of the past—
A shadow of the future? mystery
Sits on thy wrinkled cheek and fading eye,
Thou grim scythe-bearer! Whither dost thou haste,
And what thine office, that with footsteps fast,
And forward gaze, thou ever hurriest by,
Like the swift meteor o'er the starry sky?
We mark thy progress by the wreck and waste
Of man and man's inventions. Dost thou shed
No tear of pity for the early dead,
Nor grieve that thou hast severed dearest ties,
And broken fondest hearts? With heedless tread
Thou marchest on, with heart of stone, with eyes
That never weep, and ears deaf to the mourner's cries!

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Original.

PEACE IN DEATH.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE, SICKNESS AND DEATH OF MRS. JANE B. RUST.

BY HER FATHER, BISHOP MORRIS.

Mrs. Rust, my only daughter, was born at Spicewood Cottage, Cabell county, Va., February 27, 1815, and was baptized the same year by Rev. David Young, of the Ohio conference. Her constitution was naturally feeble, and her health delicate all her life; but that did not materially injure her mild and amiable disposition. Neither her parents or teachers ever had any difficulty in governing her. She was as steady and thoughtful in childhood and youth as most persons are at mature age. The most striking features of her character were meekness and kindness; the former appearing in every thing pertaining to herself, and the latter in whatever respected others. As a member of the family she was always attentive to her duties, and as a student to her studies. When only five years old, she read fluently and gracefully. She learned her lessons with great facility, especially such as were committed to memory, and being always diligent in preparing to recite them, seldom failed to stand first in her class; but was never known to take any credit or praise to herself on that account. On the contrary, kindness to her class-mates frequently led her to extra exertions in learning the dullest and most negligent of them, to keep them out of difficulty with their teachers.

When Jane left Science Hill Academy, at Shelbyville, Ky., in the fifteenth year of her age, she had acquired all the essential elements of a sound and useful education, and some of the ornamental branches, and bid fair to excel in literary attainments. The state of her health, however, about that time, rendered it necessary that she should exchange her sedentary habits and mental exertions for an active life in the domestic business of the family, then residing in Lebanon, O. But subsequently, by reviewing and extending her studies, she improved her education, so that when seventeen years old, she read her French Bible nearly as well as the English. Her books were then all the recreation from domestic business that she desired. No place was so pleasant to her as home, however humble its appearance. She strictly regarded the rules of Christian courtesy toward all classes of society, which to her was an easy task, but had no relish whatever for fashionable amusements or gay company. She never wore a particle of jewelry or any superfluous article of dress in her life, but always appeared plain and neat at home and abroad. When she made calls out of the immediate circle of the family, they were generally made at the chamber of affliction, and accompanied with some supplies, or other tokens of kindness towards the distressed. The Sabbaths of her youthful years were taken up with her Bible, attending Church, and Sabbath school, first in the capacity of a scholar, and subsequently that of a teacher, where she was both diligent and useful, till broken off by family engagements.

At the age of twenty-one years, she was happily united in marriage to Mr. Joseph G. Rust, of Cincinnati, who was an only child, had been pious from his youth, and whose natural disposition and moral habits were congenial to her own. She became the mother of three children, two of whom are still living. As she had been a most affectionate and dutiful child to her parents, so she proved herself to be a faithful wife, and tender-hearted but judicious mother.

Mrs. Rust never abandoned the principles of her early religious education. From the time she was first able to repeat the Lord's Prayer at her mother's side, she never omitted prayer one day during life. But the form of religion did not satisfy her mind. She commenced seeking a change of heart very earnestly, as near as I can recollect, in her ninth year, and for seven years missed no opportunity of going forward to be prayed for when circumstances were such as to allow it. She became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in her fourteenth year, but did not obtain a satisfactory evidence of the desired change of heart till about two years after. From the time she made a profession of religion, she attended all the means of grace regularly, but ever spoke of her experience with diffidence and humility, regarding herself as one of the least and most unworthy of God's children. Though her piety was uniform, and her life highly exemplary, she never dealt much in professions of assurance till after the commencement of her last illness; but then her confidence in God seemed to gather strength in proportion to the increase of her affliction and prospect of death.

Her health began, perceptibly, to decline last spring. Much sympathy was felt for her on the part of her family and friends generally, and every possible precaution was taken to prevent disease from fixing itself on her lungs, but in vain. Her health continued regularly to decline. The protracted illness and ultimate death of her mother, and the mental anxiety consequent thereon, seemed to lessen her own prospect of recovery; for never did mother and daughter love more ardently and constantly than they did. The language of inspired David, respecting Saul and Jonathan, might well be applied in their case; they "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Another circumstance which tended to weigh down her spirit, and tax her sympathies severely, was the loss of her interesting little son, Joseph Guest, who, after suffering much for four months, died July 31, 1842, aged fifteen months and eight days. When she returned from his funeral, on the first of August, she took a severe chill, and was subsequently confined to her bed most of the time, as she had been partially for months previous. These successive bereavements, which fell so heavily upon the family, were too much for her tender sensibilities in a feeble state of health, and no doubt hastened her own dissolution.

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The last letter which my daughter ever wrote was dated August 26, 1842, and addressed to myself at Delaware, O., and was received during the session of the North Ohio conference, from which the following is an extract:

"My hand shakes so that it is with great difficulty I can hold my pen. I am very glad to hear you are well, and are sustained under your arduous labors. I thank you kindly for all your letters, and especially for the first one. * * * I have read it many times over, and still it always interests me. I have been very deeply afflicted since you left home, as you know. The loss of our dear little babe was a great trial to me, and for several days after, I felt as if I could not give him up; but since that I feel a sweet resignation to the will of the Lord, and would not have him back for asking."

When in ordinary health, she wrote an excellent hand; but the trembling debility apparent on the face of that letter fixed a deep and painful impression on the father's already sorrowful heart, because it indicated too clearly that her feeble constitution was giving way under the influence of fatal disease.

Returning home September 12th, my worst fears were fully confirmed. I found her prostrated and far gone in pulmonary consumption, but patient and resigned. She said to me, "I have never felt like murmuring during my affliction. The Lord has been good to me all my life. He blessed me wonderfully at the late camp meeting. I there enjoyed the preaching much as I heard it while lying in my chamber. And such singing I never heard before." In a conversation with me a few days after, she remarked, "I neither look back nor forward, but live a day at a time. I am in the hands of the Lord, and am willing that he should dispose of my case. If I get better I shall be thankful on account of my family; but if not, the Lord will support me to the end."

On the following Sabbath she was exceedingly happy and rejoiced aloud, and exhorted her brother not to be discouraged seeking religion, for he had a kind, all-sufficient and willing Savior to come to, who was ever ready to hear the cries of the penitent. The next day she told her physician she never expected to be much better, but she was resigned; for the Lord supported her. She said it would be a trial to part with her family, but she trusted the Lord would give her grace to resign them all up cheerfully into his hands, and it would be no misfortune for her to go to heaven at any time. When I returned from the Ohio conference the first week in October, I found her still failing under the wasting influence of cough, chills, fevers and night sweats, and fully apprised of her certain approach toward the point of dissolution, but strong in faith, and joyful through hope in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Monday 17th, she said to me, "I am determined to trust in the Lord come what will, not that I feel fully prepared for heaven, but God is able to perfect that which is lacking, and I believe he will—bless his holy name." As I had to leave next morning in the stage at three o'clock for the Indiana conference, I went to her room at two o'clock that I might spend an hour with her. At her request I prayed with her once more; she was deeply affected, but rejoiced in spirit. In my absence the property of her father-in-law and husband was destroyed by fire; and while the fearful conflagration shed a glare of light on her chamber window, she thanked God that she had a more enduring substance beyond the ravages of the destructive element, "an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" and exhorted those near her to lay up their treasure in heaven.

When I returned from Indiana on the 27th, I found her disease greatly increased, and her strength so much reduced that she was never after able to sit up any; but she was still patient and resigned, professing to feel assured that the Lord cared for her, and that he could and would sustain her. When her affliction was extremely painful, she was willing to suffer all the will of God, and would not dare to ask her sufferings less, and prayed only for patience to endure, and grace to support her under them; and when they were mitigated, she would express much gratitude to her heavenly Father for a little relief.

The first week in November she finished the distribution of some small presents among us, which we will ever regard sacredly as mementos of her affection. In this affair we were struck with the appropriateness of the selection for her children. To her little daughter she presented a small Polyglot Bible, which she had been in the habit of reading from the days of her youth; and to her little son, the younger of the two, she gave the pocket Testament, handsomely bound in morocco, with a tuck, which she had received as a gift from her father when she was a child, still in a good state of preservation. These presents were attended with suitable advice to the children. May they be thereby influenced to follow their mother as she followed Christ!

Sabbath afternoon, November 13th, when I returned from Church, she said to me, "Pa, this has been a blessed Sabbath to me, I have enjoyed a sweet foretaste of that Sabbath which never ends. I was in a struggle all night and all morning for a blessing, and got rather discouraged, but it occurred to me, the Lord could bless me here on a sick bed as well as if I was in the church; I prayed earnestly, and he did bless me in a wonderful manner. I never felt so happy in all my life. I felt that I could endure all my sufferings cheerfully, and that I should be a conqueror in death, through the blood of the Lamb. I used to feel so unworthy I scarcely dared to call myself a follower of Christ, but he has forgiven me all, and I think I shall never again be tempted to distrust him. He will support me to the end."

Thursday 17th, being just six months from the day her mother died, she made this remark to me in the evening: "Pa, I have been thinking to-day what a happy meeting I should soon have with ma, where we

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shall range the blest fields together, and on the banks of the river shout halleluiah for ever and ever. O what a blessed thing to be free from all suffering and sorrow; and best of all, to see Jesus as he is, and praise him as we ought."

Wednesday 23d, she spoke of feeling discouraged, lest under affliction so severe and protracted she might become impatient and lose her fortitude, though we saw no indication of it, and if we had, knowing how much she endured, it would not have surprised us at all; but next evening, while a pious and favorite sister conversed and prayed with her, she felt relieved in mind, and spoke to this effect: "I feel now somewhat encouraged. Thank the Lord for a little reviving. Jesus is the sinner's friend. He was made perfect through suffering. He has supported me in my affliction, and he can support me to the end. All I ask is triumph in death, and trust he will give it to me. I can give up the world; yea, and my family, for though they will feel lonely after I leave them, the Lord can provide for and comfort them. I should rejoice to be released at any moment, even this night, if it is the will of God; but I will try to wait patiently his time, and then O the heaven of rest where there is no more suffering."

The next Saturday evening she said to us, "I rest in the hands of God. I should be thankful to him if he would release me, but I wait his time." She then prayed most fervently for some two minutes sufficiently loud to be distinctly heard by all in the room. In that prayer, the blood of Christ was made the sole ground of her confidence in the mercy of God; and the tenor of the petition was for full sanctification, and supporting grace to the end.

Sabbath morning 27th, there appeared to be a general inflammation of the interior of the chest, attended with extreme pain, and such a diseased state of the throat, as to prevent her receiving any nourishment, or even cold water, and threatened speedy dissolution. In this extremity, she exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, I feel that I have nothing to fear; if I die this day all will be well with me, and I can cheerfully give up my family into his hands." During the day she said to her mother-in-law, "This is the last Sabbath I shall spend on earth, but I shall soon enjoy a Sabbath that never ends. Yes, mother and I am not going to a land of strangers;" and then named many of her departed friends whom she expected to meet, including her own mother and infant son. Most of the day she was under the influence of langor and drowsiness; but when a particular friend called to see her in the afternoon, she roused up a little, and said to her, "Sweet heaven, my happy home, I shall soon be there." A pleasant smile came over her emaciated countenance; she raised her hand and exclaimed, "Then I shall be free."

On Monday, she had several paroxysms of strangulation, in which we thought her in immediate danger of dying. While we were silently waiting the next paroxysm to come and hurry her into eternity, she calmly remarked, "I know not that I shall be allowed the privilege of speaking in my last moments, but I wish it understood that I am perfectly safe, that God does and will accept me, not for any worthiness of my own, but for Christ's sake, and will save me with an everlasting salvation in heaven." She then called her husband to her, and with many expressions of love and gratitude for his uniform kindness, and especially for waiting on her so faithfully and cheerfully in her sickness, took leave of him, adding her blessing upon and commending him to God. Next she called her father, and spoke to him in like manner. Then her mother-in-law, pouring out a full heart of grateful affection upon her, and then another sister whom she loved much, giving to each such blessings and words of encouragement as suited our respective cases. Amid the sobs and tears of that solemn and moving occasion, the sufferer was the only one who appeared to be perfectly self-possessed, requesting us several times not to weep for her, as we should soon meet again, where all tears are wiped away. She then proceeded to name her little children and all the absent members of the two families, prayed for and pronounced a blessing upon them severally; and added, "Give my love to all my friends, and tell them I am gone to heaven." Next she spoke of her funeral with great composure and deep humility, and said, "I wish no display, only a plain little funeral here at the house; and let brother Young (her own pastor) make a few remarks as he may think proper." She then subjoined, "My work is done; I have nothing more but to wait the will of God. 'Lord Jesus receive my spirit.'" But after a short pause, she again recollected her absent brother, and made his a special case. Addressing herself to me, she said, "Be sure to send a great deal of love to my dear brother, and tell him his sister is gone to heaven, and hopes to meet him there. Tell him I know there is a blest reality in religion, for it has sustained me under all my sufferings, and now cheers me in death. I should be glad to see him once more in the flesh, but trust I shall see him in a better world."

About five o'clock that evening she passed through another extreme paroxysm of coughing and strangling, in which we fully expected she would expire; but at last she revived so as to speak, and said, "Jesus is with me! Jesus is with me! Jesus is with me! Death has no sting—the grave has no victory! I have the victory through Jesus Christ, and I view the grave as a sweet resting place for my body, while my blood-washed soul will rest in paradise!" After she was composed, she addressed her husband, of whose class she was a member, and said, "Dont forget to tell my classmates farewell! and tell them, though I cannot be permitted to meet with them again in this world, I hope to meet them all in a better!"

Her ill turns continued at irregular intervals through that night and the next day. In an unusually severe paroxysm, which occurred on Tuesday evening about five o'clock, she appeared to be beyond all hope or

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living through it, and the family were called in to witness her departure. She, however, revived again, after a very long and painful struggle; and the first words she uttered, were a recital of the beautiful verse—

"Yonder's my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

The longest and hardest struggle of the kind occurred the same evening at half past six o'clock, and continued till we really believed her spirit was in the act of departing, in so much that when she finally recovered, it appeared similar to a resurrection from the dead. If it were in my power to give the reader a just idea of that agonizing and heart-rending scene, I would not inflict it upon him; and if it were practicable, would obliterate the recollection of it from my own mind. At the commencement of each of these attacks, she expected her release, and with much apparent reluctance returned again to life, praying most earnestly to be set free. Indeed, her disappointment in not obtaining her final deliverance when expected, was the most difficult thing to be reconciled to that occurred during her whole affliction; but grace was afforded to secure the victory even over this. At one time she remarked, "You thought I should have got home before now, but I feared the news was too good to be true. However, I must wait patiently the Lord's time." Again she referred to the subject in these words, "I will not calculate as to the time of my departure, but wait the days of my appointed time. I would be the Lord's every minute, living or dying."

The last named paroxysm so prostrated her strength and was followed by such languor, that she was never after able to hold a regular conversation, though she lingered till next morning, Wednesday, November 30th, at a quarter past eight o'clock, speaking a few words occasionally of her friends and of the goodness of God, and frequently repeating the prayer, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" but the bitterness of death was passed. Though she had suffered long and much, God, in great mercy, granted her oft-repeated request at last, for a quick and easy passage over the Jordan of death. Less than two minutes before her exit, she spoke rationally and distinctly; and then, without a single groan, or any distortion of the features, or any struggle whatever, calmly and sweetly slept in Jesus.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

Jesus has all my pow'rs possessed,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear sov'reign of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.

Some of the fairest choirs above,
Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

Original.

THE VICTIM.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

In the autumn of 1839 I traveled with some friends through the whole length of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut river. The summer had passed away, but the weather was still delightful; and with the exception of here and there a discolored tree upon the high-lands, like the first gray hairs upon the brow of beauty, denoting the approach of the dying year, the landscape still wore the luxuriance and freshness of summer. Of the scenery presented to the eye of the traveler in this region I scarcely need speak, as all who have visited it agree that our country possesses nothing to surpass it, in quiet picturesque beauty.

The villages along the river are frequent, and not only well built, but some of them so beautiful in their locations, the porticos of their neat-looking dwellings so tastefully decorated with the scarlet-creeper and honey-suckle, that they seem to impart the idea of the *voluntary* retirement of the learned and refined, rather than the seclusion of a simple village community. Many years had elapsed since I had resorted to one of these sequestered hamlets for health, and had learned to love the people for those very peculiarities for which they are so frequently laughed at; namely, their mathematical *precision* and *decision* in matters of common life—their moral courage in always speaking the *very* truth, where modern refinement would prescribe the substitution of the "white lie;" and most of all, for that practical *religious* philosophy which induces them (all alike, rich and poor) to "train up their children in the way they should go," and to demand obedience. In fact, I loved them for every thing except the remaining *tinge* of their "Blue Laws;" for there were at that time some still living in their midst, who, where *these* were infringed, spared not, but in their righteous indignation, with more than Puritanical sternness, would cut off the offender, even were he an only child. They strove to be *just*, but they forgot to be *merciful*.

A case somewhat of this kind occurred while I was resident amongst them, which is treasured amid the regretful, sad, and interesting memories of my youth; and as I believe *all* of the immediate parties are now dead, I shall make it (withholding family names) the subject of the following sketch. Hester L—— was the eldest unmarried daughter of one of the most respectable families in the village of H——. She was a sweet, modest girl, with a soft voice, a pensive countenance, and a kind, benevolent heart; and to these was added the most child-like simplicity of manners that I have ever known. She was hardly seventeen years of age when I first knew her, and yet she was full of good works. She taught a class in the Sabbath school, was a member of several benevolent societies; like Dorcas, she made garments for the poor, and was a zealous Christian. She was beloved by all, as well might she be, who wished evil to none. Young

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as she was at this time, she was betrothed to a young man of the village, who, like herself, was of a highly respectable family, and without property.

Perhaps there is no part of the world where matches are made with such perfect disinterestedness as in New England—with only here and there an exception, to prove the rule, and to excite comment. It matters not that the lover be as rich as Crœsus if the lady's taste is not suited; and it scarcely matters *how* poor he is, if it be. There poverty seldom hinders an engagement, though it protracts it, and often postpones the marriage, sometimes for five, six, or more years—all this time the parties are separated, and excepting an occasional visit at home, the young man is out in the busy world enterprising a competency. The lady is with her parents the *acknowledged bride elect* in society, and treated and respected accordingly. Having at last accomplished his object, the young man returns rejoicing to claim her as his wife. These are not only the most frequent, but the *happiest* matches that occur amongst the New Englanders; and there is good reason why they should be so—they are founded in sentiment, and strengthened by principle. My southern readers will perhaps smile incredulously at all this, where the usage is so diametrically opposite, that it is often said of them they "marry first, and get acquainted afterwards." The extremes are equally faulty; but it is nevertheless true of our New England couple, as well as some other customs still more strange, one of which I shall have occasion to mention as connected with my narrative. It may have since been abolished, but it existed at that time, and relates to the wake over their dead.

When a death took place in the community, it was announced to the public by the tolling of the bell; the number of strokes indicating the age; then if a pause, and one stroke *only* followed, it was a male; if two were sounded, a female; so that it pretty plainly told which amongst the limited number of the village sick had departed. At this solemn signal all considered it a sort of religious obligation to hold themselves in readiness to serve at the wake if called upon, so that there seldom occurred the least difficulty in the matter. The watching party always consisted of a number of both sexes: if the deceased were a female, usually of two couples; if a male, of gentlemen only.

An old lady, a friend or neighbor of Hester's mother having died, the deacon of the Church to which she belonged was deputed to call upon suitable persons for the wake; but owing to a combination of circumstances, he was unsuccessful in securing several first solicited for the occasion. One lady, however, had given a conditional promise to attend; and he now called upon Hester's married sister, saying that he himself should be one, and perhaps the only gentleman of the company. The elder sister being thought by the family to be in too feeble health for the performance of such an office, they kindly proposed that Hester should go in her stead, to which she cheerfully consented. She was in her place at the appointed time; and it so chanced that the other female did not attend.

Before the family retired for the night, they all united in worship, and then the watchers were left with the dead. Hester regretted that she had no female companion; but the deacon was a staid bachelor of forty, and the office he held in the Church, together with the solemn occasion that called them there, seemed to give an assurance for the observance of all proprieties; and she felt inwardly rebuked for having any unpleasant feelings on the subject.

After a little appropriate conversation, she withdrew to a table on which the lights were placed, and opening a book provided for the occasion, soon became so lost in its contents as to forget her loneliness entirely. She had been engaged in reading she thought an hour or more, when she was aroused from her abstraction by a motion at the back of her chair, and as she impulsively turned her head, the deacon leaned over its back and *kissed* her.

She could have scarcely felt more electrified at the touch of the torpedo. She rose with offended surprise, and retired to another part of the room; and on his attempting to repeat the familiarity, she told him to have some respect for her and for the occasion, if he had lost sight of his own *self-respect;* and this command he obeyed. Her first impulse had been to leave the room and join the family, but this she could not do without explanation; and she did not wish to wound their feelings, or expose the deacon by the relation of such light conduct in the chamber of death. As it was summer, and the short night would be soon spent, she concluded she would remain until daylight before she left the house; and at its first dawning, for which she had anxiously waited, offended and indignant, though innocent, she sought her own home, which she reached before the family had arisen.

Never before had she been placed in a situation where she felt in doubt how to act. She did not wish to injure the feelings of his friends, or the friends of the Church to which he belonged; and as it was past and *could* not occur again, she thought she would not mention it even in her own family. But though the bashfulness of a young girl prevented her revealing to her parents what she considered the folly of an *old* man, it was inconsistent with the openness of her character to keep it long to herself. After the lapse of a few days of unpleasant reflection, she sought relief as it were by confiding the whole transaction to a female friend, some years her senior. This lady knowing the deacon to be the *simplest* of men, standing almost entirely aloof from female association, and totally ignorant of its manners, believed he meant no harm, but foolishly strove to manifest his *regard* for Hester in this abrupt and unsuitable manner; and she advised her, since she had not revealed it to her family, not to mention it to *any one;* "for," said she, "if it should get abroad, one will misunderstand it, another misinterpret it, and a third willfully misrepre-

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sent it; discord will arise in the Church, and *you* will be the sufferer;" and how fully was her prediction verified!

For several months, Hester was discreetly silent, but at length she confided the secret to a young associate, who considering it rather a ludicrous than a serious affair, thought it too good to be kept. She revealed it to another, and thus it went from mouth to mouth, secrecy always enjoined but never preserved, until it somehow reached the ears of the young men of the village; and one of them who had formerly been an unsuccessful admirer of Hester's, took malicious delight in spreading it, and wrote on the Church door, "A deacon should be of good report," which, being read by several of the old members of the Church, and the hand-writing recognized, the youth was called upon for an explanation; and the whole affair came to light with every form of exaggeration, which the story had gathered in its secret circulation. The deacon was now summoned to a Church trial, and his confession proved exactly what Hester's friend had suspected, and *nothing more*. He said that "he had more than a common regard for Miss Hester, and thought this was the way to evince it." He was "sorry that he had misjudged, and as he meant no evil, begged to be forgiven." He was reprimanded, pronounced, for the hundredth time, a simpleton, and continued in his office.

In every community there will always be found some ready to believe every current report, however exaggerated and improbable; and now, that the deacon was *excused* by the Church, the whole burden of reproach, such as it was, was heaped upon Hester by the malicious and the ignorant. She could not walk in the street without being gazed at, and more than once heard her name in the mouths of the vulgar, coupled with terms of reproach. This, considering its source, she did not so much mind; but it cut her to the heart to observe the change of manner by which she was regarded by some of the oldest members of their Church. Because she had been the innocent cause of arraigning their deacon, they had become more acrimonious and less cordial; though, perhaps, they would have been unwilling to acknowledge it to themselves. Her young friends still loved her; but somehow they sought her society less frequently than formerly—her Sabbath school class dwindled away, and her "good was accounted evil." But she bore all this with patient submission, and sunk not until the persecution had severed her engagement, and reached her heart through him she loved; and *then* a blight seemed to have fallen upon her, and she faded away like the crushed flower. She uttered no complaint; but it was evident to all that she was hastening to the grave. The family of her betrothed were *ambitious*, and had never been fully satisfied with his having chosen a portionless girl; and now, thought they, there is a fair occasion for opposing the connection; and they forbade his longer thinking of her, saying that they wished *his* wife, like Cæsar's, "not only to be pure, but beyond suspicion"—insisting that such continued persecution could not be heaped upon the head of the innocent, forgetting that they themselves, without conviction, were her chief persecutors. They called themselves Christians; but they remembered not that the great Founder of Christianity was not only the most innocent and holy being that ever dwelt upon our earth, but also the most persecuted, and the most forgiving!

After this last blow fell upon the head of the devoted Hester, there seemed to be a revulsion in the public feeling towards her; but it was too late—the iron had entered into her soul. A physician was called in; but he candidly acknowledged that no medicine of *his* could reach the disease. He advised traveling. For this she seemed little disposed, but yielded to the wishes of her family.

It was in the fullness and fragrance of the spring time, and all nature seemed rejoicing with new life. Her eye acknowledged the loveliness of the season, but her spirit was not in accordance; for she felt that she should fade sooner than the budding flowers on the hill tops before her; and how was she prepared for the great change? She had for several years been in membership with the Church, and had lived in the conscientious discharge of its requirements, and her family felt that she was *spiritually* safe. To them she seemed to have been *born a Christian*, and "to need no repentance;" and she had herself, too, always looked forward with a sort of quiet, indefinite *assurance*, that heaven would be her portion whenever her earthly pilgrimage was ended. But now that the grave was opening before her, she thought differently; and as she strove to read her Bible, as it were, by the light of eternity, and with a prayerful spirit, that she might be "guided into all truth," she felt that she had been deceiving herself; and though she had had a name to live, she had never been "born of God," had never felt "his Spirit witnessing with her spirit" that she was accepted of him, and her sins blotted out from the book of his remembrance. And now, fainting and thirsting for the waters of salvation, she found in dismay that her "broken cisterns" were empty. And she lifted up her voice, and cried in an agony, "Lord, help or I perish!" He who saved Peter on the deep had compassion on her. He placed his everlasting arms around her, and lifted her up, and he put a new song in her mouth, even praise to her Redeemer. And those who witnessed her cheerfulness and her happiness, and the radiance of her countenance after this change until her death, will ever remember it. She admonished all around her to be faithful to themselves, and to search diligently into the grounds of their faith, and not like herself rest satisfied with only a *name* to live. She said she now saw that the vision of her earthly happiness had been dissipated in *mercy* to secure her *eternal* blessedness; for had not the shadow of disappointment fallen upon her heart she should have been satisfied with her earthly portion, and the sunlight of the Spirit had never been shed upon the soul; and O how much more precious was it to her awakened love to *die* hap-

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pily than to have *lived* happily. She prayed, in the language of her Church service, that God would "forgive all her enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and turn their hearts."

Her prayer seemed to have been answered; for when she was buried, many followed her to the grave with accusing consciences, who, in the days of her suffering, had hardened their hearts and stiffened their necks against her; so that, should there ever occur another case of slandered innocence amongst them, it is hoped they will remember Hester, and sin no more.

How her recreant lover was affected by her death I *know* not. He never returned to become a resident in the village; but I should not be surprised to learn, at some future day, that the recollection of her devotedness, and her sufferings, had fastened conviction on his conscience, and eventually proved the salvation of his soul; so that they may again meet in heaven, "where there is no marrying or giving in marriage," but fullness of joy for evermore.

Hester lies buried in the quiet grave-yard of H——. A plain slab stone marks her grave, with only her name and age, and this simple inscription, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." And as it has been the custom in that village from time immemorial for the young people, after the services of the Sabbath, to choose the grave-yard for their ramble, the inscription often meets their eye; and it may be said that Hester, who, *whilst living*, had a good word for all, still preaches from her grave, and in a sad but satisfied voice says, "To purity add *discretion!*"

THE WIDOW OF NAIN;

OR, THE REGARD OF OUR SAVIOR FOR MATERNAL AFFECTION.

Among the various touching scenes, drawn with such inimitable tenderness by the pencil of Luke, not the least affecting is that in which a widowed mother and her only son are the principal characters. Our Savior was returning from a visit to Capernaum, where he had been dispensing his beneficence; he had traveled thirteen miles to Nain, when, as he was entering the city, he met a funeral procession, following, to their last resting place, the mortal remains of a young man, the chief mourner for whom was a widowed mother. This meeting was not accidental, but providential, for Jesus Christ is Lord also of providence, and it was prearranged by him, that he might gratify the benevolence of his own heart, while he extinguished the sorrows of another's. Perhaps I should say *assuaged* those sorrows, for though the dead son was to be restored to the fond embraces of his mother, the dead husband was not given again to the bereaved wife. It is thus that afflictions are multiplied into each other in this vale of tears, and happy, thrice happy are those to whom, in such circumstances, the Savior, as in this case, draws nigh and says, in accents of tenderness and love, "Weep not."

The multitude of sympathizing friends, who, moved by the affecting fact that the deceased was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," could not together impart so much consolation as was found in these two words—*weep not.* They are the expression of the sympathies of a divine heart for the sorrows of a bereaved mother. "And he came and touched the bier, and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak," Luke vii, 14. How majestic that presence! How sovereign that authority! How mighty that power! How divine that benevolence! Well might the historian add, "And there came a fear on all." But while we reverence the authority and admire the power of Him, who, like the Father, "quickeneth whom he will," it is the tender *benevolence* of the act that makes the deepest impression on the mind. Who is not charmed with the *mercy* that shone out in this transaction? We can conceive sufficient reasons why the immediate witnesses of the miracle should be most affected by the *Omnipotence* displayed in it, and why a dread should fall upon them. But we can also conceive abundant reasons why to us, at this distance of time, the same miracle should so strikingly set forth the *beneficence* of him who wrought it, and constrain us to exclaim, "Behold what manner of love!" What can be more beautifully simple than the words of the evangelist, "*And he delivered him to his mother!*" What must have been the feelings of that mother's heart when she received back that gift which had been surrendered to the embrace of death, and was about to be buried in the grave! To see a beloved child recovering from a wasting sickness, or snatched from some impending danger, creates unutterable feelings in the maternal bosom; but to see death robbed of his prey, and the grave disappointed of its victim, for the sake of gratifying a mother's love, O, this, this must have left that widowed mother speechless with wonder and gratitude! In such acts did the Savior delight; and there is little doubt that he often did such deeds, though comparatively few are recorded. Believing mother, have you consigned your darling son or daughter to the tomb? Weep not: Jesus will restore your child again, invested with the beauty of immortality.

We may possibly imagine with what emotions the widow of Nain would ever after look upon that child, so miraculously restored to her. And how will mothers in heaven look upon the dear objects of their love in the time of "the restitution of all things," when, on the resurrection morning, they shall receive them from the hand of Jesus Christ—not as they last viewed them, cold, motionless, and lifeless—not as they had so often conceived of them, moldering and crumbling in dust; but all life, all bloom, all beauty, bearing the image of the heavenly, instinct with holy intelligence, smiling with seraphic joy, and singing the softest music of heaven! O, to be the mother of such, who would not be willing to live in this world? Pray, then, for those you love, that you and they may together praise in heaven!—*Mother's Magazine.*

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MT. HOLYOKE.

FROM NOTES OF TRAVEL BY A WESTERN LADY.

From Northampton we went to Mt. Holyoke, three miles east of that place. The ascent is steep and rough. About two-thirds of the way up, we left the carriage, turned our horses out, hitched them to trees, and walked to the summit. It was very fatiguing, but amusing withal. There happened to be a number of visitors, some ascending, some descending—young gentlemen dragging young ladies down the steep, with the rolling stones giving way under their feet, and they begging and pleading to be permitted to help themselves.

We reached the summit, panting for breath, but immediately forgot our fatigue in transport with the—what shall I call it?—scene—view—panorama?—all are too hackneyed words to apply here. For beauty, grandeur, variety, extent, it surpasses, is transcendently superior to any one scene I ever beheld. The mountain itself is eleven hundred feet above ocean level. The summit is cleared for an area of an acre or two. Large rocks lie all about in wild confusion. An old house, all open and weather-beaten, stands there, with the names of (if the poet wrote truth) hundreds of "*fools*" carved on the floor, sides, door lintels, &c., whose only immortality is to be seen in public places. We took our seat upon large rocks, overlooking an extent of eighty miles. I was reminded of the exclamation of the Arab chief, when he reached the summit of the hills surrounding Damascus. The extent of his view was about ten miles, says the traveler, "I have heard," said this chief, "that there is but one heaven—I will not enter there, lest I should never find another."

As I have no graphic powers, I shall not presume to attempt a description; but will try to give a kind of *inventory* of what I saw. First, apparently at the foot of the mountain—the distance is one and a half miles—is the beautiful, tranquil Connecticut, reminding one of Fenelon's description of Calypso's grotto. After describing several streams, sporting in the plain, he says, "Others, after a long circuit, turned back, as if they wished to re-ascend to their source, and seemed unwilling to quit these enchanting shores." So glides and winds this lovely Connecticut. It is seen for miles. I discovered seven or eight turns. Its banks are skirted with most luxuriant foliage, cultivation, and multitudes, almost, of villages. From the mountain, in front, Northampton seems to lie at the beholder's feet, though on the opposite side of the river. At the right, several miles distant, is South Hadley, lying on a kind of peninsula, formed by a curve of the river. The principal street extends across, so as to meet the river at each end. The street is very straight, and lined with large trees. These are the two nearest villages. Then in the distance is Amherst, farther east; and about southwest, New Haven, East and West Rock are indistinctly descried—distance eighty miles, as we were informed. Springfield, Hartford, Middletown, and numerous others, numbering thirty-six towns, are viewed from this point, which lie scattered over the apparent *plain;* though, in fact, the whole country, except some flats bordering the Connecticut, is broken and undulating; and not far from Holyoke, Mt. Thom, or Tom it is pronounced, rises up in bold relief. I don't know how to give you an idea of the flats, which are under the highest state of cultivation. Their crops are planted in stripe, instead of irregular fields as ours. In riding along, in our approach to the mountain, we observed this feature—now a long strip of corn, then a strip of wheat yellowing for the harvest; then a strip of clover, or grass; then of some grain or other, in constant succession, without fences. The road seemed to be passing through a farmer's corn-field. This, when seen from the height of Holyoke, looked like a mathematical programme—or a Michigan speculator's plan of some great Babylon, which his castle-building, prolific brain had built, or like the country gentlewoman's pride—a beautiful piece of patch-work—or like—I am not apt in comparison, you know, so I must despair of giving you any thing like a just conception of the living reality. Beyond the flats the gently sloping hills arise. Those that are cleared of their native forest, are under a good state of cultivation, with here and there an isolated tree, or a small group of trees—interspersed over them at graceful distances; then still beyond rise the mountains, covered with impenetrable forests, presenting every shade of luxuriant foliage, every variety—rather a great variety of fantastic figures, formed by the summits upon the horizon. The day was clear; but an occasional cloud, passing over the face of the sun, threw its shade on the fields below, the effect of which was very beautiful. I was never before placed in a position from which I could see the whole cloud—its exact form; but here it lay like a vail on the face of sleeping beauty, with brightness and splendor beaming all around. Upon our first glance at the boundless scene, some one of the company remarked, "I would rather have seen this than Niagara." But between the two there are no points of comparison, more than between a terrific thunder storm, and a calm, peaceful summer evening. This combined all of the beautiful, some of the sublime; but it wanted Niagara's cataract and Niagara's roar; while Niagara, with its cataract and roar, and many other romantic beauties, wants variety, extent, and mellowness. Indeed, analogy fails. The two are as unlike as the emotions which each produce. Some are such as arise in contemplation of the sublime—others such as are incident to the beholding the mellowed beautiful.

After looking, admiring, exclaiming, musing, perhaps as long as I have been scribbling about, and will take you to decipher it, we began to think of getting down—a descent which we dreaded as much as Mr. Buckingham and his company did theirs from Cheops. So we commenced the Herculean task in Indian file. By slipping, stumbling, and scrambling sometime, we gained the base, right glad that we were all sound, though *tired* out.

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THE GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

How soothing is the thought of death to earth's weary traveler, when life's gayest scenes have departed, and the gloom of years hangs heavily over the past. Yes, the thought falls softly upon us, when in life's decline, as dew on the earliest flowers of spring, or the memories of childhood on the heart-stricken wanderer; as calm too and refreshing in its kindly influences.

In such moments, when we read on the page of memory those things we vainly strive to forget, how often do we turn to the grave for consolation, pleased with the reflection that grief enters not the tomb. When the heart is tired of the sorrows which beset our path, when the generous feelings of youth are chilled by the frosts of time, death is shorn of its terrors; and we look to the grave as the mansion of a friend.

In early life we deem this world beautiful—its scenes are those of pleasure and delight. Hope, the fair deceiver, springs up in the breast, and whispers her flattering tale. By her skillful lures we seem what we are not; but experience soon teaches that all our fancied enjoyments, in their very nature, are transitory and unsatisfying. Such thoughts as these are but too well calculated to cast a shade over our brightest hours; and even in youth to impress upon our imaginings the seal of age, to blight the promising harvest of expectation, and cause the buds of hope to wither e'er they blossom.

The dim realities of the past seem to be brought nigh; the present is beclouded by the remembrance of happier hours; and all the bright illusions of the future seem formed but to fade. Pleasure, the object of our fond pursuit, has ever eluded our grasp—promise has ever ended in disappointment; and weary of life, its turmoils and cares, we look forward with complacency to that period when the tomb shall receive us, and close its no longer gloomy portals over humanity's pale wreck. The grave! how peaceful its rest! how congenial its silence. There the head is softly pillowed at last—the brain no more sends forth the busy legions of fancy—the voice of dreams cannot penetrate its recesses; for there the reveries of the dreamer shall cease for ever. Reader! art thou familiar with thy last resting place? Does the contemplation excite no bitter emotion? Or have you drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow, and feel that the bitterness of death is past? Have you been the sport of passion, the mock of wayward fortune? Here is rest. Child of oppression here is your refuge. The crowding recollections of the past intrude not here—the fleeting chimeras of the present, and the "thick-coming fancies" of the future are alike unknown—silence deep and universal holds here its unbounded sway. And yet the grave is not terrible—we should not shrink from its chill embrace; for there we may find the tranquility which has been the object of our fondest desires, the rest for which we have so often yearned.

It is true, there is something appalling in the preparations for our last journey. The sombre hues of the mourning garb, the sound of the deep-toned bell, breaking on the still air as a requiem for the departed spirit; the sobs of those we love, the measured step of friends in the funeral train, are all calculated to make the soul shrink back to its citadel; and the desire of life to be again renewed. Yet why start! When we become the cause of this solemn pomp we shall heed it not—not a single emotion will be awakened by the sorrows of those who mourn. The grave-yard will soon be deserted, the tear of affection will soon pass from the cheeks, and amid our silent companions we shall soon be forgotten. The dead are all around us—the garrulous tongue of age is as silent as that of the infant at his side, who passed to the tomb e'er the tongue knew its office; the husband rests listlessly near the wife of his youth; and even the lover has forgotten the charms of her whom he adored, whose dust now unconsciously mingles with his own. The solitary is now a recluse among thousands—the retirement of his cell is now exceeded by the silence which broods over him. Pride has forgotten its dignity, and humility its reserve. Wealth asks not the homage of thousands, but seeks as lowly a bed as poverty itself—no clamor for place or distinction—all here is equality, silence and gloom. All earth's myriads are fast thronging that path—its portals are thrown wide to receive the travelers who are pressing their way to its dreary mansions. Time flies, earth fades, and they sink into its cold recesses. The aged man, leaning on his staff, looks wistfully for his long-sought rest; sprightly youth and manhood's prime all tend thitherward; and the grave is the last gaol of human attainment. O grave! thou art a solemn teacher, thy warnings far transcend all other voices—the slumbering past is awakened at thy call, and its hallow reverberations fill the future with uncertainty. Yet welcome, thrice welcome; we die but to live—we slumber but to wake in a cloudless day; for the death of the body is but the birth of the soul.

THE LAST ALTAR.

"If Christianity should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of the philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her last and purest retreat with woman at the fire-side; her last altar would be the female heart; her last audience would be the children gathered around the knees of a mother; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God."

So writes an eloquent author. This is a high eulogy upon woman. Rather than call in question its justness, we solemnly admonish her to show herself worthy of it.

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THE SEPARATE STATE.

Of the immortality of the soul, some nations have doubted, and others have been totally ignorant. Historians, of unimpeachable veracity, inform us that the aboriginals of Soldania and some of the Caribbee islands had no notion of a Supreme Being, nor of a future state—that "the Rejangs in Sumatra worship neither God, devil, nor idol, and have no name for the Deity in their language"—that the nations of Caffraria, "consider man as on a level with the brutes, with regard to the duration of his being, so that when he is dead, there is an end of his existence"—that several tribes have been discovered in America, who have no idea whatever of a Supreme Being, and no rites of a religious worship.

Inattentive to that magnificent spectacle of beauty and order presented to their view, unaccustomed to reflect upon what they themselves are, or to inquire who is the author of their existence, men, in a savage state, pass their days like the animals around them; without knowledge or veneration of any superior Power; nor have the most accurate observers been able to discover any practice or institution which seemed to imply that they recognized his authority, or were solicitous to obtain his favor. The legitimate inference from these historical extracts is, that the tribes to which they refer, could have no idea of the immortality of the soul. For if they acknowledge no Supreme Being, they could have no foundation to sustain their belief of that immortality.

Among the nations of antiquity, Greece and Rome stood unrivaled for politeness and learning, yet we find their most renowned sages, as it regards the immortality of the soul, were in a state of complete vacillation. Even "the best sort of them, who were the most celebrated, and who discoursed with the greatest reason, yet expressed the most uncertainty and doubtfulness concerning things of the highest importance; the providence of God in governing the world, the immortality of the soul, and a future judgment."

Socrates, whose opinions and dogmata came nearest to inspiration; when about to die, expressed himself in a hestating manner: "I am now about to die, but ye shall survive me; and which of us shall have the better part, is known only to God." Again, "I would have you to know that I hope to join the company of good men; but of this I cannot speak confidently."

Cicero, when speaking of a future state, says, "What you wish, I will endeavor to explain; but you must not look on what I say as infallible. I only guess, like other ignorant creatures, at what seems most probable. Farther than this, I do not pretend to go." Again, when writing upon the same subject, and adverting to the question, Is the soul mortal or immortal? he himself replies, "Which of these two opinions is true, God only knows; which of them is the most probable, is a very important question." Such were the obscure views of the greatest luminaries of Greece and Rome. And much more obscure were those of the second, third, and fourth magnitude.

FIRE-SIDE JOYS.

Domestic felicity cannot be equaled in the whole round of enjoyments of which men are perpetually in the pursuit. It is the greatest, because the most rational; the sweetest, because those whom we love are partakers of it; whether it be communicated to us in the canversation of the hoary and venerable grandsire, the endearments of the parent, or the reciprocal exchange of fraternal sentiments of heart-felt affection.

In vain is such satisfaction to be sought after, when encircled with strangers, or engaged in parties of pleasure from home. The play-house cannot yield it: our walks will be solitary, and our business itself, if domestic bliss be unrelished, will prove nothing but toilsome and disagreeable.

Hence does the aspiring soldier comfort himself, under the various hardships of his profession, with the anticipation that one day there will be a period to his toil, when he shall retreat with honor from the more dangerous employment of war, to enjoy the peaceful moments of a domestic life. Neither poverty can taint its felicity when relished with content, nor affluence arrogate its situation when enjoyed with humility. The rigid looks of adversity are dared where innocence resides; and prosperity, with her alluring promises of happiness, despised, when her fickle nature is discovered by the sharp penetration of the cautious peasant.

Irus was obliged to confess that domestic happiness exceeded every other pleasure in the world, because he esteemed his poverty his greatest glory, and declared he never felt its weight because he kept it a secret. The troubles and cares of a public life are often found by experience to be the parents of many anxious hours, and to banish those peaceful moments from the breast of a prince, which the meanest beggar can enjoy.

The conduct of a people, and the management of an army, though to the outward spectator they promise the greatest pleasures, will never be blest with the innocent amusements of a quiet, serene, and tranquil life.

CHARITY.

The habit of discovering good qualities in others is a source of diffusible happiness. Though a knowledge of human nature teaches that the best characters have a mixture of infirmity, it still admits that in the worst there are some redeeming virtues. The telescope which reveals the brightness of the most opaque and remote planets, is more valuable than the microscope that detects motes in the sunbeam, and deformed insects feeding even upon the heart of the rose. A disposition to dwell upon the bright side of character, is like gold to the possessor. One of the principal ingredients in the happiness of childhood, is freedom from suspicion, and kind and loving thoughts toward all. Why might not that sweet disposition be combined with a more extensive intercourse with mankind? A habit of searching out the faults of others is calculated both to increase evil, and to perpetuate its remembrance.

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THE PIONEER.*

BY H. GOODWIN.

Far to the west, where *Rocky Mountains* rise,
Lifting their ragged summits to the skies,
An ardent youth, whom fancy led to roam
Through trackless wilds, away from friends and home,
Climbed a dread steep, which o'er the desert frowned,
And dizzy gazed on all the scene around—
Surveyed each object which below him lay,
And traced, in memory's map, his devious way.
While strong emotion heaved his swelling soul,
He burst, at length, from reason's calm control—
With half checked words the awful stillness broke,
And to the winds, mild passing, thus he spoke:—

How grand is nature! what bold scenes appear!
These cliffs, how rude! yon wilderness, how drear!
Far east Columbia's states in peace and wealth repose,
Where patriotic fire in every bosom glows.
Far west the vast Pacific meets the bending sky,
Where, hid in the wide waste, his countless islands lie.
And Mexico, far south, reveals her lifted plains,
Where verdant spring, or golden autumn, ever reigns;
While to the north afar unmelted mountains stand,
And the cold ocean raves along his icy strand.

Let the weak throng in polished life remain,
Content with pleasure, honor, ease, or gain,
Court the soft scenes of luxury and dress,
And every lofty passion there suppress;
But give me scenes where all is bold and wild,
Where beasts prowl free, and man is nature's child—
Where I may hear at night the boding owl,
And list afar the wolf's tremendous howl—
Where I may see creation's rudest forms—
The naked height long swept by rushing storms,
The rocky mass in wild disorder thrown,
And deep, dark glen with hemlocks overgrown.

These are the scenes which chain my roving eye,
These are the scenes which lift the soul on high;
The forest, mountain, cascade's dashing spray,
And boundless prairie, power supreme display;
These lead the thoughts to Him who rules above,
And speak his wisdom, majesty, and love.
These are the scenes for which I bade farewell
To all that bound me to my native dell—
Forsook the much loved, oft remembered spot,
Where rural toil had been my humble lot—
Sailed the rough lakes from swift Niagara's tide
To the last surge that bathes Superior's western side—
Sought Upper Mississippi's highest source,
Thence glided down its bright meandering course;
And where Missouri rolls his mighty floods,
Turbid and deep through darkly pendant woods,
Still urged the light canoe; then climbed this height,
Swelling and towering, whence the raptured sight
Beholds, in prospect wide, at once unfurled
The boundless grandeur of this western world.

As thus in devious course I boldly strayed—
What varied scenes my wondering eye surveyed!
Beside Niagara's swiftly rushing flood,
Upon his rocky, tremulous bank I stood—
Saw all his waters in one volume pour
Down the dread steep, with ever thundering roar—
Saw the white cloud of constant rising spray,
Through which bright beams in beauteous colors play;
With cautious foot then sought the gulf profound,
And heard with awe the deep appalling sound—
Beneath the stream-worn rocks in silence trod,
And thought—how weak is man, how great is God!

Thy shading forests, Erie, are no more—
Gone is the wildness from thy fertile shore;
Along thy winding bays and banks of green,
Resplendent towns, in growing wealth are seen.
Where Perry bade the British thunder cease,
Commerce now spreads her whitened sail in peace.
Thy isles, yet spared by art's transforming hand,
In native pride amid thy billows stand;
In all their robe of woods and flowrets dressed,
Still cast their shadows o'er thy darkened breast,
Land-lock thy spacious harbors, and convey
Picturesque beauty to the tranquil bay.

But how did Huron open to the sight!
Its boundless waters, spreading on the right,
Seemed to support afar the concave blue,
And all its northern barrier sunk from view.
Its broad south beach the wave-worn pebbles line,
And on its level coast dark groves of pine
Wave their dense tops of never fading green,
With nought to break the smooth, unchanging scene,
Save some receding mountain dimly seen—
Save where, amid his heaving watery bed,
The white rock, giant-like, uprears his head,
And, undisturbed, the storm's wild fury braves,
While round his waist strong dash the angry waves—
Save here and there, above the water's edge,
Broken and threatening hangs the beetling ledge,
Against whose base the mountain billows break,
Rolled by fierce winds across the stormy lake,
O'er whose expanse loud roaring tempests sweep,
And fling on high this mighty inland deep.

The storms of Huron past, with joy I saw
The rising peaks of distant Mackinaw.
'Twas eve: the rugged bluffs ascending high
Showed their rude outlines on the western sky,
While o'er the fort, where once war's tumult raved,
Columbia's flag in peaceful triumph waved.
I seem to view thee now, romantic isle—
I see thy cliffs that frown, thy vales that smile,
Thy lofty arch projecting o'er the deep—
Thy cave of skulls, where Indian heroes sleep—
Thy towering pyramid of nature's pride,
And pleasant village on thy southern side.

* Materials principally from the journal of an early western traveler.

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There the last trace of civil life I left,
And onward roved, of social joy bereft—
Sought the far regions of the dreary west,
And sailed in wondering awe o'er vast Superior's breast.

As on this mightiest inland sea I rode,
What changing scenes commanding nature showed!
At first on either hand majestic rise
Huge swelling mountains towering to the skies—
In clouded grandeur lift their awful forms
In one eternal barrier round this lake of storms.
But fast receding on the northern coast,
They fade at length in viewless distance lost;
While on the south sublime they still appear,
And o'er the wild their frightful summits rear.
Here grandeur, beauty, and disorder blend—
High o'er the dangerous coast in bluffs ascend
Stupendous rocks of varied form and hue,
Which draw far off the pleased admiring view,
Presenting naked peak and lofty wall,
O'erhanging cliff that menaces a fall,
And prostrate ruins, hollow rumbling caves,
Dug by the dashing, never resting waves,
While from above white rushing cascades pour
Into the lake, with never ceasing roar.
Nor scenes like these alone are witnessed here;
But naked hills, sublimely bleak and drear,
Of ever flying, ever drifting sand,
Rising aloft beside the water stand;
And just above these barren hills I see
The bare dry limbs of some deep buried tree,
On which the eagle perched the scene surveys,
And, looking down on man with fearless gaze,
Tells me how rarely human form has come
To the lone wild which she has made her home;
While noisy ravens, on perpetual wing,
Their notes, hoarse croaking, o'er the desert fling;
And the high hawk glides slowly o'er the lake,
But not the charm of solitude they break.
This still remains—the soul in thoughtful gloom is bound,
For man, the lord of earth is seldom found.
Yet mid this lonely wild, this desert drear,
Rich sparkling gems of orient hue appear,
And in the current of the mountain stream
With lustre bright the native metals gleam.

But these rude scenes I leave, and gladly hail
The milder aspects of the fertile vale
Where Upper Mississippi gently glides,
And beauty wild in every form resides.
On either side the distant hills extend,
And to the scene their varied grandeur lend.
The forest there its shadows darkly sheds,
The prairie here its waving surface spreads.
From the far hill descends the headlong stream,
Whose falling waters cast a distant gleam,
Then onward moving seek the fertile vale,
Where herbage rank and lofty trees prevail;
Where gay-plumed songsters tune their trilling throats,
And playful echo quick returns their notes;
Where timid deer repair their thirst to slake,
And walk half lost amid the tangled brake.
On the wide prairie herds unnumbered graze,
And awkward rove through many a trodden maze;
The tall, coarse grass to every pressure bends,
And through the air its grateful fragrance sends,
With soothing murmur rustles in the breeze,
While the wild heath-flowers, painted but to please,
Linger unblown through summer's scorching reign,
Then gaily blooming deck the autumnal plain.
In this delightful vale have oft appeared
The well known birds which once my boyhood cheered;
With child-like joy I've seen the blue-winged jay,
And heard the robin sing the close of day;
And when the sun had vanished in the west,
And sighing winds had rocked my boat to rest,
The same mild moon, which pleased when life was young,
O'er the broad vale her silver light has flung.
As these fair scenes have held my roving sight,
How have I felt a pensive soft delight!
How have I wished the eye of taste could hail,
The varied beauties of this pleasing vale;
Some cultured son of genius here repose,
And feel the flame that in my bosom glows.

But here the untutored son of nature strays;
His darkly beaming eye this scene surveys,
And dimly reads the Great Eternal soul,
In all the changes as the seasons roll;
In the first flowrets of the vernal plain,
In the rich harvest of his yellow grain.
When blackening clouds the azure sky deform,
He views the mighty Spirit in the storm,
Beholds red anger in the lightning's glare,
And hears the thunder's voice the dread Supreme declare.

What different traits his character compose!
Kindness to friends, and vengeance to his foes.
Unsleeping hatred in his bosom lies,
And ardent gratitude that never dies.
Reckless of danger on his foe he springs,
And in the war-dance deeds of valor sings.
To humbling force he shows his proud disdain,
Mocks his tormentors, and exults in pain.
By deeds of love his savage heart is won,
And hate he feels not where no wrong is done.
To the lost stranger welcome is his shed,
And his rude fare is hospitably spread.
But while the noblest lines their lustre lend,
And with the traits malignant darkly blend,
Neglected and despised he still must stray,
And ills unnumbered throng his gloomy way.
When winter's mantle o'er the earth is spread,
He hears his children ask in vain for bread;
Their wasting forms he sees, yet would control
The feeling father struggling in his soul;
But indignation with his pity blends,
And strange emotion to his eye ascends.
Base, treacherous white men take his lands away,

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And for the boon with maddening draughts repay.
Those happy shores, where erst his mighty sires
Hunted their game, and lit their evening fires,
He views no more, and to invaders yields
His lakes and rivers, woods and planting fields,
Sinking an outcast in the dreary wild,
Of all his left inheritance beguiled.
Yet while these wrongs o'ercloud his fairest days,
If his rash hand his just revenge betrays;
If he, unlettered man, pursue the guileful foe,
And in stern vengeance deal the wrathful blow,
Still must he see in flames his humble shed,
And his loved children helpless captives led!

Poor, injured man! thy kindled wrath suppress;
Compassion kind thy wrongs shall soon redress.
Behold, "the pale brows" mourn their cruel deeds,
And pity's heart for all thy suffering bleeds.
Behold, a meek and generous band arrives,
To teach the arts by which the white man lives;
To quell by love malignant rage and strife,
And strow with peace the troubled path of life.
Thy sable, active sons to useful arts they'll train,
And guide thy spirit to a happier Eskanane.
Hail them as friends; let all thy wanderings cease,
And hear the word which breathes "good will and peace."

Rejoice, ye lost tribes, the good work is begun,
Which shall mingle the white men and red men in one.
Faith now in vision beholds the glad day,
When the sons of the forest no longer shall stray;
When Columbia in peace shall her empire extend,
And a once injured race shall in justice befriend.
Then art the rude face of this wild shall renew,
And plenty these hills and these vallies shall strew.
Where now the huge buffalo clumsily strays,
The cow and the lamb shall in quietness graze;
Where stands the strong oak shall the apple tree bear;
Where waves the dense pine shall hang mellow the pear;
Where now the coarse grass covers thickly the plain,
Shall bend the full heads of the rough-bearded grain;
Where now the swift stream rushes white from the hill,
Shall play ever busy the clattering mill.
Along these broad rivers bright cities shall rise,
And far gleaming spires point aloft to the skies;
The Church-going bell mid these vallies shall ring,
And sinners redeemed halleluiahs shall sing.

CHEERFULNESS.

With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemployed
Or unimproved below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And Jesus only know.

THE CHILD'S LAMENT.

Where is the glorious summer gone!
Why hath it pass'd away,
With many a sweet and thrilling tone,
That came but yesterday?

I hear not now the wild bird's song,
Ringing through wood and dell;
But winds sweep mournfully along,
Like summer's sad farewell.

Nor lingers there one flowret bright,
To meet my anxious view—
The streams have lost their golden light,
The sky its sapphire hue.

And green leaves which have proudly swung
On many a forest bough,
Unto the moaning winds are flung,
But seared and wither'd now.

Oft as I chas'd the butterfly
From flow'r to flow'r away,
I thought such blossoms could not die,
Nor summer feel decay.

But the violet in its lone repose,
Hath lost its od'rous breath;
The lily and the queenly rose
Have felt the touch of death!

Alas! that such a glorious time
Should ever pass away;
Will the green fields renew their prime?
O! when? sweet mother, say.

The summer *will* return, fair child!
And earth again will bloom;
The violet in the woodlands wild
Shall yield its rich perfume!

All beautiful and glorious things
Shall spring again to birth,
(Bright as thine own imaginings,)
With tones of love and mirth.

But the gay summer of the heart,
We may recall in vain;
When the blest season doth depart
It ne'er returns again!

And friendships, of thy childhood's hours,
Will quickly pass away;
E'en as the with'ring summer flow'rs,
As false—as frail as they!

Then set not thy affections here
On things that fade and die;
But rest thy hopes on heaven, for there
Is immortality.

So in thy wintry age's day,
Though other friends may flee,
God will, as life ebbs fast away,
Be all in all to thee!

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Original.

THE NEW-YEAR.

BY MRS. WILSON.

ADDRESS OF THE REPOSITORY TO ITS PATRONS.

TIME'S tireless wing has pass'd its wonted space,
And swiftly reach'd again its annual bound;
And as in Memory's mirror we retrace
The vanish'd scenes that mark'd its rapid round,
How the heart saddens, as we fondly own
"They build *too low* who build below" the Throne!

And yet each year that rolls for ever by,
Lends some new *hope* that asks fruition *here;*
Some budding joy allures the youthful eye—
Some strain of earthly bliss attracts the ear—
Some dream of love beguiles the captive heart,
And ties are hourly forming—but to *part!*

Perchance 'twould be a high and holy theme,
To trace the chequer'd scenes of *one short year,*
And tell how *hopes,* that mark'd its early beam,
Were crush'd for ever in its mid career;
'Twould teach how fragile are the joys of earth,
And lure the heart to those of heavenly birth.

That lonely widow, by her sad hearth-stone,
(Her orphan-charge in peaceful slumber nigh,)
Feels how home's cluster'd joys around *her* shone,
When the last New-Year met her beaming eye;
And tearful owns, that Time's returnless flight
Has rob'd *her* dream of bliss in hues of night.

The little orphan, of home's ties bereft
Since the last gladsome New-Year's happy birth,
Feels that for *him* no cherish'd joys are left
Like those that frolic'd round a parent's hearth;
And sadly owns how bright, how strong the chain,
Which Time's relentless hand hath snapp'd in twain.

The mother, gazing with a tearless eye
On the sweet face where "death his seal has set"—
The husband, catching the expiring sigh
From lips, where bridal vows are ling'ring yet—
The lover, pressing on that marble brow
The last, long kiss from "lips unseal'd till now;"

These, and still sadder, deeper scenes of grief,
Which the heart sinks, and shudders to portray,
Are stamp'd in living lines upon the *leaf,*
Join'd to *Time's scroll,* since the last New-Year's day,
And teach the lesson, which all hearts should own,
No hope is *sure,* not *anchor'd near* the *Throne!*

* * * * * * * * *

Some youthful reader raises her bright glance,
And asks with pouting lip, "If *this* be *all?*"
"Can you not tell of some fair things that dance
In bridal hues, nor own the funeral pall?
Have you not '*gather'd,*' through the passing year,
Some brighter gems, your youthful friends to cheer?"

Yes, fair one, we *can* wake a happier lay,
And tell of *hopes* and *joys* that ever last;
Of hopes that brighten'd with life's closing ray—
Of joys that liv'd when Time's brief reign was past—
Of hopes that hover'd round the bed of death—
Of joys that mingled with the parting breath!

We'll tune our harp to loftier themes, and tell
Your list'ning ear the triumphs of the cross—
How the blest followers of Immanuel
Have counted all their earthly joys but dross,
And dared the deep, on foreign shores to rove,
And plant the ensigns of a Savior's love!

We've gather'd many a gem of science rare,
And laid the votive off'ring at your feet;
Encounter'd regions of the polar bear,
And bar'd our bosom to Brazilian heat;
Gather'd from ocean, earth, and air, and sky,
Stores to enrich the heart, and charm the eye.

The page of moral beauty we have scann'd,
And cull'd new treasures from its varied store—
Seiz'd on the comets with a daring hand—
Enrich'd our "Gatherings" with classic lore—
The myst'ries of Phrenology divin'd,
And roam'd the mighty universe of mind.

We've trac'd the hist'ry of departed worth,
And told how cherish'd beings pass'd away
From all the lov'd and gladsome things of earth,
To claim an entrance to eternal day;
While Faith's bright torch illum'd the dreaded vale,
And Jordan's billow sank 'neath mercy's gale.

And thus our varied treasures we have borne,
Uncheck'd by winter's cold, or summer's heat;
And oft as Luna "fill'd her silver horn,"
We've sallied forth, expecting friends to meet;
Our sole desire, t'adorn, instruct, improve
The dear home-circle of domestic love.

And still, we'll cull no bud from *Fiction's* bow'r,
To shed its fascination o'er our page;
But living *Truth* shall lend her chasten'd pow'r,
To garner "spoils of Time" from ev'ry age,
And blend their beauties by *her* holy test,
Among our fadeless "*Gatherings of the West!*"

NIGHT.

THE sun has left his azure vaulted throne,
And clos'd the day behind yon western hill;
The woodland tribes have to their coverts flown,
And nature's chorus now is hush'd and still.
Pale Cynthia bright'ning as the landscape fades,
Now cheers the weary traveler on his way;
And o'er the shadowy scene, her influence spreads,
In compensation for departed day.
Now is the time for rest; and balmy sleep
Around the sons of health her mantle throws;
But, ah! how many, painful vigils keep,
Nor find that rest, nor share their sweet repose!
Alike to them the dawn of morning light,
The shades of evening, or the gloom of night.

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NOTICES.

MORMONISM AND THE MORMONS: *a Historical View of the Rise and Progress of the self-styled Latter Day Saints. By Daniel P. Kidder. New York: published by G. Lane and P. P. Sandford, for the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Conference Office, 200 Mulberry-street.*—We have heard and read much incidentally of the Mormons; but until we saw this book, we had no conception of the extreme depravity and exemplary wickedness of its prophet, patriarch, and leading patrons. It is in the abstract, blasphemy; and in the concrete, a combination of deceivers such as were scarcely ever before associated under the pretense of religion. We cannot do a better service to the public, of the kind, than by urging all to procure Mr. Kidder's book, in which this system of unmitigated wickedness is exposed in all its repulsive features of fraud and villany. We have not space for an extended notice of the book, but will simply say, that the author conclusively proves the following statements, recited as conclusions at the close of the work:

"1. The Mormon Bible originated with men destitute of a good moral character.

"2. The primary design of its publication was pecuniary profit.

"3. Said Mormon Bible bears *prima facie* evidence of imposture.

"4. It basely perverts the language and doctrine of the Holy Scriptures.

"5. It blasphemously imputes to God language inconsistent with his character and holiness.

"6. Excepting perverted plagiarisms from the Scriptures of truth, that book is nothing but a medley of incoherent absurdities.

"7. The system of Mormonism has arisen entirely from the *Book of Mormon*, and the contrivance of its 'authors and proprietors.'

"8. That system has been and still is propagated by means of deception.

"9. Mormonism, at the same time it pretends to be 'the fullness of the Gospel,' is intrinsically infidel, and opposed to Christianity. It can never be reconciled with the principles of a pure religion.

"10. Its legitimate effects are to degrade and heathenize society."

BUSH ON THE MILLENIUM. "*A Treatise on the Millenium; in which the prevailing Theories on that subject are carefully examined, and the true Scriptural Doctrine attempted to be elicited and established.*" *New York: J. & J. Harper.* 1832.—Whether a second edition of this Treatise has ever been printed, we know not. Probably the peculiar views of the author were not sufficiently popular to demand succeeding issues. In the present state of excited feeling on the subject of the millenium, we think the perusal of this Treatise, by a learned and accomplished writer, would not be amiss. It is particularly valuable for its historical notices of the opinions held by Jews, and early and later Christians on this subject. This part of the work takes up about seventy pages.

The principal object of the writer is to furnish a just explication of those texts in the Apocalypse, which are supposed to pledge to us a future millenium. He begins with the twelfth chapter of Revelation, explains the symbolical import of the Woman clothed with the sun and crowned with stars; and of the Dragon, which he considers a symbol of Paganism. From the twelfth he goes to the twentieth chapter of Revelation, and argues the identity of the Dragon throughout the Apocalypse, then explains the binding of the Dragon, fixing the date of this event with reference solely to Paganism, and says that—

"No facts in the chronicles of the past are more notorious, than that Paganism under Constantine and his successors did, after a desperate struggle, succumb to Christianity in its triumphant progress; and that the religion of the Gospel, after subsisting for one or two centuries posterior to the age of Constantine in a state of comparative purity, did gradually become corrupt in doctrine, carnal and secular in spirit, and arrogant in its claims, till finally it allied itself to the civil power in a union which gave birth to the ecclesiastico-politico dominion of the Roman pontificate, for so many centuries the paramount scourge of Europe. As it is unquestionable, therefore, that the ascendency of Paganism in the Roman empire was succeeded by that of Antichristianism, symbolically denoted by the Beast's succeeding the Dragon, so we are led to consider the binding of the Dragon, i. e., the suppression of Paganism, as commencing about the time of the rise of the Beast, and nearly coinciding with the first thousand years of his reign."

This extract will suggest to the reader the general conclusion at which the writer arrives, viz., that the millenium is past, and that whatever prosperity may await the Church in her future travail and conquests, is post millenial, and not properly embraced in the Apocalyptic visions.

Professor Bush is an interesting writer, and however widely we differ from him in our views of the Apocalypse, we read his book with deep interest and gratification. His opinions must leave him at liberty to expect the destruction of the earth at any time; and we understand that he says in recent lectures, delivered in New York:

"If we take the ground of right reason, we must believe that the present age is one expressly foretold in prophecy—that it is just opening upon the crowning consummation of all prophetic declarations. The first inquiry is, what are we taught to expect? It is evidently something stupendous, something final—the last act in the great drama of the world. We cannot agree with those who believe that the physical destruction of our earth is predicted and close at hand; though if their premises once be granted, we cannot see how their chronology is to be disputed. We firmly believe that we are now upon the borders of the momentous changes predicted. We have clear intimations from prophecy that the last times shall be distinguished for a laxity of morals and manners, for the prevalence of a spirit of lawlessness and license; for party legislation, for general public profligacy and corruption, and for all the evils by which we are now surrounded. These are facts to which we cannot shut our eyes, and over which it is not easy to go to excess in lamentation."

TALES AND ILLUSTRATIONS FOR YOUNG PERSONS. *By Charlotte Elizabeth. New York: John S. Taylor.*—It contains fifteen chapters, or "tales," written in an agreeable style, and full of wholesome instruction and admonition. Just read the following from a chapter on "the Bee," as a specimen of Charlotte Elizabeth's manner:

"The counsel given to us in Scripture is, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest.' The poor bee labors all the summer, that it may, in the winter, eat the fruit of its industry; but we rob it of its sweet store, and far too often are the harmless creatures put to death at the same time, losing all that they have so toiled to lay up. With the diligent Christian this never can be the case: for thieves cannot break through nor steal the treasure which is reserved in heaven for him; and death itself is but the entrance to his eternal inheritance.

"Let me hope that a bee will never cross the path of my young readers, without awakening a serious thought on the lesson which God has fitted it to teach: and may we all be found with equal diligence and steadiness, occupying the stations assigned us by his almighty wisdom and everlasting love!"

BACKBITING. *By Charlotte Elizabeth. New York: J. S. Taylor.*—This little book should be faithfully consulted as a cure to that vicious propensity, so common to us all, to vail the virtues and expose the weaknesses of our neighbors.

THE RHODE ISLAND COTTAGE; *or, a Gift for the Children of Sorrow: a Narrative of Facts. By a Presbyter of the Church. New York: J. S. Taylor.*—This is a tale of grief, used for the great and good purpose of teaching the afflicted so to improve adversity, that their "light afflictions, which are but for a moment, may work out for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT *of the Young Men's Bible Society, of Cincinnati.* 1842.—This Society has, in seven years, issued and put in circulation 20,123 copies of the Scriptures. Its distribution, last year, amounted to 6,665 copies.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

Novels.—As we were sailing down the river a few days since, several passengers, among whom were a Presbyterian and two Methodist clergymen, discussed the subject of novel reading. One and another uttered their views, till at last it was averred by a member of the company, that "Novel-reading is the crying sin of the Church—that it is a fearful curse to society—that it generates more evil than intemperance ever did, and that a reformation is needed in this particular, as much as in the use of alcoholic drinks." Some seemed startled at this; and apparently to moderate the zeal of the speaker, one mentioned that a very respectable and devout clergyman had a few days previously recommended to his daughters the perusal of the *Scottish Chiefs* and *Thadeus of Warsaw*, as very proper books for young ladies. If the company present were surprised at the *morals* of a minister who could recommend novels for the entertainment of the young, they were certainly not less surprised at his taste in recommending *such* novels as those here mentioned.

We cannot conceive who this servant of Jesus is, nor where he was educated, nor by what model he formed his morals or his literary taste. Is he a Methodist? Has he read his Discipline? Does he practice the cure of souls? Is he in the habit of reading quarterly in some congregation those general rules of moral conduct which forbid "the reading of such books as do not tend to the knowledge and love of God?" Had he just descended from the pulpit or come out of his closet, when he recommended to the young daughters of his friend, the "Scottish Chiefs" and "Thadeus of Warsaw?" However these things may be, we pray God to forgive a minister of his who could so far forget, or *pervert* the sacred influence of his office, as to speak in this manner to young persons, whom the apostle had commanded him to exhort to sober-mindedness. We should have thought no worse of him if he had counseled a child of ours to procure a pack of cards, and spend a few hours daily at games of whist. Indeed, we believe the latter is an innocent employment compared with the perusal of such books as the above. Whist would be a waste of time, but the reading would be this, and somewhat more. It would be insinuating poison into the affections, and corrupting the whole heart.

Nothing can be more killing to devotion than the perusal of a book of fiction. We know this from sad experience. Let any one who cannot or will not otherwise be convinced, leave her closet in a devout frame, and read for half an hour the best production of this sort extant. If she please, let it be the Vicar of Wakefield, one of the most innocent and tasteful novels in any language; and if her devotion does not evaporate under its witching influence, we shall doubt if her religion is genuine.

If these lines should meet the eye of the young persons so unfortunately counseled by a respectable and pious clergyman, let us suggest other books. If you have purchased the novels referred to, burn them forthwith. Get in their stead, the biography of Hester Ann Rogers, of Mrs. Graham, and Mary Lundie Duncan. Add to these the Christian Pattern, the Bible and the Hymn Book, and you may hope by the diligent and prayerful study of them, to counteract the vicious influence of former reading, and gain repentance unto life. Then, when you are converted, plead day and night for that minister of Jesus who gave you such fatal counsel. Plead that God may give him repentance unto life, and not lay the sin which he committed to his charge.

It is a fearful thing for a minister of Jesus, who has vowed to keep and not to mend our ecclesiastical rules, to direct members of his flock, or their children, into a course of conduct which directly contravenes these rules, and thus involves not only a general offense against good morals and pure religion, but a particular violation of solemn ordination covenants, made with God and his Church.

Modern Revivals.—Probably there has never been a period since time began, when revivals of religion were so general and so powerful as now. They spread nearly over the Christian world, and they sway the minds of men in an unusual manner. It seems as though nothing is needed to secure the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, but the appointment of meetings, and a rallying of the friends of Zion to the work of faith and the labor of love.

We have enjoyed the privilege of attending some eight or ten protracted meetings since the close of the Ohio annual conference, and at each there was a glorious display of God's saving power. The result has been an addition of more than four hundred to the Church, and the conversion of a large majority of the young members.

It is time for all who love Jesus to awake, and enter into the labors of the harvest. The fields are white and waiting for the sickle. The ministers of Jesus should be active. Every energy should be enlisted in this rising cause. It seems that efforts to save souls are, through the ready aid of the Spirit, unusually efficacious and fruitful. What encouragement. Seed now scattered abroad, does not "lie buried in hope." It soon returns into the hand of the laborer.

Is the millenium come? Surely it is not distant. We are in sight of its holy and happy scenes. The light of a new day streaks the heavens, and the Sun of righteousness is about to be more fully unvailed to a dark and perishing world. Come, Lord Jesus—come quickly!

The Church in Cincinnati.—To be misunderstood, misrepresented and opposed, is the appointed portion of the people of God. Ordinarily, these things cannot move the true disciples of Jesus. But when they come, not from open enemies, but avowed friends, they are exceedingly severe. They pain, not merely by the mortification which they inflict on the remaining corruptions of the heart, as its pride and self-will, but by wounds which reach our nobler and sanctified affections—our fraternal sympathies. It is well known to our readers, that an astounding development has been made through the public press, of most savage and cruel conduct on the part of several children, members of different branches of the Church, towards an aged and abused parent. That some persons should charge on the Churches concerned the moral delinquency of these their members, was to be expected; especially as the charity of their brethren had rendered them slow to believe evil of the accused, and not swift to arrest, judge, and punish. We are not disposed to charge the political press, or its agents, with wrong, either in motive or conduct, in the part it has taken with regard to these matters. All such questions we cheerfully submit to God. But we cannot avoid the conclusion that the religious press has been over fond of tracing the specific immoralities of the accused to a sinister influence or tendency in the Gospel doctrines and institutes of the Church. How absurd, for instance, to assume that the doctrine of future endless punishment for unrepented sin, provoked the filial wickedness of these children. Suppose in the midst of their cruelty, a man professing to be a minister of Jesus, had gone to these persons and exhorted them thus: "Friends, you are very wicked in allowing your avarice to withhold from an aged and suffering parent the necessaries of life. You inflict on yourselves great pain and punishment. Every hour that you do this you are plunging yourselves into hell. You must lie in hell as long as you continue this wickedness. True, there is no future hell. Should you die in the midst of this wickedness you would instantly be admitted to heaven. From inflicting on your aged parent starvation and death, you would ascend to the beatitudes of the glorified state.

"But then, think what a hell you are now suffering within your own bosoms. And then consider your aged mother. She is in great distress. True, she cannot suffer any more than her sins deserve. God always takes care that our sufferings shall be in exact proportion to our demerits; no more—no less. He will take care that your mother's sufferings are just equal to her sins. Go, then, and relieve her agonies."

If we err in thus reducing the principles of our fault-finding neighbors to an exhortation for these *unfilial* children, let them in that spirit of gentle conciliation which *universal love* should inspire, point out the error. It seems to us that those who sit in judgment on Methodism and her tendencies, should not only look to Mrs. S. and her children, but at the mines of Cornwall, and parallel examples. Let them read Southey's account of the fruits of Wesley's ministry.

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY, 1843.

Original.

WHY NOT AT HOME?

OR, THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S NEW-YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

Mrs. Edson was a member of the Church. She had joined however as a "seeker," and knew nothing yet of the pleasures of religion. At first she was earnest in the means of grace; but the revival declined, the Church grew cold, and its catechumens, of course, relaxed their diligence. Mrs. Edson, among the rest, grew weary and faint; and for several months had let down her watch, and became entangled with the world. She had returned to gay associations, and mingled with pleasure-loving souls. Not that she intended to deny Christ. But she saw some who were reputed pious, freely partaking of the gayeties of life, and "why should *she* deny herself?" Nay, some of her *pious* sisters applauded her liberal behavior and independence, and with such a plea furnished to her hand, it is scarcely to be wondered at that she became insnared. Yet she was not blameless. If we would be Christians, Christ must be our pattern. We must not aim to be like D., E. or F., but taking up our cross, must follow HIM.

It was early in December. Mrs. Edson, with becoming seriousness, turned her eye back upon the past. The year would soon close. How had it sped? Was it to bear a good report to heaven? Had it been employed in serving God—advancing his cause—ministering to the disciples, and communing with Christ? From what passages in its revolutions and employments could she derive peace and comfort? She paused to consider. The incidents of twelve long months were recalled. She viewed them in the light of reason—in the light of conscience—in their connection with time, the judgment, and eternity. The Holy Spirit enabled her to discern many things reproachful to her profession, and an entire absence of all that should adorn it.

Human nature is depraved. But the restraints of grace variously affect us, producing in some a habit of truthfulness, which is highly useful and ornamental. Mrs. Edson was an example. She had a strong aversion to hypocrisy. She desired to be sincere. While she had mingled with the worldly, and had been quite neglectful of duty to her God, she meant nothing inconsistent with the position she occupied as a member of the Church. Believing that some older Christians were sincere, she had followed them, supposing that they, of course, followed Christ. True, her unseared conscience now and then rebelled; but encouraged by their encomiums, she soothed it by well selected unctions, and especially by frequent appeals to their example.

But now even this expedient failed her. Conscience roused itself, and would not be quieted. The disguises worn by avowed friends, but secret crucifiers of Jesus, were suddenly torn off. She saw them as they were. "If *they* can be Christians, (so she reasoned,) and conform to this vain world, I cannot be. With me religion must be every thing or nothing. I have had a year's experience to prove it. I have tried my best, to carry religion with me into the world. But what is the result? My life, the past year, has been a scene of folly. I have proved, to my loss, that for me to love Christ and the world is impossible."

She perceived that her life had been ungodly. She no longer attempted to conceal from herself that, like Demas, she had well nigh forsaken Christ, having loved this present world. Her heart was pained at the remembrance of the past, and she was concerned about the future. Yet withal she had hope. Jesus had been merciful. He had spared her in her backslidings. He had not seized her rash and ungrateful forfeitures of priceless, blood-bought blessings. He still reached out to her the golden sceptre, and exclaimed, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Soft and melting accents these to a wandering, wayward sinner.

Mrs. Edson was quick to resolve, and prompt to execute. Having seen and deplored her errors, she settled in her mind the purpose of amendment. She did not resolve without glancing at the difficulties which beset her path. She perceived that she was sadly involved. Her numerous gay associates blocked up her way, and she must break through them if she would fly to Christ. The season of the year was unpropitious. Holyday scenes, least of all, favor an escape from the vanities of the world, and an entrance upon serious meditation and devotion. "How should she decline the calls and compliments of the season? What evasions could she practice, which would leave her conscience pure, and her conduct irreproachable?" This nearly stumbled her. But thanks be to God, he taught her how to escape!

Religion makes its disciple bold—not in word merely, but in principle. It inspires him with those graces, "*suaviter in modo—fortiter in re;*" or blends in the character mildness and decision. Mrs. Edson finally resolved to invent *no* excuses, and to practice no evasions. As a member of the Church, she had openly given herself to the world; now as a denizen of the world, (for albeit her name was on the Church-book, such she confessed herself,) she determined to

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return, and resign herself as openly to Christ and to his Church. Happy for her that she came to this conclusion. Probably it was the only method that could have proved successful.

The last days of the waning year were spent in strict accordance with this religious purpose. Mrs. Edson sought retirement; at least so far as the world was concerned. Her doors were closed to the gay, and her visits were to the place where prayer was wont to be made. She labored with all diligence to give her heart to God. A protracted meeting was in progress. Her seat was never vacant. She soon forgot what she had left behind in her anxious pressing after the things which were before. She listened as for life to the precious word of God. Her sighs bespoke contrition. Her manner was changed, and her countenance was devotional. Her very walk, as she entered and left the house of God, betrayed the new and deep emotions of her soul. Her attire, which had savored sufficiently of worldliness, now indicated care for something else than the exterior. She longed to be *clothed* with righteousness. She sought again the society of Christians, and of the most serious and cross-bearing among them. With them she bowed at the feet of Jesus, and implored pardon and a new heart.

In the midst of all these efforts she was blessed. Whether born again or not, she was strengthened to seek the Lord. Her heart was drawn towards him by new and strong attractions, and she felt that no sacrifice was to be valued in the hopeful pursuit of pardoning, sanctifying mercy. Thus she continued day by day, waiting in the use of means, for the full and saving grace of the indwelling Savior.

"But how," said one of her pious friends, "will you get along with New-Year's calls?" "If you knew my feelings," she replied, "you would not ask me." It was grateful to receive the assurance that to her the unmeaning ceremonies of the day had lost every charm. A year ago, her house had been open, and thronged throughout the day with passing visitors, who dropped their formal salutations, and hurried on their way. The year would now be ushered in with different demonstrations.

The morning came. Mrs. Edson sallied forth at an early hour to make some necessary purchases. Her pious resolutions were soon tested. She encountered one of her familiar friends, who politely wished her a happy New-Year, and then added with all confidence, "You keep open house to-day?" To which she promptly replied, "No, sir." "Is your family ill?" "Not at all, sir." "I believe, madam, Mr. E. is well." "Never better in his life, sir." Here the gentleman paused, and Mrs. Edson added, "I am a member of the Church; to-day we have religious services, and I intend to join in them." He hesitated a moment, bowed his good morning, and turned away.

Decision is the only safe-guard of piety. Mrs. Edson had been taught it by experience, and had now begun to profit by the things which she had suffered. This prompt and unequivocal declaration of her purpose, greatly strengthened her pious resolutions. She had now confessed Christ before men, and she soon found it was not in vain. Had she faltered in this instance, what encouragement it would have been to Satan; what a stumbling block to her own soul. But now she felt that there was an open door. The Rubicon was passed, and nothing remained but to move straight forward.

At the hours appointed, Mrs. Edson was in church. She preserved her integrity, and yet saw no visitors. There was many a ring at her door, and cards were handed in almost without number. She glanced at them in the evening, and found written on one in pencil mark the interrogation which heads this article, "Why are you not at home?"

And why not? thought she to herself. The query roused reflection. She felt that she could give a ready answer. She found that there is a spirit in *woman*, and that it were easy to heap up arguments in reply to this interrogation. The difficulty in her mind was, not to vindicate her *absence* now, but to justify her *presence* at the last New-Year's day. What had she been doing in the world? How could she have been so blinded by the sophistry of Satan, and the vails of sin, as not to perceive, that her gay associations were to her, at least, a pathway to perdition? It was now all plain. Such was the tenor of her thoughts as she held the card in her hand, and read over and over, "Why are you not at home?"

Had Mrs. Edson penned down her thoughts, and (entering upon the avocation of the moralist) made the reasons of her absence matter of formal record, we may conjecture that they would have read nearly thus:

"I was not at home, first, *because my blessed Savior had invited me abroad.* He has a Church and ministry. His ambassadors, who are sent to announce the terms of reconciliation between God and man, must appoint the times and places for the solemn execution of their trust. 'What one does by another, he does as by himself.' This legal principle applies to Christ and his ambassadors. They act for Jesus. When they invite us to his house to hear his word or join in its devotions, *He* invites through them. Through one of them, who is approved as a true and faithful servant of his Lord, I was invited to God's house on New-Year's day. How could I decline? There were two reasons why I should not decline. First, God had the best claim to my attention; and, second, his business was more weighty than the interchange of compliments."

"Second; I was not at home, *because Jesus had invited me to meet his friends.* In this wicked world Christ has a few well-tried adherents.

> 'True, they are little and unknown,
> Loved and prized by God alone.'

But they are not the less his friends on that account. Of this I was sure. I knew that several whom Jesus delights to honor—who, like the beloved disciple, lean

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day by day upon his bosom, would be present in God's house. I knew that I would desire to share their portion in the heavens, and I thought I should be willing to take their portion upon earth. They were *his invited guests* to a holy, sweet repast. The time was, when I could willingly have passed them by, but now I felt that I must be one of the number."

"Third; I was not at home, *because my Lord himself had promised to be there.* He has said, 'Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' There were but two ways to avoid the conclusion that Jesus would be present. The first was to doubt his word; the second was to believe his promise, but deny that its condition would be fulfilled. As to the condition I had no doubt. I knew, full well, that many would meet in Christ's name. Should I then, with a bold and scornful unbelief, deny that Jesus was about to be amongst them? I dared not do it. Nor, expecting he would be there, could I, without great presumption, refuse to go and seek the blessing of his presence, rather than wait and receive the visits of some of his sinful creatures."

"Fourth; I was not at home, *because present enjoyment called me abroad.* To be happy is the proposed end of our actions. To be innocently happy is their just aim. All this I had hoped to compass by a New-Year's visit to the house of God. Was it unwarranted? David had said, 'In thy presence is fullness of joy.' Such a measure—a *fullness* of joy—the world had never bestowed. I doubted if it could. I had read, too, of 'rejoicing with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.' To this I was a stranger. Let me then, said I to myself, go and search for these full springs of delight. Let me, like the woman of Samaria, get as near as possible to the well, the fountain, and see if Jesus will not be 'in me a well of water springing up unto everlasting life.' Was I disappointed? If so, it was what I was used to, for the world had *always* disappointed me. But I was not wholly disappointed. I tasted a little of the water of life; and gained sweet assurance that its Source was inexhaustible, and that he would in due time pour out to me blessings, till there should not be room enough to receive them. It is no small thing, in this life of emptiness, to have found where real good is, and to have lighted on the path which will conduct the wanderer thither. This I believe I have found."

"Fifth; I was not at home, *because I had resolved to prepare for the close of life.* How should I do it? I had seen some die, who were accustomed to be 'at home' on New-Year's day. I found they were sad and fearful in death. They always expressed regret for the worldliness of their lives, and the levity of their behavior. Some, who were not neglectful of religious forms, were in death very destitute of religious comfort. I had seen others, who stood aloof from the world, peaceful, and even triumphant in death. It seemed to me that if I meddled with religion, I ought to do it in earnest. Surely, thought I, it is absurd to dip into it at all, and yet draw no comfort from it in life, and derive no support from it in death. '*Cæsar aut nihil,*' it seemed to me might be accommodated to express the *supreme* importance or the nothingness of religion. I believed its importance supreme. To be consistent, I resolved to make every thing, even the chief holyday of the year, yield to its duties, and subserve its sacred claims. I believe that in the hour of death I shall recollect that day with complacency."

"Sixth; I was not at home, *because I deemed it best to spend the day in forming friendships for eternity.* Had I waited at home I might have made, or at least have perpetuated, friendships. But how brief are the cherished friendships of earth. If not enemies, death will soon violate them. While they last they are poisoned by suspicion, interrupted by slander, and made bitter by jealousy. I want surer and sweeter friendships. I hope to acquire them. I would have one friend at least, whom no insinuations can alienate; from whom the tongue of deceit cannot divide me. Such a friend I have found in Jesus. But I could gain him on one condition only—namely, 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' And he commands me to 'take up my cross and follow him;' and to 'come out from the world and be separate.'"

"Again; I was not at home, *because I had resolved to do nothing, upon which I could not crave the blessing of Jehovah.* I found that in acting upon such a resolution I must watch, or taste would bribe my conscience. I was fond of company and ceremony. I loved the saloons of fashion, and it was not a small matter to forego them. Hence, I had made a long and faithful effort to wed them to religion, and avail myself of the benefits of both. But I found between them a force of repulsion, which no efforts of mine could overcome. For years I had been in the attitude of a child, weeping with its hands full of toys, because it could not add to its firmly grasped gewgaws, the burden of an apple lying at its feet. I had often seized the toy of earth, and lost the precious things of religion. And I found that to amend, I must hold conscience to its duty, and that for this end I must prompt it. Prayer was my resort, and for a time I found my conscience quickened by its power. But I was guilty of one error. I did not 'pray *always.*' In some postures I could not pray. I now and then placed myself in circumstances which forbade the hope of a heavenly benediction. I now resolved to do nothing, upon which I could not crave God's blessing, and crave it with unfaltering assurance. As I could not ask his blessing upon my stay at home, consistency obliged me to go abroad."

"Lastly; I may add—though it does not fall precisely in the line of these remarks—that I was not at home, *because I have no home on earth.* My dwelling is agreeable. I would be devoutly grateful to my heavenly Benefactor for every earthly comfort. He feeds me from his store-house, and clothes me from his vestry. I feel most unworthy of the care of his good

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providence. To speak without a figure, I would praise him most sincerely for house, and home, and friends, and safe abode. For friends, especially, let me never be ungrateful. But while my best earthly love is yielded to the creatures whom Heaven permits me to hold dear and precious, I must feel and ought to say, that my best friend is not of earth, nor on the earth. And can my home be far away from my nearest and best friend? No; it cannot be. So then, I am a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth. What I call my house is a mere accommodation of the way, in which I rest and find refreshment to help me on my journey. Yes, blessed Jesus, thou who in thy travail and agonies here below hadst not a place to lay thine head, I will seek my home with thee! Like thyself I would have here 'no continuing city. I would seek one to come.' Let me and mine be thy followers, in reproach and painful suffering; and then let me and mine be with thee in paradise."

Such, doubtless, were the musings of Mrs. Edson, not in form, but in spirit, as she read once and again the question on the card. And the Holy Spirit was in those meditations. This was shown by the result. For Mrs. Edson is holding on her way, and waxes strong in God.

From the foregoing, how natural is the inference, that *careless professors are laying waste the Church.* O, how Jesus bleeds by wounds inflicted in the house of his own friends! How many lambs are beguiled and led astray by older, erring members of the flock. What an infection is diffused abroad from the sick, the dying, and the dead amongst us. Let aged men and women in the Church beware. They who betray unwatchful, and beguile unwary souls, are the most guilty and graceless of all transgressors.

Original.

THE REQUEST.

ON BEING INVITED TO WRITE SOME LINES FOR THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

TO GERTRUDE.

O ASK me not to strike again,
My long neglected lyre!
Thy tuneful ear would catch with pain,
So sad and uninspired a strain;
And listless grow and tire.

In better days, when life was new;
And Hope and Joy inspired,
And o'er the page their sun-light threw,
My pen no laboring efforts knew,
To grant what friends desired!

But now, alas! the scene how changed;
Youth, Hope and Joy have flown:
Soon as the lids with tears are stained,
Our sun-shine friends are all estranged,
And we are left alone.

Alone, and in a stranger land!
What can support the soul?
Trust in the God who wisely planned,
And executed with his hand,
The dark mysterious whole.

Ah! who would, in this vale of tears,
Desire to "live alway!"
Where fondest joys that life endears,
Are thickest set with anxious fears,
While here we lingering stay!

Then ask me not to strike again,
My poor neglected lyre!
To breathe a sad and broken strain;
Like the lone bird amid her pain,
Ere she in song expire.

But when I reach that spirit-land,
Where never entered pain;
Surrounded by the seraph band,
With harps of gold within the hand,
I'll strike my lyre again! AUGUSTA.

Original.

THE RESPONSE.

TO AUGUSTA.

YES—thee Augusta will I ask,
To strike thy lyre again;
Nor can it be a toilsome task,
To soothe *me* with thy strain.

For could'st thou touch each sounding string,
With youth and hope and glee,
The gayest song that earth could sing,
Would have no charm for me.

Long since I learned the humbling truth,
"This world has no true friends;"
'Twas bitter to my trusting youth,
But now no anguish lends.

Then, sorrowing one, awake, awake
Thy slumbering lyre again;
And mine, long still, the sound shall take,
And bear thee back the strain.

(Ye mingling numbers echo long,
Adown the vale of years;
For well—too well—does sorrow's song
Befit this "vale of tears.")

But when we wake the lyre again,
No earth-born theme be ours;
From Calvary we'll take our theme,
"And try our noblest powers."

We'll sing of blood-bought pleasures given,
To worms so vile as we;
We'll sing of treasured joys in heaven,
To *last eternally.* GERTRUDE.

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Original.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The word *providence* is from *pro* and *video*, and signifies "to look after, or see to." In theology it denotes that care which God exercises over his creatures. It embraces divine agency in three forms—namely, creation, preservation, and control.

We must distinguish the creative acts of providence from the six days' work of Jehovah. The latter originated, or brought into existence, this world, and the species of beings which inhabit it. The former produce the means of sustaining and perpetuating these species of beings. They are done in secret as it were. No open voice commands, and no song or shout of the sons of God accompanies these life-giving acts of providence. They spring forth amidst the solemn stillness of nature. To devout minds they are no less, on that account, the tokens of God's creative energy.

To illustrate this feature of providence, we introduce the following thought from a sermon on providence by an aged traveling preacher. It is taken second hand from one who heard the discourse, and it may not be penned in the very words of the preacher; but it is in substance as follows:

"My coat," said the venerable man, "is much more the gift of God than though my heavenly Father had sent it to me by a company of angels from heaven. For in the way I received it, God has been employed in preparing it for months. First, he formed the sheep. Then he breathed on the fields with the breath of spring, and produced the green grass for the sustenance of the sheep. Next, he brought out the fibres of the fleece, and furnished the material for my garment. Lastly, he gave the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, and the tailor the skill by which the material was fashioned into cloth and fitted to my frame. When, therefore, I got my garment, it had passed through the hands of my heavenly Father some half a dozen times."

These remarks of the preacher illustrate our views of the creative energies of providence. When the Lord causes grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, he puts forth creative energies; and in a form which we denominate providential, because the end to be subserved is the sustenance of his nobler creatures.

But, secondly, providence implies *preservation*. We mean by this, that God directly interposes to preserve the lives and the happiness of his creatures. This is what is denominated "a particular providence." We will adduce some examples.

Not long since two miners, Verran and Roberts, were sinking a shaft, and had reached to a depth of ten fathoms from the surface. They had one day drilled into the rock, inserted the fuse, and tamped it ready for blasting. On these occasions the men are drawn up by a windlass, and as there are only three in a corps, there is only one man at the brace, and he can only draw up one at a time; consequently, after the whole is ready one man is drawn up, and the kibble lowered, ready to receive the last, who has to put fire to the fuse, and then both men at the windlass draw him up with the utmost speed, in order that all may get out of the way when the explosion takes place, which is sometimes so violent that large stones are thrown up at the top, carrying with them part of the roller and windlass to a considerable height. It unfortunately happened that as the safety fuse with which the hole was charged was longer than was necessary, they inconsiderately took a sharp stone to cut a piece of it off, and ignition immediately commenced. They both flew to the kibble and cried out to the man at the brace to "wind up;" but, alas! after trying with all his might he could not start them. At this moment, (when the hissing of the fuse assured them that their destruction was within half a minute,) Verran sprang out of the kibble, exclaiming to his comrade, "Roberts, go on, brother, I shall be in heaven in a minute!" consequently, Roberts was drawn up, and Verran threw himself down, and placed his devoted head under a piece of plank in one corner of the shaft, awaiting the moment when he should be blown to atoms.

Just as Roberts got to the brace, and was looking down with trembling apprehension on the fate of poor Verran, the whole went off with a tremendous explosion, and a small stone struck Roberts severely on the forehead as he was looking down the shaft. To the inexpressible surprise and joy of the men at the brace, they heard Verran cry out, "Don't be afraid, I am not hurt!" Roberts immediately descended, and found that the great burden of the blast was thrown in every part of the shaft except the corner where poor Verran was coiled up.

This occurrence produced a state of serious feeling in the neighborhood, and was considered, as it must be by all but infidels, a direct, if not a miraculous interposition of Providence. To contradict this would be atheistical. We know of little difference between discrediting the existence, and denying the providence of God.

We derive our being from God. He who creates must preserve. The uncreated or self-existent needs no preserver. To live is the law of his nature. He *must* be, and must be as he *is*, without the possibility of change. But the creature exists by the will of his Creator, and by that will he must continue to be, or not to be. A creature has no inward principles of being; he is like the stream which flows only by the supplies derived from its fountain.

In preserving his creatures, God uses certain instruments, but these are effectual only *in his employ*. We must not regard the instruments as the agent, or while we remember his ministers, forget Jehovah who makes them subserve our good—who "upholds all things by the word of his power."

In preserving, or afflicting us, God exercises *control*

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over all other creatures. He restrains wicked men, who would injure us. He makes the incendiary, the slanderer and the murderer, afraid to execute their malicious designs; or if he chooses that we shall suffer, removes his restraints, and they become the willing ministers of his displeasure. He governs the beasts of the forests, and when he pleases shuts the mouth of the lion, as he did when Daniel was in the den. He holds all the elements of nature at command, and can render the most destructive harmless, as he did the heated furnance when his chosen walked in its glowing fires.

As instances of such controlling acts of providence, we present the following facts. The first is from Rev. John Newton's brief account of his own life. He says: "When our trade was finished, and we were near sailing to the West Indies,* the only remaining service I had to perform in the boat, was to assist in bringing the wood and water from the shore. We were then at Rio Cestos. I used to go into the river in the afternoon with the sea breeze, procure my loading in the evening, and return on board in the morning with the land-wind. Several of these little voyages I had made; but the boat was become old and almost unfit for use. This service was nearly completed. One day, having dined on board, I was preparing to return to the river as formerly. I had taken leave of the captain, received his orders, was ready in the boat, and just going to put off, that is to let go our ropes, and sail from the ship. In that instant, the captain came up from the cabin, and called me on board again; I went expecting farther orders; but he said he '*took it into his head* that I should remain that day in the ship.' He accordingly ordered another man to go in my place. I was surprised at this, as the boat had never been sent away without me before, and asked him the reason. He could give no reason but as above; that so he would have it.

"The boat went without me, and returned no more; she sunk that night in the river, and the person who had supplied my place was drowned. I was much struck when we received news of the event the next morning. The captain himself, though quite a stranger to religion, so far as to deny a particular providence, could not help being affected; but he declared he had no other motive for countermanding me at that time, but that it came suddenly into his mind to detain me."

Those who are acquainted with the history of John Newton, will find in his subsequent career of exemplary devotion, and of extensive usefulness in the ministry of the Gospel, an additional reason for considering him in the above passage of his life, under the guidance and protection of providence.

The second is of recent origin: "About four months ago there came into Wayne county, N. C., a young man of the name of Grimsley, who formerly lived there, but who had been absent for many years. Shortly after his return, he engaged himself to a Miss Martin, of that county, and their marriage was to have taken place in a few days. Four or five days previous to that time, Miss M. was making up her wedding bonnet, and requiring some paper for the lining, whilst in search of it, she found a newspaper published two years ago in Mississippi. In cutting up this paper, her eye lit upon an advertisement by the Governor of Mississippi, offering a large reward for two men charged with a murder in that state, one of them named Grimsley, and agreeing precisely in description with the man to whom she was about to be married. She immediately called her brother's attention to it, who at once called upon Grimsley for an explanation. Grimsley denied knowing any thing about it, and said he could prove that he was not in Mississippi at the time of the murder, by persons at Snow Hill, Greene county. The brother accompanied him to Snow Hill, but on their arriving there not a soul knew him. He then said that he could establish his innocence by persons living at another little village in the same county. There they also repaired, and with the like success, no one knowing any thing of him. They then returned to Waynesboro', where a warrant was issued against Grimsley, and he is now in jail at that place, awaiting the demand of the Governor of Mississippi. Since his confinement, he has acknowledged that he was present when the murder was committed with which he is charged in the advertisement as a participant, but denies that he was engaged in it."

Mark the circumstances of this development. In making up her wedding bonnet just before the time appointed for her wedding, she needs some paper, and in hunting it lights on an advertisement *two years old*, which betrays to the family the base character of her suitor, and saves her from destruction. Surely this young lady will never forget that her "ways are ordered by the Lord."

The providence of God is over nations as well as persons. This cannot be disputed. He who governs every part, of course, governs the whole. If each element, then the mass composed of those elements, is inevitably under the ordering of Jehovah. And inference aside, the Bible is explicit on this point. In it the very title of Jehovah is, "King of kings, and Lord of lords"—by which we are taught that monarchs and their dynasties, involving the most common occasions of national good or evil, are his willing or unwilling instruments to bestow prosperity and happiness, or to inflict chastisements upon empires.

Leaving the arguments in support of a particular providence for a future occasion, we conclude for the present, by saying—we mean by providence, those *creative*, *preserving*, and *controlling* acts of Godhead, by which he carries on the government of his kingdom—by which he bestows good, inflicts evil, and overrules all to his own glory, and the best interests of his creatures—and this without impairing the freedom of his rational subjects.

* He was then on the coast of Africa.

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Original.

SCHOOLS FOR LADIES.

BY C. M. BURROUGH.

I AM happy to hear that the Wesleyans of Cincinnati have instituted a school for young ladies. It is an incident worthy of notice by all sincere Protestants. Seminaries of this sort have become so general, that not to have one would be, on the part of the Methodists, to disregard that fair competition which goes to the sustaining of their own Church. And in a special manner I am glad that though this school offers no opposition to the Roman Catholics, in regard to educating the young at large of this city, the Wesleyans may, at least, hope to gather in their own, and protect them from hurtful religious influences in the progress of education. However the idea of direct conversion may be disclaimed by the Roman Catholics, it can never be denied to follow as a consequence. Some parents, in placing their children at Catholic schools, affect to say, that "they are too young to imbibe the doctrines of religion!" Perhaps so; but are they too young to admire its ceremonies? Are they not indeed, at these tender years, more liable to impressions than if arrived at an age capable of opinions, which might afford to them the resistance of conviction in the faith of their fathers?

It may be that the Roman Catholics do not intend to convert these pupils! Perhaps they make no overt movement—take no direct step to this effect! But are not all their arrangements and manners singularly calculated for the conservation and furtherance of their religion? Do they let their young grow up without tuition of this sort? No; most sedulously is it infused into all their usages and performances. It is made a very element. What if to the child, it take not the form of an idea! It is because this all-pervading element, subtle as the air, is like the air, (the medium of respiration,) too common to be thought about. But for this, are its influences less?

It is well known that the rituals of the Roman Catholic Church are frequent and uniform. Worthily faithful are the Roman Catholics in all outward performances. They have a zeal that might shame better Churches; and Heaven forbid that I should attempt a judgment of whatever is good amongst them. But their faith is adverse to our faith. The present question is, whether professing ourselves (let us not say Methodists) Protestants, our children should be nurtured up in Roman Catholic principles? Can the children of other sects go in and out amongst them, frequent their schools for years together, participate in all the methods instituted for the training of their own children in their faith, and yet escape the influences which are so sedulously calculated to promote the diffusion of their religion? It is absurd to believe it. There is unfaithfulness in the assertion that the combined influence of constant practice, of association, of conventional rule, and of theological belief, can fail of operating, in greater or less measure, upon all, that which is the direct consequence, and declared object in regard to some.

I have heard Protestant parents observe that their children get their religion from the Church, and not from the school. But then the Church and the school are combined. And it may be remarked, in the comparison, how more respectably consistent is the Roman Catholic than the Protestant in this and other usages; and in this, at least, they teach them a lesson worth the learning. But waiving comparison, it may be said, that whether they do, or whether they do not, intend to render their pupils proselytes, yet they tamper not with the forms of their own Church, nor peril them, nor throw a false gloss of conformity over them. And this openness, which I believe to be guileless, is a great cause why many Protestant parents are deceived, believing that where there is no concert or concealment, there shall be no consequence. Yet the child committed to their tuition, whilst she goes in and out amongst them, must conform. The Roman Catholic ritual is her ritual, as distinctly as any other part of the school discipline is her rule of obedience. And though the sacraments of the Church may not be administered to her, yet the vital part of all religion, *prayer*, is her form of school devotion. If the child can learn to separate the act from its sentiment, she is a young casuist indeed, and were well fitted to be trained beyond the school—even into the ranks of Loyola.

But it is not so; the young and innocent mind, if of an ardent cast, embodies its aspiration in the devotions prescribed. And when the religion has become her own she loves it. Keep her some years in its practices, then disunite and tear her away from it, and you disturb not only her faith here, but her powers of belief at large. You go a great way in forcing upon her a spirit of infidelity. And you disturb all her moralities. That form of religion, which, in the absence of inquiry, her own goodness and sincerity had made seem sufficient for her, is wrested away and pronounced to be false and inadequate. And it seems to her that nothing is good, nothing true, because her own goodness and truth have been wasted. And in a spirit of distrust how shall she gather up the lost treasures of her soul, and place them on a strange altar. How shall she do it? I know not whether, in such a case, I would most esteem the young heart that would hold to its first love, or that which, in its blinded obedience, would let go. The greater nature would be liable to the greater error; for faith and truth would seem divided. Then subject her not to this sore trial, but verily, "Train up your child in the way *she* should go," and mature devotion will then be only the strengthening of the cords, and not the lacerating of the spirit.

Take another character—a child perhaps of heedless and indifferent temper, and subject her to the practice of these forms. She has been told at home, that she is not to respect them as essentials. And here you create another form of error. She has for

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years been in the performance of the manual of religion without its spirit; and in her own Church she will be very apt to continue the method. It need not be repeated, that the sacredness of the act of prayer should be constrained to seriousness and attention, to earnestness and sincerity; but if for a long series of time she have attended the service, to resist its legitimate impression, what can you reasonably expect to make of her, not in religion only, but in life? What will hold her—what will bind her? Her yea will be as nay, and her nay as yea; and this poor child, whose original failing was want of apprehension and sensibility, is being trained to her own vicious aptitudes, instead of having them traversed and corrected by education.

But leaving out principles, and speaking only of sensible influences—although some parents expose their children in this way, and affect to say that nothing of this kind ever takes place. Yet what shall we make of it? If the child receive not the impressions of the Roman Catholic belief, she lives some years without any religion at all! But it is not so; the parents who believe it are no doubt honest in the assertion, but not correct in the fact. Their attention is probably engrossed in other subjects. And very few children communicate their inklings of sentiment to their parents. And indeed they are mostly unconscious of them as ideas; yet not the less for this are they engraven on their hearts—not the less will they take the lead, and give bias to their lives. This is not surprising, when we consider that they are now in the vigor and development of the senses; and that in the outgoing career you can hardly constrain attention, even upon sensible objects. Yet beneath there is a life, though in its germ, and though the age of reflection is not yet arrived.

One other thing—did any one ever know a Roman Catholic to place his child in a Protestant school? I do not intend here to discuss the subject of Catholic principles, but only to insist upon the absurdity of expecting the child to remain uninfluenced by all the daily observances, amidst which she "lives and moves and has her being." As well might one pass unscathed through fire. It is well known that in receiving pupils into their seminaries, the Catholics insist peremptorily upon a conformity to their own Church usages. It is known that their services are so frequent as to become a habit with those who practice them. The children of their charge are for months and years entirely in their power. Their contract is to abstain from doctrines, or else they get not the pupils. But do they, by their own faith, waive the salvation of souls for an interest merely pecuniary? However it may be, let us remember that it is the Protestant parent that invests them with this dangerous power. The inconsistency, too, of contemning the tenets of a Church, of professing dissent, and then of instituting an unnecessary association and exposure, is too manifest to need comment of mine. The Roman Catholic schools are generally good in the routine of studies, and in school discipline; but their notable advantage is in good arrangements. Their buildings are large and imposing, the apartments numerous enough, and well supplied, &c.; but for these extrinsic advantages, supposing them to have been superior to those of the Protestant school—for these should the Protestant parent commute in essentials? For these will he peril the principles which he acknowledges to be of vital importance!

But even this form of the question is now set at rest in this city. In the new establishment now opened, the Wesleyan Seminary for Young Ladies, the arrangements are on a superior scale. The new and elegant dwelling of a respectable citizen has been obtained, which, with its large collegiate adjunct especially provided, is sufficient both to the requirements of the public, and to its own liberal purposes. This school is a public interest in all senses of the word, and will continue to be supplied with all that is proper to an establishment of the sort. It has a faculty and teachers of the first order; its constitution, rules and regulations, are of a sanative and judicious character: whilst in its apparatus and numerous other facilities, it may compete with any school of the kind in the west. And the hope is, in Christian spirit indulged, that the advantages provided may find ready acceptance; and that whilst it benefits its pupils, it may, with the blessing of God, look beyond this, and tend to keep them within the pale of those Protestant Churches in which, through the progress of years, it is desired that they may make their religious profession—knowing that if educated in Roman Catholic schools, whatever else they may or may not learn, the one constant and all-pervading sentiment of the place, shall not fail in making them, if any thing, Roman Catholics.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

My child had life—he now is dead,
Was sweet—he's so no more,
Had health—'tis now for ever fled,
And strength—those days are o'er;
Was beautiful—but nought could save
His body from the insatiate grave.

Consumption came, leveled his dart—
It pierced, his color fled;
Alas! it touched the vital part,
Entered—my child was dead:
Yet still his clay-cold corpse I press'd,
And strove to warm it 'gainst my breast.

But, ah! his heart had ceased to move,
His lips no longer smiled:
His brilliant eyes had ceased to rove—
Stiff—senseless—was my child:
I wept—but I'll repine no more,
He suffered—now his pangs are o'er.

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Original.

THE FINER FEELINGS.*

BY B. H. NADAL.

ANOTHER of the finer feelings is modesty. This mingles to a greater or less extent with all the better feeling of the heart and mind; and, indeed, the others are imperfect without it. It is the ground of the picture, and bears the same relation to the figures on the canvass that the grass of the field does to the flowers that rear their variegated petals above it. Modesty is not bashfulness—

> We pity bashful men, who feel the pain
> Of fancied scorn, or undeserved disdain.

But we cannot account their bashfulness modesty. The bashful man blushes without cause; but

> True modesty's a discerning grace,
> And only blushes in the proper place.

Modesty does not consist in obsequiousness of manner, or humility of appearance. The most modest person may be so unfortunate as to have something in his bearing which may be easily mistaken for forwardness; and the most presuming egotist may from design have a most lowly carriage, and a seemingly humble address. Modesty is equally incompatible with presumption and diffidence. The latter is too low an estimate of our powers, and degenerates into foolish timidity. The former is too high an estimate of our powers, and leads us to undertake matters to which we are inadequate. The word modesty is derived from *modus*, measure, and signifies a proper measure of ourselves—a true estimate of our own powers. A sensible man may not always be a modest man; but a modest man is always sensible; for without good sense no man can know himself, and self-knowledge is essential to a correct estimate of our powers, which is modesty. When we say that every modest man is sensible, of course we do not mean that they are all equally talented. In this respect there is doubtless a great diversity. But every modest man, no matter what his talents, has fathomed his own depth, and measured the circumference of his own mind, and will therefore undertake with confidence what his powers are equal to, and avoid that which he knows to be too high for him. Diffidence will not thwart him in the pursuit of things attainable, and pride cannot seduce him to attempt things impracticable. If others entertain incorrect opinions respecting his intellectual or moral endowments, whether the error be prejudicial or favorable to his reputation, he is thoroughly versed both in the faults and virtues of his own mind, and cannot be exalted by an error in his favor, or depressed by a judgment to his prejudice.

We have said that modesty mingles with the rest of the "finer feelings," and that they are imperfect without it. Is not this plain? For suppose a man to be capable of all the rest of the finer feelings, and yet destitute of this proper measure of himself—suppose he think of himself more highly than he ought to think, he will be constantly exposed to disappointment, which will prevent the pleasure he might derive from the exercise of the rest of those feelings. Suppose he go below modesty, and think too humbly of himself—this will prevent his attempting those things to which his powers are adequate, and which are necessary to supply the actual demands of his mind. It will prevent the introduction of those nobler thoughts which are the essential food of the "finer feelings." So we see that modesty, as we have explained it, is not only a valuable and just emotion in itself, but is essential to the permanency and pleasure of all the nobler emotions of the soul.

I have somewhere read of an ancient artist, who, being required to paint a perfect female face, had the collected beauty of Greece brought before him; and as there was some particular feature in which each of his fair models excelled, he took from every face its greatest excellence, and combined them into one. From one he took a tress, from another an eye, from another a dimple, from another a lip, from another an eyebrow, &c. His picture at last needed but one more touch, and that was the simple and unaffected blush of modesty. He came to the last of his models, and requested her to remove the vail from her face; but her modesty revolted—she shrunk from the artist's scrutiny, and made her escape from his apartment. The picture was finished without her, and exhibited to the public; and while all were loud in their admiration of it, the artist alone seemed discontented. His friends inquired the cause of his dissatisfaction, and he replied, "I know the picture has merit, and that it would be easier to criticise than to excel it. But it has one capital defect." "What is that?" said his friend. He answered, "The blush of the maiden whose modesty would not suffer herself to be unvailed." Now suffer us to say that what the blush of the last maiden would have been to the artist's picture, modesty, or a proper estimate of our powers, founded on self-knowledge, is to the intellectual and moral character.

Another class of the finer feelings are those which arise from the combined operation of the imagination, taste, and genius. When the imagination is suffered to run lawless through the universe, uncontrolled by genius, and unchastened by correct taste, it frequently gives birth to images so monstrous that the well regulated mind cannot look upon them without pain. But when the powerful and inflamed imagination is guided by the shaping hand of genius, and its floridness mellowed by the shadings of taste, its pictures will enrapture by their splendor, without a sense of redundance, and charm by their delicateness, without the insipidity of tameness. This class of feelings belongs in the highest degree to the true poet, and may be imparted by him, through his productions, to others, in degrees corresponding to their respective casts of mind. These feelings have received, from the father of the British drama, the hyperbolical name of phrenzy.

> "The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

* Concluded from page 16.

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> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

The poet's love of his art is his master passion; and when "imagination bodies forth the forms" for which he so ardently longed, and his pen turns them to shapes, the creation and contemplation of this imagery afford him an intellectual ecstasy, which, in the poet's language, is called phrenzy. Nor must it be supposed that this ecstasy arises only from the description of the virtuous and the happy—the peaceful and the lovely. No, it is in the terrible and magnificent that his imagination is most at home, and most alive; and then only is felt the full power of this delectable phrenzy. When he describes the peaceful valley, paints its landscapes, adorns it with flowers, enriches it with abundant harvests, dots it with cheerful farmhouses, and enlivens it with groups of playful children, the unutterable tenderness which such associations are calculated to inspire, at once takes possession of his soul, and he yields himself up to the gentlest form of delight of which his mind is capable. But when he draws the Alpine hunter, in pursuit of his game, leaping upon the loose rock which trembles on the edge of the unfathomed mountain precipice, an ecstatic horror transfuses his bosom. When his theme is the limpid brook, caressing its pebbles, and giving verdure to its grassy fringes, his mind joins in with the gentle flow, and his feelings respond to the music of its little cascades. But when he has followed it until it mingles its waters and loses its murmur in the fall and roar of the mighty Niagara, how is his quiet imagination tossed into wild and grand commotion, and how are his sublime feelings heightened by the reflection that this father of floods is a concourse of streams—a congregation of drops! If he sing of the calm midnight hour at sea, the bright stars, and the blue sky mirrored in the sleeping waters, what a ravishing image he has of all that is calm! But if it please his fancy to call out the winds of heaven, and to command boreas, the trumpeter of the elements, to sound a blast in the ears of the drowsy sea, which shall awaken echo in her coral beds, the scene changes at once—the mighty sea becomes the arena of strife—the striving elements, the creatures of the same Creator, and servants of the same Master, are at war—the ocean's color changes from green to white—the rarified foam is driven upon the breath of the storm like drifting snow—the lights of heaven are vailed—the sailors rush hither and thither in alarm—the ship's death throes are upon her—her seams are creaking—her timbers dismembering—her crew drowning, and the elements, still ruthless, continue their rage, without an object upon which to expend it. The poet's eye sees, and his heart feels the sublimity of this scene, and his sympathy for the crew whom his fancy has drowned is mingled with elevated thoughts of the grandeur of God. His horror of the sufferings which he was obliged to connect with his picture is lost in the pleasure of having created the storm, by the powers of his own imagination, given life to the description by his genius, and conformed it to the model of nature by his taste. Feelings similar to those enjoyed by the poet are experienced by the painter and sculptor, but certainly in a much lower degree.

Near akin to the feelings of the poet are those of the true orator. The poet must have imagination, genius, and taste—to these the orator must superadd a good voice, ready utterance, graceful gesture, and self-possession. The poet's fruitful and inventive fancy may find "books in running brooks, and good in every thing"—may clothe virtue in the attire of heaven—delight himself with the image of her purity, and allure others from vice into her paths; but he does it all on paper. His is a "speechless dialect"—he sits in his garret and moves the hearts of men—he occupies a cramped position over a writing table, and moves them with his pen. Not so the orator. He leaves his study and stands erect in the crowd of human beings, adds the voice to the word, and the gesture to the voice, and communicates fire to both by his look. If he speak of thunder, you hear it in his tones—if he speak of lightning, it flashes from his eye—if he expatiate upon virtue, his smile approves it—if upon vice, his frown condemns it—if he discourse of tyrants, his tread crushes them, and if of liberty his uplifted hands exalt her, and his bow adores her. Thus by gesture, tone, and expression, the orator makes his words to burn and his thoughts to breathe. But these are the orator's powers, not his feelings; yet they relate to the subject, inasmuch as the orator's "finer feelings" cannot be produced without these powers.

But how shall we describe the orator's finer feelings? Let us use, as an example, the father of the American Revolution, the most gifted orator of Virginia, Patrick Henry. And from his eventful life let us select his effort before the Colonial Convention of Virginia, where he dashed in pieces the ensigns of a disgraceful peace, and shook the country with an invocation to battle. Behold him sitting with that august body! He has long marked the encroachments of British tyranny—his spirit has again and again kindled when remonstrance and prayer have been answered by insult—he has already resisted the stamp act, and with the cry of treason ringing in his ears, has thundered, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III. may profit by their example!" The other leading members of the Convention, like him, see and detest British tyranny, but, unlike him, they fear British power. They propose to reiterate their prayers and remonstrances—his noble and courageous soul disdains such submission. He rises before the Convention to support a motion which contains the first germ of the Revolution—he commences with the most courteous expression of deference for those whom his conscience and patriotism oblige him to oppose. He calls over the wrongs of the colony—speaks of British chains, and rings them in the ears of the Convention—depreciates British power, and inspires the infant feebleness of America with the strength of hope—arms three million of freemen in the cause of liberty, and invokes

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the God of hosts to lead them forth to victory—declares the war to be inevitable, and says, with supernatural emphasis, "Let it come!"—asks if life is so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of slavery and chains—and, in conclusion, says, "I know not what may be the course of others, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

Now, during the first part of the speech of which we have just given an imperfect synopsis, the feelings of the orator were, courage suited to the emergency, pity for the wrongs of his country, indignation against the Parliament and throne of England, and contempt for tyrants, their chains and tortures, together with those indescribable emotions which always accompany the efforts of genius, and the coruscations of the imagination. And as the tide of eloquence rolled on, these feelings increased—increased with the expansion of thought, and thought expanded again with the increase of these delectable feelings. His courage gave unutterable firmness to his purpose—his pity, soft at first, became fluid in the shape of tears, the bright reflecters of the tenderness within—his indignation became patriotic revenge, and his contempt gave a scowl at the enemies of his country which seemed almost to annihilate their dreaded power. But still the burning tide of thought and eloquence rolled on, his feelings still increased in majesty, and power, and patriotism. There was majesty in his feelings, for his heart could not but imbibe the trembling bliss of his sublime conceptions—there was power in them, because he could not have these majestic thoughts, and give them utterance, without the consciousness of great intellectual energy—there was patriotism in them; and this drew every other feeling into the channel of his country's good. But still there was something necessary to complete his ecstasy, and that was success. And what must have been the character of his feelings, when, in the language of the bard, he found his oratory to be as the harp of "Orpheus, strung with poet's sinews, whose golden touch could soften steel and stones!" What must have been the phrenzy of his delight when he saw his illustrious audience yielding to his wishes, and ready to rush to the battle! What must have been his feelings as the astounding conviction rushed upon him that this speech is the first flutter of the American eagle, the first effort to wrest the stars and stripes from the mouth of the British lion, the corner-stone of the temple of American glory, the foundation of a powerful nation, to which every land shall look as a model of government, a paragon of science, an example of morals.

THE DYING SISTER'S ADDRESS.

HELEN! thou knowest I have loved, and do still love thee, with all the tenderness of a sister's affection; but the drooping energies of my frame seem audibly to pronounce, that I shall soon be summoned by death's hollow voice (start not at the sound!) from this terrestrial ball, to, I trust, the celestial abodes of heaven; when I shall exchange my earthly habilaments for the unspotted robes of blessedness; when this corruption shall put on incorruption; when this mortal shall assume its immortality, and prostrate itself before the visible throne of the King of kings, and Lord of lords.

The prospect is grand, but awfully distressing. *Nature* would willingly wear, yet a little while, her "mortal coil," but the mandate of God appears to be issued, and I *must go*. And, O! my dear sister, for whom my heart throbs with tenderest love and keenest anguish, I am distant from thee; O! that thou wast here, and folded in the embrace of these pale thin arms; through which life's crimson fluids have almost ceased to flow! Methinks it would bid my spirit fly on lighter wing to the mansions of bliss, could these pale and livid lips imprint their *last* pious kiss on thy lips, and breathe their last, faint, farewell sigh upon thy bosom!

Long as thou remainest on thy earthly pilgrimage, may the immortal God protect thee, and imbue thee with the spirit of Christian holiness; and may Heaven bless thee with as full a fruition of felicity as can be enjoyed on earth.

And, O! if, after I am gone, thou seest death approaching, tell him not that he has come too soon; tell him not that he is an unwelcome messenger, but embrace him as a cordial friend! Hesitate not to flee from the deceitful and finite visions, and the fleeting shadows of earth to the boundless plains of paradise, where ALL is substance and reality; and where she, who now writes, and is breathing hallowed aspirations for thee, will rejoice in being among the first in the deputed company of angels, that will descend to guide thy spirit up to heaven.

O! haste to join her, dressed in seraph's robes, where bliss is consummate; and, O, rapturous reflection! perfectly immutable; and where the symphonies of heaven echo, re-echo and re-echo through boundless and glorious infinitude, round the throne of God and the Lamb, where there are joys unspeakable, and full of glory!

I know thou wilt mourn; it is an oblation which *nature* requires; and I will not forbid thee; but, be comforted by the animating assurance that I am happy, and that thou wilt soon exchange the dark vestments of earthly woe, for the white robes, the blooming flowers, the pure rivers, and the verdant vales, of heaven! "Peace and repose" are not for earth; and O! remember, *this* bereavement thou must accept from the hand of Him who is just, but merciful; and who *will* give unto them that mourn in Zion, beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!

O! lean not on the world, lean on the arm of Jehovah *alone*, as on an immovable rock; for every thing less is unstable as water, and more fickle than the changing moon. Finally, when thou approachest the boundaries of time, and standest on the tremendous verge of eternity, thou wilt close thy career with this triumphant exclamation, amid the last pangs of earthly agony, and the first faint rays of beatific vision, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

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Original.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

BY D. P. KIDDER.

Comparative importance of the city—Position of the harbor—Character of the scenery—Aspect and summary view of the town—Its inhabitants—First settlement by the French—Disastrous issue—Contests between the Portuguese and French—Founding of St. Sebastian—Melancholy specimen of intolerance.

Rio de Janeiro, like but few other cities, is at once the commercial emporium and the political capital of its nation. While Brazil embraces a greater territorial dominion than any other country of the New World, together with natural advantages second to those of but few countries on the globe, the position, the scenery, and the increasing magnitude of its capital, render that a metropolis worthy of the empire. Rio de Janeiro is the largest city of South America, and boasts an antiquity greater than that of any existing town of this republic.

Just within the borders of the southern torrid zone, the harbor on which this city is located opens, by a bold and narrow passage, between two granite mountains, into the wide rolling Atlantic. Its entrance is so safe to the navigator as to render the guidance of a pilot unnecessary. So commanding, however, is the position of the fortresses at the mouth of that harbor, and upon its islands and heights, as, if properly constructed, and efficiently manned, to defy the hostile ingress of the proudest navies of the globe.

Quietly retired within a circle of mountains lies this magnificent bay of Nitherohy, or the Hidden Water. Here the wanderer of the seas may moor his bark upon a sure anchorage within hearing of the roar of the ocean surf, but safe from its agitation. Around him ride the flag-ships of England, of France, of the United States, and sometimes those of Russia, of Portugal, and of Austria. A short distance farther to leeward lies the merchant fleet, combining a still greater variety of flags, and indicating a diversity of interests as wide as the space that separates their several nations.

Liberty can scarcely afford greater delight to the prisoner, nor home to the exile, than does the sight of land to the tempest-tossed voyager. When the broad blue circle of sea and sky which has for days and weeks, and perhaps months encompassed his vision, is at length broken by a shore, even though that shore be barren and desolate, every object upon it is invested with surpassing interest. The very ice mountains of the Arctics are robed with charms when thus viewed, free from apprehensions of danger. How much more the scenery of tropics, with its towering and crested palms, its golden fruits, and its giant vegetation arrayed in fadeless green.

The first entrance of an individual into such a harbor as that of Rio de Janeiro deserves to form an era in his existence; for he must be a dull observer of nature who would not thenceforward cherish sublimer views of the beauty and variety of creation, as well as higher conceptions of the power and greatness of the Creater.

Does the atheist here presume to mock at Him who "brought forth the mountains?" The Sugar Loaf, the Corcovado, the Gavia, and their neighboring heights, frown upon him in awful majesty, and the tall Organ peaks, which skirt the northern horizon, point* to heaven in silent but emphatic rebuke. Does he desire to have his dark mind illuminated by some faint similitude of the "light inapproachable," in which Jehovah dwells? Let him open his eyes upon the resplendence of a vertical sun, enhanced by an atmosphere of unrivaled transparency, and multiplied by a thousand reflections from the mirrored waters, the white sanded beach, the polished foliage, and the unclouded sky. Does he wish to obtain an idea of that Being who "maketh the clouds his chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind?" Let him listen to the sudden thunder gust that comes bursting and pealing down the mountains, or hurrying before the tempest from the sea. Let him gaze upon the blackening heavens rent with lightnings, and await the clash and conflict of the agitated elements, and he shall shrink within himself, and ask God to defend him. Thenceforward, with the Christian, he may see the propriety and beauty of the exclamations of the Psalmist, "Praise ye the Lord from the heavens, praise him in the heights, praise ye him sun and moon, praise him all ye stars of light! Fire and hail, stormy wind, fulfilling his word, mountains, and all hills, fruitful trees, and all cedars, kings of the earth, and all people, both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name is alone excellent, his glory is above the earth and heaven."

The aspect which Rio de Janeiro presents to the beholder bears no resemblance to the compacted brick walls, the dingy roofs, the tall chimnies, and the generally even sites of our northern cities. The surface of the town is diversified by several ranges of hills which shoot off in irregular spurs from the neighboring mountains, leaving between them flat intervals of greater or less width. Along the bases of these hills and up their sides stand rows of buildings whose whitened walls and red tiled roofs, are both in happy contrast with the deep green of the foliage that always surrounds and often embowers them.

Upon the most prominent height, the Morro do Castello, which directly overlooks the mouth of the harbor, stands the tall signal staff on which a telegraph announces the nation, class, and position of every vessel that appears in the offing. Passing above this to a parallel between the Ponta do Calabouso, and the Ilha das Cobras, the older and denser part of the town appears in sight.

Adopting the phraseology of the country, this might be denominated the city of palaces. The emperor has two—the first immediately in front of the general land-

* They are sometimes called the *finger* mountains, from their imagined resemblance to a human hand.

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ing place, which was anciently occupied by the viceroys of Portugal, but is now only occasionally occupied by the emperor on gala or court days—the second and more splendid one, is about five miles distant, in a suburb denominated St. Christopher's. In this the imperial family have their permanent residence. A bird's eye view of the whole metropolis will bring to our observation also the palace of the National Assembly or House of Deputies, the palace of the Senate, the palacete of the Campo da Honra, the palace of the Municipality, and the palace of the Diocesan Bishop. Among other important edifices are the Naval and Military Arsenals and Academies, Quarters for troops, the Custom House and Consulado, offices of the National Government and of the Police, Prisons, and Halls of Justice, an ancient College of the Jesuits, now converted into an Academy of Medicine, an Academy of the Fine Arts, a National Library, and a National Museum.

For religious purposes there are three monasteries and two nunneries, an imperial chapel, a cathedral, about forty churches and chapels of various names and magnitude, two public and three private hospitals, and two cemeteries.

Where the surface admits of it, the city is regularly divided by streets, and traverses at right angles; but in many places along the sea beach, and the declivities of hills, there is only room for a single winding street. In a very airy portion of the town, fully open to the regular sea breezes, lies the Passeio Publico, or public promenade, a spot adorned and beautified according to its importance as a general resort for recreation. Several squares, or commons, of different dimensions, also appear in other parts of the town. Fountains are met with in every direction, some of them beautifully constructed with façades of granite. These supply all the inhabitants with pure and running water, brought by acqueducts from the adjacent mountains.

From the central portion of the city, the suburbs extend about four miles in each of three principal directions. Within this wide extent are the residences and the business establishments of the different classes and individuals that compose a population of two hundred thousand.

Here dwell a large part of the nobility of the nation, and, for a considerable portion of the year, the representatives of the different provinces, the ministers of state, the foreign ambassadors and consuls, and a commingled populace of native Brazilians and foreigners, including, among other kindreds and tongues, those of the China-man, the African, and the aboriginal South American. But what, in the popular estimation, confers greatest distinction upon Rio, is the residence in it of the young emperor, Don Pedro II., and his imperial sisters, Donna Januaria and Donna Francisca. This family unites the royal blood of Portugal and of Austria, and is assuredly heir to a peculiar destiny.

After all that we can say of the natural scenery and the beauties of art abounding in any country, it must be confessed that human existence, with its weal or woe, involves the deepest interest. And there are but few travelers who do not feel that they can but poorly accomplish their task of delineating the present, without throwing in some sketches of the history of the past as introductory to the scenes and events which they may have witnessed.

The first settlement in this harbor was commenced by the French as early as 1555. The leader of the expedition was Nicholas Durand de Villegagnon, a man of considerable abilities and of some distinction in the French naval service. This individual had the address, in the outset, to secure the patronage of Coligny, the admiral of France, an illustrious statesman and distinguished friend of the Protestants. He proposed to found an asylum for the persecuted Huguenots. The admiral's influence secured to him a respectable number of colonists. The French court was disposed to view with no small satisfaction the plan of founding a colony after the example of the Portuguese and Spaniards.

Henry II., the reigning king, furnished three small vessels, of which Villegagnon took the command, and sailed from Havre de Grace. A gale of wind occurred while they were yet on the coast, and obliged them to put into Dieppe, which they accomplished with considerable difficulty. By this time many of the artificers, soldiers, and noble adventurers, had become sick of the sea, and abandoned the expedition as soon as they got on shore. To this desertion its ultimate failure may in a great measure be imputed.

After a long and miserable voyage Villegagnon entered the Bay of Nitherohy, and commenced fortifying a small island near the entrance, now denominated Lage, and occupied by a fort. His fortress, however, being of wood, could not resist the action of the water at flood tide, and he was obliged to remove farther upward to an island now called Villegagnon, where he built a fort, at first named in honor of his patron, Coligny. This expedition was well planned, and the place for a colony fitly chosen. The native tribes were hostile to the Portuguese, but had long traded amicably with the French. Some hundreds of them assembled on the shore at the arrival of the vessels, kindled bonfires in token of their joy, and offered every thing they possessed to these allies, who had come to defend them against the Portuguese. Such a reception inspired the French with the idea that the continent was already their own, and they denominated it La France Antarctique.

On the return of the vessels to Europe for a new supply of colonists, a considerable zeal was awakened for the establishment of the reformed religion in these remote parts. The Church of Geneva became interested in the object, and sent two ministers and fourteen students, who determined to brave all the hardships of an unknown climate, and of a new mode of life, in the cause. As the situation of the Protestants in France was any thing but happy, the combined motive of seeking deliverance from oppression, and the advancement of their faith, appears to have pre-

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vailed extensively, and induced many to embark. One writer remarks, "There was, therefore, every reason to hope that the reformation would take root here, and fill the south as well as the north with a Protestant people." But misfortunes seemed to attend every step of the enterprise. At Harfleur, the Catholic populace rose against the colonists, and after losing one of their best officers in a conflict, the latter were obliged to seek safety in retreat. They had a tedious voyage, suffering at one time from a violent storm; and having neared the Brazilian coast, had a slight encounter with the Portuguese. However, they were received by Villegagnon with apparent cordiality, and effectual operations began to be undertaken for their establishment. But it was not long before some untoward circumstances occurred which developed the real and villainous character of their leader. Villegagnon, under pretense of changing his religion, and returning to the true faith, commenced a series of persecutions. Those who had come to Antarctic France to enjoy liberty of conscience, found their condition worse than before. They were subjected to abusive treatment and great hardships. This unnatural defection consummated the premature ruin of the colony. The colonists demanded leave to return, which was granted, but in a vessel so badly furnished that some refused to embark, and the majority, who persisted, endured the utmost misery of famine. Villegagnon had given them a box of letters, wrapped in sere cloth, as was the custom. Among them was one directed to the chief magistrate of whatever port they might arrive at, in which this worthy friend of the Guises, denounced the men whom he had invited out to Brazil, to enjoy the peaceable exercise of the reformed religion, as heretics worthy of the stake. The magistrates of Hennebonne, where they landed, happened to favor the reformation, and thus the malignity of Villegagnon was frustrated, and his treachery exposed. Of those who had feared to trust themselves to a vessel so badly stored, and so unfit for the voyage, three were put to death by this persecutor. Others of the Huguenots fled from him to the Portuguese, where they were compelled to apostatize, and profess a religion which they disbelieved.

To illustrate the extremity to which those on their homeward voyage were reduced by famine, we give the words of one of the sufferers: "After having devoured all the leather in our vessel, even to the covering of the trunks, we thought ourselves approaching to the last moment of our life; but necessity suggested to some one the idea of pursuing the rats and mice; and we had the greater hope of taking them easily, because, having no more crumbs, nor any thing to devour, they ran in great numbers through the vessel, dying from hunger. We pursued them so carefully, and by so many kinds of snares, that very few remained. Even in the night we sought them with our eyes open, like cats. A rat was more valued than an ox on land. The extremity was such that nothing remained but Brazil wood, the dryest of all woods, which many, however, in their despair attempted to chew. Carguilleray du Pont, our leader, holding out one day a piece in his mouth, said to me, with a deep sigh, 'Alas! my friend, I have due to me in France the sum of four thousand livres; and would to God that, after giving a discharge for the whole, I held in my hand a pennyworth of bread and a single glass of wine!'" Several died of hunger; and they had began to form the resolution of devouring each other, when land appeared in view. They arrived just in time to undeceive a body of Flemish adventurers ready to embark for Brazil, and also about ten thousand Frenchmen, who would have emigrated, if the object of Coligny in founding his colony had not thus wickedly been betrayed.

Though the Portuguese were so jealous of the Brazilian trade that they treated all interlopers as pirates, yet, by some oversight, they permitted this French colony to remain four years unmolested; and, had it not been for the treachery of Villegagnon to his own party, Rio de Janeiro would probably have been, at this day, the capital of a French colony.

The Jesuits were well aware of this danger, and Nobrega, their chief and provincial, at length succeeded in rousing the court of Lisbon. A messenger was commanded to discover the state of the French fortifications. On the ground of his report, orders were dispatched to Mem de Sa Barreto, governor of the colony, and resident at San Salvador, to attack and expel the intruders who remained. Having fitted out two vessels of war and several merchantmen, the Governor taking the command in person, embarked, accompanied by Nobrega as his prime counselor. They appeared off the bar of Rio early in 1560, with the intention of surprising the island at the dead of night. Being espied by the sentinels, their plan was foiled. The French immediately made ready for defense, forsook their ships, and with eight hundred native archers, retired to their forts.

Mem de Sa now discovered that he was in want of canoes and small craft, and of men who knew the harbor. Nobrega was sent to San Vicente to solicit the requisite aid. He soon dispatched a fleet of canoes and boats, manned by Portuguese, Mamalucos, and natives—men who knew the coast, and who were inured to warfare with the Tupinambas and the Tamoyos, tribes allied to the French. With this reinforcement Mem de Sa won the landing place, and routing the French from their most important holds, so intimidated them that, under cover of the night, they fled, some to their ships, and some to the main land.

The Portuguese not being strong enough to keep the position they had taken, demolished the works, and carried off the artillery and stores which they found. A short time after this, new wars, made by their native tribes, broke out against them, and were prosecuted at different points with great ferocity for several years. In the meantime, the French recovered strength and influence at Rio. Preparations were again made to extirpate them. A party of Portuguese and friendly Indians, under the command of a Jesuit appointed by

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Nobrega, landed near the base of the Sugar Loaf, and taking a position now known as Praya Vermelha, maintained a series of indecisive skirmishes with their enemies for more than a year. Occasionally, when successful, they would sing in triumphant hope a verse from the Scriptures, saying, "The bows of the mighty are broken," &c. Well might they call the bows of the Tamoyos mighty; for an arrow sent by one of them would fasten a shield to the arm that held it, and sometimes it was passed through the body and continued its way with such force as to pierce a tree, and hang quivering in the trunk.

Nobrega at length came to the camp, and at his summons Mem de Sa again appeared with all the succors he could raise at San Salvador. All was made ready, and the attack deferred forty-eight hours, in order to take place on St. Sebastian's day. The auspicious morning came, that of January 20, 1567. The stronghold of the French was stormed. Not one of the Tamoyos escaped. Two Frenchmen were killed, and five, being made prisoners, were hung, according to the ferocious system of warfare then pursued by the Europeans in America. Another fortification was also carried, but most of the French escaped by means of their vessels in the harbor, leaving their allies in total defeat.

Southey most justly remarks, never was a war, in which so little exertion had been made, and so little force employed on both sides, attended by consequences so important. The French court was too busy in burning and massacreing Huguenots to think of Brazil, and Coligny, after his generous plans had been ruined by the villainous treachery of Villegagnon, regarded the colony no longer—the day for emigration from his country was over, and they who should have colonized Rio de Janeiro were bearing arms against a bloody and implacable enemy, in defense of every thing dear to man. Portugal was almost as inattentive to Brazil; so that few and unaided as were the Antarctic French, yet had Mem de Sa been less earnest in his duty, or Nobrega less able and less indefatigable in his opposition, the former would have retained their place, and perhaps the entire country have this day been French.

Immediately after his victory, the Governor, conformably to his instructions, traced out a new city, which he named St. Sebastian, in honor of the saint under whose patronage the field was won, and also of the king of the mother country. He began also to fortify both sides of the bar. The whole of the works were completed by the Indians, under direction of their spiritual guides, and without any expense to the state. In the midst of the city he assigned the Jesuits ground for a college, and in the King's name endowed it for the support of fifty brethren, a donation which they had well deserved, and which was ratified at Lisbon the ensuing year. The Alcaide Mor (mayor) of the new city was put in possession of his office with all the usual formalities. The Governor gave him the keys of the gates, upon which he went in, locked them and the two wickets also, and bolted them, the Governor remaining without. The Alcaide then called out to him, asking who he was, and if he wished to enter. The Governor then replied that he was the commander of that city of St. Sebastian, and that, in the King's name, he would come in. The gates were then opened in acknowledgment of his authority as commander of that city and fortress of the King of Portugal.

In connection with the event just narrated there remains on record a melancholy proof of the cruelty of intolerance. According to the annals of the Jesuits, Mem de Sa stained the foundations of his city with innocent blood. "Among the Huguenots who had been compelled to fly from Villegagnon's persecution was one John Boles, a man of considerable learning, being well versed both in Greek and Hebrew. Luiz de Gram caused him to be apprehended, with three of his comrades, one of whom feigned to become a Catholic—the others were cast into prison; and there Boles had remained eight years when he was sent for to be martyred at Rio de Janeiro, for the sake of terrifying his countrymen, if any should be lurking in those parts. The Jesuits boast that Auchieta convinced him of his errors, and reconciled him to the holy Catholic Church; but the story which they relate seems to show that he had been tempted to apostatize by a promise that his life should be spared, or at least that his death should be made less cruel; for when he was brought out to the place of execution, and the executioner bungled in his bloody office, Auchieta hastily interfered, and instructed him how to dispatch a heretic as speedily as possible, fearing, it is said, lest he should become impatient, being an obstinate man, and newly reclaimed, and that thus his soul would be lost. The priest who in any way accelerates the execution of death is thereby suspended from his office; and, therefore, the biographer of Auchieta enumerates this as one of the virtuous actions of his life."

Happily, such scenes no longer occur, and in no Roman Catholic country does there prevail less of their spirit at the present time than at Rio de Janeiro.

Original.

THE OCEAN.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

Illustrious image of almighty power!
First in the choir of nature, thou dost sing
Thine everlasting anthem to the King
Who rules thee as the insect of an hour!
At whose command thy lashing billows cower,
Like lions to their den, and stay their rage!
Creation's volume hath no wealthier page
Than thine, blue ocean! In thy tempest roar
We hear His voice who rides upon the deep,
And guides the storm-steeds in their dashing leap,
Through the rent canvass and the foaming wave;
We see his fearful power, when thou dost sweep
Thy helpless prey, the beautiful, the brave,
Down through the trackless waters, to their coral grave!

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Original.

SCENES AT SEA.—NO. III.

Among our crew, on board the ship Caledonia, was a deist, a genuine son of the sea. He believed in the existence of God, and the doctrine of special providence; but esteemed the light of nature a sufficient guide through life's tempestuous way—discarding the Bible because he could not understand and satisfactorily explain all its revelations. Like all the other luminaries of reason, he made a sad havoc among the sublime doctrines of the cross, undeified the Savior, extinguished the Holy Spirit, and frittered away the doctrine of human depravity and an atonement for sin. I acknowledged that the Bible contained incomprehensible doctrines—mysteries that baffled the intelligence of men and angels; but that it was the perfection of reason to receive them, because they were revealed by God, and to believe them on the simple testimony of his word; for if we limit human credence only to those things which we can fully understand and satisfactorily explain, few truths can be received. But the sailor was impregnable to all my reason and argument.

A few days afterwards, the deistical seaman was at the helm. I stood at his side by the wheel, looking at the compass in the binnacle, and inquired if the compass was a faithful and trusty guide on the wide and trackless ocean? did he depend implicitly upon it? "Aye, aye, sir, I do, indeed; for I have tested it on every ocean, and in every latitude," was his unhesitating reply. "Can you tell me why the needle invariably, without any material deviation, points to the north? Do you fully understand, and can you satisfactorily explain magnetic attraction?" "No, sir, I cannot; for I do not understand the philosophy of it, yet I know it is just so." "But how can you take the compass for your guide on this wide ocean waste? If you do not understand the laws of magnetic attraction, throw it overboard, and replace it in the binnacle with some fabrication of your own which you can understand and explain." At this moment Jack found that he was on the wrong tack, and with the frankness and feeling of a genuine tar, exclaimed, "You have taken me aback, and got me on my beam ends. I am an unreasonable man—I trust in my compass that I cannot explain, and for the same reason disbelieve the Bible. How great my inconsistency!" The conviction was irresistible.

During the rest of the voyage, a Bible, bearing the inscription, "American Bible Society," which had long laid neglected in his chest, was assiduously studied. And from his conversation I cherished the fond hope, that its soul-saving truths were grappling with his conscience, that henceforth the heavenly magnet should be the unerring guide of his life; that amidst the howling tempest, and wreck-making billows, the sweet experience of sins forgiven, and hopes renewed, would inspire his soul, and make him an heir of glory.

On the same vessel we had a Christian sailor, a burning and a shining light. He had been at sea for near thirty years. During twenty of these, he had run a long way to leeward, but for the last ten he had shaped a new course, and had got in the wake of those who are making full sail for the port of glory. He had been an abandoned profligate, and knew, by sad experience, the dangers of the navigation to the shores of eternity. He could tell of the dangerous rocks of intemperance and licentiousness, white with the bones of cast away sailors, of the infamous wreckers around them, laboring to deceive and destroy. Near these destructive rocks he pointed out the vortex of bad company, and the strong current setting towards it. These laid just the outside of the gulf of perdition, which swallowed more sailors than the vast and dangerous ocean. A Christian mariner, preaching under the Bethel flag, in a distant port, alarmed him of his danger, and led him to the cross of Christ. When apprized of his fearful danger as a lost sinner, he made signal for a pilot to steer him for the straits of repentance, the only passage out of the dangerous seas he had been traversing, to the sea of salvation, on the shore of which lay the port of heaven. He did not find it pleasant passing through these straits; but a stiff breeze and a steady hand at the helm brought him through into the wide and delightful bay of faith. Here, on a lofty promontory, called Mount Calvary, he saw a light-house completely lighted, and he had not yet lost sight of it. It always gilded the highlands of hope, where he found good anchorage and a pleasant breeze to swell his canvass to the port of eternal bliss.

It was delightful and soul-edifying to hear the experience of this devoted Christian. He was the salt of the forecastle, a city set on a hill in the midst of his wicked messmates. He talked of Jesus and salvation with unbounded ecstasy, and yet the most heart-felt humility and confidence. He was waiting in hope for the word of command to unmoor from the shores of time, and cast his anchor hard by the throne of God, that he might serve him in his temple for ever.

The Sabbath after reaching port, I saw this pious seaman, and several of his ship-mates, and among them the awakened deist, now an inquirer for the truth, in the floating chapel, engaged in solemn devotion, worshiping their God. Then we parted to meet no more, till, with an assembled universe, we shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ. B. W. C.

THE MOON.

Pale queen of night! I love thy wandering rays,
  And oft beneath thy borrow'd beams would rove
  When scarce a zephyr stirs the foliag'd grove,
When silent night her sombre visit pays,
  How pleasing then on thy full orb to gaze.
Mysterious planet! say, dost thou contain,
Within thy secret unexplor'd domain,
  Like beings with ourselves? dost thou inclose
  Subjects of pleasure, pain, fatigue, repose?
Or do the varied scenes of hill and plain,
  Rocks, mountains, woods, and groves thy form compose?

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Original.

THE CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN.

Eliza was the youngest daughter of a Baptist clergyman, resident for many years in one of our most noted New England cities, the cherished pastor of a very numerous communion, and of a wealthy and well sustained Church Establishment. This gentleman was the father of a large family, and his household government was uniformly and consistently religious. I well remember in my childhood of attending at a public baptizing where he officiated, and amongst others administered this rite to one of his own daughters, yet a school girl. And I now recall the whole scene before me, the river with its cove and the superincumbent hills around it, the many boats filled with spectators, and the silent, solemn, gazing multitude on the side hill and the shore. And as after the immersion he led the young disciple out of the water, I see her impressed and upturned face, her holy look, unnoting of her dripping locks, or of the saturated shrouding of her robe, or of the multitude, of which for the moment she was the one object of attention. I hear the loud, sonorous voice of the father, expanding on the surface of the water, and filling hill and vale as he pronounced, "Lord, *here* is the child whom thou hast given me; and sooner would I have followed her to the grave, than that she should not thus have arisen out of the water, and assumed the covenant in thy name! Blessed be God for ever more!" Of his family, all were religiously inclined and conformed excepting one, a son, who proved froward to instruction, rebellious of government, and left his father's house, and died abroad at the early age of seventeen years. And when we think of the tears and prayers that were offered in his behalf, it would seem to us almost as if there were an irreversible decree that there should be some "black sheep" amidst every flock; but I would add that "the leaven of original sin," like some inherent and blighting malady of the body, which though it passes over one, or over several generations, is yet never eradicated; and this affords but a fitting analogy of my bold remark. But of the instance in question, we know that which for the present is dark, another day may reveal to us, we know not what change may have come over the parting spirit of the boy; perhaps his *own* may have been the fruit of his father's prayers, which though they sufficed not for his earthly preservation, may, by the grace of God, have been effectual to the saving of his soul.

Eliza was the daughter of a second marriage, and the only child of her mother, who died a few days after her birth. And this mother was also, like her other parent, eminently pious, so that it would seem that she was born to religion, as well as that she was nurtured and conformed to it.

Though an orphan thus early, yet the want of a mother's love was never known to her; she was taken and adopted by an aunt, herself childless, from the time of her birth; and as she grew, the mutual affection of aunt and neice was as tender and as faithful as the relation of mother and daughter could possibly have been, saving perhaps some degrees of the keenness of that sorrow which *bereavement* occasions to the survivor in the other instance. But nature knoweth her own secrets; and so sore are some, that it may be said it is unholy to question them.

Eliza inherited, in right of her mother, a more than competent, a rather large fortune: moreover she could look to her aunt's ample property as her own in reversion. This lady was also pious, and possessing much benevolence of heart, with great quickness of mental perception—her manners were rendered at once humane and elegant. And in this aunt's house of indulgence and delight was she nurtured. Yet not for these advantages did she ever for an instant conceive an idea of self-superiority or of pride. Her temper was gentle and bidable, and although she was associated with, and was by station a member of the aristocracy of the aristocratic town of P., yet she never seemed sensible of this distinction, never in her life exercised one of its offensive privileges or immunities; but grew from very infancy a child of grace and godliness. Associated as she was with this fashionable and exclusive set, it is matter of surprise how she could so conduct herself as to become exactly what she was, and is. Certain it is, that not one of her associates is like her. Yet so amiable and unaffectedly sweet and unclaiming is she that none ever stigmatize her as an *oddity;* and however they look at her with wonder, none regard her with distrust. Having no *half*-motives, she has no half-measures. Her non-compliance with what suits not her sense of religious reverence is always accompanied and rendered by the amity of her own heart; and however firm her principles, they exhibit not the rigor and severity which would serve rather to repulse than to persuade those who think differently from herself. Whilst she was yet young, amidst the society of the religious, she deemed it not her office to dictate; knowing that where the efforts of older and abler teachers failed, she could not expect to succeed. Yet there was no unfaithfulness, no indifference. Her course and her example were in their eyes. She prayed for all who sinned, and heartiness and loving kindness were in the service. She had no words of blame for any; for she felt that in this there is usually more of self than of neighborly zeal: and she forebore to excite where she could not assist. Keeping her own soul in the counsels of God, her's was the charitable spirit and the merciful judgment—loving peace.

As she had received largely of the goods of this life, so she dispensed freely, conscientiously. Many a time when the family and guests, of which that pleasant house had not a few, were engaged in some party of gayety, some resort of amusement, some excursion of delight, would Eliza, seeking out some obscure companion of the Church, wend her way on some errand of charity or of grace, the alms-giving of the spirit; or to afford converse or personal sooth-

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ing in the chamber of disease or of destitution. And this with all simplicity, no words, no explanation, only, "Aunt, I shall be gone all the afternoon," or "You need not expect me till I come;" for such an one "is very low, or such an one needs comforting"—all the time her benevolent countenance would be full of humane sympathy and seriousness. And the guests, amongst the most entirely different from herself, looking on with wonder, but no distrust, would, with a half-accordant, half-amused smile, say, "Dear Eliza is so good!" Often, too, she would join a company after a visit of this sort in the same dress in which she had taken her walk or ride, and when rallied on the subject she would reply, with the utmost sincerity, "No person, I think, will notice how I am dressed." A humble self-appreciation was natural to her, and also what fell in with her ideas of spiritual supremacy of character. She possessed, as I have shown you, with perfect singleness of heart, the most unimpaired simplicity and guilelessness of temper. Eulogium is not what I aim at, though I have commended her much: extravagant praise would be unsuitable to the Christian graces of her character. I am aware of a difficulty in the delineation, which, to be just, should be composed of the unobtrusive, bland and harmonious workings of Christian godliness; and this to the unengaged gives no impression: as the stream that fertilizes attracts less notice, even commands less consideration, being constantly in course, than the torrent that destroys and sweeps away. Every body calls Eliza good, yet few notice the fact how excellent she is in goodness, only because of the "quiet tenor of her way." I am convinced, did she make more stir and fluster about her performances, as she would attract more observation, so also would she elicit more praise; but with all her activity, she is the least of a busy body in the world: and this is exactly what would shock the delicacy of her piety, and detract from her sense of holiness in waiting upon and doing the behests of her Lord and Master.

It is a fact that the circumstance of Eliza's marriage I have not yet mentioned, because the personalities of her life ever seemed by herself to be thrown into the shade by the superior interest she ever manifested for the spiritual existence. She was married very suitably to a gentleman of refinement and worth at the age of seventeen or eighteen years. Yet being the only child of the house, she still continued to reside with her aunt; and never having had a family, her life has been not inappropriately devoted to services reaching beyond the domestic pale. She has led a happy life, yet not unalloyed by worldly misfortune. And here she best tested her principles, or I may say her *principle*, for it is *one—obedience*. Her husband, some years after their marriage, failed in his mercantile speculations, and Eliza nobly alienated a large part of the property settled on herself to the use of others involved in the failure. This she did without display—unswervingly. Walking by faith, she hesitated not: though perhaps advised that such a step was not usual, was not legally called for, and might involve her personal convenience. And this was one of the few occasions on which this modest female has made use of an argument. She said, "I am professing, not conformity to the world, but to God—to him who on earth 'pleased not himself;' and I am *hoping* to be rewarded, not by what is presently eligible, but *for* that which is right!" And here I would remark *how well* those always speak who advocate *truth*—of word or deed; how lucid, cogent, and convincing is their logic: the simplest understand it, the wiliest quail before it—their eloquence is the gift of piety.

Some few more anecdotes will illustrate this character, which had but few incidents to call forth its energies. And yet perhaps the *conduct* of character itself is no mean achievement. We contemplate character in its results, and we have little authority to suppose that uniform propriety and rectitude, that disinterestedness and piety are attained without sacrifice and without discipline. The peace-loving disciples of Jesus get little praise—deserving much.

Mr. ——, Eliza's husband, suffered much from low health, and in winter usually resorted to a southern region. It was on one of these excursions that Eliza related of herself an anecdote which many would have withheld, and which tested at once her personal humility, and the little value she set on worldly distinctions. I heard her relate, that being on a steamboat—somewhere in the south, I think—the ladies of the company affected hauteur and distance towards her—"so much so," said she in her simple goodness, "that I really felt hurt, and unhappy from loneliness." And see also the beautiful turn of affection and piety—her story takes. "But after some days," said she, "a lady, whom I had not before seen, emerged from a distant state-room where she had been nursing her invalid husband, and the similarity of her situation and my own seemed to make a tie between us, and we soon became acquainted; and when she heard that I resided at P., she said she had many years before been there for a short time, and she wished to inquire for one person, viz., dear old parson ——." "Do you know him," said she? Eliza continued, "I told her that *he* was my father—of blessed memory!" "And then," said she, "we had a most cordial embrace."

As for the females who, with their fine lady-airs, could slight Eliza, I can only say of them, that however unassuming her manners, there were marks to those who might be associated with her in the saloon, at table, &c., affording indisputable evidence of her good breeding, and which such only as *could not* read them would mistake. And this ignorance of those tokens of good breeding in Eliza, shows them unfit for truly refined society, from which they would find themselves excluded.

This outside view of the subject is apart from her real merits of character. But I see it all. It was Eliza's goodness that divided them. She had a smile, a "good morning," a word of decent recognition for

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all associated there. And such usage, benevolence out of the question, may be observed, for the time being, for all who have traveled or seen much of the world. In a boat of passage, in the ladies' department at least, the captain is responsible that no impropriety of association takes place.

All her views continue religious; she is still situated in a home of elegance, and surrounded by the entanglements of fashion and style, yet none of these things affect her. I notice in a letter lately received in which she mentions nothing of this sort, but refers to the dying bed of an acquaintance, that she dwells upon her "faith" and "her prospects;" and after saying that she is very low, she adds with Christian fervor, "but she is in the most delightful frame possible." And of another lady she says, "Mrs. —— has at last made herself up; on Tuesday last she was baptized, and so goes on her way rejoicing."

This little biography I fear may be mistaken for a fictitious sketch. Uncommon it is, I allow; yet not one jot or tittle does it vary from the real character. I have some hesitation in submitting it to the public; yet it is only with the idea that E., should these lines ever meet her eye, may be annoyed by the notoriety of a public presentation. If so, I crave her pardon; yet I believe that her reluctance will be over-ruled by one view of the subject, which is exactly that in which I would present it to our young readers of the Repository—namely, its *usefulness*.

It will be seen that I have treated of my subject in *two* tenses, the past and the present, and such seemed to be the progressive order most natural to it.

WATCH!

BY THE LATE JOHN MASON GOOD, M. D., F. R. S.

Life is a sea—how fair its face,
How smooth its dimpling waters pace,
  Its canopy how pure!
But rocks below, and tempests sleep,
Insidious, o'er the glassy deep,
  Nor leave an hour secure.

Life is a wilderness—beset
With tangling thorns, and treach'rous net,
  And prowl'd by beasts of prey.
One path alone conducts aright,
One narrow path, with little light;
  A thousand lead astray.

Life is a warfare—and alike
Prepar'd to parley, or to strike,
  The practic'd foe draws nigh.
O, hold no truce! less dangerous far
To stand, and all his phalanx dare,
  Than trust his specious lie.

Whate'er its form, whate'er its flow,
While life is lent to man below,
  One duty stands confest—
To watch incessant, firm of mind,
And watch where'er the post assign'd,
  And leave to God the rest.

'Twas while they watch'd, the shepherd swains
Heard angels strike to angel-strains
  The song of heavenly love:
Blest harmony! that far excels
All music else on earth that dwells,
  Or e'er was tun'd above.

'Twas while they watch'd, the sages trac'd
The star that every star effac'd
  With new and nobler shine:
They follow'd, and it led the way
To where the infant Savior lay,
  And gave them light divine.

'Twas while they watch'd, with lamp in hand,
And oil well stor'd, the virgin band
  The bridal pomp descried;
They join'd it—and the heavenly gate,
That op'd to them its glorious state,
  Was clos'd on all beside.

Watch! watch and pray! in suffering hour
Thus he exclaim'd, who felt its power,
  And triumph'd in the strife.
Victor of Death! thy voice I hear:
Fain would I watch with holy fear,
Would watch and pray through life's career,
  And only cease with life.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

I sing of Him, who reign'd above,
  Before the world began;
Whose wisdom, power, and tender love,
  Earth form'd into a man;
And fix'd him in a lovely place,
To see Jehovah face to face.

I sing of Him, who down to earth,
  On mercy's wing did fly;
Angelic choirs announced his birth,
  In melodies on high;
They sang of peace to rebel man,
Hail'd paradise commenced again.

I sing of Him, whom Mary sought
  In Joseph's tomb with pain;
She look'd and wonder'd—wept and thought—
  And mourn'd in pensive strain;
When soon she heard her Jesu's voice,
"Risen indeed!" she could rejoice.

I sing of Him, who lives on high
  To plead with God for me:
O Savior, Jesus, bring me nigh
  By thy spilt blood to thee!
And let me swell the heavenly song,
While endless ages roll along.

W. P.

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Original.

THE MESSIAH.

BY E. D. ROE.

When we mark the opposition which many offer to Jesus, we almost instinctively inquire, Why is this? What evil hath he done? If the teaching of Jesus is contradicted by his spirit and practice, we might in this find ground for personal objection; but such is not the fact; for we observe the most perfect harmony subsisting between his precepts and practice. His personal character is faultless. Upon it not even the shadow of suspicion rests. And there is not only the absence of even "the appearance of evil," but the presence of all those virtues which either dignify or adorn the character. He is the "holy One and the just—harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners;" and to his most bitter and untiring foes he could say, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" "So perfectly pure, innocent, and spotless were the doctrine and life of Christ, that, although his enemies loaded him with slander and false accusations, yet none of them justly convict him of, much less condemn him for, the least known sin." If Jesus teaches that "men ought always to pray and not to faint," his example harmonizes with the precept; for he was eminently a man of prayer. It was the atmosphere in which his soul breathed. He would "go into the mountain to pray, and continue all night in prayer to God." Does he teach that "God resisteth the proud?" How affecting the example—the greatest example of humility, of lowliness and self-abasement, the world ever saw—"who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Would he teach us patience under provocations? He has left us an example—"who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to Him who judgeth righteously." Does he teach us, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you?" How beautifully and affectingly does the spirit and practice of Jesus harmonize with these precepts! Hear his almost expiring words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Well may it be said, "Socrates died like a philospher, but Jesus Christ like a god." Let none revile or reject Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God; but rather let all in adoring love exclaim, "I find no fault in him."

If Jesus, who assumes to be a teacher sent from God, is unable to authenticate his divine mission, it would be fatal to his pretensions; and we might, with propriety, cry, "Away with him." But the divine mission of Jesus Christ is unquestionable. No fact can be more certainly established. His credentials are sealed with Heaven's seal—to him gave all the prophet's witness—angel's announced his advent—

> "Down through the portals of the sky,
> The impetuous torrent ran,
> And angels flew with eager joy,
> To bear the news to man."

His forerunner, John, testified of him, that he was "the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." But, saith Jesus, I have greater witness than that of John. "The Father himself which hath sent me hath borne witness of me." This testimony of the Father was given both at his baptism and tranfiguration. The miracles which Jesus wrought fully establish his claim of a "teacher sent from God," as he expressly declares, "The works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." Jesus "healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, raised the dead, cast out devils," caused "the eyes of the blind to be opened, the ears of the deaf to be unstopped, the lame man to leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing;" and so conclusive was the evidence of his divine mission, that one said, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him;" and another, "If this man were not of God he could do nothing." "If these" works of Jesus were "true miracles, they prove the whole case; he was in truth the Messias, the Son of God, the teacher sent from God, the Savior and Judge of the world, since they occurred, not as coincidences, but were actually wrought by him upon his own volition, and professedly in attestation of his mission and character."

Let us not reject this "teacher sent from heaven; for he only can give knowledge of salvation unto his people by the remission of their sins—he only can give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and guide our feet into the way of peace."

If the doctrines and precepts of Jesus, in their practical results, are injurious to the morals, happiness, and usefulness of man, we ought unhesitatingly to oppose them and their author; but if, on the contrary, we find them improving the morals, increasing the happiness and the usefulness of mankind, our opposition to him is very criminal, and merits the severest censure. A careful examination of the doctrines taught by Jesus will result in the conviction that, "in all these doctrines there is nothing low, mean, or frivolous—every one of them is grand, sublime, and worthy of God—every one of them is most deeply interesting to man; and altogether they make up an infinitely more consistent and rational scheme of belief than the most distinguished sages of antiquity ever did conceive, or the most cunning of modern infidels can possibly invent." Has belief in the doctrine and obedience to the precepts of Jesus been injurious (as other religions have) to the morals of society? Go to Pagan lands for the answer, and then return with it to Christendom, and then (narrowing the field of observation) to your own land, and to the circle in which you move, and they will all

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respond, as with consentaneous voice, that the Gospel of Jesus is the only basis upon which to build the superstratum of sound morality. Look back to infidel France as it was some years since, and mark the terrible agitation and the fearful corruption of her social and moral systems, when she deified reason and rejected revelation. The teachings of Jesus make us not only better, but happier. His ways are ways of pleasantness and his paths are peace. And he who hears and follows him may say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." Hard must be the hearts, and frozen to their fountains the sympathies of those who would endeavor to take away from desolate widowhood, helpless orphanage, suffering, sickness, and expiring nature, the consolations of the religion of Jesus. Shame upon his opposers! They would stop the gushings of virtuous sympathy—they would check the current of Christian benevolence—they would palsy the hand of active charity—they would shut out from them that sit in darkness and in the region of the shadow of death the rays of the Sun of Righteousness—they would take from man his surest and only support in a dying hour, and leave him to conflict with his last foe in human weakness, and to fall beneath the king of terrors without God, without hope, and without Christ, and to stand in the judgment with all his sins upon his soul. O, how terrible is the inhumanity of ungodliness! "O, my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united."

Original.

NOT YET.

Ten thousand times the sound "*prepare*,"
Struck on the sinner's heart of steel;
And starting from his world of care,
He strove his terror to conceal.
He rushed amid the glittering throng,
Where giddy hearts for pleasure meet;
The warning came 'mid wine and song—
'Mid wine and song he sighed—not yet.

Among the multitudes he bowed,
Eager in search of wealth and fame;
Wealth soon was his—the waiting crowd
Gave willing honors to his name.
One thought of Heaven's broken laws
Made him his years of sin regret;
He hurried from the world's applause,
And told his God—not yet, not yet.

Blanched by disease, the smitten lay,
A sinner on his couch of pain;
And wealth and fame, O what are they,
His wasted honors to regain?
Death's messenger was at his side—
His seal upon his heart was set—
Too late, alas! too late, he cried—
Not yet, not yet, O death! not yet! M.

WOMAN AS WIFE.

The parental home is intended to be the school of woman's education, not her permanent abode. As the instinct which teaches the birds of passage the time of their emigration, suddenly impels them to mount to untried regions of the atmosphere, and seek through cloud and tempest a land they have never seen, so a like inspiration teaches woman that there is another home for her, destined by the great Designer, of still greater happiness than that which she has already known; and under the same apparent destiny. One appears to lead her to that happy place. Marriage comes as the great crisis of woman's existence. And where, if you search earth through, will you find an object which the eye bends on with such intense, I had almost said, painful interest, as a bride? What an era, when considered with reference either to the past or the future! It is in a manner the crush of one world, and the beginning of a new one. She is to go from a home that she has known and loved, where she has been loved and cherished, to one to which she is an utter stranger. Her happiness is to be subjected to those on whose characters, tempers, principles, she can make no calculation. And what is to assure her of the faith of him, who has sworn at the altar to cherish and protect her? She may, in the blindness of affection, have given her heart to one who will wring and break it, and she may be going to martyrdom, where pride and prudence will alike deny her the poor solace of complaint. Yet she is willing to venture all. The law instituted by the Creator is upon her, and urges her forward. With calm confidence she puts herself under the protection of that almighty principle, which issuing from the throne of God penetrates and pervades all things, and then returns to link itself to the throne of his omnipotence, the principle of love, and she is safe. Perhaps if she knew what life has in store for her, she would for a moment shrink back. The marriage festivity would not be without its fears. And for myself, so many whom I have united for life have I seen soon overtaken by calamity, hoping parents bending in speechless agony over the loved and the lost, or watching with breathless apprehension the fearful changes of extreme disease, that to me there is an undertone of sadness in the wedding's mirth; and when that bright being approaches, upon whom every eye centres, and for whom every heart palpitates, I can almost fancy her bridal attire transformed to mourning, and her blushes changed to tears. But a second thought convinces me that such anticipations are treason to God and man. Marriage is the ordinance of God, and let no man gainsay it. It is indeed the commencement of struggles and toils. But for what else is man made, or woman either? Those toils and struggles shall be lighter when mutual affection animates the effort. Troubles will come, but they come to all; and who shall better sustain them than those to whom mutual affection gives mutual support?

We now see woman in that sphere for which she was originally intended, and which she is so exactly

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fitted to adorn and bless, as the wife, the mistress of a home, the solace, the aid, and the counselor of that one, for whose sake alone the world is of any consequence to her. If life be increased in cares, so it is also enriched by new satisfactions. She herself, if she be inspired by just sentiments and true affection, perceives she has attained her true position. Delivered from that tastelessness which sooner or later creeps over a single life, every power and faculty is called into energetic exercise, and she feels the current of existence to flow in a richer, deeper stream. We are all made for action and enterprise. Existence, though surfeited with luxury and abundance, is insipid without it. The affections, which God has ordained to spring in the bosoms of those he has destined to pass through life together, are no deceivers. They are not intended to betray the sexes into a state of misery. The wife does not bid adieu to happiness, though she leaves a magnificent mansion to take up her abode under an humbler roof. Youth, health, employment, affection, hope, are more than a compensation for all. The privations of commencing life in narrow circumstances are borne with cheerfulness and alacrity. If there be on both sides good sense and generous feeling, as well as true affection, nothing will seem hard, and they will experience a happiness unknown to those who shut up or disappoint their affections from false pride, or from dread of losing caste, by beginning life precisely as their fathers and mothers did before them.

The good woman! How much this world's happiness and prosperity is contained in the compass of these two short words! Her influence is immense. The power of a wife, for good or for evil, is altogether irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be for ever unknown. A good wife is to man wisdom, and courage, and strength, and hope, and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, despair. No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision, energy, economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, folly, and extravagance at home. No spirit can long resist bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind, and a whole heart. He expends his whole moral force in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are daily lacerated to the utmost point of endurance by perpetual collision, irritation and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort; and his soul renews its stength and again goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labors and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met by a bad temper, sullenness, or gloom; or is assailed by disconent, complaint, and reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into despair.

Let woman know, then, that she ministers at the very fountain of life and happiness. It is her hand that lades out with overflowing cup its soul refreshing waters, or casts it in the branch of bitterness which makes them poison and death. Her ardent spirit breathes the breath of life into all her enterprise. Her patience and constancy are mainly instrumental in carrying forward to completion the best human designs. Her more delicate moral sensibility is the unseen power which is ever at work to purify and refine society. And the nearest glimpse of heaven that mortals ever can get on earth is that domestic circle, which her hands have trained to intelligence, virtue, and love, which her gentle influence pervades, and of which her radiant presence is the centre and the sun.

It may be thought by some prosaic persons, that thus far in describing the sphere and duties of woman I have drawn it from the regions of imagination. I can only say in my defense, that nothing is prosaic which concerns human hearts and human happiness. Woman is made to live in the regions of sentiments and imagination. Her sorrows and her joys are there. It is they which to her clothe the dull affairs of this every day life with an interest unknown to the rougher sex. And she herself is the very poetry of the world.—*Burnap's Lectures.*

BAXTER'S WIFE.

Her character is thus sketched in a masterly critique on the life and times of Baxter in the Edinburg Review: "Timid, gentle, and reserved, and nursed amidst all the luxuries of her age, her heart was the abode of affections so intense and of a fortitude so enduring that her meek spirit, impatient of one selfish wish, progressively acquired all the heroism of benevolence and seemed at length incapable of one selfish fear. In prison, in sickness, in evil report, in every form of danger and fatigue, she was still, with unabated cheerfulness, at the side of him to whom she had pledged her conjugal faith, prompting him to the discharge of every duty, calming the asperities of his temper, his associate in unnumbered acts of philanthropy, embellishing his humble home by the little arts with which a cultivated mind imparts its own gracefulness to the meanest dwelling-place, and, during the nineteen years of their union, joining with him in one unbroken strain of filial affiance to the Divine mercy and of grateful adoration to the Divine goodness. Her tastes and habits had been molded into a perfect conformity to his. He celebrates her catholic charity to the opponents of their religious opinions and her inflexible adherence to her own, her high esteem of the active and passive virtues of a Christian life as contrasted with a barren orthodoxy, her noble disinterestedness, her skill in casuistry, her love of music, and her medicinal arts. Their union afforded to her the daily delight of supporting in his gigantic labors and of soothing in his unremitted cares a husband who repaid her tenderness with unceasing love and gratitude. To him it gave a friend whose presence was tranquility, who tempered by her milder wisdom and graced by her superior elegance and exalted by her more confiding piety whatever was austere, or rude, or distrustful in his rugged character."

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Original.

THE DEATH OF ABSALOM.*

BY J. G. BRUCE.

For hours had the king of Israel sat between the gates—his royal vestments soiled and worn. His crown was in the dust—his harp—companion of his youth—whose cords, deep-toned, amid the grandeurs of the regal state, had poured their notes in music's softest, mightiest swell, and in devotion's holy hour, in solemn grandeur rolled along the temple's aisle—unstrung and broken. The softly moving gale played gently with his hoary locks, as if in kindness come to cool his fevered brow, now marked with sorrow, weariness, and care. He *sorrowed* for a wayward, wicked prince, the child of his own pure love—the idol of his fond, confiding heart, who had by foul revolt the empire into tumult hurled, and driven him an exile from his throne. *Weariness* oppressed his aged frame; for he had come that morning from far off Jordan, and thought to lead his hosts to battle for his rights in Ephraim's woods; but kindly had his people thrust him back, and bade him stay within the city. *Care* for the issues of the day had empire in his heart, and ruled him with a tyrant's rod—gave color to each thought, and bade at pleasure hope to live or die. If Absalom should victory gain, he had no hope of life; for well he knew that he who struck from off his head the crown, unmindful of the Lord's anointed, and of the Father's claims, would not the conquest deem secure till he were silent in the grave. And should the "*mighty Joab*" triumph, would erring Absalom be safe? Would he, a captive, come to claim an injured father's love, and sue for pardon? Or on the battle field be left among the slain? Thus hope and fear for self, and hope and fear for his rebellious child, did gently move, or shake him with the tempest's force.

The watchman stood upon the roof, and waited tidings from "the woods of Ephraim." The sun declining low, permission gave to hall and tower to cool in quickened breeze. Here and there were matron and maid in conversation joined, and anxious look and murmurs low, repressed sighs, and whispers soft, betokened sadness and despair. When from his tower the watchman loud proclaimed, "A runner cometh!" quiet came over the city, each ear, attent to hear the tidings, fixed. The king moved not; but sat in silence till in his presence stood the herald, who came in haste to tell that all his foes had *fled*. The king moved not—there was no sign of joy—no shout as when a victory is won. No gleam of light was on his brow. One thought alone absorbed him then—his son. "*Is the young man Absalom safe?*" pronounced his royal lips, while through his mighty heart rolled passion's strongest tide, and shook his manly frame; and when he doubtful answer had, he bade *Ahimaaz* stand aside. It was but a moment that he hung in doubt, but in that brief space ages passed before him—Absalom came and sought his pardon, and he the pardon gave—or routed by Joab, he had escaped to re-inforce, and then renew the strife. But Cushi's coming checked his flying thoughts, and stayed a moment more the tide of feeling: "Tidings, my lord the king," he reverent said; "for the Lord hath thee this day avenged of all them that did against thee rise," and here he paused. The anxious king again inquired, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" "The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is," he faltering said—which, like the rod of Moses, smote his heart, and passage opened for his long pent up feelings. And they, as swells the wave before the storm, and driving breaks upon the shore, swelled and broke in sorrow over his fallen child. The king was much moved—his child, his wayward child, was dead—the triumph of the king had overthrown the father, and forgetful of his gain of crown and sceptre made again secure—of vanquished foes—of kingly pride and power, he wailed in anguish loud, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

So nature triumphed over art, and pride of kings bowed at affection's shrine. Death buried all his wrongs, while kind remembrance brought his virtues back, and led the saddened heart to pour its sorrows over his grave.

* 2 Samuel xviii. 24-31.

MATRIMONIAL JARS.

If people would but consider how possible it is to inflict pain, and perpetuate wrong without any positive intention of doing either, but merely from circumstances arising from inadvertence, want of sympathy, or an incapability of mutual comprehensions, how much acrimony might be spared! Half the quarrels that embitter wedded life, and half the separations that spring from them, are produced by the parties misunderstanding each other's peculiarities and not studying and making allowance for them. Hence, unintentional omissions of attention are viewed as intended slights, and as such are resented. These indications of resentment, for an unknown offense, appear an injury to the unconscious offender, who, in turn, widens the breach of affection by some display of petulance or interference, which frequently irritates the first wound inflicted, until it becomes incurable. In this manner often arises the final separation of persons who might, had they accurately examined each other's hearts and dispositions, have lived happily together.

THE GOOD MAN.

To love an enemy—to condemn the proud when prosperous—to listen kindly to a tale of sorrow told by the poor—and to wage successful war on besetting sins, are four features in the character of a truly good man. But they never subsist without grace. Having before us the picture of a good, we can easily make out the features of the *bad* man.

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TRUST IN GOD.

The very centre of the Christian religion is union with Christ, and the receiving him as our all; in other words called faith, or a "staying our minds upon him." To the doing this, there are many hindrances, but the two greatest and most general ones are:—

First, the want of self-knowledge; this keeps ninety-nine out of one hundred from Christ. They know not, or rather feel not that they are blind, naked, leprous, helpless, and condemned; that all their works can make no atonement, and that nothing they can do will fit them for heaven. When this is truly known, the first grand hindrance to our union with Christ is removed.

The second is the want of understanding "the Gospel of Christ;" the want of seeing therein the firm foundation given us for this pure and simple faith, the only solid ground of staying our souls on God. We must remember that the Gospel is "good news," and not be slow of heart to believe it. Christ receiveth sinners; he undertaketh their whole concern; he giveth not only repentance, but remission of sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. He creates them anew: his love first makes the bride and then he delights in her. The want of viewing Christ in this light, as the author and finisher of our salvation, hinders the poor, humble penitent from casting himself wholly on the Lord, although he hath said, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

I do not mention sin, for sin is the very thing which renders man the object of Christ's pity: our sins will never turn away the heart of Christ from us, for they brought him down from heaven to die in our place; and the reason why iniquity separates between God and our souls, is because it turns our eyes from him, and shuts up in us the capacity of receiving those beams of love which are ever descending upon and offering themselves to us. But sin, sincerely lamented, and brought by "a constant act of faith" and prayer before the Lord, shall soon be consumed, as the thorns laid close to a fire; only let us abide thus waiting, and the Lord will pass through them and burn them up together.

When the soul feels its own helplessness, and receives the glad tidings of the Gospel, it ventures upon Christ; and though the world, the flesh, and the devil pursue, so that the soul seems often to be on the brink of ruin, it has still only to listen to the Gospel, and venture on Christ, as a drowning man on a single plank, with "I can but perish;" remembering these words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

The careless sinner is not to be exhorted to trust in Christ; it would be to cast pearls before swine. Before an act of faith, there must be an act of self-despair; before filling, there must be emptiness. Is this thy character? Then suffer me to take away thy false props. Upon what dost thou stay thy soul? Thy honesty, morality, humility, doing good, using the means, business, friends, confused thoughts of God's mercy? This will never do. Thou must be brought to say, "What shall I do to be saved?" Without trembling at God's word, thou canst not receive Christ. Nothing short of love will do.

The penitent needs, and, blessed be God, has every encouragement. You have nothing but sin—it is time you should understand the Gospel. You see yourself sinking—Christ is with you. You despair of yourself—hope in Christ. You are overcome—Christ conquers. Self-condemned—he absolves. Why do you not believe? Is not the messenger, the word, the Spirit of God sufficient? You want a joy unspeakable—the way to it is by thus waiting patiently upon God. Look to Jesus. He speaks peace; abide looking, and your peace shall flow as a river.—*J. Fletcher.*

MOTHER CONQUERED ME.

A pious and excellent mother, who has blended great *firmness* with much affection in the training of her children, related to me the following anecdote of one of her sons. Her command had gone forth on one Sabbath evening, that all her household should accompany her to the temple; one wayward boy refused to comply with her request. After admonishing him on the subject, and finding him resolved to disobey, she told him the door of the house would be locked, and he would not be allowed to remain inside. At length the hour of worship arrived, and the sullen lad, unbending in his purpose to forsake the house of God, was made to pass out with the rest of the family, but hurried from them to pursue *his own way*. The pious mother's heart was very sad' while joining in the services of her God that evening, for she knew not where her prodigal might be wandering.

On the family returning from the sacred assembly, the culprit contrived to slip in at the door of the house with the other boys; and in order to avoid the reproving eye of that *firm* mother, he retired to his bed. This place, however, was not one of comfort to him—for soon his quick ear caught the sound of his praying mother's footfall. She entered his room; stood by his bed; and, after talking to him of his sin in a pious mother's heart-stirring language, she spared not the rod lest he should "bring her to shame." The spirit of her boy was humbled, and he promised never again to grieve her in the same way. As soon as he awoke in the morning, calling to one of his brothers who slept in the same room, he said, "John, *mother* CONQUERED me last night!" O yes, he found his mother revered the commands of her Lord too much to allow her child to pursue that downward course which would end in darkness and a second death, without using every means in her power to bring him to the cross.

Most of her children (to say the least) *love* the Gospel, and some are *doers* of the word. We believe they will *all* rise up and call her blessed, when she is passed into the skies. She always seems to have in view the meeting before the great white throne.—*Mother's Magazine.*

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Original.

THE HERMIT'S CAVE.

There is something wild and desolate associated with the idea of the gloomy life of a lonely hermit. Taking up my residence, some few years since, in the immediate vicinity of the celebrated hermit of Waldo, of whom I had frequently heard, I availed myself of the earliest opportunity to visit his secluded cell. My main object was to obtain, if possible, something of his early history, of which but little was known, as also to gratify my own curiosity, by observing his singular mode of living. On my first visit to the old man of the forest, he was residing in a little camp, his cave having been injured by a recent freshet. He was, however, soon after in his cave again, and I had frequent opportunities, during a stay of two years, only one mile distant from him, for visiting and conversing with him in his dismal habitation. Indeed, I became a favorite, to whom he revealed perhaps more relative to the cause of his self-exile than to any other person. The place which he had selected to pass his lonely days, was highly romantic. A gentle stream of water passed in front of the cave, while in his rear rose a majestic mountain, whose lofty summit pierced the clouds. The waving pines were his tulips, and the hollow moan of dreary winds the rich melody of his soul's delight.

I first met him in a little foot-path leading to and near his habitation, to which I received a cordial invitation. His clothes were a coarse kind of woolen, and fastened to him by a girdle composed of eel-skins, which he wore about the waist. He did not wash himself at all; consequently, his beard, which was some three inches long, was matted together like the fur on a partially worn buffalo robe. The skin of a wild cat, (which had been killed some years previous,) taken off whole, with the jaw-bones and teeth left in, and stuffed with moss gathered from the trees so as to resemble the living animal, with an aperture in the bottom part so as to place it on his head with the teeth grinning before, and the tail hanging down behind, served him for a hat, giving to the old man an appearance wild and terrific; yet in his disposition and intercourse he was mild and social. The cave which served as his mansion, and in which he had passed the most of his life, was a narrow cavity dug into the bank of the stream. Its entrance, which was horizontal, was by a narrow aperture, stopped by a slab of wood, which was placed and re-placed at pleasure, by the side of which was the chimney, built of rough stones. The entrance and chimney made up the front of the cave, which was some eight feet deep, or rather long, and four feet wide at the bottom, drawing to a point at the top. Its height in the centre was not more than five feet, rendering it impossible for him ever to stand erect while in it. His bedding was the skins of wild animals, and his only cooking utensil a piece of broken kettle. He obtained a subsistence by hunting, fishing, and raising a few vegetables. His mode of living was not only simple, but exceedingly filthy—the most lothesome reptiles and birds pleasing his palate equally with the most delicate.

He was now tottering under the pressure of numerous years. The chill blasts of seventy-five winters had beat upon his sturdy frame, and his cheek was deeply furrowed by the sorrows of early years. Fifty years of his life he had dwelt in this lonely spot, the first twenty of which were passed in dreary solitude, without seeing a single individual. Gloomy indeed must have passed the days of his solitary pilgrimage. A frithful dog served him as his bosom friend, the two first years, after which his companion was the wild wolf of the forest. He had carried with him, in his exile, a copy of the Bible; but his ideas of its truths were too vague and erroneous to permit him to draw from it that sweet consolation which it is designed to impart. For instance, he supposed that what is generally termed the night-mare was being possessed of the devil—that when he was asleep with his mouth open the devil went down his throat, and took possession of him. Accordingly, he often cautioned me never to sleep with my mouth open, for if I should die while thus possessed, I should certainly go to hell. I never left the old man but with a sad and heavy heart.

Am I asked for the cause of his thus forsaking society for that lonely retreat? When young he was respectable and wealthy. His fond heart had selected its companion, with whom he hoped to spend his future years of bliss; but the tongue of slander, and the interposition of those who ought to have been his best friends, made a breach, and withered the fair flowers that bloomed so fresh before him. He was induced, by improper and over-solicitation, to wed another; but he had already tasted the last cup of joy that earth could present him—a sable pall had been spread over all its future prospects—before him, commingling with society, was nought but sadness and sorrow. He left her at the very altar to mingle his moan with the lonely winds, and shed his tears in solitude. He is now eighty-three years old. The almost sacred hiding place of his sorrows has been rudely desecrated by the cruel axe of the woodsman. The tall pines that once waved their lofty branches over him have been hewn down, and only a few bushes now surround his lonely cave. Sympathy has excited for him the friendship of surrounding inhabitants, who gladly soothe his passage to the grave of his earthly sorrows. E. S. N.

THE BOOK OF GOD.

To that book I turn, when weary and disappointed in all other books, as the foundation and source of all that I know about God and eternity. It is the only lamp that is borne before me a single step. Take that away, and all is dark in the future. I know not why I live; I know not why I must die; I know what I must do to meet my Maker in peace. Take that away, and I am in a dark world. Though the bright sun may shine in the heavens, yet the Sun of Righteousness is gone, and I can only sit down and weep in despair.

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Original.

ENOCH.

A POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

CANTO I.—THE INSTRUCTOR.

The hour of evening prayer had come. The day,
Amid the toilsome labors of the field,
Had passed serene, and gently now reclined
In twilight arms. With reverent attitude,
The house of pious Jared celebrate
The praises due to heaven's eternal King,
For all the mercies of the day just past.
The father of the race, a guest, was there;
And when their simple song of praise had ceased,
And with uncovered heads they knelt in prayer,
To seek Jehovah's smile, his mellow voice
Their supplications led.
Their worship o'er,
Some seek repose—in holy converse, some
Communion hold with kindred minds, and talk
Of God, and of his blest abode in heaven—
Of angels, too, and man, their watchful care.
But Adam, longing for some quiet spot,
Where silence—parent of deep thought—held sway,
Walked forth, directed by the moon's bright beams,
And sought the summit of a neighboring hill
Which overlooked that ever lovely vale.
Upon its base Euphrates' waves reclined,
Or slowly murmured past its winding shore,
Reflecting back the silver beams of night;
While near their source the ever-during walls
And guarded gates of Paradise were seen.*
And many a rivulet and shaded dell,
Or hillock with its sacred altar stone,
Which to his eye in blended beauty rose,
And bathed in silver light companions seemed,
Were, by association, rendered dear.

Upon a stone, which nature's gentle hand
Had cushioned for a seraph's rustic seat,
He sat in silent thought to view the scene;
For though the entrance to the tree of life
Was closely guarded by a cherub band
With armory of heaven, whose gleaming light
In fiery characters his sin revealed,
Yet still he loved to linger near; for there
He learned anew the hatefulness of sin,
And thence t' adore the holiness of God.
And oft, in thought, he stood beneath that tree,
Whose fruit had made him wise in knowing ill,
And wiser yet in feeling all was lost!
And then the fratricidal blow—the grave—
So dark, and cold, and still, whence all beyond
Was yet, by him, unrealized—unknown—
The land to which a son and wife were borne—
All rushed with burning thought before his mind,
Embittering every joy, until, by faith,
Not sprung from earth, he learned to pierce the vail
Which hides eternity from time, and there,
With kindred spirits of celestial birth,
Beheld them bending near the imperial throne,
With praise and adoration all divine.

While thus in reverie profound he sat,
An unexpected visitant his thoughts
To earth recalled. For, panting from th' ascent,
Before his face the youthful Enoch stood,
In form almost too feminine for man,
With eyes as beauteous as the rising light,
And voice more gentle than the falling snow;
And yet, in feature, every line bespoke
A noble, manly soul within, and one
Which clearly told its origin divine.
And as the autumn breeze, with sporting hand,
His high arched brow with merry ringlets wreathed,
To Adam's fixed and wondering eye it seemed
That Abel from his long and silent sleep,
Upon the bosom of yon sloping hill,
Had just awaked, and now before him stood,
In pure celestial loveliness arrayed.

"Sire," he exclaimed, "I oft have hither turned,
That from this mount I might the better view
Those worlds which, sparkling in the azure sphere,
Would lead our thoughts to heaven.* But since thy feet,
For meditative prayer, perchance, hath sought
This mossy seat, I'll not disturb thy thoughts,
But leave thee here, and with a willing step
Seek yonder summit. Thence, the evening star
His bright and ever glorious beams conceals
Behind the western wall of Paradise,
And thence my eye may trace his trackless course."

Thus spoke, he turned, when Adam's voice recalled:
"Nay, stay my son; go not to yonder mount.
Together we will view that star. Full oft
It brings to mind those happy hours gone by,
When, from that sacred height, which thy young eyes
E'en by the moon's faint light can clearly see,
Within those ever hallowed walls, I watched
That same bright star descend until it set
Behind the western hills. Those happy hours
Were hours of innocence and peace; for then
The cooling breeze of eve proclaimed Him nigh,
Who made those orbs of light. And as our eyes
Traced through his every work his mighty hand,
Our hearts with purest adoration swelled;
And though six centuries have passed away,†
Since first with mute astonishment, I viewed
Those brilliant orbs, revolving in their course
Around the etherial court of heaven, yet still

* It has been generally supposed that the human family long remained in the vicinity of their primitive residence.

* "The ancient Arabians and Greeks, as appears from Eusebius, regarded Enoch as not only a prophet, but a very learned man, and the first who taught the knowledge of the stars, being the same who is called Atlas by the Arabian, Edris."

† Adam was 612 years old when Enoch was born, and died 67 years before his translation. See Gen., ch. v.

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That course remains unchanged. They've watched our path
Since disobedience bade us leave those seats
Of pristine bliss. With wonder and dismay
They saw the earth drink in a brother's blood
By brother shed; and trembled as they saw.
And but a few short months ago, the star
That set in gloom o'er Abel's lonely grave,
Looked down on that of Eve. Behold! my son,
The fruits of disobedience fell, and learn
From these sad scenes to hate each evil way
That leads thee from thy God."
In converse thus,
Of things just past—or more remote—or those
Which lie concealed in future time, they sat,
Until a noisy troop, inflamed by wine,
In all their wanton revelry passed by,
And on an altar near Euphrates' bank
Poured out libations to the queen of night,
And there, with noise and dance, invoked her name.

When all again was still, "In these," he said,
"Behold another of the fruits of sin!
A thousand children call me sire, and bear
Upon their brow the lineaments of shame;
But not one joyous face I see, through which
A soul of spotless purity shines forth!
Then seek that better land where thou mayest dwell
For ever free from sin, and there regain
That happiness which thy first father lost."

—

CANTO II.—THE BIRTH OF METHUSELAH.

On that proud night ne'er father felt more joy
Than swelled in Enoch's breast. A cherub boy,
The gift of Heaven—the pledge of future bliss,
And evidence of purest changeless love
Of her in whom was centred all his love
That reached not heaven, on that o'erjoyous night
Was placed within his arms. His sparkling eye
With feeling beamed, which knows no other source
Than inmost centre of a father's heart.

While in his arms the thoughtless infant lay,
Unconscious of itself—still more of those
Whose mutual heart-strings round its life entwined—
The mind of Enoch, with celerity,
Which nought but thought attains, recalled the day
When, by a cool, and deeply shaded grot—
The workmanship of nature's rural hand,
Whose pencil its unpolished outlines drew,
In ruffled beauty on a sylvan stream—
His eye first fell on Zillah's lovely face,
Bedewed with tears, which, to his youthful mind,
Alone seemed lovelier than the pearly drops
Which gather round the jasmine's fragrant leaves,
As o'er her head its graceful festoons hung,
And sparkled in the silvery rising light.
Ungirt her mantle hung. Her raven hair
In ringlets glossy as the mountain kids'
Which feed on Gilead's heights, in wildness hung
Upon a neck of unsurpassing grace,
Or half concealed a brow of loveliest form,
Indicative of thought—of high resolve,
Yet with a holy mildness blended there,
Which told a heart with love to God and man
And holy beings filled. Her dark, bright eyes,
Like two young doves, so beautiful and mild,
Appeared more brilliant from the limpid tear
Which fell unheeded on her spotless robe.
Her cheeks a richer, lovelier tint displayed
Than e'er the blushing rose and tender bud,
Which, blooming near th' undying tree of life,
The maiden Eve enwreathed within her hair
Upon her bridal day.
Within her hand
A cord of flaxen fibres twined was held,
While at her feet her favorite lambkin lay
In cold and silent death. No wonder, then,
The maiden's tears should fall. Her gentle hand
Had thrice each day its simple food prepared.
With like maternal care her foster child,
Though but a nursling of the flock, had claimed
Her watchful, guardian eye. Where'er she went
Her mute companion was her guide. At morn,
When, with a step as light as the gazelle,
She ranged the mountain's sides, and viewed the flocks,
Or sought the flowery meads, or cool retreats,
Upon Euphrates' noble banks—or else
At evening hour, with joyous step, she sought
Her grot, deep-buried in the woodland dell,
Her fleecy favorite was her constant guide.
No wonder, then, the gentle maiden wept,
When death had burst these silken bonds in twain.
Yet, when an unknown step was heard—a form
Unseen before within her presence stood—
The timid one, by sudden fear impelled,
As when the sylvan fawns in terror flee
At some suspected harm—or doves the grasp
Of some more powerful foe by flight elude,
Nor feel secure till nestled in their cote—
So she, with step as light as mountain fawns,
Forgetful of all else, her safety sought
By rapid flight, as dreading unknown ill.

"Nay, maiden—stay—fear not a shepherd's voice!"
But ere the echo of those manly tones
Had ceased among the rocks which lined that dell,
Or th' wild woods hushed its symphony, her form
Behind a neighboring hill was lost. Awhile
In musing attitude he stood. The scene,
With all its loveliness, he heeded not.
In vain had nature reared her temple here—
In vain had beauty and sublimity
In pure and sinless emulation vied
To decorate. The temple was forgot.
The worshiper alone his vision filled;
For human eyes a lovelier one ne'er saw.

* * * * * *

A score of years had passed; yet brought no care
For Enoch's youthful brow, nor scarce a change;

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For when the earth itself was young, man's youth
A century remained, and manhood five.
Upon a mount, far distant from his home,
His flock reclined, or cropt the springing blade,
Or quenched their thirst at noon from limpid streams
Which, issuing from its top from height to height,
Leap down its sides, or murmur at its base.
A wanderer from the flock called forth his steps,
And over distant hills and vales he roamed
In search of what was lost. In weariness,
Upon a moss-encushioned rock, he sat,
And tried to find repose. His truant mind,
While thus at ease, stole back to other days
And other scenes. The oft frequented mount,
Whence he had traced the shining orbs on high—
The sacred altar of his father's home—the spot
Where with his God his heart communion held—
All these, like present visions more than past,
Before his mind arose.
While thus employed,
A shepherdess, returning with her flocks,
To seek their folds, appeared. A simple lay
Her steps beguiled, and led her charge along.
She passed. That lovely form unchanged remained,
And she who once had wept a favorite lamb,
Now kept her father's sheep.

* * * * * *

The nuptial torch was lit in Jared's tent.
At midnight's solemn hour the youthful train,
Companions of the night, with festive glee,
And lighted torch, and music's sweetest notes,
Their march commenced. In midst a canopy,
By four sustained—his most familiar friends—
Marked out the spot where Enoch stood. A cloud
Of incense, like some column vast, arose,
And wreathing in the air, to watchful ones
Announced their slow approach.
In Salah's tent
The bride with her attendants wait, adorned
With purest robes of spotless white, and vailed.
No torch their tent illumes. The feeble ray
A taper gives affords their only light.
They wait the torch of him whose glowing face
Shall light with joy each countenance within.
The festive train soon reach the hallowed spot,
And quickly round the happy pair inclose,
As 'neath th' embroider'd canopy they stand;
While Adam's mellow voice, in accents sweet,
The nuptial rite performs, and on their heads
A benediction from above implores:—
"Jehovah God—thy father's God—my son,
Command his blessing on you both. Thy lot,
Be it like mine before we sinned. With God
Let every day be spent. Nor let the sun
Arise or set without an act of praise
To Him who life affords, and every good.
Thy heart with watchful vigilance preserve,
Lest earthly joys withdraw thee from thy God.
Where'er you go, whate'er your hands pursue,
His glory seek, and he will crown you both
With blessings numberless below, and then
Receive you to his blest abode in heaven."

In reverie profound thus Enoch scann'd
The scenes of former days, which memory,
The faithful chronicler of every act,
Before his mind renewed. To consciousness
Of present joys his thoughts at length returned.
The dark dim future also sought a place
In which imagination's power might vie
With that of memory. What destiny
Shall mark the end of that unconscious child?
To virtuous deed shall all his life be given?
His powers, as they unfold, be guided right,
And trained for immortality? Or sin
Upon his earliest life an impress make
Indelible, and all his acts be wrong?

None but a parent's heart can feel or know
A parent's care. The thought of what might be,
His heart led up to God. That first-born son,
Still circled in his arms, with humble prayer
An offering consecrate, to Him is borne—
To Him who lent, 'tis given back for life,
And blessings sought upon its future days.

(To be continued.)

THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I hear thee speak of a better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! O where is that radiant shore,
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows;
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?
"Not there, not there, my child!"

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And dates grow ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
"Not there, not there, my child!"

Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
"Not there, not there, my child!

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

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THE CATASTROPHE.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

DEATH is a solemn messenger. Whether we stand by the bed-side of our dying friends or not—whether we witness the last convulsive throe of nature, or hear from others the tidings of bereavement, the lone survivors *feel*, and are prone to exclaim, "Was there ever sorrow like unto my sorrow!" The circumstances which suggested the following lines were full of painful interest—the day on which they occurred one to which the sound of mourning seemed sadly inappropriate. On the last celebration of our National Independence, the inhabitants of the beautiful village of A——, Ohio, were called away from the festivities of the day to assist in removing the bodies of three children from the canal. These little boys had launched a small raft, which overturned, and they were ushered upon the bosom of eternity. In the course of a few hours the citizens were dismayed by the news that a young man, who had witnessed the above sad event, while endeavoring to exhaust the water from a mill-dam, by the giving way of a prop on which he leaned, was thrown into the water, where his foot caught in a brace, and it was impossible to extricate him until life was extinct.

There was joy throughout our borders
On our holy jubilee,
And loud the merry bell sent forth
The anthem of the free;
And brilliantly the sun arose,
Though oft some gloomy cloud
(As warning thoughtless man of ill)
His glory would enshroud.

There was joy throughout our borders—
Each youthful heart beat high:
From north to sunny south was heard
The song of revelry;
And manhood echoed back the shout
From hill and valley wide,
While hoary age looked down and smiled
Upon his country's pride.

What means that cry of terror—
That bitter wail of woe?
What earthly arm hath dar'd to deal
This day a deathly blow?
Be still! a higher voice than ours
The mandate stern hath giv'n;
We cannot—may not turn away
The voice that speaks from heav'n.

The feast was left untasted—
The voice of song was hush'd;
For those who should have feasted there
With anguish sore were crush'd—
"O, was not one enough, stern Death?
Why didst thou claim that day
Another, and another, and
Another for thy prey?"

There was one in ruddy manhood
Gave up his struggling breath:
Of bounding pulse and active hand,
He little dream'd of death.
That noble heart, with all its wealth
Of youth, and love, and life,
How fondly still it clung to earth—
How brav'd the unequal strife!

O, those who dearly lov'd him
Stood agonizing by;
And as he fell, perchance they caught
The last glance of his eye.
"Why stay ye not that mighty flood,
Ye brothers fond and true?
Why burst ye not that stubborn gate,
And force the wild waves through?"

'Tis vain! a heav'nly summons
Requires the parting soul;
Nor love, nor life, nor health, nor youth,
Such summons may control.
More youthful ones than he have bow'd
Beneath as stern a stroke;
And angel eyes alone beheld
When their young heart-strings broke.

Below the rippling waters
Convulsively they sank,
And of the sullen cup of death
In agony they drank.
Yes, three in childhood's budding hour
Clos'd their young eyes for aye;
Alas! alas! why wither thus
Earth's fairest flowers away?

The voice of Rachel sounded
From Rama then I trow:
"My darling son—my beautiful—
How can I let thee go?"
And the stricken father bent him down
In sorrow o'er the dead;
And wept, and wonder'd, while he wept,
If life indeed was fled.

"Fond father! tender mother!
Your dearly lov'd resign;
Ye may not rashly murmur,
Nor foolishly repine.
Ye cannot call them back again—
Ye had no power to save—
But they shall not for ever lie
Within the gloomy grave.

If ye sanctified your children,
Like the holy man of old—
If in their ears the words of life
Were oft and faithful told—
If they lov'd the blessed Savior well,
He only took them home;
And ye shall see their faces yet,
Where death can never come."

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NOTICES.

D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.—This most interesting and instructive history, was published some months since by Mr. Carter, 58 Canal-street, New York, and several copies were forwarded to Mr. James of this city. We are pleased to learn that the publisher is preparing to issue another and a cheaper edition. It will be sold at one dollar a copy, which is one-third of the former price.

The Irenicum; *or Pacificator as to Church Differences. By Bishop Stillingfleet. Philadelphia: M. Sorin.*—This is a seasonable publication. The old and new school Roman Catholics, viz., the Jesuits and Puseyites, are in the midst of unceasing efforts to uproot the true faith of our holy Christianity. We must arm ourselves in these times of peril, not only for the defense of the Gospel, but that we ourselves may stand. This and D'Aubigne, mentioned above, are well suited to sustain the principles of Protestantism, and the doctrines and institutes of Holy Scripture.

The Irenicum is on sale at the Book Room.

Illustrations of Biblical Literature, *exhibiting the History and Fate of the Sacred Writings, from the earliest period to the present century. By Rev. James Townley, D. D., in two volumes. New York: Lane & Sandford.*—This is a work of rare value to the Biblical student, and should occupy a place in every respectable library. The "Illustrations" is the chief work of its eminent author; and its value may be best evidenced to our readers by the following notice of it by an accomplished scholar and divine:

"These volumes present a connected view of the history of Biblical translations from the earliest date to the present century, and are enriched by most copious and interesting biographical notices of the most eminent scholars and critics, and such occasional sketches of the history of the manners and superstitions of the darker ages, as may illustrate the advantages to be derived from a more general dissemination of the inspired writings."

Report of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society *for the year ending April*, 1842. *London.*—This is the most interesting Annual in the world. The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society has no equal. Its annual reports are full, and made out with a remarkable degree of care and skill. The one before us contains nearly 300 pp. From its general schedule, we gather that the society's ordained missionaries are 367; its catechists 480; salaried teachers 514; gratuitous teachers 5480; members in society 91,207; adults and children in schools 61,071; total of communicants and scholars 152,278. Thus, while the Puseyites are lighting up their wax candles, and learning Roman Catholic chants, Wesleyans are converting the nations to Jesus. The Report of the Committee closes thus:

"The time has evidently arrived, when the friends of missions in general are required to regulate their exertions, not by the scale of their past liberality, but by the measure of their actual ability. What they may have heretofore contributed towards the salvation of a lost world is one thing: what they ought to do is another and totally distinct question, now to be solemnly considered and decided upon. The thickly-gathering signs of the times indicate that a conflict of principles, on the most extended scale, is at hand. The mighty struggle contemplated by ancient seers in the visions of futurity, on the issue of which the destinies of mankind depend, is fairly begun. The prophetic prayer uttered by Israel's royal bard—'Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty; and in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things'—is emphatically receiving its accomplishment. The command has gone forth, and Christians are summoned 'to the help of the Lord.'"

The Good Physician; *being an Introductory to the Course of Lectures on Materia Medica and Therapeutics, in the Medical Department of Transylvania University, for the session of* 1842-3. *By Thomas D. Mitchell, M. D., Professor, &c.*—This is a rebuke to the profession. It exhibits the attributes of a good physician in contrast with the ignorance and impudence of quackery. It does not bring to view, with sufficient prominence, the necessity of *pure morals* in the profession. With this reservation the Address is excellent. The following extract is for the admonition of parents:

"But this moral malady has a still deeper and broader foundation. The corner-stone of the incongruous edifice, is the ignorant and yet self-complacent judgment of parents and guardians, in the disposal of youth intrusted to their care. Survey the face of society, the whole land over, and tell me if I mistake. Has the man of affluence, or even comfortable circumstances, three sons, whose future condition in society may lawfully claim his deep attention and unceasing solicitude? Does he consult the wisest men in his own circle, to gain their counsel in so important a concern; or is he not, too often, though perhaps unblest with even a modicum of educational advantages, willing to be the sole arbiter, in a case the most weighty that can fall in his path? Mark the result, and you will in all probability discern that without any wise reference to mental capacity, or native fitness, one of the trio is doomed to the bar; another finds his way, tortuous though it be, to the pulpit; and the third (for they must all be professional men) is to be inflicted on the public as a doctor. Thus it happens, in instances almost innumerable, that professional disgrace is the unavoidable consequence of ill-directed parental authority. I will not affirm that in every lottery thus evolved, there is not a single prize; but I appeal to facts, as they are spread out over our country, in attestation of the ground here assumed.

"The well known practice of the ancient Mexicans, to ascertain the peculiar mechanical fitness of their children, was little less judicious than that to which I have referred, as common with those who lay higher claims to civilization and refinement. The sons of these semi-barbarians, previously intoxicated by ardent spirit, were surrounded by the various tools and utensils of the mechanic arts; and the apparent fondness for this or that tool, fixed the destiny of the individual for life. I am free to confess, that in view of the results merely, and aside from the immorality of intoxication, I cannot perceive wherein our more modern and civilized plan has any sort of advantage over the inebriating tactics of the Mexican. The character of the man is sealed, in both cases, by the verdict of unmeaning chance, passed in his boyhood, and alike irreversible.

"Can it excite surprise, that false principles, thus applied, or the actings out of mere whim without principle, should be so prolific of disastrous results to the profession and to society?"

Baxter's Converse with God in Solitude.—This is an old book, but like wine it is none the worse for age. It discourses wisely of solitude and its happy fruits. It points out the uncertainty of all friendships but with Christ. It comforts those who have been disappointed in their friends, and it commends friendship with God. Let the reader, who would be wise unto salvation, look into this little volume. The following extract affords a taste of it:

"If God calls us, into solitude, or if men forsake us, we may rejoice in this, that we are not alone, because the Father is with us. Fear not such solitude, but be ready to improve it, if you be cast upon it. If God be your God, reconciled to you in Christ, and his spirit be in you, you are provided for solitude, and need not fear if all the world should cast you off. If you be banished, imprisoned, or left alone, it is but a relaxation from your greatest labors, a cessation of your sharpest conflicts, and your removal from a multitude of great temptations. Though you may not cowardly retreat, or run away, from the sight of danger; yet if God will dispense with you, and let you live in greater peace and safety, you have no cause to murmur. A fruit tree, that grows by the highway side, seldom keeps its fruit to ripeness, within the reach of so many passengers."

The Mother's Assistant and Young Lady's Friend.—This valuable Monthly appears to great advantage in its January number. It contains several good, original articles,

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and others judiciously selected, and is embellished with a fine engraving. Its aim is practical utility in domestic economy and morals. It is a useful publication, and should be well sustained, as we presume it is.

SELECT MELODIES; *comprising the best of those Hymns and Spiritual Songs in common use, not to be found in the standard Methodist Episcopal Hymn-Book: as also, a number of original pieces. By William Hunter. Cincinnati.*—This contains many excellent hymns; and, if our friends will not be satisfied with the Methodist Hymn-Book, is one of the best selections extant.

SACRED MELODIES: *a choice selection of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs; designed for the use of social, prayer and camp meetings. By A. W. Musgrove. Oxford, Ohio.*—Brother Musgrove's collection is of the cast with the former, and may be used to great comfort by the pious in families, social circles, and camp meetings.

They are on sale at the Book Room.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DEATH OF SIMON PETER.—The Liberia mission has experienced a severe loss in the unexpected death of this native laborer. Simon was a wonderful man. His religious history should be familiar to every lover of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was a flaming herald of the cross. We lately read of an aged and accomplished divine in New England, who had labored more than fifty years in one parish, that during his life and ministry he received more than three hundred persons to the communion of the Church. Compare this with the brief career of the poor rescued savage boy, who, rude and unlettered, was the means, in the very depths of savage life, of carrying the Gospel to hundreds. Read the following account, abridged from Africa's Luminary:

"*Caldwell, August* 29, 1842.

"Dear Brother Chase,—Our beloved brother Simon Peter is dead! At half past 10 o'clock the same night, (24th inst.,) he gave up the ghost, without a sigh.

"Brother Simon was a Vey by birth. His father was a very successful war chieftain; and Simon has informed me that he began to follow his father in war, as soon as he was large enough to travel, and keep up with him. Simon followed this for several years, until he became more expert than any of his fellows.

"His father then gave him up as an apprentice to learn devil worship, and all the ordinances and arts of the 'Devil's Bush,' for nine years. At the close of those nine years, he was taken prisoner by the Boatswain tribe, and a few days after, he was taken by the Arabs, who cut the bottoms of his feet from 'toe to heel,' quite to the bone; that he might not run away! And after remaining with them a few months, he was redeemed by (I think he told me) the Goulah people; and from them he was redeemed by the Veys again.

"Brother Simon now became an extensive trader in camwood and ivory, and buying and selling slaves; until the Boston people drove him, and several of his tribe, over into the Goulah country.

"But Simon wandered off down to Heddington, and settled there with king Tom. In our first revival at Heddington, he was numbered among the first *adult* converts. He joined our Church at the first opportunity; and in a few weeks he became an exhorter. At our revival at Bang's Hill, I appointed Simon the class-leader, and a faithful one he was too.

"Brother Simon has been decidedly the most successful exhorter that ever I knew. There is scarcely a town in all the region around us, in which he has not some fruits of his labor.

"He has been instrumental of the conversion of hundreds of those poor heathen, and he has been the main pioneer to introduce the Gospel into every native town where we have had any success, except Heddington.

"But he was a man of deep piety, and his whole life was uniform; ever since he came from America, his apostolic zeal has been increasing daily.

"He was a champion against the kingdom of Satan—a bright morning star to this whole heathen nation—and gem of the Church to which he belonged!

"But he has gone; he went happy: he went fearless! 'I shall not die,' said he, 'but I shall sleep sweetly.'

Very affectionately yours in Christ,

GEORGE S. BROWN."

DEATH OF A CONVERT.—The following obituary notice, with some abridgment, is also from Africa's Luminary. It is a farther illustration of the utility of missionary efforts in Africa:

"Died, at Heddington, on the 13th inst., our much esteemed and much afflicted native brother, John Longboat, or as more commonly called, Ballah. The conversion of this native brother of the Vey tribe, from Paganism to Christianity, took place in connection with the first quarterly meeting for Robertsville station, in 1841. He then came forward for the first time to the altar of prayer, and sought the Lord in good earnest; but it was about three days after this that he received the evidence of sins forgiven.

"The occasion of the premature death of brother B. was of a very afflicting nature. He was in the woods hunting deer, when, near night, another brother in the Church being out for the same purpose, espied through an intervening thicket, in the dusk of the evening, the cloth (such as is worn by the natives) about his loins, and reaching down to his thigh, and from some resemblance of color, taking the object for a deer, fired and lodged the contents of his gun just above the knee of brother B.'s leg.

"In this condition, brother B. was brought into town late in the evening amidst the wailings of his almost distracted wife, and his wound received such care as could be given in the absence of a surgeon. Dr. Goheen arrived early the next morning from White Plains, and performed the requisite surgical operations; but as brother B. could not be removed to Monrovia, and Dr. G. could not remain at Robertsville, the wound proved fatal.

"Just before he expired, he was visited and prayed with by Rev. E. Johnson, to whom he said, 'All that palaver you tell me, he be true. This path I look now, will take me to my Father above. I love every body, but I glad for go look my Father.' He soon after fell asleep in Jesus. Such is the triumph of the Gospel over heathenism. May thousands and millions more of those under its degrading and soul-destroying influence, be converted and saved, like this humble, and devoted follower of Christ.

Yours, &c., H. W. ERSKINE.

Heddington, August 20, 1842.

THE JEWS.—It is stated in a letter from Berlin, that several thousand European Jews have entered into an engagement to proceed as early as possible to Jerusalem, and there wait, with fasting and prayer, the coming of the Messiah. It seems a very general impression rests upon the minds of the scattered Israelites, that the coming of the Messiah is near. At one period many of them fixed on the decennary of 1840 or 1850 for this event. Whether they still have their sanguine hopes that the advent is so near we are ignorant. They profess to come to their conclusions, as do the millenarians, by the just interpretation of Old Testament prophecy.

"AS A THIEF."—We have never known these words rendered more impressive than by a circumstance which is represented to have occurred recently in Liverpool. A young lady of Fontenoy-street (Miss Peers) was to have been married at St. Augustine's. The coach had taken her in, and she was on her way, in usual health, to the place. She suddenly fell in a fit or swoon. She was immediately returned home, and medical aid called in, but she died almost immediately in her bridal dress. We are warned in a thousand ways to be ready. How true the language of Dwight,

"While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and truth is given;
But soon, ah soon, approaching night,
Will blot out every hope of heaven."

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REVIVALS.—During the past month the progress of the work of God has been almost without precedent. Probably the additions to the Church on the two adjoining districts exceed one thousand. The revival in Covington, opposite this city, still continues. Not far from two hundred and fifty have been received. Newport, its near neighbor, is now partaking of the same blessing. A very gracious work is experienced in Milford, Batavia, and neighboring places east and north; and in Miamitown and Lawrenceburg towards the west. Protracted meetings have been carried on the last month in four of the city charges. About one hundred in all have joined on probation, and what is of greater moment, there has been a gracious work in the Churches. During our eight years' residence in the city, we have never seen the people of God in so desirable a state of humble waiting and watching as they now are. Never did we feel so much as we now do on entering any of our temples; "Surely the Lord is in this place—this is none other than the house of God—this is the gate of heaven."

While we have this precious privilege of witnessing revivals all around us, we also hear of God's doings at a distance. And on the whole we must say, that the Methodist Episcopal Church has never had greater cause for gratitude, nor stronger encouragement to labor in the spirit of deep humility and cheerful hope, to spread holiness over these lands.

LEXINGTON METHODIST FEMALE SCHOOL.—We are exceedingly gratified to learn that the members and friends of our Church in Lexington, Ky., have resolved to organize a school for young ladies, to go into operation in March or April next. Providence is opening the way before them by supplying a man to head this enterprise, Rev. Thomas N. Ralston, of the Kentucky conference, remarkably well qualified to carry out the plan. The complete success which has crowned the efforts of the Methodist friends of education in this city should encourage others. The Female Collegiate Institute of Cincinnati is established on a firm foundation. A large number of pupils are pledged to it from abroad in the spring of the year. Its excellent President and accomplished Governess are aided by Miss De Forest, the lady to whom the Repository is so much indebted for a continued correspondence during the last two years, and who has no superior as an instructor. We are bound to render thanks to God for the favor with which he has looked upon this enterprise. Our friends in and out of the city may, with the utmost confidence, place their children under the care of this Faculty, and we urge them as Protestants, and especially as Methodists, to give the institution a hearty patronage. It has pupils already from nearly a thousand miles distant.

Our friends in Lexington shall have our warmest support. We invite them to use our periodical as a medium of communication with the public on the subject of their female seminary, to any reasonable extent. We cordially tender the same invitation to Worthington, Hillsboro', Shelbyville, Norwalk, and other more distant institutions.

The enterprise at Lexington will not only succeed, but more than succeed. The Faculty of Transylvania University will be able to exert a salutary and far-reaching influence in its favor, and we look to see the "High School for Young Ladies" rank first amongst institutions of the kind in Kentucky.

DR. WM. GESENIUS, of Halle, a most gifted man and mature scholar, died recently at the age of 55.

DR. WM. ELLORY CHANNING is also dead. He was a sound and brilliant writer in the departments of ethics and philosophy, and for one-fourth of a century was at the head of the liberal class of theologians in the United States.

MORALS OF ENGLAND.—In Manchester nearly four hundred persons are thieves by profession. There are one hundred houses for the resort of thieves, and more than sixty for the reception of stolen goods.

MR. MILLER.—The most authentic journalists at the east represent Mr. Miller as an upright man, very sincere and earnest in his efforts. Several persons have become deranged in consequence of his preaching. Many have embraced his views, and wait with strong expectations for the advent. We do not deem it wise or just to apply to these men reproachful epithets, or to impugn their motives. But we are quite sure, that he who would make ready for the coming of Christ must let that theme alone, and turn his attention to the state of his own heart. The way to be ready for the advent is to come to love God with all our heart. Let us watch against sin, and we shall not be found among the foolish virgins.

THE SEMI-CENTENARY OF METHODISM IN BOSTON, was celebrated in that city on Wednesday, December 28th. Nearly forty traveling preachers were present, among whom were many aged veterans of the cross. The oldest efficient traveling preacher in the United States, Rev. George Pickering, and the first native Methodist preacher of New England, Rev. Enoch Mudge, were present and took an active part in the services. Meetings were held in the Russell-street, Bennet-street, Church-street, and Broomfield-street chapels. Brother Stevens closes the notice of this religious festival in the following words: "It was a great day for our fathers and mothers in Israel. With many of these aged saints, in the city and vicinity, we have had a long acquaintance, witnessing their devoted lives and patient waiting for the final deliverance; but never did we see them with more radiant faces than on this day. It seemed a brief but blessed return of their earlier days, like one of those sweet, sunny intervals which occasionally intervene amidst the cold decay of winter, as if to remind us that, though all around us is waste and dreary, still a benign power controls the elements, and the blossoming spring and balmy summer are to come again. They will never see this anniversary again: not one of them but on their wintry age will soon dawn the spring time of the better land."

There are nine Methodist churches in Boston, and they have for nine years built at the rate of one in each eighteen months. The membership is 2650, of whom more than 1000 were added the last year. In New England the Methodist Episcopal Church is second in number, and first in progress.

FRUITS OF MISSIONS.—When the American Board established its missions in the Sandwich Islands twenty years ago, they were amongst the most barbarous regions. Now about 20,000 Church members, and nearly as many children at school. More than ten millions of pages are printed annually. Thousands of dollars are contributed by natives for benevolent objects. Messrs. Richards (a missionary) and Gaalilis (the king's secretary) have visited the United States, as messengers to the government, and now our National Legislature is about to open a diplomatic correspondence with the Islands.

If any are disposed to question the utility of missions amongst the heathen, let them study these facts.

AMERICAN BOARD.—The January number of that venerable periodical, the Missionary Herald, contains an abstract of the Annual Report of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. From a summary of this abstract, we learn that the annual receipts amounted to $318,396 53. The number of missions is 26; of stations 25; of ordained missionaries 134, and 179 female assistants. The number of mission Churches is 59, and of Church members in regular standing 21,261. There are 17 printing establishments. Their boarding schools contain 1124 pupils, and their free schools 27,298 children. Except the Wesleyan Missionary Society of Great Britain, this is one of the most efficient organizations of the kind on earth.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"The Resurrection," and "Electricity," will appear in our next. "The Departed," by J. T. B., had been overlooked. It is *very* acceptable. Mrs. D. will exceedingly oblige us by sending other copies of the articles contained in the lost "package." It is asking a great favor, which we would not name but for our own innocence in the loss of it. Doubtless it was through our absence that it is missing. We have made a thorough examination of all possible places of deposit for it, and it cannot be found.

We ask our former correspondents to continue their favors. We hope to hear from T. of A., and T. of N. soon. Let us not be forgotten. We invite religious articles. Let those who are competent to write them remember, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, MARCH, 1843.

Original.

THE RESURRECTION.

BY CYRUS BROOKS.

The doctrine of a general resurrection of the dead is peculiar to the sacred Scriptures. Ancient as well as modern heathenism had some idea, though very imperfect, of the immortality of the soul, and of future rewards and punishments. But that the body, decomposed and mingled with the elements of nature, should be re-constructed, and again become the habitation of the immortal spirit, was a doctrine unknown beyond the limits of revelation. The darkness of the grave was too dense to be penetrated by the eye of reason. And to ancient paganism this appeared one of the most absurd and inconceivable tenets of Christianity. In some instances the bodies of the martyrs were thrown into the rivers, "in order to mock, and render still more improbable their hopes of a resurrection."

It is also a doctrine, in some sense, peculiar to Christianity. Glimpses of it appear, it is true, in the early periods of Jewish and patriarchal history; and among the later Jews, especially the sect of the Pharisees, it became a prominent article of belief. With them, however, it sometimes appears corrupted with the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls. It was also restricted by some to the descendants of Israel, and, in the hopes of the Jew, was always connected with the advent of Christ, when the chosen race were expected to rise from their graves to share in the glories and triumphs of their all-conquering Messiah. But "life and immortality are" more fully "brought to light through the Gospel." In Christianity the glorious truth which had been seen as "through a glass, darkly," was clearly and explicitly revealed. Thenceforth death is but a sleep, which, though long and profound, shall finally be broken by the "voice of the archangel and the trump of God." This was the solace of afflicted and sorrowing disciples—this has been the solace of the pious from that time to the present, who, when called to mourn the loss of godly friends, "sorrow not even as others which have no hope."

That the resurrection of the body as well as the immortality of the soul was taught in the primitive religion of mankind there can be little doubt; yet, while the latter was only obscured in the degenerate systems of belief and worship that afterwards prevailed, the former was soon entirely obliterated. The principal reason of this is probably to be found in the difficulties with which it is encumbered, when its exclusively miraculous character is left out of sight. It is a doctrine unauthorized by any of the phenomena of nature, and contradicted by the almost uniform experience of mankind. It is true we behold the apparently lifeless chrysalis changed to a beautiful, animated being. The seed which was sown in the earth springs up and produces its plant, and its flower, and its fruit. The branches which winter had stripped of their covering and their ornament, re-animated by the genial influences of spring, are again clothed in verdure. Yet all this is but the development of an already living principle. It is not death springing to life, in fact, whatever it may be in appearance. The leaf, and the plant, and the flower, which have perished, are not resuscitated, but others spring forth in their place.

There is nothing, then, in the analogies of nature to keep alive the belief of a doctrine so mysterious and apparently impossible. And when we consider the appearances presented by death, the corruption, the dissolution of the body, the dispersion of its elements through the earth, the ocean, and the air, the new combinations of those elements in the varied forms of vegetable and animal life, it is not surprising that where a lively sense of the authority of divine revelation is not felt, the doctrine of the resurrection should be given up as incredible. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how any thing short of such a revelation could suggest it, in the first place, or produce conviction of its truth when suggested. And accordingly we find that wherever revelation is discredited or unknown, or where its authority exerts but a feeble influence, this doctrine is either greatly modified, or utterly rejected.

As, then, it is so exclusively a doctrine of revelation that there is nothing in nature to illustrate, much less to suggest it, it follows that philosophy can afford us little or no assistance in comprehending its mysteries, or establishing its truth. We receive it solely upon the authority of God's word—we know nothing concerning it excepting what is therein revealed. All the philosophical speculations that have been indulged upon this subject, ingenious though they may be, only serve to "darken counsel by words without knowledge." The light which reveals it, shines only from the sacred Volume. And, when viewed in this light, no truth is more plain nor more easily understood. In the whole range of Scripture theology, no point appears to us more firmly established, more explicitly stated, or more clearly illustrated.

In order to avoid the philosophical difficulties already alluded to, several theories have been invented. These theories, however, unintentionally no doubt, in effect give up the doctrine instead of removing its embarrassments; for they all, or nearly all, give up a point of essential importance—the identity of the body that is raised with that which fell a victim to death. If the resurrection body be not composed of the same matter as that which died, then there is not a resuscitation

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but a new creation. And if it be formed from some indestructible germ, as the oak from the acorn, then there is merely the development of an already living principle, which had never been extinguished. On this point the Scriptures are very clear; not only employing the most unequivocal language, but presenting examples that cannot be easily misunderstood.

Enoch and Elijah were translated from earth to heaven, without enduring the pain or undergoing the decomposition occasioned by death. This event, in regard to the latter, is circumstantially related by the sacred historian. The same body that had suffered the persecutions of the impious Ahab, which had been fed by the ravens, and had walked and conversed with Elisha, that same body, changed, no doubt, to fit it for its new mode of being, was taken up in the chariot of fire into heaven, and was afterwards seen with the disembodied spirit of Moses on the mount of transfiguration.

A like change will take place with those who remain on the earth at the second coming of Christ. "We shall not all sleep," says the apostle, "but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." Here, also, the body that is living, and moving, and suffering, or enjoying, suddenly undergoes this wonderful transformation. Before and after the sound of the trumpet, the body is the same, though a change has passed upon it, precisely analogous to that which will take place with that body which yields to the dominion of death, and is again released by the resurrection.

But the resurrection of Christ affords a still clearer illustration of this interesting doctrine. It is not only a pledge and a proof of our own resurrection, but, if we may so speak, is a complete specimen, upon which we may look, and from which we may learn what that resurrection shall be. The change which took place when Jesus was raised, is not only analogous to, but is precisely the same as that which shall take place with all his redeemed, that now sleep in death. So it is frequently and uniformly represented in the oracles of truth. And hence, if the body of Jesus that rose was identical with that which had died, then we are safe in concluding that the body which now we inhabit shall be re-occupied by our spirits "at the resurrection of the last day." Prophecy, representing the person of Christ, had long before said, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hades, nor suffer thine holy One to see corruption." And, speaking in reference to this very prophecy, the apostle declares, that "he whom God raised again saw no corruption." Decomposition had not taken place—putrefaction had not commenced its work of destruction, when death, overcome in the conflict, was forced to relinquish his grasp. The body which was born of the virgin—which, in its maturity, traversed the hills and the valleys of Palestine—which was nailed to the cross, and buried in Joseph's new tomb—that same body, re-animated and spiritualized, appeared afterwards to the sorrowing disciples, and in their presence ascended up into heaven. And he is the representative of our race, "the first fruits of them that slept."

It does not come within the range of our present design to discuss metaphysical questions concerning "personal identity." It need not be supposed that all the solids and fluids that may exist in the body at the time of its death, shall be found in the same proportions and the same relative position at the time of its resurrection. This, indeed, would be inconsistent with that great change which shall take place in passing from mortality to immortality. But of this we may rest assured, that whatever is essential to the perfection of man's physical nature, will be found in the body that is raised from the dead. So it was with the translated bodies of Enoch and Elijah—so it was with the re-animated body of Jesus—so it will be with the changed bodies of those who shall be found alive at the second appearing of Christ; and so also, with the countless multitudes who shall then come forth from their graves; for the Scriptures plainly teach that the body shall rise in a state of perfection, with nothing defective, nothing redundant.

In our present state, we are constantly tending to dissolution. With the first buddings of life the seeds of death also vegetate. Perfect symmetry in every part of the animal structure, and perfect order in the arrangement of its elements, are necessary to the perfection of animal life; yet, in the growth of the human frame, one part is often pushed forward and developed in undue proportion, while another is kept back and left defective. Unavoidable casualties are every day disturbing the animal economy, and thus the vital operations are interrupted or enfeebled. Every defect or deformity which we see, every pain which we feel, results from an interference with the functions of life—is the work of death. Sometimes that work is consummated with a stroke, sometimes by gradual decay. Now the silver cord is rudely and suddenly snapped asunder while in the perfection of its strength, and again it is slowly corroded by the tooth of time, or wasted by lingering disease. But whether the work be completed sooner or later, suddenly or by insensible degrees, still it is death that has done it. It is death that has faded the cheek of beauty, paralyzed the arm of strength and covered the head of age with its hoary locks.

But when "death shall be swallowed up of life," then the work of death also shall be undone. Deformity shall then give place to beauty, disease yield to health, and the decrepitude and infirmities of age be exchanged for the bloom and the vigor of youth. "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing." Were it not so—were there any imperfection in the resurrection body, the triumph of life over death would be incomplete, nor would "our vile body be fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body."

But though the body that is raised from the dead

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shall come forth a perfect human body, the same that was laid in the grave, yet it shall undergo a most important, and, in the case of the righteous, a most glorious transformation. "It is sown," says the apostle, "a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body; and as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." This language indicates a change, the precise nature of which we cannot now fully conceive. The properties of matter are well known, because they are subject to the observation of the senses, the ordinary channels by which knowledge is conveyed to the mind. But, in our present imperfect state, with no media of direct intercourse with the world of spirits, it is probably impossible to form any correct idea of the nature of spirit. Nor is it, perhaps, less difficult to ascertain the nature and properties of the spiritual body. Enough, however, is revealed to assure us that it will be released from many, if not all the laws which now govern matter.

The present organization of the body is such, that waste and decay are the necessary effects of those very causes by which its wonderful machinery is propelled. The chemical agents by which the vital fire is kept burning, and by which the food taken into the system is assimilated to the parts which it is intended to nourish, constantly tend to the destruction of the body, and, as soon as the organs of life are worn out by use, destroyed by disease, deranged by accident, become the causes of its dissolution. How life will be sustained in a future state, if sustained at all by natural agents, we know not, or whether chemical affinities will continue to exist in the new creation. But of this we are certain, that the body will not then be subject to any of the causes of decomposition which now render it corruptible. It shall then be as indestructible as the immaterial spirit by which it is inhabited. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption."

Gravitation now chains us to the planet on which we dwell, and renders all our movements heavy and toilsome. Material barriers obstruct our free passage from one place to another. Our feeble frames are soon wearied and exhausted by effort. All our exertions are attended with labor and fatigue, so that we hardly know which is more desirable, activity or repose. But when the chain that now binds us to earth shall be broken, our weakness be turned into strength, and the grossness of flesh and blood be exchanged for the subtility and refinement of spirit, then we shall be free as the spirits of heaven. Then the bars, and the bolts, and the doors of a prison cannot prevent our free passage. We shall move without labor or weariness, and traverse the regions of space from planet to planet, from system to system, as the spirit may choose, or as God may command.

The resurrection of the dead will complete the triumph of Messiah. When man fell, the plan of his redemption was laid, and has since been progressing to its accomplishment. In the workings of that plan there has been, there can be no failure. It advances steadily and certainly to the intended result. The enemies that oppose it have fallen, are falling, and must continue to fall until all shall be overthrown. "But the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." And "when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

Original.

SICKNESS.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

With deep submission, gracious God,
I to thy sovereign mandate bow;
Teach me my sinfulness to see,
And praise the hand which lays me low.
Thou dost not chasten but for good
The fallen sons of Adam's race;
In this my sore affliction, then,
Teach me thy chast'ning hand to trace!
I'm all unworthy—all defiled—
Unfit before thy face to stand;
Yet, O, I dare to seek thy grace,
And strength from thy all powerful hand!
I know thou wilt not close thine ear
Unto the vilest sinner's cry;
Restore me, then, O, gracious God,
Or teach, O, teach me how to die!
Though rack'd with pain, if thou art near
Thy presence bids each pain depart—
Makes smooth the troubled sea of thought,
And fills with light my darken'd heart.
Give life or death, I'll humbly bow,
And strive to let thy will be mine,
Assured, whatever change may come,
In life or death I shall be thine.

Original.

THE VICTIM.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

O, she was fair, and good as she was fair!
Life, like a golden land, stretched out before her,
And Love and Hope, bright angels, flitted o'er her!
Her young, confiding heart, unworn by care,
Was pure as truth: there innocence did rear
Her virgin throne, and there affection dwelt.
We loved her and we lost her! We have felt
The parting pang and shed the parting tear.
The stealthy spoiler came in lovely guise,
Tinging his victim's cheek with beauty's dyes,
Like sun-set glories when the day is past;
Unearthly radiance sparkled in her eyes—
We could not think that this was death. Alas!
Above her silent pillow moans the waving grass!

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Original.

THE CURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"I'm sick—sick—sick!" exclaimed Emily, as she came home exhausted from the dance, and threw herself down upon the sofa. "Yes, my child," said her affectionate mother, who had waited her return with prayerful vigils, "yes, my dear child, you are sick; your *soul* is sick; and your anxious mother has been employed this lingering night in beseeching the great Physician to heal you."

Mrs. G. was pious—very pious. Her husband was a man of the world, rich, ambitious, and averse as sin can be from religion and all its savors. He barely tolerated his wife's church-going and psalm-singing habits, and took no little pains to raise his daughter in the nurture and admonition of the evil one. The antagonist influences of good and bad example—of the mother's devotions and the father's ungodliness—placed Emily in a singular position. She was a fashionable and pleasure-loving girl; but her mother's walk and prayers so disquieted her conscience that she had no rest day nor night. She had this evening gone to the ball at her father's request; but her mother's supplications had found her out in the midst of its revelry, and before she reached home she was groaning under the tortures of an unquiet conscience. In a state of severe mental agony she entered the parlor with the above exclamation.

"Poor Emily!" added her anxious parent, as the child threw her bonnet upon the sofa and burst into tears. The good woman could not explain. She was just then surveying her child, on whose heart the Holy Spirit seemed to be executing his gracious office, as the victim of her dear husband's impiety. She repeated, "Poor Emily!" and then with prudent silence took her child to her bosom, placed her hand upon her fevered brow, and with mental supplications entreated God to regenerate her heart. Emily felt the power of that prayer, not to regenerate, but to convince her more than ever that her pursuit of happiness was vain. After a pause of several minutes, she whispered, "Ma, I wish I might never see another dance. I am sick of it to lothing. It seemed to me that I should faint the last time I rose to the floor. O, I would be glad never to go again!"

Then "never go again" at your peril. Revolve, in memory, your own and your dear mother's language, and aware of its import and truth, be governed by it in your future conduct. Well did you say, "*I am sick.*" Let not this conviction be like the morning cloud and the early dew. Keep it in mind that "your *soul* is sick." Be fully and constantly convinced of this, and you will still lothe the dance, so that even a father's solicitation will have no power to draw you thither.

But there is danger of forgetting. The emptiness of worldly pleasure is now a matter of experimental conviction. In such a frame the purpose is easily formed to forego it. Having roamed from scene to scene of promised delight, and vainly sought in each a portion for the soul, no wonder that as you return, care-worn and famishing, you weep and beg relief. But all by turns are sick of vanity and sin; though nearly all, with slight intermissions, still pursue them. Remember that this world is under the curse of God. The sentence which blasted the fig-tree has gone forth against it—"Let no man eat fruit of thee henceforth and for ever"—and stamped it with everlasting barrenness.

You pronounced yourself *sick*. That is true. A council of physicians could not mend this opinion. A dreadful disease cleaves unto you. Its seat is the heart. It works fatally in the very centre of your being. And while you are less indisposed than usual to notice and lament your condition, we urge you to seek a cure. For this observe the following directions.

1. Watch the symptoms of the disease. Feel, as it were, your moral pulse daily and hourly, and especially when a paroxysm is upon you. If envy or anger betray themselves in your disposition, throwing you into a fever of excitement, be mindful of your condition. If your temper become guileful, consider well the moral indication. In this way you will become convinced of the deeply-seated disorders of your soul.

2. With the Bible for your text-book, carefully study the laws of mind. Ascertain from Divine authority what results follow existing states or progressing changes. Beware, especially, of the symptoms of mortification. This is fatal to the soul as it is to the body. It is generally indicated in both by great insensibility. When the nerves decline their office, the body is near death. So quietness of conscience is a fatal token.

3. Don't look for a spontaneous recovery. It never comes to the soul. The body has what physicians call *vis medicatix naturæ*—a salutary virtue, or strength of constitution, which often checks disease and restores health. But the soul has no such health-working power. If it ever had, all was lost by the fall. If the soul be healed, it must be by well applied remedies—left to itself, it is sure to die.

4. Seek the proper remedies of moral disease. But here is danger of mistake. We are wont to prefer every thing to the medicines divinely prescribed. Let us consider the cheats which you will be likely to practice on yourself. One is to delay the timely use of remedies. Sickness is easily cured in its commencement. If constitutional it should be noticed in infancy. Then it has a slight hold upon the system. As the patient grows, it spreads and takes a firmer grasp. So it is with sin. We should assail it in the bud. We should not delay a moment to apply all the healing power of the Gospel to root it from our hearts, and supplant it from our very constitutions. Not that our infancy can be purified by mere human training, but that the remedies of grace applied so early, more effectually subdue the vices of the heart, and forestall sinful habits. But you may say you have reached the age of

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twenty and remain unhealed. It is an error; but your case is not hopeless. Be sure, however, that you delay no longer; for you are in danger every moment.

5. Avoid every thing that tends to aggravate your disorder. The dance, the theatre, and all fashionable amusements, are of this sort. They divert your mind from its disorders, and place you in circumstances which prevent the use of remedies. The question with you must not be whether these are sinful. As well might a man near a fit of apoplexy ask if it is sinful to jump or wrestle. Doubtless it would kill him whether sinful or not.

6. Seek the proper remedies. For these you must go to the Gospel. Some recommend reason. But we might as well expect sunshine to cure us of consumption. Reason has no power over these disorders. Millions have tried it in vain. It never effected a single cure. Some try good example, placing their children under its influence, and expecting the happiest results. That is like placing a company of well men around the bed-side of a leper, expecting that his gaze at their ruddy countenances will make him sound. Some urge us to *govern ourselves*—to resolve on health, and battle down the diseases of the soul by persevering effort. This is like *resolving* to be well of cholera, or like determining not to die.

There is but one way to be restored to moral health: "*Look unto me* and be ye saved;" "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." If you would be healed look to Jesus. Keep your mental eye always on him. Let nothing divert you from the gaze. Whether you feel better or worse, persevere in steadfastly looking unto Jesus. It may seem a simple remedy. So was the brazen serpent to the Israelites; but it was their only hope. He who would then sit in his tent, and argue that there was *no reason* in the thing—that there was no philosophical connection between gazing at the brazen serpent and being healed of his fatal wound, was sure to die; while he who left off reasoning, and submitted to the authority of God and his prophet, lived. If you would live eternally, look always to the Lamb of God. From this hour fix on him your undiverted gaze, and you shall be healed.

And to induce you to do so, consider how precious above all temporal gifts is health. On it, more than on any earthly blessing, depends our comfort. Let a man be rich and honorable, and what can it avail him without health? In the midst of feverish tossings, mention to him his largesses of wealth—slowly reckon up in his hearing the gains of his immoderate enterprise and thrift. Will it soothe his anguish? Will his vast domains make music for him? Can his ample treasures cool his brow? Will gold, as an anodyne, alleviate his distress? Alas! he would give all for health! The dying wretch would yield up his millions for a slight reprieve from the pressure of his agonies.

You have experienced like inconveniences in the diseased state of your soul. In your career of worldliness and fashion, what efforts you have put forth to secure ease and comfort! Pursuing these, you forgot every thing else. You stretched the wings of desire day and night. When others slept you waked. But the more you pursued, the farther beyond your reach happiness retreated. You turned everywhere to find the springs of delight, but everywhere you met barren wastes, till pausing, you found yourself in the midst of a desert, without joy and without hope. Why could you not succeed? Why did not the regions around you clothe themselves in refreshing beauty, and pour out to you the pleasures which you sought? Nature was not in fault. The world did give all it could bestow—it withheld nothing which is in its power; but your soul was affected by disease—its moral sensitiveness was the seat of dreadful agony; and whatever was attractive without, had no power to soothe the pain within. Sometimes you contrived to rouse an excitement which you denominated pleasure. But it was only like an artificial stimulus ministered to a patient in the delirium of fever. It quickened a pulse already quite too rapid. But its motions were morbid. It was soon depressed again. Then it sunk in proportion to the violence of the febrile paroxysm. Thus it was with you when you came from the ball-room and threw yourself in despair upon the sofa.

Consider that moral health is now within your reach. Sick and dying as you are, there is a Physician who can cure you. Your disorders cannot baffle his medicines and skill. He came from heaven to heal you. He suffered as none other ever did to procure an efficacious remedy. He heals the conscience by his blood. He restores the affections by the Holy Spirit. Thus he delivers the one from guilt and remorse, and the other from impurity and pain. Receive this Jesus, and he will enter your diseased and desolate heart by his Spirit, and breathe health and rapture through all the wastes of your soul.

Again; in health there is comeliness. Sickness robs the countenance of its glow and beauty. It renders the attractive repulsive. The sickness of the soul does the same. It generates unlovely dispositions, which show themselves in our moral countenances, or betray themselves in cutaneous forms—in actions which, like putrefying sores with their odors, make the very presence of the patient offensive.

Lastly; in health there is promise of life. And think what a life is contained in spiritual health. It is eminently excellent in kind, and is eternal in its date. As to its kind, it is divine life—the life of God. It is a newly awakened being, such as you lost in Adam, and to which you have till now ever been a stranger. It is a life so above the natural which you have hitherto lived, that the latter in comparison with it is not life but death. It is called death in Scripture. "You hath he quickened who were *dead* in trespasses and sins." "She that liveth in pleasure is *dead* while she liveth." Such is the account which an apostle gives us of it. And experience justifies him. The regenerated no sooner experience life divine than they spontaneously

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exclaim, "*I have been dead all my days!*" Think how superior must be the Christian life when the natural, though a sensitive conscious state, and full of activity, is in comparison called a state of death. This superior life—this life divine—this life of God in the soul, is connected with spiritual health. To attain it you must be cured of sin. If you would have it you must have Jesus and his medicines. He who called Lazarus from his grave, can by omnipotent revocation rouse your dead soul to life. Will you take Jesus and this glorious, eternal life? Say yes; and fall prostrate before him. Call after him with a broken heart. If your heart is not broken, call till he breaks it as he did Peter's. Like Mary, may you weep at his feet, and like her may you receive his gracious and saving benediction!

How many Emilys are there in the world? Is not her state a faithful reflector of the reader's? Are you young, and unconverted, and "a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God?" Like her do you now and then return sick from scenes of amusement, which like wine in a fever exasperate all your soul's diseases, and hurry you on to hell? Reader, pause! You may be sure that your case is evil, and that you need to pause. O, what graves, deep and dismal, lie between you and happiness! We know, for we have traveled that road. It begins in Hope, leads through the territories of Disappointment, disappears under the vail of Death, and transfers the traveler to Despair. What a pilgrimage and end are here!

Stop, reader! You have worn away, wearily and painfully, an ample mileage of this dreary journey from hope, and life, and heaven. We entreat you to go no farther. You have left space enough between you and God. Christ is far off already. What the fall has stolen and you have cast away, are as much as you can recover, though you turn to the task at once. You have food sufficient for the deepest grief and penitence, and need contrive no more occasions for bitter lamentations. You have gone near enough to hell. In this course you need not practice any more adventures. Should you at once turn to God, you will find, when in the light of a new being you look back to where you now are, that your hazards were great enough to satisfy the boldest. Satan himself will never have the impudence to charge you with cowardice in the use of your probation. He will not deny that your sportings on the stream of time, amidst the horrors of the terrific mælstroom, whose rush and sweep bore you on toward a fathomless perdition, were enough to turn devils pale. And angels will not blush at the eternal recollection of those loud songs and shouts, in which they rejoiced at the sight of your repentance, and celebrated your escape from the devouring fire.

CHRIST is the way to God, but the Holy Spirit is the way to Christ. The Spirit begins his work by conviction, carries it on by repentance, consummates it by faith, and bears to us the fruition of it by love; and by love we dwell in God and God in us.

Original.

THE DEPARTED.

BY JOHN T. BRAME.

"A hundred beings, now in earth,
Flit round them, whispering of the days gone by!"

I.

THEY come around me, at holy eve,
When the mind its home of dust doth leave,
Set free by the soul-subduing power,
The softening stillness of that hour.
Those blessed ones! o'er whose humble graves
The night winds sigh, and the cypress waves;
They burst for awhile corruption's band,
And float to earth from the spirit-land!
I see them again—the good, the fair,
Lingering around in the evening air;
And I long to press each shadowy form,
While the tear-drop falls, sincere and warm;
And I long to hear each well known voice,
That in other days bade my heart rejoice;
And I wail for some gentle tone to roll,
Like heaven's own music, over my soul!

II.

They mingle in many a pleasant dream,
When the sun hath slaked his burning beam,
And midnight's gloom settles dark and deep,
And my weary frame is wrapped in sleep.
Together in converse sweet we rove,
O'er hallowed scenes of joy and love;
We visit again the cherished throng,
And we raise on high the mirthful song,
Of innocent days, when life was new,
And hearts were warm, and friends were true.
Again we kneel in the place of prayer,
And feel that the presence of God is there!
In visions they call my spirit from earth
To that better land—its place of birth—
Where it makes each pleasure of heav'n its own,
And folds its pinions before the throne!

III.

Ever, bright spirits, surround my path!
In the hour of the howling tempest's wrath,
When sorrow doth spread her raven wing,
And hope no promise fair doth bring,
To gild the gloom, then hover near,
And soothe the wound, and wipe the tear!
When the world allures me from the road
That leadeth to glory and to God—
When the enemy cometh in tempting shape,
Point out a way for my swift escape!
When the torrents fall, and the billows roll,
Minister, then, to my sinking soul!
Blest angel-kindred! when I die,
Descend from your pure abodes on high;
And, O, if such prayer to mortals be given,
Attend me at last to my mansion in heaven!

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Original.

MY FRIEND'S FAMILY.

"EDWARD," said I to my much loved friend, who had been my class-mate, and only room-mate for many months, one day as we were about closing our scene of studious toil, "Edward, give me a sketch of some of the most important incidents of your past life; and, if desired, I will return the favor. We are now about to separate for distant sections of the country, and should the strong bond of friendship and Christian affection, which has so long and firmly cemented us together, continue unbroken, it will be pleasant, in after time, for each, to refer to any interesting events connected with the other." For a few seconds, during which time Edward's mind probably scanned the whole history of his past life, he sat silent and motionless, with his eyes fast fixed upon our faithful, though rusty stove, which we had already commenced removing from our apartment. Then raising his head, said he, "My own history appears quite unimportant. The incidents of but one period of my life are worth relating, and you have so frequently heard me refer to them, that I am sure the subject must have become to you an old tale. I refer," continued he, "to the period of my conversion, and the remarkable conversion of my father, mother, and only sister—incidents, the result of which, I trust, will be the union of our domestic circle, unbroken, in the paradise of God."

"Such events," I replied, "may well assume a vast importance. They extend beyond the narrow bounds of visual objects; and, indeed, can only be measured by the countless revolving cycles of eternity. True, I have heard you refer to the conversion of yourself and parents, but have never heard you give the particulars; a relation of which would fully meet the object of my suggestion."

Edward, in compliance with my request, proceeded nearly as follows, (for I design to give his own language as near as memory will enable me.) "My father, you know, was a man of wealth, and high standing in his profession. My sister and myself were the only children; and on us, from infancy, was lavished every thing to gratify us, that immense wealth and boundless parental affection could supply. We were, indeed, the idols of our parents. Great expense was incurred to qualify us early in life to act well our parts in the highest circles of society. Our education, however, was entirely of a light character; calculated only for show. My father was a bitter opponent to all experimental religion, and we were consequently taught, that to be the best dancer, painter, pianist, &c., should be the high bounds of our ambition. Through my sister, who was two years older than myself, I was introduced much earlier than I otherwise should have been to the gay and fashionable scenes of youthful vice. When a little more than sixteen years old, I was sent to school at H., some ten miles from home, my father having provided me with board in the family of Mr. M., an acquaintance of his, to whose charge he committed me, with the particular injunction, that I must be kept from all religious meetings or influences. During my stay in this family, which was near four months, I was frequently got into difficulty by being charged, by the children of Mr. M., with their own mischievous acts, and was as often severely reprimanded by him. On stating my situation, and wish for a new boarding place, to a student by the name of Frederick A., with whom I had formed a pleasant acquaintance, he informed me that his parents, who resided in the village, had a spare room and would take one or two boarders. I at once engaged the whole room to myself, together with board; of which I soon informed my parents, as also the reasons for leaving Mr. M.'s. Here commenced an entire new era in my life. In the family of Mr. A. all was entirely new and strange. The table was approached with invocation, and left with thanksgiving. Each day began and ended with prayer and praise. The entire family were living Christians, whose altar fires, like that of holy Israel, never waned. I was informed that the ringing of a small bell would give notice of the hours of family worship, and that I could attend or not as best pleased me. From respect to the order of the house, the summons of the little bell was always strictly attended to. Observation soon convinced me, that this family had some source of bliss, to which I was a stranger. What was it? Was it their religion? Perhaps it was. Observing Paley's Evidences of Christianity, in the breakfast room, one morning, I carried it to my room, supposing I should ascertain, from its perusal, what religion was. In this, however, I was disappointed, though its argument satisfied me of its truth. An increasing anxiety to know what religion was, induced me to get a Bible to gratify my curiosity. To this hour, I believe, I was as ignorant of what Christianity was, as the darkest heathen. Paley had convinced me of its truth as a system, but upon what it was based, or what its object and of what its importance, I was entirely ignorant. I had probably never read a verse in the Old or New Testament in my life. I commenced reading, and the commandment emphatically came home. I saw what religion was; that it was based upon the relations which man sustains to his Maker, and his entire universe; that all its commands and requirements being based upon these relations, were just and right; and in the consequences of obedience and disobedience, I saw, in some measure, its great importance. I believe, too, I had tolerably just conceptions of man's lost condition as a transgressor, and his remedy in the death and mediation of the Savior. I do not mean to convey the idea that this amount of light burst upon my moral vision all at once. On the contrary, it was the result of investigating the subject for several weeks. Here, however, I made a complete stand. I saw that in order for me to be saved by the atonement, and become an heir of eternal bliss, an entire new course of life was requisite—that I must wholly abandon all that I had

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been accustomed to prize. This I could not consent to. I concluded, therefore, to think no more of the subject; and, indeed, made every exertion for three weeks to banish it from the mind. But my efforts were worse than useless. The more I labored to keep my thoughts from it, the more complete seemed its influence over them. Every passing day awakened and convinced me more fully of the importance and value of religion. At this time, a vacation of two weeks spent at home diminished greatly my religious anxiety. On being interrogated on the subject by my father, I told him that the folks where I boarded, *I believed*, were religious; but that I had a room to myself, and they said nothing to me about it, (which by the way was false;) for as I was highly pleased with my boarding place, I wished to give such an account of it as would induce him to allow me to continue there—to which he assented. On my return to school, the subject of my own salvation forced itself upon my mind more powerfully than before I left. So strong was its influence, that in three weeks I was entirely incapacitated for my studies, and made up my mind to return home and get my father to help me out of the trouble. Having packed my books and clothes, with the view of returning home the following day, as I was sitting in my lonely room, the two following questions forced themselves powerfully upon my mind. What is religion? and what is its price? To the first of which I almost inadvertently replied, religion is that, upon the rejection or attainment of which, is suspended man's eternal interests—interests high as heaven, deep as hell, and vast as eternity. It is an institution of a God of infinite goodness and wisdom; and must, therefore, be conducive to man's highest interests in time, as well as eternity. But what is its price? It is the renunciation of sin. It requires the giving up of myself, and all my earthly interests. But as religion makes provisions for our highest interests, even in time, it, of course, cannot require the renunciation or giving up of any thing but what really conflicts with those interests. The price is certainly reasonable, and I will have religion. A little reflection, however, convinced me that I must sacrifice much more than I had for the moment realized. I felt that I should have to incur the sneers of my sister, and the scoffs of my associates; but this was trifling in comparison to the displeasure and violent opposition of my father, who would doubtless entirely disinherit, and turn me from his door pennyless, if he could not induce me to renounce my religion. On the other hand, I saw that to reject religion now was in all probability an eternal rejection—one that would involve, beyond hope, the ruin of the soul. I saw, too, that the wealth of my parents, two-thirds of which I had expected to inherit, might soon be scattered by adverse winds; or should I be permitted to possess it, very possibly it would be to me a curse rather than a blessing. Added to this, who could assure me that I should live to mature years to receive, even should my father be pleased to bestow. Instead of living to see my parents, to receive from them the opposition I had supposed, the morrow's rising sun might behold me dead, and damned, or (as hope for the moment lighted up the dark scene) some strange influence, like that which had operated on me, might awaken my parents and sister, and all of them instead of opposing, might possibly accompany me home to heaven. Again, I felt that I would pay the price; I would have religion. For the first time in my life I fell on my knees, and asked God to help me make the sacrifice—to dispel my darkness, and enable me that night so to repent of my sins, and believe on his Son, as to be saved. On rising, I felt strengthened to go forward. I immediately called Mr. A. to my room, and told him my feelings. After giving me suitable instruction, and telling me that it was my duty and privilege to experience saving grace and the evidence of it that hour, he proposed to have the whole family come to my room, and have a family prayer meeting for me, to which I readily assented. The exercises commenced by singing a few verses, which was followed with successive prayer by all present. While in prayer, I believe I gave up myself, and all my interests, in solemn covenant to God. I asked the forgiveness of my sins, and acceptance through the atonement and mediation of Jesus Christ, which I doubt not was granted. The winds were hushed, and the tempest calmed. I felt a peace, that had in it all the sweetness of heaven itself. I then, too, saw the depth of the pit from which I had been taken—from the total ignorance of having lived more than sixteen years without so much as reading one verse in the blessed Bible—from the strongest irreligious influences which could possibly be thrown around me—from my own temple of worldly ambition—from all this I had been rescued by the mercy of God, by means, it seemed to me, of special interpositions of Providence; and was now placed as a lamb in the very bosom of my Savior. My flowing tears, for hours, could only give expression to the gratitude of my soul. I still saw before me the same opposition that I had before contemplated: but, O, to meet it all, or a hundred-fold more for my blessed Jesus, who had done so much for me, I thought would afford me the highest pleasure. The following morning I wrote to my parents, informing them of my conversion as simply and frankly as possible; also detailing, minutely, all the circumstances which had led to such a result. I expressed my fears, that the step which I had taken would not meet their approbation, and solicited a candid investigation of the whole subject before passing upon me a final sentence of condemnation. When my father received the letter, he was deeply indignant. The following day, he came with his carriage and took me and all my baggage home with him. He expressed much surprise and sorrow, that I had been so foolish, and told me that I must give it up at once; if I did not, it would ruin all my prospects for life—that he could not think of assisting me in a

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course so directly opposed to his wishes. Soon after our return home, a ball was proposed, (for the purpose of overcoming my religious feelings,) and the following Tuesday evening appointed for it. I expressed my unwillingness to be present on such an occasion, and asked permission to spend the evening at class meeting. In return I received, from both parents and sister, nothing but scoffs, sneers, and reproaches. When the evening, however, arrived, I utterly declined being present, and did, in fact, go to class meeting. This exasperated my father to the highest pitch, and he positively declared that if I attended another religious meeting of any kind, he would disinherit me—that his roof should no longer be my shelter. Though my grief was inexpressible, I still felt determined to serve God whatever might be the sacrifice. The class meetings of the village were held on Tuesday evenings; accordingly on the afternoon of the next Tuesday, my father came to me with a large whalebone horse-whip. 'There,' said he, 'Ned, I think that will cure your religion, and keep you from class meeting. Should you conclude to go to-night, as you did a week since, against my wishes, you may rely upon having it worn up, on your naked back in the morning.' I had here a most severe trial, not in reference to the whipping, but as to what extent I ought to obey my parents in matters of religion. Should I obey them, I must disobey God. But could I not give up all my meetings and religious privileges, in obedience to my parents, and still enjoy religion? After much prayer, I concluded my only way was to claim the enjoyment of all the helps which God had provided me. Should I stay from class that night, it would be considered a victory of the whip, and I should be required at once to recommence my old course at the same peril. I came to the conclusion that it was not my duty to obey my parents, when their requirements conflicted with those of God; and so with a heavy heart I again went to class. On my way I determined that I would not receive the threatened whipping, without saying something more in justification of my course, than I had yet done. I determined, too, to say something to my father of his responsibilities as a parent. But what should I say, a boy seventeen years old, to one accustomed to sit in judgment, and listen to arguments from the finest talents? Of myself I could say nothing; but the promise of wisdom from on high led me to a grove just without the village, where the whole night was spent in prayer for a preparation for the event. Thank God, as day dawned, light and peace, like a flood, broke into my soul. I was strong as a giant. I knew not a word that I should say, though I felt a blessed assurance that God would give me words and wisdom; and I would as soon have made my defense before an assembled universe as any way. On my arrival at the house, I found my father up and walking his room. He had, in fact, fastened the doors and remained awake all night, so as to meet me at the door. 'Well,' said he, 'this is the fruit of your religion, is it? Where have you been all night, you disobedient rascal?' 'I have been up in the grove praying since class meeting,' said I, very frankly. 'Praying ha! a pretty story that! I'll see if it cant be cured after breakfast.' So saying he left me, and I did not see him again till at the breakfast table. Breakfast over, taking the whip, he bade me follow him, and led the way to the stable, where I was ordered to take off my coat and vest, preparatory to the whipping. 'Father,' said I, 'is it customary for you to condemn without giving a chance for defense? Of what have I been guilty that I deserve the severe punishment you propose to inflict?' 'Defense!' said he, 'what defense can you make for willful disobedience? You deserve to be punished for trampling on my authority, and I will show you that authority shall be maintained.' 'I expected opposition,' continued I, 'when I embraced religion; but I embraced it in view of both worlds. I am prepared for any suffering that may be inflicted in this, but must save my soul in the other. Nothing can induce me to forsake it. Is it not possible that in the exercise of a father's authority, you have transcended the proper bounds of parental control? And have you, dear father, fulfilled all the duties growing out of your relation to me as a son? Our duties grow out of our relations to our Maker and each other. It is my duty, as your offspring, to honor and love you, to study your highest interests, and obey you in all things when your commands do not conflict with the requirements of a higher authority—with those of my Maker. On the other hand, it is your duty, as a parent, to study *my* highest interests. You have been the instrument of bringing me into being—of giving me an existence co-extensive with that of the Deity—eternal. That eternity of existence, after the passage of the few short years of this life, must be in woe or bliss; and is it not your duty, dear father, the author of that eternity of being, to aid me all in your power to escape the one, and gain the other? O, let me ask you, (said I, clasping his hands to my bosom,) has this been the course you have pursued with me; rather has not your whole life, and the administration of your government, tended to lead both myself and dear sister directly to ruin—with wealth to sink us down to hell? O, father! father!' Here my feelings overcame me, and I burst into tears. I recovered myself as soon as possible, and raised my eyes to proceed, but observed that the whip had fallen from my father's hand, who stood before me motionless and white as a marble block. I picked up the whip, and placed it in his hand. 'No,' said he, 'I shall defer using the whip, but you must leave my house.' I told him that I preferred the performance of every duty as a faithful son, but must abide his decision; at the same time reminding him that nothing could relieve him of his high responsibilities as a parent. He dropped the whip, and left the stable evidently in great agitation. I knelt down by the side of it, and thanked God for his goodness, and prayed that what I had said might result in the greatest good both to myself and father. In the course

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of the day but little was said by myself, mother, or sister. They supposed that I had received the whipping which had been threatened; and as I was silent, they did not feel like broaching that or any other subject. During the whole forenoon, and also from the dinner table, my father was absent. Our residence was in the outskirts of the village, not more than fifty rods from the grove which I have already referred to, to which I again resorted after dinner for another season of prayer. Soon after entering it, to my surprise, I discovered my father some distance from me, walking back and forward, apparently in deep study. Seeing that I was not observed I withdrew, and repaired to my chamber, where the afternoon was spent in prayer, that God would be with my father in the grove; for I was certain that he was under the awakening influences of the Holy Spirit. At the usual supper hour he had not returned, and after waiting for him till dark, my mother, fearing some accident had befallen him, (as such an absence had never before occurred,) requested me to go and see if I could find him. I proceeded directly to the spot where I had seen him a few hours previous. When I first came in sight of him, he was sitting with his head leaning against a tree; but on observing me, he rose up and met me. I extended my hand to him, saying, 'I am glad to see you, father. Mother feared some evil had happened to you, and sent me to see if I could find you.' He made me no reply, but taking my hand in his, walked slowly towards the house. His heaving sighs bespoke the deep emotions of his soul. Perceiving that he had not yet settled the great question of life or death, I offered up my silent prayers that God would not leave him in this important hour, upon the decisions of which were suspended heaven and hell. We had not reached the outer edge of the grove, when my father stopping short, clasped me to his bosom, and exclaimed in tears, 'O, Edward! Edward! forgive me, O forgive me, my dear son, O forgive me.' He never seemed so precious to me before. I clasped my arms around his neck, and pressed my lips to his cheek, as my only method of giving expression to my feelings, or a pledge of the forgiveness he sought. On arriving at the house, we met my mother in the dining-room. My father, bathed in tears, clasped her to his breast. 'Will you go with me,' said he? 'I have determined to have religion, and accompany our dear Edward; and will you go with us, daughter?' (addressing himself to my sister, who was just entering the room.) 'Yes, I am sure you will both join me; and here is dear Edward who has forgiven me, he will pray for us.' So saying, he drew myself and sister, as near into his arms as he could, with our mother; and as though he had obtained the assent of all, immediately fell upon his knees. 'O, Edward,' said he, the big tears still flowing down his cheeks—'O, Edward, do pray for a wicked father; pray for us all; God has heard your prayers, and he will still hear them.' We all bowed with him, but the deep emotions of my soul forbade me utterance, and nearly overcame my physical strength. In fact I did not know when I commenced vocal prayer. I only know I found myself (how long after I cannot tell) in the arms of my father, our voices both mingling in mighty prayer for his salvation. Our prayers, through the mediation of our great High Priest, were heard on high, and salvation's tide soon rolled o'er his soul. He sprang upon his feet with shouts of praise for God's redeeming grace. My thoughts then became wholly absorbed in the case of my mother, the dear mother that bore me, on whose bosom I had been cherished, and who had constantly watched over me with all the affection of a mother's heart. My whole soul was drawn out in prayer for her immediate conversion. The chariot wheels, for a time, seemed stayed, but our supplications were incessant. My father, who had again knelt by her side, tried to encourage by conversing with her, or rather he prayed and talked together; praying a part of a sentence, and talking the balance. My mother and sister were both weeping in bitter accents; part of the time praying for themselves, having taken courage from the speedy deliverance of my father. Their prayers and groans, and the prayers, exhortations, and shouts, with which my father seemed overburdened, together with my own prayers, all commingling together, produced what would generally be termed wild confusion. How long I continued in prayer for my mother I do not know, but catching the eye of my weeping sister, it occurred to me that I had entirely forgotten her—that I had not even prayed for her at all. Bitterly reproaching myself, and still upon my knees, I clasped her to my bosom, and bathed her with tears of sorrow that I had been so thoughtless. I besought God with all my soul for that dear, that only sister, that he would enable her to renounce the world and all its allurements, and cast her naked soul on Jesus for salvation. My parents also prayed with me; and while we wrestled the symbol of the divine presence was manifest. 'Ellen,' said I, 'God has blessed you.' 'Yes,' said she, (as we bathed each others' cheeks in tears,) 'I know I love the Savior.' On rising from our knees, we found, to our surprise, that the morning had dawned. The following Sabbath, we all received the solemn seal of our consecration; and for months our bliss seemed complete. But the destroyer came, and they have been carried, one after another, to the silent and lonely habitation of the dead. Over those countenances, once so fresh and lovely, have gathered the cold damps of death, and the unfeeling worm now feeds upon those I so fondly loved. But two short years had passed e'er they had all left me; but they left in joyous hope—they rest in peace. Consumption first poised its fatal dart at my lovely sister, and like the early rose, nipped by the untimely blast, she soon fell its withered victim. While the rose faded from her cheek, and her sparkling eye grew dim in death, joy and hope cheered her soul, and lighted up her passage through the dark and dreary waves of death's cold flood. A few moments

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before she left us, printing upon my cheek the last pledge of a sister's love, 'Dear brother,' said she, 'a few months since, your influence snatched me from the giddy paths that lead to death, and is now about to introduce me to the home of the blessed. A few minutes, and I shall strike my golden harp, and swell my voice to the anthems of the blood-washed, with my Savior in glory. A few years, and I trust I shall be permitted to greet you and our parents all home in triumph.' With her head pillowed in my bosom, her happy spirit took its flight to fairer climes, and brighter scenes. In less than twelve months, my dear parents both followed her. I need not detail the incidents of their happy exit. They bore a similar testimony; and, like her, crossed the raging flood in rapturous triumph. Thus, I have been left like the lonely oak that bends to the sweeping tempest of the mountain's top. The unbidden tear of lonely grief sometimes escapes my eye, but the cheering prospect of meeting all my 'kindred dear,'

'When a few more griefs I've tasted,
When a few more springs are o'er,'

dispels my gloom, and makes my sorrows light."

My friend, Edward, is now on Zion's walls, a faithful and successful minister of the Gospel. Not only his own kindred, but hundreds more of his spiritual children will doubtless greet him home to rest.

TELLING LIES TO CHILDREN.

We believe that one reason why the world is so given to lying is, that parents, in the management of their offspring, pay so little regard to the strict truth. The extract, which follows, may be read with profit by not a few:

"Many persons who have a great abhorrence of lying, and whip their children if they detect them in it, yet make no scruple of telling and acting to them the most atrocious falsehoods. There are few parents who do not do this in a greater or less degree, though doubtless without dreaming they are guilty of criminal deception. With many, the whole business of managing their children is a piece of mere artifice and trick. They are cheated in their amusements, cheated in their food, cheated in their dress. Lies are told them to get them to do any thing which is disagreeable. If a child is to take physic, the mother tells him she has something good for him to drink; if he refuses, she says she will send for the doctor to cut off his ears or pull his teeth, or that she will go away and leave him, and a thousand things of the same kind, each of which may deceive once, and answer the present purpose, but will invariably fail afterwards. Parents are too apt to endeavor to pacify their children by making promises they never intend to perform. Such promises should be scrupulously redeemed, though at a great inconvenience, and even when inadvertently made. The child's moral habit is of infinitely more consequence than any such inconvenience can be to the parent."

Original.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

The following narrative is not invented. The writer has good reason to know that its leading incidents, and the metaphysical obliquities and subtilties of L., are all within the memory of living witnesses. More than one reader of the Repository will understand the allusions to names and persons. Some may eschew metaphysics in a ladies' periodical; but it were proper and desirable that females should know what devices, in the form of argument, Satan may use to destroy the foolish victims of pride of intellect. And the reader may have a son or a brother insnared in the meshes of metaphysical delusion. The narrative will be conducted through several numbers to the conversion of L., who is now a joyful believer, in his right mind, and who owes his salvation, in its incipient stages, to Mrs. Moffit and her friends.

"What can be done," said Mrs. Moffit, "for a gentleman who listens to all you say, admits his obligations, confesses his sins, yet goes on, careless, to eternity, plunging his soul into perdition?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Moffit, you mistake. He is far enough from these pliant admissions. True, he will not dispute with ladies, either because he is too polite, or too considerate of their mental deficiencies. But he is a subtil Calvinist, as I learn from his dialogues with my husband."

"Dont you think, Mrs. Edwards, that he talks this way merely for argument?"

"O, no; there's no mistake. He's a Calvinist, and one of the rankest sort. He told my husband yesterday, that if he were to stab a neighbor at midnight, God would inspire him with the malice, and create the volition (I think he called it) of the deed."

"That is Calvinism with a vengeance."

"Yes; but my husband says it is true, honest Calvinism, just as Calvin himself taught it, and as the standards of Calvinistic Churches maintain it, though its features are vailed or softened in the pulpit, so as not grossly to offend the public taste."

"I suspect, Mrs. Edwards, that there is little hope of Mr. L.'s conversion; but he is here a stranger, and from his cast of mind will do much good or evil in the world. Let us make an effort to save him."

"I think he is a man of dreadful principles, and were his heart as bad as his head, I should be afraid he would turn out a murderer. This Calvinism is a dreadful thing."

"I think badly enough of Calvinism, Mrs. Edwards, that you may be sure. But let it pass at present. I wish you would take this book to Mr. L., and tell him that a lady requests him to read it. And while he reads, will you join with me in secret supplication that God will bless its perusal to his conviction?"

"'Fletcher's Appeal!' Mrs. Moffit, he wont read it."

"Try him, and if he declines, I have no hope. If he reads it, he will not escape without some serious reflection. Its philosophical cast will suit his taste, and must arrest his attention. You know, too, that like Moses' ark, it was woven with many prayers. Carry it to him, and, if possible, get him to read it."

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Mrs. Edwards received the book, and bidding her neighbor good morning, walked towards home; praying as she went, that Mrs. Moffit's well meant effort might do some good to her stranger guest, though her prayer had less of faith and hope, than it had of charity and desire. In a few minutes she was seated in her own bed-room. It was winter. The door, as usual, was open into the parlor, where her husband and Mr. L. were seated by a large fire, holding the following conversation, to which she listened with deep and mournful interest.

E. "Mr. L., let us leave that point, and turn to another. You said last evening that man is a free agent; I wish to know what you mean by free agency."

L. "That depends on the being to whom you refer it. God's free agency is one thing, man's is another. Do you ask of human free agency?"

E. "Of course; man and his powers is the theme of our discussion."

L. "By human free agency I mean a power in man to execute his own volitions. This is a freedom which comports with the doctrine of universal divine efficiency. It leaves man's agency *free*, but not *independent*. It is free, because it is in harmony with choice; it is not independent, because it waits on God for its volitions."

E. "Now, Mr. L., I have one question. In what consists the sinfulness of human action?"

L. "That is a difficult question to answer. If we say it lies in the *deed*, we contradict reason and Scripture. If we place it in the volitions or in will we seem to make God the sinner, and acquit man of blame. Yet there is a philosophical necessity to predicate sin of the will; which I do, and resort to certain explanations to avoid the conclusion that Deity sins."

E. "Pray what are those explanations?"

L. "There is a difference between the *author* and the *agent* of sin. Its author *provides* for its commission, but does not actually commit it. The guilt lies in *commission*, not in provision. God, for instance, bestows on man the powers of his nature, the relations of his being; and generates in his bosom, thoughts, affections, and volitions, either good or bad. These, in the wicked, are a divine *provision* for sinning. But man is the agent for their use, and of course man, not God, is the sinner."

E. "Is not their use inevitable?"

L. "Certainly—inevitable, yet free."

E. "How is that possible?"

L. "Just as water flows freely, yet inevitably down hill; or as vapors ascend spontaneously, yet necessarily to lofty altitudes."

E. "But are the flowing waters or the ascending vapors blame-worthy for obeying the laws of nature?"

L. "No; for they neither descend nor ascend, intelligently, or from choice. Man's actions are intelligent, and by his own suffrage. They proceed from and gratify taste. This involves praise or blame; and, of course, warrants and demands either rewards or punishments."

E. "What! when God inspires his tastes—gives him by direct donation, for example, a disposition to steal, rob, or murder, is he to be blamed or punished?"

L. "Yes; for as I just said, it is not the provision, but its *use* which involves sin, and invokes punishment."

E. "On this ground, how was Satan to blame for tempting Eve, or Eve for soliciting Adam?"

L. "Satan was acting beyond his sphere. He had no right to enter paradise, or to assail its happy inmates with temptation. You cannot by any of his deeds, illustrate the agency of Godhead. Deity, as the Creator and Preserver of all, is a sovereign. He may do, righteously, what it would be most flagitious for a creature to do. We must keep this in mind. It is a principle carefully inculcated in his word. 'He works all things after the counsel of his own will;' and then says, without apology or explanation, 'Shall I not do what I will with my own?"

Here the conversation ended for the night. But just as Mr. L. took the lamp to retire, Mrs. E. stepped in, and handing him the book, repeated Mrs. Moffit's request that he would "do her the favor to give it a reading." He received it with a courteous bow and thanks, saying that he would certainly enjoy the pleasure of bestowing on it a careful perusal. He took the little volume to his room, laid it on the stand, prayerlessly laid himself down to sleep, revolving with self-complacency and a quieted conscience, the subtil, and as he supposed, conclusive reasonings, by which sin was shown to be inevitable; and of course—though in speculation he did not affirm it—God, and God alone, was to be blamed for its malice and its miseries.

A few days afterwards, Mrs. Moffit called at Mrs. E.'s. She felt a solicitude to hear about the book, and could not but hope, from the fervor she had enjoyed in her devotions, that God was working by it some lasting good.

"I received a little volume from you, Mrs. Moffit, for which I return you my sincere thanks."

"Excuse the liberty I took, Mr. L.; I thought the philosophy of the treatise would entertain you; and permit me to add that I hoped a *higher* good would grow out of its perusal."

"Mr. Fletcher is a *lively* writer, madam. There is French in his style—not quite so profound as the Calvinistic school. Edwards is my favorite. His work on the Will is the glory of the human mind. Do not by this understand that I underrate Mr. Fletcher. He is a fine flowing writer, and I thank you, madam, for sending me the book."

"Did you read the 'Address,' sir, which follows the argumentative part of the volume?"

"No, madam. I supposed the argument was what you designed for me."

"I would be pleased, sir, if you could read the 'Address.'"

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"I saw that it was designed for 'seekers of religion,' and as I am not a seeker I did not think it applicable to my moral state."

"Perhaps, Mr. L., it would induce you to be a seeker. That is my hope, and in it I solicit you to finish the volume."

"Do you think, Mrs. Moffit, that we can become 'seekers' when we will?"

"Yes, sir, I am of that opinion."

"I thought, madam, this serious state of mind was induced, always, by a supernatural influence—by the Holy Spirit."

"Yes, sir; of that I do not doubt; but the Holy Spirit is waiting, unless I greatly err, to impart his gracious influences to every willing heart. He already moves you to seek a Savior; and if you yield to his gentler drawings, he will greatly increase the influence until it becomes a soul-converting energy."

"There are so many differing opinions, Mrs. Moffit, that one not skilled and experienced, is at a loss what to conjecture. Some, you know, hold that the divine efficiency operates all moral changes, and that conversion is an unsought blessing which none can gain by pursuing or evade by resisting."

"But surely, Mr. L., as you do not act on this principle in the affairs of life, you would not make a practical application of it in the weighter matters of religion. I cannot undertake to argue the disputed points of Christian theology. As to the nature of God's supervision of all things, and its harmony with our freedom, you can discourse much better than I; but do not think it presuming when I say that I sought the different states of mind, through which a stupid sinner journeys into the fellowship of God, and I sought not in vain. This makes me solicitous to see others seek, and causes me to believe that they will meet with like success."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Moffit, your seeking and receiving were connected in point only of time, and not in the order of cause and effect."

"That might be the case, if I were the only successful seeker. But many of my acquaintances have sought with similar results."

"But have you not known some converted who did not seek?"

"Never one."

"You will recollect better than I; but I was considering the case of Saul of Tarsus."

"True, sir, he was *convicted* before he sought, and that may sometimes happen. But after his conviction he waited three days before the scales fell from his eyes. In the meantime, he was put upon seeking, and going into the city he prayed, and God showed him what he would have him to do."

"But, Mrs. Moffit, this overwhelming conviction has never fallen on me."

"Nor is it probable that it will. Saul's was an extraordinary case. You know that some become rich without trade, and some honorable without effort; but this is not the common course of things. Wealth generally comes from business and economy, and fame from enterprise and prudence. So a few are convicted of sin without a studied diversion of mind from the world, or a diligent application to the means of grace. But, generally, efforts at devotion go before serious and deep conviction. Let me ask you one question. Did you ever know a man become religious without effort?"

"Indeed, madam, perhaps—I scarcely know—I think—I believe I am not competent to judge. If you please, madam, I will excuse myself, and attend to a little writing in my room."

Mr. L. retired. Mrs. Moffit felt some suspicion that his conscience was disturbed; and was encouraged to hope that prayer in his behalf was not wholly in vain.

This is the opening passage of the later history of a man who, bred in a pious family of the Calvinistic school, and subject in early life to the rigid training of the land of the pilgrims, had gone beyond his preceptors in speculative daring, but had rather fallen short of them in practical sobriety. At the early age of three his parents had devoted him to the service of the sanctuary. The scarlet fever had at that period nearly cut short his mortal career. His parents thought his recovery almost miraculous, as at one time he was so far gone that they doubted if he were not dead. To suit the circumstance of his unexpected "coming to," his name was changed; and his baptism, hitherto neglected, but now hastened by the quickenings of parental conscience, sealed upon him a Christian cognomen which no parent should bestow on her offspring; for we hold that every mother should donate to her child an agreeable name, such as he will not be ashamed of in after life, and whose allusions will not be likely to provoke a play of wit and sarcasm on its mortified bearer.

Baptized and trained with clerical pointings and shapings of all sorts, no wonder that, while ductile in temper to the leadings of parental influence, he fell in with the family plan, and proposed to fulfill the benevolent intention which set him apart for the "conversion of the world." But, alas! the sequel clearly showed that something more than parental benedictions is necessary to make men ministers of the Gospel.

Mr. L. had spent some years in academical study with a purpose to assume the clerical functions. And he might have proceeded to consummate the design, but that nature was too strong for the feeble restraints of his ungracious state; and suffering the tides of sin to bear him away, he finally resolved, from a sense of propriety, and even of decency, to pursue another course. At the time when this narrative opens he was far enough from the least desire to become a preacher of righteousness. There was a liberality about him which hushed all sacred aspirings. He loved nothing in religion but philosophical mysteries, and these only because they formed grounds of objection to the plainer portions of the Bible, and because they afforded him themes of debate, and an occasion of displaying his fancied skill in metaphysical discussion.

(*To be continued.*)

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Original.

MANNERS AND MORALS.

"The times," it is continually asserted, "are worse than they ever were before!" It may be so; but what is the test? If the reference is to pecuniary results, the present pressure must be acknowledged by all. But "the times" influence not fortune alone, but also character. And let us observe that, concomitant with the depression of moneyed concerns is the temperance reform; and, still more important, the present is also the era of revivals and of the rapid increase of spiritual life. Within a few years a very great change has taken place in the public moralities of our country. The public is of course composed of units, and in its details engrosses the private history of individuals. I would introduce to my female readers the story of one of their own sex, who lived and died long ago; and the facts may be relied upon as coming from the family of the lady herself, and as communicated to the writer, and will serve, in one instance at least, to illustrate the influence of "the times" upon private life and character.

It was some thirty years, perhaps, after the American Revolution that my story takes its date. At that time it will be known that temperance had never been made a question of public concern; and religion in our country had not either the spiritual or the prescriptive influence which it at present possesses. But the outward circumstances of public life were then all in a current and easy flow of prosperity, and well calculated to betray their recipients into momentary satisfactions of taste and delight, unfriendly to the stronger realities of character.

Louisa was a native of one of our larger New England cities, then a town. And this town, in the by-gone day of our Revolutionary struggle, had been the station of great numbers of French, and of British officers; and though long since returned to their respective countries, they had left many of the manners and usages of those old European cities behind them. There was then, as now, much wealth in the town of B——; and these gay officers, billeted about in the families of the citizens, had introduced many modes and many luxuries to which a new country ought not to pretend. They had abetted the pride of the old settlers, and introduced artificial distinctions, which no country, and least of all a new one, ought to affect. Yet all this took place, gaining on step by step, in the *lull of spiritual* life, at a town not sixty miles distant from Plymouth, the haven and asylum of the pilgrim fathers!

The aristocracy of New England was not germinated on the soil, but had been transplanted in its living scions from the mother country; and though an exotic, took firm hold and flourished upon our sterile and rocky shores. The gentleman of the old country was also the gentleman here; and, however unwisely, he conformed himself not half as well in his new home, in this matter of sentiment, as he did in many instances of outward endurance and hardship; for even wealth, potent as it is, cannot in an instant smooth the rugged road of the pioneer. And many an emigrant, who had the manliness to cope, good-humoredly, with the one, submitted with but ill grace to any necessary infringement of the other. In his log cabin, his first edifice, he carefully set up his dagon of pride, and worshiping it himself, he also demanded for it the homage of others. And yet, reader, "these," it is said, "were the prosperous days of our country!" There are flaunting follies enough now, but not half that sin of *will*, intended to divide man from man, as then.

But Louisa was of these, and was imbued with a full share of their prejudices and predilections. And there was nothing about her condition that she half as much valued as a couple of old tomb-stones placed over the graves of her grand-sires, two or three generations removed. They were wrought in England, and bore each an escutcheon; and the inscription certified that the *ashes* beneath was once a direct descendant of *Sir* Henry G——. This the young girl would sometimes refer to in the presence of a stranger, satisfied that this important fact was already well known to the inhabitants of the town. And although she was possessed of an instant perception of the ridiculous in others, yet in the weakness of pride she often committed herself in a way to excite the derision, at least of such as were not themselves quite so highly descended. She was, though of a high tone of character, good humored, and did not mean by this to offend others, but only to exalt herself. For this idea she thought there was extenuation in the depressed circumstances of her home; for she was far too aspiring to be content with comfort, and ease, and plenty. Her father, who was rather a scholar than a man of business, had, in attempting to better his fortune, been so awkward and remiss in the management of affairs, that total and irretrievable bankruptcy was the consequence; and his numerous family were now entirely dependent upon the grand-mother upon the maternal side. The mother, though the only heir of a large fortune, was not yet legally possessed of any thing. And her widowed mother, though the soul of liberality, was not disposed to sell landed property for current expenses; that is, for matters of show, and beyond what she herself deemed adequate to the real purposes of an abundant maintenance. The production of several good farms—half of which in New England is rendered annually by the tenant to the landlord—afforded her ample supplies for this purpose. The surplus over household consumption was sold. This together with some rents in the city made up the contingent expenses. In a family of eleven children the tuition bills make not a small item of current expenses. And clothing for these, besides the adults of the family, and a number of servants, left no very large supply for articles of expense and fashion. In this particular Louisa was somewhat restricted—more so than most of her associates. And also she wished that the large, substantial, old-fashioned mansion were a little modernized, and re-furnished. Yet the richly carved mahog-

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any furniture suited in reality better to her own idea of distinction, than would the more flimsy modern styles. But who ever saw a young girl (excepting a religious one) who could resist *fashion!*

The grand-mother—noble woman that she was!—had called her daughter with her numerous family, and established her here, to preside and to enjoy all that her means afforded. Louisa was the eldest daughter of the family, with one brother older than herself. She was indulged in many respects; yet she deemed herself not so happy in her home as if there had been fewer interlopers upon her parlor privileges. Yet this was a very faulty idea; and had Louisa been at all as religious as she ought, she would have considered the *number* of these little ones, being a Providential dispensation, as a subject never to be meddled with by the speculations of discontent. Had the idea been presented to her in this form she would have been startled. But she had never been admonished upon subjects of this kind; and whilst she had a world of regard for her young brothers and sisters, she was yet often betrayed into impatience at their necessary interferences and encroachments. She used to laugh with her female friends, and say that "she must really get married soon, for that her home grew worse and worse."

Louisa was quite a beauty, and she knew it; yet being possessed of a strong and lively mind she was diverted from the idea, and never made herself ridiculous by personal vanity. On the score of her wit she was not quite so innocent. By wit we mean that sharp shooting of rejoinder and repartee which is always ready and always striving for the mastery. This quality is not feminine or amiable. And those who affect to admire it in a young lady do so more in compliance with the taste which tolerates wit in other characters and in other situations than in that of a young lady surrounded by the domestic or the social circle. Neither would a girl of less beauty than Louisa have been forgiven for possessing so much of it. Let not my young reader forget that it is the *satirist* who says,

> "If to her lot some human errors fall,
> Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

This tendency in Louisa inclined her with all her good sense to prefer showy and brilliant qualities before the substantial merits of character, and worked out, as we shall see in the sequel, its own peculiar results. It was at first adopted only in a spirit of levity, but was of real disadvantage to her in the event.

I have said that Louisa possessed a "strong mind and good sense." My reader replies that she has as yet given no indications but of selfishness and folly. I stand rebuked in the expression, and confess that I ought rather to have said that she was capable of these qualities than that she acted by them, or evinced them. Such force of character, however, she was unconscious of possessing; and should she for once have been charged with weakness or folly, she would first have wondered, then resented, and then, perhaps, have admitted that it might be so. Had these admonitions been frequent and occasional, they might have reformed her. Had they been *timely*, the evil perhaps had never existed! Her father thought with many a father that the guidance of the daughters belonged exclusively to the department of the mother; not reflecting how very closely that mother's time was employed in the more immediate care of the younger children. This, too, was a peculiar case; for Louisa's mother had still another excuse, and this, without disparagement, was that she really did not know what was needed. She had herself married before she was fifteen years of age, and her growing family had left her no time for speculations beyond the routine of domestic duties. Yet there was one way by which these difficulties could have been reconciled, and that the simplest way in the world. Had the family been *religiously trained* from the beginning, no reader will doubt but all would have been well—there had been less wit and more wisdom, less pride and more happiness!

But, as I have said, in those days the world was gone mad with prosperity. This family did like most other families. The religious were few, and looked upon as a "peculiar people." At that date no wide-spreading distress affected the senses, or awakened the heart—no cloud impended in the distance—the *Revolution* had been achieved, independence established, and the facilities of the new trade were pouring wealth into every mart—the denizens of the "States" were in one untiring flow of prosperity—the great public were all *rich!* What wanted they? Not *religion!* Those were "prosperous times"—every thing took care of itself.

I have said that the family I mention had not less principle than the generality. Religion was so little "in vogue" that if a family owned a pew, paid the parson, and carried their children to church on the Sabbath, it was thought "respectable enough." And if the parents belonged to the communion of the Church, the young people were excused—it was "not expected of them yet awhile." They were taught, as children, their little forms of prayer, and told from time to time that "if they were not good, God would not love them." And these slight observances, though much better than nothing for the children, were possibly worse than nothing from the parents—deceiving into a notion of duty performed. There was no family altar instituted—no specific duties inculcated—no plucking out of right eye sins—no pruning of the redundancies of character—no straightening of the tree to its upward tendency. The reformation of faults was mostly referred to the test of public opinion, and *that* was referred to the decencies and amenities of life. How they got on as well as they did is the wonder! Yet most of them worked it out with "anguish and tribulation of spirit" at last.

Louisa, when told that "her petulance would hinder her of a good choice of a companion," would reply, "I know I am too quick; and the man who takes me will get no angel, though the gentlemen often tell me I am one." This latter expression, irreverent as it is,

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might then be found in every complimentary stanza addressed to "the fair." It would not now be tolerated for its impiety. She would add with a laugh, "I do not look for perfection myself, neither will I ever deceive any man into believing me perfect."

In her estimate of her own character Louisa passed over her beauty and her generosity of sentiment, but was wont to value herself upon her *sincerity*. This, as she was constituted, was precisely the most dangerous idea she could entertain. Her character, it is seen, was a bold one; and this merit of sincerity should establish her in her boldness—boldness of sentiment and action generally. In the proprieties of her sex she was almost a prude. Haughty and aspiring, she thought few persons her equals; yet she knew her own faults; but she referred them to a wrong test—though to that test she felt superior. She had cultivated her mind to the utmost of her opportunities. In those days there was no current literature in our country. It was not as now, that we are able to glean knowledge and ideas from the best minds of the age every day in the year. There were not then more than two magazines in the United States. So that beyond the family library her only resource was the Circulating Library of the town; and here she mostly changed her books once a day. We know the reading must be light to admit of that. Now does my reader think she has got the clue to her impracticable strangeness of character? No doubt this reading, in some measure, had its influence. Yet over the "Della Cruscan" poetry, and the romances of the same strain, would she laugh by the hour, detecting their fallacies, and deriding their absurdity. Yet the genuine chivalry, not of the Crusade war, but of personal heroism and generosity, divided as they are in their legends from vital religion, and falling in with her self-love, and with the heroism of her own character, had, no doubt, a great share in making her what she was. Her grandmother used to admonish her in these words: "Always reading foolish books—read the book of life, *that's* the book to read." Yet the kind grand-mother, though not adverse to religion, meant by this not "the Book," but only the page of active life.

Louisa was certainly an extraordinary girl. But, says my reader, you have not yet told us any good that she ever did. Indeed, I fear, when I would chronicle her virtues, I must render only negatives. And yet my story may have its moral. Alas! the heathen virtues were those for which she was *then* so much admired. Falsehood, of word or action, she never practiced, and she never tolerated; and even less than this did she tolerate calumny. Her charity, whilst it would cover the sins of all others, would also claim too large indulgence for her own. She was a firm friend, and could even exert the magnanimity of putting self aside in favor of one she loved. She never slighted an acquaintance of inferior station, nor cringed to one of high place; and this was no more that she would not than that she could not. But we do not assert that her right mindedness had no mixture of hauteur with it. Yet she was of a very compassionate nature, and regarded not the sufferings of her own kind only, but would turn aside from a worm, or even a reptile, believing with Cowper that

> "God, when he decreed them life,
> Intended them a place wherein to live."

The liberality of giving, too, was hers. She would say, how absurd it was for persons asking help to receive all sorts of suggestions, when money was the one thing wanted, and the expedient at hand. After she became mistress of funds, she dispensed freely and ungrudgingly. One rare quality, virtue I will call it, she possessed—and this should be held up as example to every young reader—it was her *entire freedom from coquetry;* and this upon principle. She told a friend that it behooved her to be vigilant upon this point; "for," said she, "although many of the gentlemen who affect to admire me do so because others do, yet some, I do believe, may love me; and however derisive my wit is against pretenders, I will never tamper with a genuine sentiment. If I do not mean to marry a man, I will save him the humiliation of a refusal, if he be not too dull to understand me. Upon another idea," said she, "I must be considerate; for I am aware that in my warmth of admiration of certain qualities I may go so far as to mislead. I must guard my expressions in instances where the whole character does not satisfy me, and where I would not marry." And this system she carried out. No gentleman ever blamed her. Even her most devoted lover, a rejected one, after her marriage and removal to the south, called upon her mother and presented a very beautiful song in the style of Shenstone, bewailing his own loss, but deferring to him "who bore his love away," and confessing how noble had been her treatment of him. This gentleman, though then obscure, was a man of great character, and subsequently died a distinguished member of the Senate of the United States. It was here that Louisa, following the bent of her own foible, made her mistake. She confessed not only great admiration, but also perfect esteem for his character; yet, because he was poor, and she herself poor, she would not marry him. She laughed and said that she knew full well the wisdom of the saying, that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." She laughed again, and said that for her part she could love an amiable man that was rich as well as if he were poor; and she added more seriously, "although I will not marry a man without money, yet I promise not to marry for money alone." But her bias being strong in this way, perhaps she was in some measure self-deceived.

But my young reader thinks Louisa the most mercenary girl in the world. Is she really more mercenary, or only more frank than some others? However the case may be, frankness can neither excuse nor extenuate any vice of character, and is only one more evidence how mistaken was our heroine in valuing herself upon her *sincerity!*

(*To be concluded.*)

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Original.

ELECTRICITY.

In the second volume of the Repository, we noticed some of the mechanical effects of electricity—we shall now proceed to others of a somewhat different, though not less interesting nature; and, first, we may notice its influence upon, and general connection with, the animal functions. It was not until the science had been long cultivated, and had advanced in some of its departments to a good degree of perfection, that these effects began to be noticed; owing in a great measure to the difficulty of accumulating electricity of sufficient intensity previous to the invention of the Leyden jar.

This, as most are aware, consists of a glass jar, coated within and without to near the top with tin foil, or other conducting substance. The opposite coatings of this jar react upon each other in such a manner, as greatly to increase their capacity for the electric fluid. By this means, we are enabled to accumulate vast quantities of it upon a small surface. This discovery, which was accidentally made about the middle of the last century, opened a new field of investigation to the curious in science, and excited a degree of interest perhaps never before produced by any scientific discovery. The publication of it may be literally said to have electrified all Europe. For such was the eagerness of all to witness and to feel those effects, of which such strange and contradictory accounts had been given, that not only were machines immediately constructed in almost every city and village; but, for the earlier gratification of excited public curiosity, hundreds of individuals were seen traversing the country, with their electrical apparatus, drawing immense crowds wherever they moved, and giving the shock, in some instances, to thousands at once. They were even invited to the palaces of kings, and treated with almost princely honors. As a specimen of the effects produced upon some of the earlier experimenters, one grave philosopher declared, that he felt himself struck in his arms, shoulders and breast, so that he lost his breath, and that it was two days before he recovered from the effects of the blow and fright; adding that he would not take a second shock for the kingdom of France. (As to the effects of the fright there is no reason to doubt.) In another, it is said to have produced bleeding at the nose; and as a preventive of still farther injury, he was obliged to resort to an active course of medicines. These imaginary terrors were, however, soon dissipated by farther experience; and, from being an object of dread, as destructive of life, it came to be the grand catholicon, the cure of all diseases. This power was exerted either directly, or by transfusing into the system the remedial virtues of those drugs, through which it was passed to the patient. But placing some of the more extravagant notions to the credit of the novelty of the subject, and the crude pholosophy of the times, there is still much that is really interesting in the effects produced. It seems to act as a sudden and powerful stimulant, particularly on the nervous and muscular systems. If a small shock be passed through the hands only, a slight twitching sensation will be felt, extending to the wrists or elbows. If, however, a succession of shocks be passed through the breast, involuntary sighing and tears may be produced, or violent laughter or shouting, as the circumstances are varied. A shock of sufficient power passed through any part, paralyzes that part, the rest of the system remaining unaffected. If it be a vital organ, death of course ensues, just as in the case of a stroke of lightning. Comparing these paralyzing effects with the power possessed by certain animals of benumbing or shocking whatever approaches them, it was soon conjectured that electricity was the mysterious agent in these wonderful effects. These conjectures, farther investigations have fully established. Large portions of the bodies of these animals are found to consist of an elaborate, powerful electrical apparatus, resembling, to some extent, a galvanic battery. The powers of some of these animals had been long known; and while they baffled the skill of philosophers in their explanation, were objects of superstitious dread to common minds, and usually attributed to supernatural agency. Thus the Grecian poet speaks of the torpedo. She

> "Calls all her magic from its secret source,
> And through the hook, the line, the taper pole,
> Throws to the offending arm the stern control.
> The palsied fisherman in dumb surprise,
> Feels, through his frame, the chilling vapors rise—
> Drops the vain rod, and seems in suffering pain,
> Some frost-fixed wanderer on the icy plain."

Modern travelers have discovered other fishes possessed of similar powers, and even far greater in degree than those possessed by the torpedo; sufficient not only to secure their prey of smaller fishes, but also to cause torpor, and even death itself, in the larger animals which unadvisedly intrude upon their domains.

The atmosphere around us is always, more or less, charged with electricity, varying greatly at different times. That these electrical changes of the atmosphere sensibly affect both the physical and mental systems of man is perhaps beyond a reasonable doubt. Who does not remember the close and sultry—the gloomy, stupifying day, when even the birds seemed to have lost their accustomed sprightliness, and to droop in stillness, or wing their lazy flight through the silent groves; even the insect tribes are mute; all nature wears an air of languid sadness; and man's countenance seems but to reflect the general gloom? And who has not seen

> "As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds,
> Tumultuous rove the interminable sky?"
> Their darting fires extinguished, and surceased
> Their dread artillery; "through the lightened air
> A higher lustre, and a clearer calm,
> Diffusive tremble," while "earth in her rich attire
> Consummate lovely smiled."

The birds hopped from branch to branch, fluttering in an ecstasy of bliss,

> "While o'er the swelling mead,
> The birds and flocks commingling played;"

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and every nerve of animate creation seemed thrilling with delight.

Again, the well known effects upon the insane consequent upon changes of the moon, (whence their name lunatics,) familiar to all who have had experience with them, find their only solution in the electrical changes attendant upon the aerial tides, occasioned by the moon in its varied phases. So that in order to show the intimate and extensive connection of this agent with the animal economy, it is not necessary to recur to the modern theory of Animal Electricity—which has received such unbounded admiration from men of the highest abilities and deepest research, and equally unmeasured scorn and contempt from others—which attributes all muscular action and all *developments* of mind to the proper flow of electricity, or magnetic currents.

If we turn our attention to the vegetable kingdom, we shall find this all-pervading agent no less active here than in the other departments of nature. Although comparatively little attention has as yet been bestowed upon this branch of the science, yet sufficient is known to prove a very intimate connection between the growth and perfection of vegetation and electrical excitement—so intimate, indeed, that many have been inclined to regard it as the principle of life itself. In some experiments made upon some of the smaller vegetables, they were found to acquire in the course of a few hours, when under the influence of an electrical current, a growth which, under ordinary circumstances, would have required days, or even weeks. And it is a fact familiar to every observer of nature, as well as to every votary of the muses, that those storms which come accompanied by violent electrical phenomena, are those which contribute most largely to the rapid advancement of springing vegetation. It is

"When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the clouds;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice with peal on peal,
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth," that "heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs
And fruits and flowers on Nature's ample lap."

A still farther proof of its extensive influence is seen in the astonishing rapidity with which the native lichens and mosses, or the less hardy plants transferred from more southern climes, are known to spring up and ripen their fruits under the intense electrical excitement of an arctic summer. Such are some of the more prominent laws, properties and effects of electricity, as known previous to the commencement of the present century.

About the year 1790 a circumstance, in itself apparently of little importance, led to a series of experiments and discussions which resulted in laying open a new field of scientific research, and to an advancement of science the most rapid, and to a succession of discoveries the most brilliant, extensive and important, perhaps ever witnessed in the progress of human learning.

On placing a dissecting knife on the muscles of a frog, it was observed to produce spasmodic movements of his legs. This led to other observations and experiments, which resulted in the invention of the voltaic pile and battery. All that is essential to the production of electricity by the voltaic, or as it is now more commonly called the galvanic apparatus, is that two substances, placed in communication, be subjected to different degrees of chemical action, by means of acids, for example—that substance which is most powerfully attacked being found to become positively, and the other negatively electric. The tension of the electricity so produced, as measured by its capacity of giving shocks, or affording sparks, depends entirely on the number of plates of each substance, irrespective of their size; while the quantity is governed by the extent of surface, and degree of chemical action. The effects produced by the electricity of the battery are so perfectly similar to those of the common machine, as to leave no doubt of the identity of the agent, though modified in its action by different circumstances. The common friction machine is found to produce electricity of greater intensity, and is hence better adapted to giving severe shocks, and affording sparks, whilst the battery, producing it in greater abundance, is preferable in experiments requiring only quantity irrespective of tension, or where a constant current is desired. The remaining effects of electricity which we shall briefly notice, though they may be produced by the machine, are most easily performed by the battery. They may be divided into the chemical and magnetic. As a chemical agent, the voltaic or galvanic currents is one of the most active and efficient that we possess. By it many chemical operations are easily performed, which would otherwise be extremely difficult, if not impossible.

Its chemical power was first observed in the decomposition of water, oxygen and hydrogen gasses being evolved at the opposite poles or wires when a current is passed through water. Other bodies being submitted to its action afforded similar results, each being resolved into its appropriate elements; one of these elements uniformly appearing at the positive pole or wire, and the other as uniformly at the negative. By this means, the alkalies and many of the earths, which had resisted every previous effort to decompose them, were proved to consist of oxygen combined with certain metals, then for the first time presented to the examination of the chemist. But though acting with greatest energy on certain bodies, it does not attack indiscriminately every compound, but chooses its subjects according to certain well defined and highly curious laws.

Thus decomposition is effected only in those substances which are conductors of electricity. Again, those substances only are capable of decomposition, whose particles move freely among each other. Hence, in order to its operation on solids, they must be rendered liquid by fusion or solution. Even water, though acted upon with the greatest facility in its

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fluid state, is entirely unaffected when rendered solid by freezing. Again, if two simple substances unite in several proportions, forming distinct compounds, only one of these compounds is capable of being directly resolved, viz., that in which the substances seem to unite in equal atomic proportions. Thus, while the chloride of tin is easily reduced, metallic tin and chlorine gas appearing at the opposite poles, the bichlorides in those that contain twice as much of chlorine, though far more easily decomposed by other means, are unaffected by any quantity of electricity.

Many bodies of this class, however, may be indirectly analyzed by the decomposition of a second substance, and the union of its elements with one or both of those of the body under examination. So that either directly or indirectly, nearly the whole catalogue of compounds, whether presented by nature or art, may be reduced. Bodies which had baffled the skill of the most ingenious experimenters, have yielded to this means of analysis; and substances have been made known, which, for ages, had eluded the most careful observation, and which, but for this means, might, for ages to come, have remained in their wonted concealment.

This agent, so powerful in decomposition, has proved itself no less efficient in reproducing the compounds it has destroyed. Thus, water submitted to its action is resolved into its constituent gasses: if now these gasses be mixed, and a discharge of electricity be passed through them, they are again united and water is reproduced. Another most interesting class of effects is that produced upon the metals and combustible bodies generally. Even gold and platinum, the most intractable of metals, are not only easily oxydized, but are melted and inflamed by the violence of its heat. Gold burns with a white light, while that emitted by silver is a brilliant, emerald green; that of lead purple. All combustible bodies may be inflamed by electricity, and the most infusible bodies of an incombustible nature may be melted, and even dissipated in vapor. There seems, indeed, to be no limit to the intensity of the heat which the chemist is thus able to command, except the size of his battery.

Whenever electricity is employed as a chemical agent, whether in the re-solution and re-production of compounds, or the oxydation, de-oxydation, or combustion of metals, the effect is exactly proportioned to the quantity employed. It is equally true, that the quantity of electricity produced by the galvanic battery varies precisely as the amount of chemical action. And in every operation of a chemical nature, from the simple evaporation of water, or crystalization of salt, to the refined and intricate processes of the chemist's laboratory, or of Nature's works, this subtle agent is found to be a never-failing accompaniment. These and other facts, of a similar nature, early forced upon the minds of some of the ablest natural philosophers the belief, that chemical and electrical powers are in their nature identical—that the peculiar affinity, or preference of different substances for each other, causing them to enter into new alliances with the dissolution of older but less congenial associations; upon which, as a foundation, the whole superstructure of chemistry is reared, is owing entirely to the difference of their electrical characters.

And with every advancement of science, new proofs are presenting themselves in confirmation of this opinion. In this view, how many of the diversified operations of nature and of art, are but varied exhibitions of the power of this Protean agent! The crystalization of salt is but the orderly arrangement of its particles by this unseen hand—the light of our candles is an aggregation of electrical sparks; and our common culinary fire, is the wild lightning tamed.

While the science of chemistry is thus being merged in that of electricity, later discoveries afford strong grounds for anticipating a similar result in reference to magnetism. These sciences have ever been regarded as nearly allied; and each new discovery, as they present themselves in rapid succession before us, is narrowing down the space that has separated them, multiplying their points of resemblance, and diminishing the number of those in which they have hitherto appeared at variance.

The magnet, as is well known, may have its poles reversed, or its power entirely destroyed by lightning. And, again, bars of iron, by the same cause, may be rendered magnetic. The same may be done by a powerful electrical discharge. Again, a magnet may be made to revolve around its own axis, or around a fixed conductor, by means of an electrical current. Temporary magnets, of great power, may be made of simple bars of iron by the galvanic current, capable of producing all the phenomena of magnetism, so long as they are connected with the battery.

On the other hand, the common magnet may be made to give sparks, to produce decomposition, to give the shock; and, in a word, to exhibit nearly or quite all the effects of common electricity. The opinion, therefore, seems forced upon us, that it is the same agent, in its different developments.

This principle affords a ready explanation of the magnetism of the earth. For by supposing electrical currents to circulate around the earth parallel to the equator, all its observed phenomena may be satisfactorily accounted for, the magnetism being induced in the same manner as in the bar of iron connected with the galvanic battery.

That such currents actually do exist, if not a matter of strict demonstration, is yet rendered highly probable by the known magnetizing power of the sun's rays. Not only are the sun's rays capable of exciting such currents by means of their extensive chemical agency, but recent discoveries in the department of thermo-electricity seem to show that their heat alone is sufficient for this. Whenever, by any cause, the opposite extremities of conducting bodies are made of different temperature, the electrical equilibrium is found to be disturbed. Since then the earth, by its diurnal motion, is successively presenting its different sides to the

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operation of the chemical and heating influences of the sun's rays, it requires but little effort of the imagination to suppose, nay we are almost compelled to believe, that currents of this nature should be produced. And, indeed, so fully competent do these causes seem to be, in the present state of our knowledge, that had we never observed the magnetic power of the earth, they might almost be made use of to establish *a priori*, the existence of those phenomena which observation has made known to us. The electricity thus set in motion, accummulating at the poles, and rising in streams into the upper regions of the atmosphere to be again diffused over the earth, gives rise to those splendid lights which illuminate the arctic heavens, and cheer, by their brilliant, ever-varying hues, and light, fantastic forms and "merry dance," the solitary hours of a polar winter. From the similar optical properties of the sun's light, and that of the electrical spark, and aurora borealis, and other causes, some opticians, with Herschell at their head, have been led to the suspicion that the light of this luminary, instead of being the result of ignition, is occasioned by the agitations of an electrical medium of great intensity circulating around the body of the sun. Should future investigations establish the truth of these conjectures, may we not suppose that the earth and all the planets are propelled in their orbits by the power of those currents, in accordance with the established laws of electro magnetic rotation and that gravity which binds together the members of the solar system, and is seen controlling the motions of the stars that twinkle in the immeasurable depths of space, is but another of the infinitely diversified effects of this wonder-working agent?

How do such views enlarge our conceptions of the economy of God's government, and increase our admiration of that wisdom which is capable of producing results the most infinitely diversified, by means the most limited—of performing operations of the greatest delicacy and minuteness, or of the most overwhelming sublimity and grandeur, by the same simple and effective agency; under whose direction, the same mysterious hand, that is employed in giving symmetry and beauty to the crystaled gem, to the diamond its sparkling lustre, or shading with inimitable skill the delicate tints of the rose and the carnation, is again seen shaking the mountains in its strength, or extending its sphere over the vast whole which fancy cannot bound.

"O'er its broad realm,
Unmeasured and immeasurably spread,
From age to age, resplendant lightnings urge
Their flight perpetual"—in wide embrace
Circling all "space on opening space that swells,
Through every part alike so infinite."
Shapes in its plastic hand the rolling spheres,
And guides their motions—draws world to world,
And circling world around its parent sun.
The sun, obedient to its high behest,
Round distant centre circling, rolling all
In orbs prescribed, and beauteous harmony,
Around the Eternal throne.

G. W. O.

Original.

HOPE AND FANCY.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

The sea-boy, cast upon some lonely shore,
Doom'd to behold his friends and home no more;
No more to feel affection's fond caress,
Nor lay his head on friendship's gentle breast;
Still hopes that some kind bark may reach the strand,
And take him joyful to his native land;
And hope incites him to take every care,
That none may pass, unnoticed, by him there.

The small white cloud, borne by the rapid gale,
He fondly hopes to be some friendly sail;
And as he gazes, he perhaps will smile,
To think how soon, he'll leave the desert isle,
And see again the spot that gave him birth,
And join the loved ones, round the cottage hearth;
And when 'tis fled, still vainly he hopes on,
At noon and night, from eve to dawning morn.

But when he sinks beneath the tyrant's power,
Hope dies, and Fancy rules the final hour;
The song of his wild native dells she sings,
And bears him homeward on her airy wings;
Assumes affection's anxious, soothing voice,
And bids his bleeding heart again rejoice;
His long-lost friends, like angels, hover nigh,
And home's blest comforts, greet his dying eye!

HEAVEN.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distrest;
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven!

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven!

There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When lost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven!

There faith lifts up the tearful eye;
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—is heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven!

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Original.

THE PAUPER TO THE RICH MAN.

'Tis the rich man rolling past,
The man of lordly sway,
And the chilly glance, on the pauper cast,
Would rebuke me from his way.

But, alas! my brother, spare
That look of cold recoil,
Nor with the pride of thy state, compare
The garb of want and toil.

And stay thine alms, for I seek
These meagre hands to fill,
No part of aught *thy* robes bespeak;
Yet are we brothers still.

Though thy scorn our path divide—
Though thou own'st no brother's heart;
Yet shall not envy's poisonous tide,
Our souls yet farther part.

Hast thou not suffered? Years
Have o'er thee also swept;
Thou hast journey'd in a vale of tears,
Hast thou not also wept?

Thou art strong, yet hath not pain
E'er bowed thy haughty head?
And the robe of wealth been found all vain,
A healing balm to shed?

And thy mind's rich light been lost?
As thou shrunk'st with icy chill—
Or in wildering dreams of frenzy tost,
Then are we brothers still.

Hast thou still in life's fierce race,
Swept on with strength unworn?
Nor dim uncertain aim taken place,
Of thy strong spirit's scorn?

Or hath strange weariness,
Mid all thy proud renown,
Hung on thy heart with palsying press,
Borne its high pulses down?

Till thou, in the rush of life,
Stood faltering, sick and chill,
And thy soul in faintness forgot its strife?
Then are we brothers still.

Hast thou not on human worth,
Too deep a venture laid?
And found more cold than the icy north,
The chill of trust betrayed?

And felt how like a spell,
Earth's warm light faded out,
As from the heart thou hadst loved too well,
Thou turn'dst *all* hearts to doubt?

Hast thou known and felt all this?
With many a *nameless* ill,
That drugged thy every drop of bliss?
Then are we brothers still.

And death! the spoiler death,
Who mocks even love's strong grasp—
Hath *he* borne nought to his halls beneath,
Won from thy soul's fond grasp?

Or hast thou bent to kiss
The lips, his breath had chilled?
And called in dreams of "remembered bliss,"
On tones for ever stilled?

And stood with bowed face, hid
By the grave, *thy* dead must fill,
And heard the sod on the coffin lid?
Then are we brothers still.

Is not deep suffering,
Upon thy nature sealed?
And shall all the gifts that dust may bring,
Thy mortal bosom shield?

And hasten we not down,
To the same low narrow bed?
Where the mighty doffs his victor crown,
And the captive rests his head.

Then pass on in thy pride,
Till earth shall claim her part;
Yet why should envy's bitter tide,
Flow o'er a *human* heart?

Original.

A SONG OF CALVARY.

Where's love? On Calvary.
Go there, O man, and ask thyself,
What else could thus constrain
The Son of God, upon himself,
To take thy guilt and sin?
Yes, it was love, and love alone—
Love for our fallen race,
Which brought Messiah from his throne,
The pangs of death to taste.

Where's grief? On Calvary.
Grief fill'd the heart of God's dear Son,
Who bore our guilt and sin;
Anguish like his was never known,
Among the sons of men.
Anguish for what? For mortal man,
Who nail'd him to the tree;
For the just wrath of God was then
Appeased on Calvary.

Where's hope? On Calvary.
There the bright Gospel hope was lit;
And bursting to a flame,
Has roll'd in glory onward yet,
And still must roll the same,
Till all the heathen know and own
Him king eternally,
Who lit the beacon which has shone,
So bright from Calvary.

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Original.

KATRINE.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

It is a trite saying, but nevertheless true, that "one half of the world are ignorant how the other half live." If there are any amongst my readers who would like to be partially enlightened on this subject, let them go out into the lanes and alleys of our city, and amidst the foreign emigrant population there congregated, they may study humanity under a new phase, and perchance may learn much to satisfy them with their own condition in life, let that condition be almost whatever it may; for there they will find decrepid age and helpless infancy, and infirmity struggling with want and a host of untried evils in the home of the new emigrant. And yet have I seen all these difficulties combined with as much of sentiment and Christian philosophy, as would "point a moral or adorn a tale;" so that the writer need not wander beyond our own borders for matter of deepest interest for the pen. And could a certain good physician of my acquaintance, like a trans-atlantic brother, be induced to turn diarist, I am persuaded that many events might be brought before the public, as having occurred within the circle of his own practice, of as thrilling interest as those already recorded in the diary referred to, and equally acceptable to the reading world. For where can the heart be so well read as in the chamber of sickness and death! There the most determined actor lets fall the mask, and the moral painter has the fairest opportunity for the exercise of his art; and there also the Christian physician may catch the lights and shadows of the spiritual sufferer.

It was on the 5th of April, 1842, a day deeply engraven on the heart of many, and on the memory of all, that I date my story; the day when our city was celebrating the triumphs of temperance, and when hundreds, or rather should I say thousands, of the *risen dead*, who one short year before (having blotted out the image of their Maker) were lying prone in the dust, might now be seen lifting up their standards and their voices in the good cause. It was on this day, after having left the whole procession as I thought in another part of the city, that I was wending my way homeward, and at the corner of Race and Fifth-streets, I encountered another branch of the procession, composed chiefly of young girls, all neatly and tastefully dressed, their faces wreathed in smiles, and a song of rejoicing on their lips. Being unable to proceed on my way, I fell in with the multitude of gazers standing on the side pavement waiting their transit. Near me, amidst this heterogeneous crowd, I soon noticed a young female, possibly sixteen years of age, with an abstracted, despairing face, so unsuited to her years, and to the pageant before her, that I scanned her closely.

Her features bespoke her a foreigner, her dress told of her poverty, and her sadness of her unhappiness; my feelings were touched, and I felt a three-fold interest awakened within me; I now observed that she held in her hand, or rather clutched an empty phial, which seemed to be the sole object of her care. After lingering perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, and thinking, I suppose with the rest of us, that the line was interminable, she watched her opportunity, and when there occurred a little vacancy in the ranks she darted through to the opposite side of the street, and with so determined an air, that I kept my eye upon her. Presently I saw her enter a druggist's store on the corner. I remembered the phial and feared she might be seeking some unholy potion, and I made my way through the crowd with what haste I could, determined to learn her errand. When I reached the door, she had been served, and was just leaving the store, and raising her eyes she addressed me by name. I now found that it was Katrine, and I feared no evil. This was a young German girl that I had frequently seen at the house of my friends some three years before, but who had entirely out-grown my recollection. Katrine was the eldest daughter of a poor family consisting of six children, who had emigrated from Germany some five or six years previous. The father was some sort of a mechanic, and the mother a neat-handed, industrious woman. But on their arrival in this country, they thought, with their young family, it was the most economical plan, and the surest safe-guard to the morals of their children, to purchase a small piece of property in the vicinity of the city, and turn their attention to the raising of fruit and vegetables for the market; and this plan was soon carried into effect. Thither they removed with their family, and began with German enthusiasm their horticultural pursuit; and for a brief space they were all well and happy. But the climate soon proved ungenial to the mother, and she was attacked with neuralgia in its most excruciating form, and after suffering for several months she was deprived of the use of her hands, and soon afterwards of her feet, and for nearly five years she has now been confined to her bed, incapable of helping herself. She is a constant witness to the over-wrought exertions of her young family, and yet no murmur escapes her lips; she manifests no impatience of spirit, although her sufferings are often acute, as well as protracted. The father soothed and commiserated her with great kindness; but the laboring poor have little leisure for the indulgence of tender emotions; and he had often to leave her to the care of the girls, whilst he and the elder boys worked in the field for their daily support. Thus, at the tender age of thirteen, Katrine became nurse for her parent, and foster mother to the younger children. No wonder, then, that she should look thoughtful and pensive. Her poor, suffering mother, when free from pain, strove to cheer her by being herself cheerful, and conjured her "never to feel sad while she was permitted to enjoy health." But their

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cup of affliction was not yet full. After they had been but a little more than a year in their new home, and when their stock of poultry, and other domestic comforts had increased around them, and their fields began to reward them for their labor, the father was struck down by the felling of a tree, and taken up for dead. He was soon resuscitated, however; but was found to be so injured in the spine that he has ever since been a helpless cripple! It was at this crisis of things that I first became acquainted with Katrine. The family now removed to the city, where they could have the aid of the benevolent, and they were visited and almost supported by their charities. There were kind hearts deeply interested in their sufferings; and foremost amongst these were the friends whom I was then visiting. They encouraged Katrine to call upon them for any little comfort for her parents; and well do I remember with what humble thankfulness these and some ready-made garments were received. And this family, poor as they were, had soon a melancholy opportunity of manifesting their grateful remembrance of one of their benefactresses. This they did in a very touching manner. Mrs. R. died in the winter of 1840, and the day following her decease there was a heavy fall of snow, filling the streets, and impeding the door-ways, but they did not permit it to lie long near the house of their deceased friend. The whole family of children, male and female, assembled, with their brooms and shovels, and having quietly swept the large area, to accommodate the funeral attendants, they mournfully withdrew; gratitude having suggested to these children of poverty the only token of respect they had it in their power to show on the occasion; and it was just such an one as would, for its simplicity and sincerity, have found acceptance with my departed friend. My other friend, their other benefactress, still lives to dispense, with liberal hand, continued benefits, and long may it be before they are called to mourn her departure. But to return to the druggist's store. Katrine's present errand I learned was to procure morphine for her mother. This medicine was a severe tax upon the little money that passed through their hands; but then it always acted like a charm upon her painful disease, and soothed her into quietude, and Katrine believed in her heart that her mother would not have been living but for its sanative virtues. This, then, was the reason why she looked with so much interest upon the receptacle for this restorative. Her mother was suffering at home, and the pageant was to her nothing but a hindrance in her way, and thus she eagerly pressed forward, forgetful of every thing but the performance of her duty. It is under circumstances like these that the human heart is purified from the dross of selfishness, which is often mixed up with its seeming disinterestedness. Thus it becomes disengaged, as it were, from the outward influences of life, and while counting up the mingled mercies of its lot, loses the sense of its bitterness. This is the seed-time too for the Holy Spirit; and, O, how many have found it "good to have been afflicted."

"To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
This, surely this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose savor smells to heaven!"

These were Katrine's darkest days. God saw her goodness, and rewards her even in this life, by bestowing upon her a protector and friend. A young countryman of her own, of great moral worth, who had been long looking on with admiration at her filial piety, and nothing deterred by the needy and helpless situation of her family, has nobly offered to wed Katrine, and become an inmate and co-worker for them all. How rarely, amidst the rich in the higher ranks of life, do we meet with such disinterestedness! There the first germ of sympathy is often checked by some circumstance of artificial life, and turning from the holy fountain of nature, they woo and wed without giving the heart a voice in the decision. Such is the foundation they lay for married happiness! And the result usually justifies the conditions of this contract. I suppose before this, Katrine is a bride. When I last saw her, there was a quiet, subdued happiness in her whole manner, and the sunshine of the Spirit was beaming in her countenance; and I was told that they were preparing for a double ceremony, and were to give themselves to God and each other, on the opening of the new year, by becoming members of the German Methodist Church.

C. A. B.

MEDITATION.

One ancient traveler I love especially to recall. Dear to my heart are the reminiscences of father Abraham's history. His faith, his obedience, fain would I copy. He hears the voice of God, "Out from thy country, from thy kindred, from thy father's house"—and he obeys. He is told that "as the stars innumerable, so great shall be his seed." And again, "His seed shall be in bondage." No matter what it is, it comes from God, and he receives it. All is alike to him. God's will is good, whatever it may be. Step by step he follows in the leadings of God's providence. O how many call themselves God's children, and profess to take his word for their guide, and yet rebel at his providences. Not so did Abraham. Isaac, the beloved son, the *child of promise*, he offers at God's command. Isaac is offered up, and yet he lives. So when self is crucified, our souls reflourish, bloom with better life.

Good old pilgrim! One of the first born into heaven from this dark and sinful world! Joy springs up in my bosom to think that I shall see and know thee. O that like thee I might pursue on earth a steady, onward, upward course. When I feel myself a pilgrim, I will remember Abraham. When God's providence is dark, I will think of Abraham, and will submit to all my Father's will.—*Guide to Christian Perfection.*

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MUSINGS.

"*While I was musing, the fire burned.*"—Precious are the hours, sacred to God, to holy meditation, when the mind, disencumbered of earthly cares, is left free to follow the movement of the heart. When by close contemplation, spiritual things become living realities, and act with power upon the mind and heart. Give me the daily hours of sacrifice, a *time* and *place* sacred alone to God; and then my soul will gather strength and prosper. Cares may encumber and press upon me, but I rise above them; the hallowing influence which I here receive extends itself through all the busy scenes of life; it leaves an edge of brightness on the darkest hours. God is here! the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! What support, what consolation! The secrets of the heart are all revealed. Here holy tears are shed—soft tears of penitence, of godly sorrow. And here is heard, speaking to the heart, that voice of the sacred word which says, "*Thy sins are all forgiven thee.*" O, the untold bliss of that heart which asks and *receives* forgiveness. Yes, *believing*, we rejoice with *joy unspeakable.* Here the joyful consecration is made of soul and body unto the Lord, and here is heard that same voice of the holy word which says, "*I will receive you, I will be a Father unto you.*" Who can paint the feelings, and give the true expression of that heart, that thus exults in secret, possessing the bliss of being an adopted child of God, an heir of glory! We will call it praise and adoration, but it partakes of angel worship, and mixes with their hallowed songs. How the cloud of incense rises! how many hearts are now in unison ascending upward!

Precious in the eyes of God are the jewels of the Savior's crown. Though far off, they sparkle, beaming with his radiance. Yes, the Savior knows and loves his own reflected image. We may come, then, to the secret place, and greet his smiles with holy delight. What spot so dear, as the chosen one of our retirement? What hour to be compared with that which brings us to the banqueting chamber, where we may feast on the love of Jesus at the twilight hour? What a gathering is there to the secret place, each to his own loved spot! There is a mingling of the shades of light and darkness. Fit emblem of the soul, midway between earth and heaven. As truly as the light and darkness are commingling, so are the aspirations of those holy hours uniting us to God. We will greet the hour of prayer, with something of those feelings with which we expect to enter heaven. It is next to heaven to be alone with God; or rather, where God is, there is heaven.

"*I am the vine, ye are the branches.*"—Nature answers her noblest end, when she is made to represent eternal, living truths. God has so made use of it, he so instructs us by it, that wherever we turn our eye, we may gain a spiritual thought, a deep impression of heaven-born truth. Nature becomes life and power to the spiritual mind. What words can express so truly the union of the soul with Christ, as the words, "I am the vine, ye are the branches!" Who can add a second thought to increase the power, the vividness of the impression? We, who love the Lord Jesus, who feel the union, admire the simile, and know of a surety, as cleaves the branch unto the vine, so cleaves our soul to Jesus. As truly as that gathers life and strength from its union with the stock, so our life comes from him. And when we see the withered branch cut off and lying dead, our hearts tremble lest, by reason of sin, we lose our vital power, our union with our Savior, and become twice dead. This is the union, his *heart received* into *our own*, and our hand securely held in his. Each whisper of his love, each soft reclining of the soul, and *each cross*, each needful chastening, binds stronger and stronger the soul to Jesus. The meanest service, if there can be a mean service which love imposes, and which love bears, becomes a delight to the soul, in union with him. Yea, he himself bears the yoke and sustains the burden. Up the rising steps she leans on her beloved, and he upholds her. And instead of fainting, the soul rises, as on eagle wings; and as she soars aloft, she chants forth sweetest strains of love and praise to her Redeemer, her upholder. As Christ is one with God, so are his disciples one with him. Who can describe *this* union, but he who partook of it, and who illustrates it to us, by the vine and the branch? And are not the disciples one with each other, grafted into the same stock, hanging on the same stem? Yes, *they are one.* Praise, everlasting praise, for one harmonious centre; one source of strong attraction which binds in close affinity discordant hearts, and makes them one. Yes, our thoughts and feelings all converge and centre in our blessed Jesus. From him all our light and glory issues, and though far from the centre, and far from each other, the rays diverging east and west, and north and south, yet is there sweet attraction, and we *are one.* Shines not the same glory also on the heavenly company, meet we not in the same centre? Yes, we are one circle; they on the inner, we on the outer ring. O, ye celestial ones, I greet you from this far off country, and I hail you *blessed!* And I hear you echo back, "*Blessed, peace too on earth.*" Yes, peace in the bosom of him that is united to Jesus. But more blessed to be there! to live in the unclouded sunlight of his presence, and to know that he will never cease to shine on me, nor I to gaze on him; to be where I shall never, never sin! Sometimes I think of Enoch who was not—God took him. And of Elijah carried on the wings of love, with swiftest speed to heaven, and of that blessed company, one after one, who fall asleep in Jesus' arms; and my turn will come. I will, God helping me, preserve the union of my soul with Jesus, and then whether I live or die, whether I wake or sleep, I shall live together with him.—*Guide to Christian Perfection.*

THE keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning, as the injudicious praise of our friends.

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Original.

SOUTH AMERICA.

I HAD, for some years, entertained a strong inclination to visit South America, especially for the purpose of making a tour through the unexplored wilds of its interior. My health, which had become impaired under the rigors of a northern climate, rendering it necessary for me to seek a more genial one for its restoration; and having some little business of a commercial character to adjust in one of the Brazilian provinces, all obstacles to the gratification of my long cherished desires were removed. By the particular request of a literary friend, I had made copious sketches of incidents occurring on the passage, but they are generally too unimportant for the public eye. At sea, especially after the lapse of twenty-five or thirty days, without seeing any thing but the wide waste of waters, any little event that breaks the monotony of the scene assumes a wonderful importance. Even the harpooning of a boneto, or the catching of a skipjack, affords matter of gratulation, converse, and discussion, for hours. After a passage prolonged, by light winds and calms, to fifty days, we made Cape St. Vincent, the eastern extremity of South America, and distant some eighteen miles from Pernambuco, our port of destination—the beautiful harbor of which we entered in the course of the day.

The first important thing of interest that attracts the attention of the stranger, on approaching the Brazilian in this section, is, the countless swarm of fishing swacks, or, as they are called by the natives, catawarands. They are not so remarkable for their number, (though past computation,) as for the rude manner of their construction, the purposes to which so rude a thing is applied, and their wonderful sailing qualities. The catawarand is constructed of from three to six cork-wood logs, (the number varying according to size,) which are from eight to twelve inches in diameter, and twenty-five to thirty feet in length. These logs are fastened together, beside each other, by mortising, and putting three pieces of joist through the whole, thus making what *we* should term a raft. Each end is then brought to a point by hewing from the sides and bottom, tapering regularly some eight or ten feet from the end. This constitutes the entire hulk of this, to me, marine wonder. Its sail, which is very large, and of the lattice form, (three cornered, or nearly a triangle,) is fastened to a mast having a joint, or hinge, about two feet from its lower end, so that the mast and sail are both hoisted together, and are stayed up by wooden stakes and rope braces. The conveniences for the navigator or fisherman are of a piece with the rest of the ship, the whole consisting of a small rude seat for each, some two feet high, so as to keep its occupant out of the water. The Brazilian never allows his catawarand to remain in the water over night, unless at sea with it. In fact, he does not leave it, on landing, without taking it high and dry out of the water, and turning it up on its side; which, from its extreme lightness, he is able to do with but little assistance. This is done to prevent its becoming water soaked, which would materially injure its sailing qualities. That such a thing should have been invented for use in rivers and bays, I could have imagined. But that it should come into general use for braving the tempests and billows of old ocean, to the extent that it has in Central Brazil, I could not have supposed. Even in the roughest weather they are seen far at sea, riding the tempest equally with the finest ship. From their extreme lightness, and small draught of water, they are able to out-sail the finest vessels that have ever been built. I was, indeed, really chagrined to see these rude things constantly passing us, sailing two miles to our one, though we were in a fast sailing vessel. An average of not less than one hundred arrive at and leave Pernambuco per day. Voyages of ten and twelve hundred miles were formerly performed on them, but they do not commonly go down the coast with them, at the present day, more than two or three hundred.

The entrance into the harbor of Pernambuco from sea, is one of the most wonderful transitions imaginable; and upon a stranger produces almost a magic effect, especially if the wind be high outside at the time of entering. I do not now speak of the splendid scenery with which the whole bay is so beautifully decorated, nor of the magnificent coral reef forming the harbor, which, for grandeur and magnificence, is really unparalleled, and is beheld by every foreigner only with wonder and admiration; but simply the passing from the broad heaving ocean to the lovely bay where all is calm and still. There is nothing that bears comparison to it, in entering any other port in the world. A correct description of the entrance will justify, I think, the above remarks. The harbor is not more than twenty-five or thirty rods wide. It is formed by a narrow coral reef about twenty yards wide, extending several miles, nearly parallel with the shore. Inside of this reef glides, as smooth as glass, the still waters of the bay. A small river, which passes through the bay to the sea, creates a current sufficient to make the surface of the water perfectly smooth, except at flood-tide, when the waves breaking over the reef, create a very slight motion. Outside, (only some sixty feet from where exists this almost unbroken stillness of the waters,) the waves of the broad Atlantic, with not an obstacle for thousands of miles to check their perpetually increasing power, break with awful majesty and grandeur. Coming in from sea, vessels double directly round the point of this reef, not more than twenty yards distant from it, and proceed directly up the narrow harbor. The distance from passing the end of the reef, where tempests blow and billows roll, with all the fury of mid ocean, to the place of anchorage, where not a ripple moves the surface of the waters, is not more than sixty yards. The effect produced on me by this singular transition was past description. I sought similitude almost in vain. I could only compare it to the dying hour of the saint of God. One moment he is tossed

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upon the waves of time, the swelling tide of temptation besets him, and the high billows of death finally sweep over him, but the next moment his bark is safely moored, where the tempest has ceased, the billows are hushed, and the raptures of heaven awake to the song of his triumph.

The coral reef forming the harbor, to which I have already referred, is the most wonderful and important formations of its kind. It is, indeed, the admiration of the world. As was remarked to me by an English gentleman while viewing it, the combined wealth and skill of the ancients or moderns, could never have formed such a harbor; and yet this magnificent pile, extending many miles, had been reared up by one of the most minute insects, in defiance of the raging billows, and rendered an effectual barrier to ocean's mightiest waves. Its external has the appearance of countless myriads of little insects imbedded in, and forming its surface, the color of which is mostly a light brown. There are, however, veins of various colors coursing in different directions through the entire mass, amongst which are some of the most brilliant hues imaginable. The color of the internal of the coral is a light flesh, with a shading of green. I visited the reef several times, and could never consent to leave it, till compelled to do so by the swelling tide. It is, indeed, a sublime spot for meditation. While there I could not but contrast the greatness and wisdom of man, or rather his weakness and folly, with the wisdom and power of his Maker. Turning my eyes to the shore, the busy hum of man's highest designs (generally measured by a few glittering dollars) presented itself in all its insignificant littleness, when contrasted with the scene at my other side. Here the deafening roar of mountain billows breaking, bespoke the grandeur of a God, whose measure is infinity, whose duration eternity.

THE PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

"In one of the freezing days of our climate, a young physician, but recently married, invited his wife to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients.

"'You are romancing, James; what, visit a family without an invitation or exchanging cards?'

"'In this family, my dear Amanda, there is no ceremony of cards,' said James, 'but they will not be the less pleased to see you.'

"'I never used to go to see our people in this way,' said Amanda, thoughtfully; 'but,' continued she, after a short deliberation, 'I'll go with you, James, any where.'

"They passed from the handsome street of their residence to a public square, and crossing over, entered a small alley, in which Amanda saw a row of houses built in a manner that showed that they were for the laboring class. Crossing the whole range, they entered the last house, and at the first door Dr. Ledson gave a gentle rap. A woman opened it, and welcomed him.

"Two chairs were immediately set, one with the back broken off, the other rackety and unstable.

"Before the fire were two little children seated on the hearth making a noise, which the attendant females vainly endeavored to quell. A girl about ten years of age came out of a small pantry bed-room and smiled as she spoke.

"In a large rude chair sat a thin female. She rocked herself incessantly. She looked up when Dr. Ledson addressed her, but neither smiled nor spoke. Her complexion was sallow by sickness, her lower jaw had fallen from its sockets, and her teeth chattered with the vain endeavor to close the mouth.

"At receiving the nourishment at the hand of her companion, she seemed revived.

"'I am glad to see you, doctor, though I had hoped to have been released from my wretchedness before now. I do not complain, but my bones have started through my skin, and I suffer'—she shivered and stopped an instant.

"'I thought it very hard when I lost my baby last summer; but I see it was kind; what would have become of it now? I must leave these, as young as they are, to take care of themselves, and my husband is none of the *steadiest*.'

"She did not weep, she was past that human feeling. Amanda looked on with silence. She had learned more of life's state from this scene, than she could have acquired from volumes. She now felt a wiser woman at eighteen, than she would otherwise have been at twenty-five.

"It brings down all our vanity and little repinings, to see a spectacle of such woe. Even the almost total insensibility of the sick was more touching than ordinary sorrows. It gave a feeling of so much that must have been endured before.

"'Is this your sister?' said the woman.

"'No,' said James, and Amanda smiled as he replied, 'it is my wife.'

"'Is it your wife?' said she, showing some vivacity. How sweet she looks! Can she sing? O, can she sing, 'I would not live always?'

"How often had Amanda sung that carelessly before. She felt awed and humbled now by every syllable that floated on her rich tones around the narrow apartment.

"The dying looked up so thankfully, that she even looked pretty, as a light hectic relieved her livid countenance. She said audibly, 'I hear the angels singing now around me,' and then relapsed into a monotonous groan of weariness.

"The little girl shook hands beseechingly as the young couple left, and in a subdued voice Amanda whispered, 'We will take care of you.'

"Who like the physician, save indeed the minister, is called to see human nature in every shadow of a tint? The rich and the poor, the delicate and the coarse, the learned and ignorant, come before him without disguise.

"Amanda thought before that she had loved her husband; but luxury is a dead-sea atmosphere, in

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which the noble passions sicken and lie motionless. She clung to James' arm as he returned home, with a feeling of devotion to him that she had never imagined before; and in the pleasure she experienced in so softening the sorrows of her fellow creature's poverty, she found every day new cause to rejoice in having shared her fortune with one, who, if he brought to her no addition of the earth's wealth, had taught her there is a way of employing it that will awaken delight."

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Who can understand like David the beauty of this simile? Himself a shepherd, with a shepherd's *heart*, he watched the sheep. See him on the mountain, leading them forth from green to greener pasturage; over the hills and through the valleys they follow on, in beautiful submission to their leader. Now by some pleasant spring they stop and drink. Then to some cool refreshing shade he leads them, where they lie down and rest. Each little lamb is gathered to its mother's side and sleeping. David is awake, and watches to defend them from all danger. It was thus in rural simplicity, in honest employment, that David's heart was nurtured, his early associations formed, which in after life are to be brought out, and spread over a vast field of mind and heart. Age after age has rolled away, and yet the songs of David are rehearsed, as full of life and beauty, as when they first were uttered. Methinks he held much converse with nature in the open fields, under the broad canopy of heaven; watching the stars, the rising and the setting sun, the opening bud and blossom, and the fading, withered leaf. The gentle breeze and gurgling brook made music in his ear. The raging wind, the thunder's crash and the lightning's gleam, all had their charms for him. From that harp of his, seated on some grassy hillock's side, I hear a plaintive strain, in unison with the calm of nature on a summer's eve. And in the early morning hour, when birds awake to mirth and music, methinks his soul caught the same tone of gladness, and his merry heart rang praise. As a child, he talked with nature; and nature answered. In her ten thousand forms and tones she spoke to him, although no speech nor voice was heard.

The Lord is my Shepherd. How can David want with such a shepherd as the living God? To life, to beauty, he restores his soul. Blots out his sins, and leads him in the paths of righteousness. He may bathe his soul in light and love. The living God is inexhaustible, and God is his; his rock, his refuge, his buckler, his high tower, the home of his salvation, is the Lord, the mighty God. David, so full did thy heart gush forth to God, so many and so loud thy praises, it may be we had rendered unto thee more praise than is man's due, did we not mark thy fall. 'Twas to the shepherd's heart the story of that "one ewe lamb" was told. Back on himself recoiled his indignation. Bowed as a bulrush to the earth he bewails his guilt before the Lord.

The Lord is my Shepherd. Far from the angry toil and strife of life, I wander by my Shepherd's side. I mark the path he treads, and follow on. I listen to his voice, which calls me from the forbidden paths of sin. Sweet is the Shepherd's voice, and kind the words he speaks. Not more soft distills the gentle dew, than fall upon my ear his gracious words. My soul is happy while I follow him. Wheresoever he leadeth, I have bound my heart to follow.—*Guide to Christian Perfection.*

EARLY PIETY.

An early grave is the lot of millions of our race. Like the fair blossoms of an uncongenial spring, they come forth only to perish. A third part of the young are destined to an early tomb; and what but early piety can prepare them for such a destiny? The expiring child, who has been taught to fear her God, and to lisp the precious name of her Savior, is in a more envied position than the most renowned philosopher, in all the height of his discovery, who has not sat down, as a little child, at the feet of Jesus. O, the sweet peace, the calm and holy serenity, the bright and joyous hope, which play around the dying pillow of the young Christian, as she combats the last enemy, and prepares for her heavenly flight! We have seen her, in life's bright morn, ere yet the heart was saddened with care, longing to depart and be with Christ, which is far better; we have seen the glassy eye brightening and sparkling with the hopes of immortality; we have heard the faint but fervent prayer poured from quivering and pallid lips, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" O, how unutterably sublime is the death of a young Christian! To see her quitting the world without a sigh, at that period of life when most it is fitted to allure; to hear her counseling her brothers and sisters, with a dying, faltering voice, to seek the Lord while he may be found, to call upon him while he is near; to behold her, with all the calm resignation and faith of a departing prophet, committing her immortal spirit into the bosom of her Savior and her God; to see the smile of peace resting upon her motionless features, even after they have subsided into all the stillness and coldness of death. Surely this is the perfection of the moral sublime—a spectacle of moral and spiritual grandeur which nothing but faith in a crucified Redeemer could ever realize.

How sweet are the affections of social kindness! how balmy the influence of that regard which dwells around our fire-side! Distrust and doubt darken not the brightness of its purity, the cravings of interest and jealousy mar not the harmony of that scene. Parental kindness and filial affection blossom there in all the freshness of an eternal spring. It matters not if the world is cold, if we can but turn to our dear circle, and ask and receive all that our own heart claims.

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Original.

ENOCH.

A POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

CANTO III.—THE DEATH OF ADAM.

BRIGHT courser of the vast ethereal plains,
Whose arrows the almighty Architect
Has formed and polished with a skill divine,
Awhile thy swift revolving wheels bid stop—
Thy fiery steeds restrain—their raging force
Curb in—and thy own glowing face, too bright
For mortal gaze, in mournful darkness vail.
Upon a scene so sad cast not thy eye;
But in the midst of yonder heaven stand still,
And weep. The milder full-orbed moon, who shines
To tell of thy existence when unseen
By mortal sight, in sombre shadows vailed,
Bid hide in utter night her silvery face.
The stars, which far beyond thy stately course
Their track pursue in regions still unreached
By mortal ken, bid them withdraw the light
Which for ten centuries, with mildest ray,
On man has beamed: and from their distant seats
Awhile forbear on earth to cast their eye.
Let universal nature hang the pall,
As sable as when ancient Chaos claimed
A universe as his domain, and night
Unbroke, and silence utter, with him ruled.
For he, who first of all the human race,
Your courses marked—in God's own image made—
With mind immortal—powers unmeasured yet,
But still expanding, and while endless years
In cycles infinite—eternity—
Unmeasured, unconceived—shall roll away
For ever to expand—for happiness
Originally formed, with powers complete,
A perfect soul, in form as perfect placed.
Behold, thus born to immortality,
Man withers—droops—expires!
O! nature, then,
In silence weep. And you, celestial hosts,
Though sorrow ne'er invades your breasts, your harps
Ne'er strung as yet to mournful themes, nor cheeks
With sadness marked, yet cease awhile your joy—
Your harps in silence rest—your tongues be mute,
And from the mournful scene of dying man
A lesson learn—THE SAD RESULTS OF SIN.

He dies! the father of the race expires!
The patriarch of earth, whose family
By millions numbered now,* but who, in vain,
Once sought a form to his assimilate,
Amid a peopled world now breathes his last!

Beneath an aged, stately palm, whose years
Reached back to earliest infancy of time,
Whose shade the pristine pair had oft enjoyed,
And near whose base the earliest altar-stone
Was reared—whose broad o'ershadowing leaves beheld
The victim immolated first for sin,
And with th' ascending flame of sacrifice,
The deep contrition viewed, the solemn prayer
And supplication heard—beneath that tree,
On sylvan couch, the dying man reclined.

Not sudden was the summons sent which called
From earth its heir and lord, ordained of God
To have dominion o'er its wooded hills,
Its vales, its air, its seas, and tribute lay
On all of earth inferior to himself;
And whose commission, sealed with heaven's broad seal,
The King of kings in person gave, and bade
Earth's myriad hosts be subject to his will.
Not suddenly this first of monarchs laid
His sceptre down. For near ten centuries
His reign endured. Though disobedience fell,
Had caused a forfeit of his trust, and death
Immediate on his life and soul was doomed,
Yet, by remedial grace, the sentence stayed,
Invested powers in part restored, and joy
Like Eden's bliss conditionally pledged,
He still, by God's permit, his sway maintained;
And when th' resistless mandate of the skies—
"From dust thou art, TO DUST RETURN"—went forth,
The Infinite Executive of heaven
His arms of tenderness around him placed,
And bade him peacefully and slowly come.

Around his couch a numerous throng was seen,
To hear the last farewell of one so loved,
And from his venerated, dying lips,
A blessing crave. Not all who called him Sire
Were there. Ten thousand sons, whose hearts depraved,
And sympathies congealed, the death-bed scene
Avoided with profoundest dread; for death
They feared. And every thought of death, the grave,
And future scenes, was banished from the mind.

But while the vicious sons of earth their lusts
With dreadful haste pursued, and boldly walked
The road to ruin's gate, and followed sin
Where'er it led, unmindful of that scene,
The pious gathered round, and eager caught
Each whisper of the dying man.
His head
Reclined on Enoch's breast, and pillowed there;
For none of all the race so like a son
In constancy of warm affection proved.
In youth, a pupil in the ways of truth,
The lessons wisdom and experience gave
From Adam's lips he learned. Now o'er his head
Three centuries had passed, and manhood brought
In all its prime. His youthful character
Had mellowed down to perfect loveliness.
Each day he walked with God—communion held,

* The family of Abraham, in less than 500 years, increased to about 3,000,000, and this exclusive of the descendants of Ishmael and Esau. If the early inhabitants of the earth increased with equal rapidity, the offspring of Adam, before his death, must have numbered many millions.

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Most intimate and sweet, with kindred minds,
And ranged with them the paradise above.
His ear was turned to catch the parting words
Of him whose life had been his constant guide,
And by whose admonitions he had learned
To shun the paths of sin. Around him stood,
In silent grief, a pious throng of those
Whose hearts had learned to weep with those who weep.

The silvered locks of age from Adam's brow
Were gently turned aside. His mild bright eye
Was upward raised to heaven. His ashy lips
In quivering silence moved. His wrinkled brow
Was moistened by the dew of death. At length,
Forgetting those around, his glassy eyes
On Enoch's tearful face are turned. Their glare
Told death was nigh. His aged voice, once sweet
And more harmonious than the lute's soft lay,
The fearful grasp of death had rendered hoarse.
With hands enfolded on his breast, he spoke:
"My son! the crowning consequence of sin,
This side the bounds of time, in me behold.
The final hour of life has come. This pulse
Beats slowly. Breath grows short. This beating heart,
As wearied of its task, performs its part
Most sluggishly, and often seems to stop,
As though its work were finished quite. These eyes,
Whose polished lustre clearly mirrored forth
The soul's deep workings, now are failing fast.
This complicated frame, so perfect once,
So full of mystery, the master-piece
Of all the mighty Architect has made,
Must soon become a lifeless mass of clay,
As worthless as its fellow earth. In this—
Destruction utter of the human frame—
Behold the ruthless power of sin. How sad!
That sin which closed the gates of Paradise,
And near them placed a double flaming sword,
Barred heaven, and placed a tripple cherub band
Around its holy walls. One point alone
No flaming sword defends. 'Tis MERCY'S GATE.
And there, through wisdom boundless, unconceived,
And pity infinite, and love in depths
Unknown, unmeasured by the mightiest mind,
The guilty penitent may pardon find,
And be accepted of his God. The bounds
Which separate me from that holy place
Are nearly passed, and soon"—
He spoke no more. One groan—one heaving sigh,
And all was stilled in death.
That manly form,
At whose creation Deity had paused
In deep deliberative thought*—that form
So wondrous, so complete—the residence
Of the immortal mind in image made
Of uncreate Jehovah's self—with life
Inspired, and by th' Omniscient eye pronounced,
In every part, complete—that glorious form
Now lies in silent death!
The occupant
Of Eden's holy bowers, participant
Of God's approving smile—the creature mind,
Who, as with fellow man, communion held
And daily intercourse, with God, whose heart
In unison with holy beings beat,
Till sin discordant throbbings introduced—
The first—the head—the parent of a race—
Lies cold, and motionless, and dead!
Weep, then,
O Nature, weep! Through all thy vast domains
Let mournful sounds arise. Howl piteously
Ye stormy winds. Ye softly murmuring brooks
Sad be your notes. And thou, old ocean, too,
Thy solemn roar command—a mighty part—
In sorrowing nature's funeral dirge; for man,
The noblest offspring of creative skill,
Lies cold, and motionless, and dead!

(*To be concluded.*)

* The passage, Genesis i, 26, would seem to imply both *deliberation* and *consultation*; as if the creation of man was a work so stupendous that Deity paused to consult!

Original.

GETHSEMANE.

GETHSEMANE! O, how I love
To think what scenes in thee transpir'd,
When there the Savior knelt to prove
What wondrous love his breast inspir'd—
Yes, love beyond expression, vast,
And boundless! See the Savior, see!
Enduring anguish to the last
For sinful wretches such as me.
What agony, O Lord, was thine,
When wrung by guilt! but not thy own.
Thou call'dst on Heav'n for aid divine,
That thou might'st bring us to thy throne.
And could'st thou suffer thus, and we
Not praise thee for the bright display
Of love which raises us to thee,
And opens up eternal day—
Which bids us live, for ever live,
In those bright realms prepar'd above,
There to enjoy all thou canst give,
And bask in thy unchanging love!
How shall I praise thee for this free
And undeserved gift of grace,
Which lifts the ransom'd soul to thee,
To dwell on high before thy face!
Gethsemane, the blood, the tear,
All pictur'd, seem before my view.
O, Savior, while I see thee there,
Fill with thy love my heart anew!
Time-hallow'd spot! I linger yet
Around thee. Lord, wilt thou control
My heart, if thee I should forget,
And calm the tempests of my soul! B.

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NOTICES.

HISTORY OF EUROPE, *from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons. By Archibald Allison, F. R. S. E. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is one of the most interesting of all epochs, in the relations of its events to philosophy, morals, and religion. Its history ought to be made up with a skill and a care proportioned to the magnitude of its events. The record should be truthful and minute; impartial in opinion; and sound in its philosophy. The writer, of course, should not be a mere historian, in the sense of sketching facts. He should bring to his task the researches of scholarship, the integrity of the jurist, and the prudence of the civilian. To these some additions—such as theological discernment, and of the class of Belles Lettres, so that it may show some attractions to superficial minds, will be a slight gain.

The press has bestowed the highest praise on this work, and it has passed rapidly through three editions. From a slight examination of the first two numbers, we are prepared, in part, to echo the favorable opinions of the press. In the points, which so brief an examination enables us to judge, it is a work of almost unequaled merit. It seems to possess all the excellences which can render historic records valuable. We think it cannot be read in vain. Its facts are well selected and arranged, its descriptions of scenes and characters almost inimitable, and its style is scarcely surpassed in propriety, force, and eloquence.

The work is issued in sixteen numbers, at twenty-five cents each; so that the American reader will pay four dollars for a work which cost the Englishman fifty dollars.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART: *comprising the History, Description, and Scientific Principles of every Branch of Human Knowledge, with the Definition and Derivation of all the Terms in use. With engravings on wood. General Editor, W. T. Brande, F. R. S. L. & E. Assisted by several gentlemen. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This work will be valuable for reference. It is for this use principally that it seems to be designed, as its articles are very brief, and its type is too small for any other purpose. It is issued, like the "History," in numbers of 112 pages each, semi-monthly.

Encyclopedias are very useful to the student. From their pages he may often refresh or correct the memory in regard to facts, persons, or principles which it is important or desirable for him to know, and yet are too trivial to warrant much research. Brande's Dictionary will cost but three dollars, and none but they who have enjoyed such an aid, can estimate its value in the student's library. This will be the most suitable work extant of its kind for family use.

Both of the above works are on sale by Wright and Sworm-stedt.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND MINISTRY OF THE REV. WILLIAM DAWSON. *By James Everett. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*—We love British Wesleyan biography. We humbly thank a gracious God, who has raised up such men as the Wesleys, Fletcher, Bramwell, and many others; and such women as Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Rodgers, and Mrs. Tatham, and provided, in his wisdom, that their experience and deeds should be chronicled for posterity. How many will bless God in heaven for the sight of Bramwell, Carvosso, and Mrs. Rodger's memoirs. And here is another sketch of the dealings of God, both in his providence and grace, with one who was not born a Methodist, but gradually, and by Divine leadings, came to embrace and gratefully enjoy its privileges. William Dawson was an eminent Wesleyan preacher, born in 1773. He labored long, and with great efficiency, and followed in the train of Wesley, Clarke, and Watson to the temple above. From a partial examination of the book, we anticipate great pleasure and profit in its perusal. The character of Mr. Dawson is thus summarily presented in the closing paragraph of the work:

"We can scarcely fail to perceive, in the late Mr. William Dawson, the *Man*, the *Christian*, and the *Minister;* the man, who was an honor to human nature—the Christian, who was an ornament to the Church—and the minister, who, in Methodism, whether ancient or modern, stood more apart from his brethren than almost any other preacher for the peculiarity of his genius, and the bold, original, and successful character of his ministry—approaching the nearest of any man to the definition given by the poor countryman of the celebrated George Whitefield as a preacher, who, in reply to the interrogatory of his master on the subject, returned, 'Preach, sir! he preached like a lion;' a metaphor full of life, full of fire, full of power, full of majesty. But if Mr. Dawson preached like a lion, he lived like a lamb; and has in this furnished posterity with another example of a 'perfect man,' as far as perfection can be attached to the human character, in connection with its own peculiarities—'the lion coming out of the lamb, and the lamb coming out of the lion'—bold, yet harmless, innocent, inoffensive; nay, more, a blessing to his species—thus terminating one of the most brilliant and extraordinary careers in the history of the lay ministry of Methodism, at the close of its first triumphant *centenary*."

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT *of the Directors and Superintendent of the Ohio Lunatic Asylum, to the Forty-first General Assembly of Ohio.*—From this document, we learn, that the whole number of patients admitted is 408; namely, males, 216; females, 192; poor patients, 309; paying patients, 99; single, 200; married, 169; widows, 28; widowers, 11.

There were 266 discharged, of whom 165 recovered, 11 improved, 41 were incurable, 2 were iditoic, and 47 died. Per cent. of recoveries on all the cases discharged, 62,03; per cent. on old cases, 34,95; per cent. on recent cases, 85,31 Average number in the Asylum for the present year, 145; per cent. of deaths the present year, 7,58. Number discharged the present year, 65. Recovered 41, incurable 13, died 11. Number in the Asylum at the end of the present year, 142.

The Report shows that the Asylum is not sufficiently spacious, and scores are refused admission for want of accommodations. Insane females often lie in jail greatly to their injury on this account. It seems that early attention to the insane patient is of very great importance, and that delay tends greatly to render the disease incorrigible. The following table illustrates the great importance of early treatment:

Table showing the comparative curability of all the cases since the commencement of this Asylum, at their different periods of insanity.

	Cured or curable.	Incurable.	Total of each sex.	Total of cases.
Less than one year in duration—				
Males	78	21	99	
Females	58	14	72	171
From one to two years—				
Males	13	17	30	
Females	11	28	39	69
From two to five years—				
Males	6	40	46	
Females	6	33	39	85
From five to ten years—				
Males	1	21	22	
Females	3	19	22	44
From ten to fifteen—				
Males	1	12	13	
Females	1	8	9	22
From fifteen to twenty—				
Males	1	4	5	
Females	0	4	4	9
From twenty to twenty-five—				
Males	0	4	4	
Females	0	2	2	6
From twenty-five to thirty—				
Males	0	2	2	
Females	0	0	0	2
Totals of cases for 1839, '40, '41, '42.				408

The friends of insane persons should not decline the necessary trouble to secure to their afflicted relatives a place in this Institution. There is no visitation of Providence, unless it be strictly and openly punitive, so severe as the loss of reason. The death of the pious is not so much to be deprecated. Then we part with our friends by a common law of our being, and as an expected event; and if prepared for eternal felicity, we cannot mourn on their account. We bury them in the grave,

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weep for our loss, and except as affectionate memory recalls their virtues and embalms their graces in our hearts, a gentle oblivion gradually gathers over them, not to conceal them from our gaze, but to soften our sorrows, and moderate our grief at their departure. But how dreadful, without mitigation, it is to look upon the ruins of mind, in the person of a near relative or friend. And if those ruins may be restored, shall we neglect the hopeful means of restoring them to their pristine order and beauty?

A VINDICATION OF DIVINE BENEVOLENCE IN THE DOCTRINE OF THE ATONEMENT: *a Sermon by Rev. John T. Brooke, Rector of Christ Church, Cincinnati.*—This excellent discourse notices how the atonement is affected by objections to the deity of Christ, and by claiming that repentance is a sufficient legal ground of pardon. It exposes the prevailing false views of the doctrine of atonement. The arguments in vindication of God's benevolence by the atonement are presented under the following heads, 1st. The moral law is itself benevolent. 2d. The penalty which sanctions it is also benevolent. 3d. The atonement, as a substitute for penalty, is the highest manifestation of divine benevolence. The following paragraph touches a point of deep and popular interest:

"It is asked, if believers be released debtors, whose debts have been fully paid by Christ, where was the grace of God in pardoning them? We answer, that although sin is sometimes called in Scripture a debt, it is not literally such, but a penal offense: and the grace of pardon consists in treating the sinner better than from his personal character he has any right to expect. Nor does the atonement any more affect the grace of pardon, than repentance would, if mere repentance were the sole consideration in granting it. For in that case repentance would cover the very ground which the atonement now does, viz., it would make it consistent for God to pardon sin. This is just what the atonement does, and if the one would not destroy the grace of pardon, the other does not."

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT *of the Condition of the Common Schools to the City Council of Cincinnati, rendered June* 30, 1842, *by the Board of Trustees and Visitors.*—The Common Schools of Cincinnati promise to become model institutions of the kind. In them a foundation is laid for a most efficient system of public instruction. It is scarcely ten years since the Common Schools became an object of much hope or interest to the community, yet they are now the chief pride of our city.

The Report in our hands, like preceding papers of the sort, presents a gratifying account of the progress of the schools towards perfection.

The revenue is improved. The last year's Legislature has, by its action on this point, saved these institutions in the city much embarrassment. The public examinations were conducted in a manner which tended greatly to the advantage of the pupils, and the gratification of the spectators. There are seventy teachers employed, of whose qualifications and success the Board speak with warm commendation. The enrollments during the year were nearly 7000, and about 3000 were in daily attendance. The following extract will show that these state institutions are exciting an all-pervading influence on the minds of our children:

"From the comparative small number (3033) who are in actual daily attendance, it might be inadvertently inferred that a large number of our children escape entirely the influence of the schools. Such, however, is not the fact. By reference to the official census of the city of Cincinnati, reported on the 1st of June, 1840, it will be seen that the whole number of children in Cincinnati, between the ages of 5 and 15, were 8000. This is the same length of time as the school age, and commences and ends but one year different. It may, therefore, be taken as comprehending about the same number as that of those within the school age. The increase in the two years since, has been about 12 per cent., so that the number within these limits may be set down as 9000. The total enrollment is about 7000. A large number of the remaining 2000 are in private schools, so that in point of fact, there are but a few hundred of the proper age who have not been enrolled in the past year. When, therefore, we consider that the school age comprehends ten years, and that one-third of that time, at the usual rate of progress, is sufficient to acquire a moderate instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic; we may safely conclude, that, dating from the past year, almost the entire mass of our children will eventually participate in the benefits of the public schools."

The only adverse circumstance which we observe in connection with this enterprise, is the resignation of the President of the Board, Elam P. Langdon, Esq., whose services have been of incalculable value. But a most judicious selection has been made to supply the vacancy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LAMENTABLE.—A new work has lately been issued from the Kentucky press. We have seen only the title, which, taken from an exchange paper, reads as follows:

"The New Test of Christian Character Tested, or the Bible Doctrine of Temperance: being a calm appeal to the sober and candid judgment of enlightened and upright men, in an humble plea for truth and reason, and an honest effort to prove that the doctrine of the universal moral obligation of 'total abstinence' derives no countenance from the word of God, and is not permanently or truly promotive of the 'cause of temperance'—but basing its efforts on false principles, is really an enemy to the cause. By W. L. Breckenridge, Frankfort, Ky.: A. G. Hodges, State Printer, 1842. pp. 44."

Mr. Breckenridge has done good in the world, but it is questionable if, on the whole, his generation will not have reason to mourn that he ever came into being. This may be harsh, but we cannot speak more reverently in regard to his recent labors in the cause of anti-temperance. The idea that total abstinence is founded on *false* principles, because it is not expressly enjoined in holy writ, is a *non sequitur* which we did not expect from Mr. Breckenridge. We trust the book will fall still-born from the press.

CALVINISM AND UNITARIANISM.—These two schools of error, the former relieved by many mixings of truth, and the latter purely and profanely anti-christian, seem to be fast waning in New England. The Methodist Episcopal Church, with her Gospel Arminianism, and the fires of the Holy Spirit glowing on her altars, is making sure progress against both. Probably the result will be a general conviction that Methodism bears a commission from God to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the world; and other branches of the Church will still incline towards her creed and customs, till, in the use of both, they shall begin to gather and not scatter abroad. These remarks are suggested by the following language from the Unitarian press:

"What then do we need? Shall we renew our old controversy with the doctrines of the Trinity, Total Depravity, Atonement, and so forth? Not so. This would not be going forward, but backward. Our own people are heartily tired of these discussions, and wish for something more living. And even among the orthodox, in New England at least, the old forms of doctrine are crumbling away so rapidly that they do not need our aid to demolish them. We can safely leave it to Professor Stuart, Mr. Abbott, Professor Taylor and others, to give the finishing blow to the old forms of Calvinism."

A SHORTER WAY.—Dr. Bond is publishing a series of articles in the Christian Advocate and Journal on *holiness*, in the form of a relation of Christian experience. They exceed in practical interest almost any thing we have read on that subject. They seem to be written by a female who is deeply experienced in the things of God. They are well worthy of republication in tract or volume form. We hope they will be thus preserved. If they are not, we may hereafter present them to our readers in the Repository. It is unusual to introduce into a monthly, matter borrowed from a weekly sheet, but we are not willing that our readers, who do not receive the Christian Advocate and Journal, should be deprived of the benefit of prayerfully reading and studying these productions.

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THE WORK OF GOD.—The state of the Churches in this region can scarcely be conceived. Never before, since the Miami valley was settled, has there been such a general and overwhelming outpouring of the Spirit. It is a refining fire in the Church itself. Old professors long settled down in spiritual slumber are all alive. The regenerate are pressing into perfect liberty. This is no common revival. It is altogether extraordinary, and is intended, by the gracious Head of the Church, to prepare his children for the interesting scenes which await his Zion.

SABBATH-BREAKING.—One of the most discouraging signs of the times, connected with religion and its prospects, is the desecration of the Sabbath. The Churches are partakers of this sin. And this in several ways. A few of its members sometimes visit, ride out or travel on the Sabbath. Pious mechanics, merchants, and farmers, are not willing to exert their whole influence to restrain those whom they employ, and impose on them sobriety on that holy day. Parents are not sufficiently watchful of the manners of their children; do not converse with them and warn them—do not appoint them lessons in the Scriptures—do not impress on their minds a sense of the sacredness of this holy day.

Sabbath school teachers have a work to do in connection with this subject. To *teach* children is not enough. They must be reproved and restrained. They must be watched in their passage from the school-room to the sanctuary, and in their seats during religious service.

The times are perilous, and omens of events of tremendous import just at hand, multiply daily. Sin is becoming more bold and flagitious. It cares no longer for concealment, but reveals itself in every form of which it was heretofore ashamed. Religion is still bashful, but her foe is become bold and impudent. Men used to travel and hunt and labor on the Sabbath with some symptoms of embarrassment. It is not so now. The Lord help his people to be up and doing.

THE PUSEYITES.—It is possible that these sons of the "Succession" will accomplish some of their objects at an earlier date than they had hoped. They, doubtless, aim at the *engrossment* into the English episcopacy of the Romish principles and forms, which seem to them so salutary to Christianity, and the Church. If the following information be correct, this may be soon compassed. It is from a London correspondent of the Dundee Warder. The writer says: "I am enabled to make the first public announcement of a fact which will create a deep sensation throughout the Christian world. What I refer to is the fact that a very large body of the evangelical clergy in the Church of England have now resolved on a secession from that Church. Their intention is not to fraternize with the Dissenters, nor to call themselves Dissenters at all, but to retain the designation of Episcopalians, and to call themselves, in their united capacity, by some such name as 'Reformed Church of England.'"

Should these ecclesiastics secede, the civil obstructions in the way of a Roman Catholic English Church, will probably soon be removed. We cannot think such an issue impossible, if we recur to the history of past ages. True, it has been said that mankind are too enlightened, especially in England, to tolerate the existence of Romanism as a prevailing religion. But perhaps the world needs some more lessons on the insufficiency of knowledge to purify and keep the heart, and render wise unto salvation. We may look with any degree of interest on the unfolding scenes of English and European revolution. Events will probably exceed, in magnitude, the hopes and fears of the most sanguinary.

VICTORIA AN EXAMPLE.—The Queen rises at half past six, and takes breakfast at eight. This, among Americans, would be late in the country, but is quite early in the city. Some of our readers may have risen and breakfasted late, to avoid *vulgarity*. Now they may venture to be up an hour earlier. Royal examples will save them from reproach.

Early rising is a saving of time and health. It is important for devotion. An hour given to prayer and the reading of the Scriptures before breakfast, would rescue many from fearful backslidings, and not a few from fatal apostasy. We can hardly conceive how a faithful Christian preserves a good conscience in lying abed late. True, some plead their ill health. But this is no excuse. It is an aggravation of the offense. Perseverance in early rising for ten or twelve months would probably restore their health. Let these persons be reduced to poverty, and thus be compelled to early rising and hard labor, and the glow of health would soon supplant the pale, sickly hue which overspreads their features.

Mrs. A. rises at five o'clock. She spends half an hour on her knees, and enjoys blissful communion with her Savior. With a penitent and believing heart she searches the Scriptures another half hour, and feeds upon the milk of the word. By this time her children awake, and the care of them takes up her attention. Her waiting at the altar has prepared her heart for all the duties of the day. She meets her family with a smile of holy love, and no temptations or trials of patience can move her. The law of love is in her heart, and the law of kindness upon her tongue. Aided by the heavenly wisdom which she sought in prayer, she "guides her house with discretion." Her children observe her example of devotion, are won by the meekness of her carriage, and become the worshipers of her God. They rise up and call her blessed. She dies, and her memory is cherished by her pious household, and her virtues are embalmed in their hearts. This is not fancy, but *biography;* and it is a praise worthy example.

SCIENCE HILL FEMALE ACADEMY, SHELBYVILLE, KY.—This Institution is in a prosperous state, and is one of the most inviting seats of learning for young ladies in Kentucky. Rev. Mr. Ralston, an excellent judge, says, "This Institution is too well known to make commendation necessary; but it may be added that it still sustains its reputation as one of the first literary institutions in the west. The number of pupils during the last year averaged ninety; which, with the extraordinary interest manifested by the crowds that always attend the examinations or exhibitions of this school, sufficiently proves the estimation placed upon it by an enlightened community. During the past year I have frequently been present at the recitations of the classes; and recently I had the pleasure of witnessing some of the public exhibitions, which were in the highest degree commendatory, not only of the talents and assiduity of the young ladies, but of the superior qualifications of the superintendents. The primary object of the Principals of this Institution is, so to direct the education of the young ladies placed under their care, as to prepare them to fill, with dignity, the situation they may occupy in society. Thus a continued effort is made to combine in the system of education pursued, religious and moral, as well as intellectual training, and a proper attention to physical health. The local situation of the school is decidedly advantageous to the health and general improvement. The influence of the school in favor of religion is truly great. With few exceptions, the young ladies placed here, not only leave the Institution accomplished scholars, but decided Christians."

The thirty-seventh session commenced on the 12th of February.

Terms.—Preparatory Department, per session of five months, $12; Junior Class, $15; Academical Department, $20; Music, with the use of Piano, $25; Drawing and Painting, $12; French, Latin, or Greek, $12; Board and Washing, per session, $50; Extra, for lights and fuel, winter session, $2; Needle-work, of various kinds, no extra charge.

A good Laboratory of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus is attached to the Institution; and great pains have been taken to provide means for illustrating in the most pleasing manner, the various subjects of Chemistry, Botany, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, &c.

Teachers.—Mrs. John Tevis, Principal, and Teacher of French; Mrs. H. H. Martin, Teacher of Drawing and Painting; Mr. H. H. Martin, Teacher of Mathematics, Greek, and Latin; Mr. A. W. Cook, Teacher of Music; assistant teachers in proportion to the number of pupils.

The Principal of this Institution is in the highest degree worthy of the confidence of parents; nor do we wonder that with such a head and assistants, it has acquired the reputation which it now enjoys.

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, APRIL, 1843.

Original.

TO AN ALBUM.*

BY MRS. WILSON.

Go, little stainless gatherer, go,
And garner gems for me;
Seek where affection's flowrets blow,
And bear them back with thee!

Go, bare thy purest leaf, to greet
A MOTHER'S kindling eye,
Nor leave her 'till her impress sweet
She stamp in changeless dye.

Go, ask a FATHER to indite
Some precious lines for thee,
And bear them on the stainless white
Of some pure page to me.

Go, seek where young affection's wreath
Was twin'd in CHILDHOOD'S hour;
There, little treasurer, beneath
The arch of that home-bow'r,

Thou'lt find the cherish'd ones, whose love
Like threads of golden wire,
Has run through all my chain of life;—
Go, and their thoughts inspire

To trace some pure and gifted line,
Fresh from a SISTER'S heart,
And holy gems from "Auld Lang Syne,"
When youth's bright dreams depart.

But stay, to grace a distant bower
One sever'd Flowret hies;†
Go, bid HER spare some fleeting hour
From new and dearer ties,

To place among thy treasur'd store
Some kindly thoughts for me;
That I may, when thy errand's o'er,
Most fondly welcome thee.

Go, ask a BROTHER'S manly heart
An offering to give,
Which, as Time's chequer'd dreams depart,
May on thy pages live

In lustre pure, as when the wave
Of youthful feeling flow'd;—
Then all these dear mementoes save
From where home's altar glow'd!

Next seek the heart whose joy and grief
Alike I fondly share,
That some unstained and spotless leaf
May FRIENDSHIP'S offering bear.

Go!—no, I will not bid thee seek
One wreath that LOVE entwines;
Its thorns too often pale the cheek,
O'er which its radiance shines.

Go, ask the holy ones who claim
A mission from above,
To garner here the sacred name
Of Him they serve and love—

To trace upon some virgin leaf
REDEMPTION'S holy song—
Some strain like those that angels breathe
Among heaven's ransomed throng.

But go (I cannot tell thee *all*
The treasures thou must find)
Wherever FEELING'S tear-drops fall,
Or cluster, gems of MIND—

Wherever GENIUS wakes a lay,
Or VIRTUE tunes a string—
Where TRUTH unfolds her holy ray,
Or FAITH its offering.

Garner them up as radiant pearls
Among thy treasur'd store;
And, as old Time his scroll unfurls,
Be seeking still for more—

Until, on *all* thy pages shine
Some precious gift for me;
While, as I hail each breathing line,
I'll bless and cherish thee!

* These beautiful lines were written by the gifted authoress in a young lady's Album without any thought at the time of their meeting the public eye.—ED.

† Alluding to a married sister.

Original.

PEACE IN TROUBLE.*

RIGHTEOUS, O Lord, thy doings are,
A sum of love and truth and grace,
Complainings all from self-made care;
He's happy who but seeks thy face.
Enfeebling pains may seize the frame,
Like billows high temptations rise—
Grace has a balm to heal the lame—
Religion wings to mount the skies.
Each bursting sigh shall then be still,
E'en though the tortured limbs decay;
Nor will I seek less pain to feel—
Eternal life will all repay. L. W.

* Addressed by a pastor to a sufferer of his flock.

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Original.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS.

BY E. W. SEHON.

Eighteen hundred years have passed away since the cross was reared without Jerusalem, and still but a minority of mankind have beheld its light. More than half the earth's surface is yet covered with moral darkness. In this darkness at least six hundred millions of our race are traveling on to death and eternity. Are they on the road to bliss or woe? Let the Christian pause and think. To us is committed the word of life—we have it in trust for our dying fellow men. What we do must be done quickly. Even while we deliberate they are passing away, with souls unaneled—with sins unforgiven. Look over this vast empire of darkness, and truly may we say the harvest is great. The field is the world. Our benevolence should stop at nothing short of the salvation of the world. To this end should all our aims and efforts tend. For the world Jesus died. The object of the enterprise embraces every member of the human family. Intellectually and morally it would bless every human being, and thus rescue a world from degradation and spiritual darkness. The Church must awake to the importance, the magnitude, and necessity of this work. Every Christian, male and female, must see well to the performance of their duty. In the discharge of this duty we should look upon our fellow men everywhere as our brethren; for the family of man is but one vast brotherhood. Where humanity dwells there is room for our benevolence.

It is to be feared that, upon this subject, notwithstanding the much which has been said and written, but few are alive to it as they should be. Many neglect entirely all thought about it, or if thought of at all, it is but for a moment—as a very small matter. Who can suitably reflect upon the sad condition of the majority of our race thus involved in darkness, and not feel, and, deeply feeling, act. God requires all men to believe; and though he undoubtedly does and will save many in heathen lands, yet faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. We are bound by our profession as Christians, to see that, by every possible means, we aid in bringing about the universal obedience and happiness of the human family. Much, indeed, has been done, and more is doing, for the accomplishment of this gracious purpose. The places visited, however, and blessed by the word of God, break at long intervals on the eye, like sunny islets in a stormy sea—like specks of azure in a cloudy sky. We must labor *on* and *on* in faith, until over the whole world the heavenly light shall break. Duty and interest are intimately connected together—the advancement of the *one* is dependent upon the performance of the *other*. If it is our duty to give, the blessing is pronounced, that it is more blessed to give than to receive—they that water shall be watered again. O, of what a blessed privilege many are denying themselves, and shutting out from their souls its great and heavenly blessings! Yes, Christian benevolence brings its own reward. Every effort, every prayer, and every gift makes full and ample return into our own bosoms. The great question should then be, how can I best promote the interests of Christ's kingdom? Let *all* ask, and *all* respond, *by my fervent prayers—by constant personal exertion*, and *by bestowment of funds* to the utmost of my ability. Think what a scene would be presented if all the Christians in the city of Cincinnati were, at one and the same time, engaged in prayer with God for the salvation of our dying fellow men—not a few in each Church, but *all*, from the youngest to the eldest! What a scene would it be, if not only all in our city were thus engaged, but all the professors of our holy religion in the whole world—a prostrate Church, pleading with God for the full salvation of a sinful world! We want more prayer—prayer to God for his special blessings to rest upon all the instrumentalities now in use for the conversion of our fellow men. In the closet—around the family altar—in social prayer—in the great congregation—our prayers should be more marked and earnest for the universal conquest of Messiah's kingdom, that all the ministers of the word at home and abroad, in heathen lands, should be visited graciously by the great Head of the Church. Our personal exertions must be given to this cause whenever and however God may seem to require them. If all are not called to go forth as missionaries, yet each one has a field in which to labor—a talent to occupy.

By our contributions we should all labor in this cause. Many, in moderate circumstances, give, and give liberally, while others, equally as able, give not at all, attempting to excuse themselves by saying, "We can give but little, therefore we will not give at all," not remembering that the fertilizing showers which so much enrich our earth descend upon it but in drops. Some among the wealthy give, and give nobly, while others, if they give, do so grudgingly, and as though they could scarcely spare it. The giving seems to afford no pleasure to them, and is rather drawn and forced from them, than as an act which springs from a willing heart, which in giving is at once blessed. On the subject of giving, we should remember all we have belongs to the Lord, and what we have is only loaned us as the stewards of his bounty. We should thus teach our children, and those committed to our care. Soon the time and place which now know us will know us no more for ever. Let us, then, work while it is called to-day. In prayer, in Christian exertion, and in the bestowment of funds, according to the means in our possession, let us prove ourselves, in heart and life, the followers of the blessed Jesus.

FAITH.

The sailor, by using his eyes in looking for land, acquires great keenness of sight. Use the eye of faith in looking for your eternal haven, and you give it greater clearness of vision. To strengthen faith, exercise faith.

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Original.

MR. SUMMERFIELD.

DEAR GERTRUDE,—I believe it is Rochfoucault who says that it is a sort of ingratitude to be in *haste* to return an obligation; but I subscribe not to a sentiment which would repress one of the best impulses of our nature, and *my* heart thanked you kindly for your prompt and sympathetic "Response" to my poor lyric. And had I obeyed its first dictates, you would ere this have received a written evidence of my gratitude. For as I laid aside the book, after the perusal of your lines, I said to myself, "*To-morrow* will I write to Gertrude, and thank her for her poetry, and seek to engage her in a correspondence." Alas, for this spirit of procrastination, when we know not what an hour may bring forth! The promised morrow found me too indisposed in body to arrange my thoughts, or wield my pen; and throughout the last week I have been suffering so severely with a sore throat as to incapacitate me for all mental exertion. And now, if I would communicate with you through the columns of the Repository, I have only time to offer you these few lines of explanation and apology, and to solicit of you the favor of a correspondence, not poetical, but *rational* and *religious*, embodying your own and the experience of others in their pilgrimage to Zion. And perchance my heart may become warmer, and my hopes more assured by communion with one whose spiritual lights have been so much greater than my own, and *you* may have the pure satisfaction of having aided me in my upward journey to that better land for which we are all striving, where the Christian warfare is ended, and where seraphic love glows in each bosom for evermore.

O, for a heart to praise and pray,
Until the victory's won—
That when we leave this house of clay,
We then may hear the Savior say,
"Enter ye in—well done!"

You know, my dear Gertrude, that I was educated an Episcopalian, and, all the early part of my life, attended no other Church. Thither my mother's family went, and most of my friends and associates. I loved the pastor and people, and, in the language of the world, *was happy*. But when death entered our abode, and took away our dear mother, and I witnessed the composure with which she departed, leaning upon the arm of her Redeemer, I began to feel an awakened interest in the subject of religion—a desire to become fitted for a communion with those spirits in heaven, with whom I had never partaken of the cup of salvation upon earth; but while I was out of the Church a wall of partition seemed effectually to divide us, and I strove to make myself worthy of membership. I gave up all fashionable amusements, attended evening lectures, and soon joined myself to the people of the Lord, and felt comforted in having done what I considered my duty, but had no "*joy in believing*." And if this "joy" is the test of the true Christian, I am still in the "bonds of iniquity;" for in all my trials since—and "God has given me my share"—I have often felt comforted in casting my burdens upon the Lord, but have never attained to that spiritual state of which St. Paul speaks, and which many Christians profess, namely, "*rejoicing* in tribulation."

At this time I knew nothing of Methodism. I had never been within the walls of one of their churches until I heard the sainted Summerfield in the city of Baltimore, just before his ascension to glory. To say that I was pleased with him would but faintly express my feelings. I went to hear him, impelled more, as it were, by the current than by any better motive; for I had no faith in popular preachers. I had generally found something artificial and unsound about them—some trick of oratory that repelled me from the pulpit. But, O, how was I disappointed in Summerfield! The Methodist church in Light-street was filled to overflowing—not only the body of the house, but the galleries, the aisles, and the windows were full, and every little architectural projection held a listener. Yet every thing was hush and orderly. Most of the multitude, I suppose, had heard him before. Their hearts had felt the influence of his preaching, and they knew *who* they were expecting, and felt that it was good to wait his coming in silence. At length there was a gentle movement about the pulpit, and every eye was turned as he was put in at the window. He fell upon his knees, and for ten minutes a holy silence pervaded the house. When he arose, and a pale, delicate, fair-haired youth, of apparently not more than two or three and twenty, stood up to teach this vast multitude, I feared for his success; but my fears were unnecessary, and if I had known him before, I should have said *unhallowed*, for he had the preparation of the Spirit, and surely "he spake as never man spake" since the days of our Savior upon earth. To the most child-like simplicity he joined the zeal of the seraph. His text was, "Behold I stand at the door and knock;" and as he warmed with his subject his musical voice rose to a higher note, his pale face became illuminated; and as he stretched forth his thin arms in his expostulation with his hearers, he looked not like a being of earth, but of heaven. That day many hearts were opened at his call for the reception of the Holy Spirit. He was at this time in almost the last stage of consumption, fast ripening for glory, and was like the sun, which glows brighter at its setting. When I left the house, I thought if this be *Methodist* preaching, I desire often to hear it; but him I never heard again. It was his last sermon in Baltimore, and one of his latest upon earth.

Soon after this I removed to the southwest, where Methodism not only prevails, but has much talent and zeal enlisted in its support. But being myself a member of the Episcopal Church, and finding one of that denomination (a rare thing) in the village where I lived, I of course went there, reserving for myself the privilege of occasionally attending Methodist preaching. I soon became fond of their mode of worship, and preferred extemporary prayer to the Church service, which, beautiful as it is, has ever since appeared cold and formal in comparison. After vibrating between the two Churches for nearly a year, I felt it was

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my duty to *belong* where I was most *profited*, and this I *knew* to be under the ministration of the Methodists. So I withdrew from the Protestant Episcopalians and joined them. And surely there can be no higher order of Christian than a *consistent, self-denying Methodist*. And although I saw many, in the section of country where I united with them, that lived in violation of the rules of the Discipline, yet it never unsettled my opinions. May I not hope, dear Gertrude, to hear from you through the pages of the next Repository? "May you prosper, and be in health even as your soul prospereth!"

AUGUSTA.

Cincinnati, February, 1843.

Original.

THE MARYS AT THE CROSS.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene."

THE death of Jesus Christ is the most interesting and important event that ever transpired. His cross radiates light and life to a perishing world. His death is our life, our hope, and our salvation. After his mock trial and cruel scourging, in accordance with the clamorous demands of a frantic mob, he was delivered into their hands to be crucified and slain. Amazing spectacle! The Son of God, having voluntarily abdicated his eternal throne in glory, encircled by all the holy intelligences of heaven, now, almost friendless and forsaken, ascends the rugged steeps of Calvary. Peter and the rest of the apostles, with one exception, all fled. But the Marys followed their Savior, and stood by the cross. The shoutings of an infuriated multitude—the gleaming of Roman arms, and the fierce outbreakings of Jewish vengeance, daunted not these noble—these holy females. They, during the six dreadful hours, remained enchained to the sacred spot, witnessing the sorrows and death of the illustrious sufferer.

It is probable that the Marys did not fully understand what the blessed Savior had foretold of his death and resurrection. But they had full confidence in his truth and grace, or they would not have followed him with tears to Calvary, or stood in the midst of appalling horrors so near his cross. It may be they did not recognize him as sealing their redemption with his blood; but they did see him sealing his gracious promises and his undoubted claims to Divinity. They may not have seen, while near his cross, the glittering sword of divine justice piercing his heart, and the bursting phials of divine wrath overwhelming his soul; but after his glorious resurrection they understood it well. Yet there was something more than sympathy and ordinary gratitude that enchained the Marys to Calvary. It was unconquerable love for the sacred person of the bleeding sufferer, and its constraining power upon their hearts.

Multitudes attended the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Many were there out of morbid curiosity. The fame of his mighty deeds and sinless life were attractions to the crowd. Many were there out of hatred to the illustrious sufferer. They had long thirsted for his life—now he was in their malignant power—no shield of protection around the Anointed of God while in the hands of sinful, cruel men. These, his enemies, had falsified his reputation, proclaimed him a vile impostor, and now, with infernal joy, they go to see his dying agony, crying, as they hasten to Golgotha, "His blood be upon us, and upon our children." Many were there officially—the Roman soldiery—the officers that arranged the business of death, and the executioners with their hammers and their nails. But the Marys and the beloved John were there as his faithful and weeping friends. Their presence was the only bright gleam that flashed through the worse than Egyptian darkness that shrouded his dying hour. They had ascended Calvary, and were now near the cross, to show how deeply they sympathized with their Lord—that their love was unabated—their attachment as great and as ardent as ever. When all the universe seemed both to frown upon and to fight against his person and mission, neither the cowardly flight of his professed friends, nor the reckless fury of his inveterate enemies, moved the Marys. Amidst the midnight gloom that covered the earth, they gazed upon the cross. When the solid rocks were rending, and the cross itself could scarcely stand on the quaking mount, they stood near. They left him not, though they heard, with aching hearts, his plaintive, tremulous cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The Marys were by his cross as his public disciples. They were not prevented by cold expediency or prudence. As his soldiers, they were with the Captain of their salvation in the midst of his enemies, and in the thickest of the conflict. They stood by him, as he uncovered his bosom to receive the thunderbolts of his Father's wrath—as he encountered, in his own strength, the combined powers of darkness. They stood on the battle-field, when Bozrah's conqueror, with his vestments dipped in blood, carried trembling to the centre of the empire of hell, and bound the prince of darkness to the wheels of his victorious chariot.

The Marys of Bethlehem, and Mary of Magdala, were gloriously rewarded by being near the cross. They received his last look, big with boundless love and infinite benignity—heard his last words to the penitent dying malefactor, and the solemn accents, "It is finished," when he gave up the ghost.

They were by his cross, as his faithful servants, to receive his instructions. Jesus publicly recognized them, notwithstanding the loud railing of the frantic mob, and the excrutiating agony he was enduring. He laid his last, his parting injunctions upon them, and doubtless they were faithfully observed. What a distinguishing exhibition of filial piety did Jesus exhibit! Behold, the Son of God, when dying for our sins—when performing the momentous work of our redemp-

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tion, consigns his mother to the care of the beloved disciple! How great the reward of standing by his cross!

Happily, while wicked men and fallen angels are assailing, with all the malignity of the pit, the grand mystery of godliness—"God manifest in the flesh"—only a few females, with all the intellectual culture of the nineteenth century, have had the fool-hardiness to stand in open hostility to the Godhead of Jesus Christ. This monstrous singularity, in a universe which adores the Lamb which was slain, is not presented to many of the female sex. Till the blast of the archangel's trump shall echo the knell of time, may it be true of the female sex in general, "that they are still the last to quit the cross, and the first to visit the sepulchre."

"I would have gone to Calvary,
And, where the Marys stood,
Bewailing loud the crucified,
As near him as they could,
I would have stood, till night o'er earth
Her heavy pall had thrown,
And thought upon my Savior's cross,
And learned to bear my own."

B. W. C.

Original.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

"These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace," John xvi, 33.

Ye shall have peace in me!
Thus to his sorrowing flock the Savior spoke,
On that last night of mournful agony,
Whose strange events awoke
The electric chain which shall not cease to move,
'Till all on earth shall know their Maker's love.

In me ye shall have peace,
However sternly, sadly, darkly tried;
Though every stream of earth-born comfort cease,
Each spring of hope be dried,
A pure refreshing fount within your breast,
Deep and unquenchable, my peace shall rest.

Peace—peace *in me!*—shrink not,
O, Christian, from the tempest's blasting power!
This shall redeem the terrors of thy lot,
And cheer thy gloomiest hour—
Shall breathe upon thy heart its soothing spell,
And every storm of fear and passion quell.

In me ye shall have peace—
A calm serenity—a sweet repose,
Making all doubt of thine acceptance cease—
Such as the world ne'er knows—
First drops of that ethereal stream which rolls
O'er the Elysian plains for blood-wash'd souls.

Earth is the home of grief—
It hath a tainted soil, a stormy sky,
Its hopes are shadows, its enjoyments brief,
Its fairest soonest die,
Its friendship's oft a dream, its love a snare,
Its roses blossom on the brow of care.

Upon the zephyr's breath
The sigh of sorrow and complaint is borne,
And the dark steps of sorrow, pain, and death
Have many a furrow worn,
And printed deep mortality's sad trace,
To tell the soul hath here no resting place.

But midst the shadows dim,
And wrecks of happiness, and hopes decay'd,
The bursting spirit still finds *peace* in *Him*
Who the world's ransom paid;
Earth hath no spot so dark, nor life so drear,
The peace of God cannot illume and cheer.

My soul! may this be *thine*,
Changeless and pure, through every future hour!
Ne'er fo. Time's paltry gifts the boon resign,
Heaven hath no richer dow'r—
Let not its warmth decrease, its lustre die,
'Till thou shalt hail its Source in realms on high.

Original.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

BY MRS. HARLAN.

I stand on the brink!—the cold waters how dark—
How chilling the blast, and how shattered the bark—
How high swells the tide to the crumbling shore!
O, who shall conduct me these dark waters o'er!

Far over the deep foaming billows I see,
A region where triumph the happy and free;
And millions, who shuddered this cold stream to sail,
There rest, or roam safely on hill or in vale.

Who, when the frail bark rides the dangerous wave,
Shall gild the deep gloom, and the voyager save?

They tell me the smile of Messiah can cheer
These waves, and his voice stay the storm's dread career,
And that safe as when borne on a calm summer's sea,
Shall the frail, lonely bark in its last voyage be.

Then quickly I'll spread to the winds my poor sail,
And trust my worn bark to the waves and the gale;
For if Jesus presides o'er the wind and the tide,
I surely in triumph the billows shall ride.

And when I am landed on that happy shore,
Then, then, I shall cross these cold waters no more.

LIFE.

'Tis a vapor in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
'Tis a short-liv'd fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a shower.

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Original.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.*

BY THE EDITOR.

The months rolled on. One pleasant day in June, Mr. L. was practicing a game of chess with Dr. C. In the midst of the game two gentlemen were introduced as "Methodist ministers." After brief salutations, the interrupted game proceeded. Mr. L. and his friend were aware that it was rude to resume it so unceremoniously in the presence of clergymen, but they scarcely deemed Methodist preachers as legitimate incumbents of that sacred profession.

Mr. L. had been taught from childhood that Wesleyanism, in all its types, was the most vulgar of human fanaticisms. He knew nothing from obvervation. He had heard but two or three sermons from the sect. All he had read was the testimony of its foes; and for some reason its enemies have generally deposed against it as "*swift witnesses.*" He was once surprised to hear it averred that John Wesley had "been to college." But he did not credit the report. He rather supposed that it was gotten up to invest the Wesleyans with unmerited respectability.

Strange as it may seem to the well informed, thousands to this late day are equally ignorant. They know nothing of a branch of the Church, embracing more than a million of their fellow citizens, amongst whom are some of the ripest scholars and most profound jurists and civilians of the land. They fancy Methodism to be a mass of rude and misshapen moral elements, unprovided with wisdom to devise, or stability to maintain an ecclesiastical polity. They deem it any thing but a "Church," and look with condescending commiseration and concern on such as have enrolled themselves in its disorganized ranks; viewing them not as disciples of Christ, but rather as fugitives from all religion. Its pastoral efficiency, diffusive energy, and strict unity, through class-leaders, the itinerancy, and a *general* Superintendency, are all unknown. Thus its fruits, so rapidly accumulating, are charged upon "excitement," or ignorantly ascribed to a "lax moral discipline." Yet all are aware, except when some unamiable solicitude prompts them to forget it, that if the "excitement" were not religious it would have worn itself out years ago, and that, amongst Protestants, a lax moral discipline is so far from building up, that it inevitably prostrates what is already edified.

The game of chess was finished. Perhaps some movement was made towards another. At all events, one of the ministers interposed a question, which was followed by nearly the following dialogue:

Minister. "That must be an intricate game, judging from the *deep attention* you bestow on it."

L. (Slightly embarrassed,) "It *is* intricate; and perhaps, gentlemen, we owe you an apology."

Min. "Is it a *useful* game?"

L. "So it is accounted by many judicious persons."

Min. "To what good account may it be turned?"

L. "It is an *intellectual* game. Chance can do nothing for the parties. The *skill* of the players is tested by its result."

Min. "It is, then, like 'billiards,' or 'nine pins.'"

L. "O no, sir, not at all. Mind has nothing to do with these. They tend to weaken rather than strengthen the intellect. Chess is a means of mental discipline—its influence is like that derived from the study of mathematics."

Min. "I see, sir. Chess is a game of intellectual—billiards of mere *manual* skill."

L. "Exactly, sir."

Min. "Do you not think, sir, that Euclid would be a safe substitute to train the opening mind?"

L. "O, yes; but Euclid is too severe for unremitting study. We must have relaxation. No man can endure to plod at *science* always."

Min. "But, Mr. L., if chess is so much like mathematics, how can it subserve the ends of relaxation. I should think, from your account, that it would only be exchanging one heavy burden for another. As a means of mental discipline I cannot approve the game. You know that study has two objects. One is to train the mind to the vigorous use of all its powers. If chess, as you aver, accomplishes that end, another of great importance it never can subserve, namely, the acquisition of knowledge."

L. "It has not all the uses of science; but it has one peculiar advantage. By provoking to emulation it rouses mind to its best efforts. And it also blends relaxation with mental discipline."

Min. "What relaxation can it give? If you were preparing to address a jury, would you not prefer a walk in the garden to a game of chess just before you commence the argument?"

L. "You drive me to close quarters. The relaxation it affords is somewhat general, and I cannot just now specify particulars."

Here the conversation took a new turn. Whether the theme was changed by design or by accident is immaterial. The next topic was camp meetings. Mr. L. was invited to attend one just about to commence in the neighborhood. He declined. He did not "approve of such meetings." He had heard much of "the unseemly confusion which prevails at these forest gatherings," and could not think it right to encourage them.

"Have you ever attended a camp meeting?" said the minister.

L. "No, sir; I was not willing to invade others' rights, and was aware that if I went, I should be provoked to levity. I therefore resolved not to go near them."

Min. "But ought you to condemn them on the testimony of others, when you might have made your own observations?"

L. "My witnesses were unimpeachable, and, I presume, stated facts."

Min. "But I submit it to you, as a lawyer, whether inspection is not better than report."

* Continued from page 77.

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L. "I suppose it is."

Min. "Then you have unwarrantably condemned us. I think, Mr. L., you should come to our meeting. We may surely claim that our trial, as the instigators and supporters of camp meetings, be according to the 'rules of evidence, which require' the best proof that the nature of the case admits."

L. "That is not unreasonable; and now I will either come to your meeting, or say no more on the subject of disorder."

After dinner the clergymen departed. Mr. L. was surprised, not to say mortified, to find an "ignorant Methodist preacher" so well informed, and withal so shrewd in conversation, that even on topics concerning which he supposed clerical men knew very little, the argument was rather against himself.

"You caught a Tartar," said the Doctor, as the gentlemen withdrew, and left Mr. L. and his companion to trifle away another hour at chess.

The third day after this, as Mr. L. was walking in the yard, the Doctor rode up, and asked him if he would visit the camp ground.

L. "You are not serious?"

Doctor. "Get into my carriage, and I will show you."

L. "Then I answer no. I cannot ride in that direction. Any where else, if you please."

Dr. "But they have got into difficulty with the rowdies, and want your advice."

"Go, husband," said Mrs. L., who, overhearing the conversation, had come to the door, and was listening to the proposal with deep interest.

Mr. L. looked first at the Doctor and then at the door, as uncertain what to do, or whether either was in earnest.

L. "Doctor, you say they are in trouble."

Dr. "Yes; and they ought to be protected in their rights. I wish you would go over and help them."

L. "Well, this is the legitimate result of camp meetings. Yet, as you say, they have the right—that is, the *legal* right—to worship God, or Satan if they will, undisturbed. I will go with you in ten minutes."

Mr. L. made a hasty preparation, took a seat in the Doctor's carriage, and in one hour was, for the first time, in full *audience* of a camp ground. He had lived thirty-one years, much of the time in proximity to such meetings; yet, though often urged, he had never before approached such a scene. As he neared the encampment, his curiosity became intense. He leaned forward in a listening attitude to catch the sound of many voices which struck upon his ear. He expected to witness the wildest disorder, and the most incoherent ravings; but the distant voices which greeted him were all in concert and harmony. It was the sound of praise, swelling out from the midst of the forest in slow and well distinguished measure, like pealing anthems from the groves of paradise. They stopped in the midst of straggling parties of profane, vulgar men, whose appearance almost justified Mr. L.'s pre-conceived notions of a camp meeting. But alighting, and leaving the horse and carriage to other hands, in a few minutes the "outer court" was passed, and the Doctor and his friend entered the area consecrated to the worship of Jehovah. In this was a very large assembly, standing in graceful order, and singing a hymn, which, after the manner of the Methodists, was "lined" by a minister who occupied a sheltered platform before them. The two thousand voices which made the music seemed like the spontaneous gushing forth of super-abounding joy. Prayer followed, and then those words,

> "Content with beholding his face,
> My all to his pleasure resigned,
> No changes of season or place,
> Can make any change in my mind,"

were poured out upon the depths around, and creation seemed to be hymning its thanksgivings to the great Author of life and its beatitudes.

The hymn closed. The congregation silently settled down into their seats, and the preacher who had so lately challenged the utility of chess, arose to address them. He named a familiar text, which, in its exposition and discussion, brought to view the depravity of the heart, and the necessity of an incarnate and crucified Savior. He set forth man, in all his attributes, fair and repulsive—in his guilt, shame, and misery, and in one other feature, which was almost new to Mr. L. He represented this guilty being as absolutely *helpless*, unable to turn and do good works, "without the grace of God by Christ preventing him, that he may have a good will, and working with him when he has that good will."

The discourse was not perfect. It had not that exact unity which is displayed in the sermons of Wesley, nor the inimitable simplicity which graces his masterly productions. Yet it was manly and convincing in thought and delivery, and so superior to Mr. L.'s ideas of "Methodist preaching," that he was taken wholly by surprise. He was compelled to acknowledge that not one written sermon in fifty from the trained theologians of the day possessed half the merit of this, what seemed to be, extempore discourse.

The preacher closed with a pathetic appeal to saints and sinners, endeavoring to rouse the zeal of the former and the fears of the latter. He was successful. Amens, blessings, and halleluiahs, were intermixed with sighs, groans, and shrieks, until the voice of the preacher was drowned. Unable any longer to be heard, he fell back from his station, and standing in the midst of ten or twelve of his brethren, who had now risen to their feet, he remained, statue like, with his streaming eyes and supplicating hands uplifted to heaven, and all the deep fervors of his soul beaming forth in his expressive features. In this posture there was nothing dramatic. It was evidently unpremeditated and spontaneous. Mr. L. felt it to be so. He had looked for greater extravagances. But he expected to detect a fraud where he now plainly perceived the convincing evidences of deep sincerity. He had never before witnessed a spectacle to him so purely and movingly sublime. The holy man before him seemed gradually to be transformed in

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every shape and lineament, till Mr. L. could scarcely realize that the great Intercessor himself had not suddenly re-appeared to pour his healing benedictions on that vast multitude. At this instant there was a stir in the midst of the assembly. Mr. L. cast his eye in its direction, and saw a man, in the meridian of life, of remarkably athletic appearance, rushing through the crowd towards the stand. His hands were clenched, and raised toward heaven, and his features were distorted with agony. He reached what was called the altar, and falling upon his face, gave one shriek, which sounded like a note of despair, and lay helpless and silent, a spectacle to the gazing multitude. "Come forward!" exclaimed the ministers from the stand, repeating the invocation with pressing earnestness. In a minute their words were responded to by groans, shouts, shrieks, and halleluiahs. The voices of the preachers were no longer heard, but they continued to wave their hands, and by gesture invite the people forward. A rush commenced for the altar, and scores were soon kneeling or fallen within it, while others, in masses, were pressing around them, mingling their loud expressions of triumph with the wailings of their unconverted but heart-stricken friends. The preachers descended from their stations, and mingling with the people, pointed sinners to the cross, and urged the devout to plead in prayer for their conversion.

Mr. L. watched the progress of the scene with emotions which he could scarcely endure, yet could by no effort suppress. He had heard just such scenes described. He supposed that a view of them would provoke in his bosom no other feeling but disgust. But it was otherwise. He felt a solemnity, an awe, so great, that a faintness came over him; and unwittingly he leaned, pale and trembling, against a tree, and every now and then his hand was upon his heart, as though it were uneasy and pained within him. Nor did he observe that his friend, with a *sang froid* peculiar to himself, eyed him closely, and read in his manner the perturbations of his mind. At length the Doctor said,

"Mr. L., suppose we step forward and see what is going on."

"Doctor, I am sick of it. This is a singular scene, and I am at a loss what to think. I believe we had better return."

"Tut! we must stay long enough to speak with these ministers, and hear one or two more of them preach."

So saying, he seized Mr. L. by the arm, and casting at him a significant glance, as much as to say, "Are you frightened?" drew him along to a position where more than a hundred sin-sick souls were crying for mercy.

The sight was wholly new to Mr. L. He had never until then seen a sinner convicted to the point of crying aloud in the presence of others for the pardon of sin. Now, to behold so many writhing in such insupportable agony, though he strove to be a stoic, nearly overwhelmed him. But he endeavored to rally himself, and at last resolved to examine one convict after another more minutely. He thought to detect in them some tokens of affectation or hypocrisy, which would relieve his mind of the growing apprehension that this was a Divine power moving on the hearts of the people.

The first upon whom he fixed his attention was a young man kneeling before him, with his face in his handkerchief, uttering suppressed cries for mercy; and, though not loudest in his grief, apparently one of the most earnest in petition. With the right hand he pressed his handkerchief to his face, and with the left alternately clutched the railing, smote his breast, or seized his own hair with a violence which it was painful to witness. "I will watch him," thought Mr. L., "until I see the result." He fastened his eyes upon the youth, as resolved to detect in him the cause of his real, or the proof of his pretended distress. For half an hour the struggle increased in violence, and then, from exhaustion, grew more and more feeble. At last the young man became motionless and silent. Mr. L. was about to relinquish his position, but had not yet turned away his eyes when the young man began to say, in an under tone, "Blessed Savior!" with frequent yet solemn repetitions; his voice, meanwhile, waxing louder and louder, and his manner more and more confident and joyful, till at last, springing to his feet, he uttered in loud accents the raptures of his soul. What was Mr. L.'s surprise to find, from his features, till now concealed, that this was a youth of his acquaintance, in whose good sense and sincerity he had unbounded confidence. The suspicion of fraud was quickly banished, and it remained to inquire for the cause of so great sorrow, succeeded by such joy.

At this moment, Mr. L.'s attention was drawn another way. The leader of this *melee*—the rude athletic man who first approached the altar—had risen from the ground, and, with loud cries for mercy, was plunging this way and that way, to the detriment of those around, and not without danger to himself. A glance or two satisfied Mr. L. that he, also, was an acquaintance. In a civil suit, involving petty interests, he had applied for counsel; and this had revealed his character to Mr. L. in a most repulsive light. He was a sinner extraordinary. But his appearance did not indicate that he meant to continue such. He was repenting. They who knew him could not doubt it. His face was bruised and bleeding. His lips were compressed, and unequivocally bespoke the horrors of unaneled contrition. Mr. L. grew dizzy as he gazed, and, like the tones of the last trumpet, these words of Jesus fell upon his heart, "Verily, I say unto you, the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." The word of God is "quick and powerful;" but the Spirit makes it so. Its blow was heavy then on the conscience of Mr. L. He became sick and faint. His friend saw it, and though an infidel, he was for a moment moved. They drew back from a scene so uncongenial to their tastes, and took a seat where they could not see, yet might hear the continued expressions of grief or joy.

(*To be continued.*)

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Original.

MANNERS AND MORALS.*

In resuming the narrative of Louisa, my young readers will recollect that we left her at a point of the story where, denying her heart, and following the bent of her will, she had refused to marry the man that she both admired and esteemed, because he was poor; and we must not so qualify her fault as to call it a *mistake*. But to our narrative.

The gentleman she married was a man of fashion, amiable, fluent, and easy in conversation, and with that gracefulness of deportment which betokens its undoubted derivation of gentility. And he was possessed of a very large fortune. He was a native of the south, and made his proposals to the lady in a shorter time after his introduction to her than a New Englander would have thought decorous. And so, too, thought Louisa; and although her mind was fully made up to accept him, yet she bantered the subject, saying, "There is one thing, sir, that I admire, and that is your 'modest assurance' in letting me know your mind so soon. We have now been acquainted," said she, counting on her fingers, "Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, five, and Tuesday is six—six whole days, and you wish an answer—a positive assurance." But seeing him look wounded and annoyed, she added in a more serious tone, "I know I ought to admire most your willingness to *take me on trust*. I ought to thank you for your good opinion—which I do—and I would wish to retain it; but," she added playfully, "you must know I am *very* discreet; and the proverb says, 'after two persons have eaten a bushel of salt together they know each other better than they did before.' So, sir, you must stay and partake of our hospitality awhile, and then, if you please, you may speak again."

When she related this conversation, her friend remarked to her, "But, Louisa, were you not afraid of offending your lover, and that he would think you trifled with his regard?" "No," said she, "what other play had I left? Upon so precipitate a declaration how could I know if indeed he were in earnest or not? And so I affected to believe him in jest. We must have our little tactics on our side as well as the gentlemen on theirs; and it is commonly their aggression which calls ours out." "But that caution is so unlike you," said the friend. "Not at all," replied Louisa, "you have never seen me yet where marrying was the question;" and she added with a characteristic mixture of levity and good sense, "One can't be too careful with strangers. I declare, I almost think of marriage as the philosopher, Gibbon, did of death, 'that at best 'tis but a leap in the dark!'" But to our narrative.

In the course of a few weeks, the expiration of Mr. C.'s sojourn at the north, he renewed his suit, and was accepted. They were married; and after making a bridal excursion, the tour of the cities, Louisa was introduced to her splendid home in C——. She had one of the best houses in the city, elegantly furnished, an equipage, numerous servants, &c. And under these circumstances, the gay young couple were not likely to be neglected by society. The husband was liberal and indulgent, and their house was the resort of all who wished to participate in its luxuries and delights. And now possessed of all she had desired, poor Louisa was doomed to find how insufficient are the mere outward circumstances of life to bestow happiness. Amongst the earliest letters she wrote to her mother is one in which, after pathetically bewailing her separation from "the friends of her life," she says, "Yet I am now possessed of all that I wished for. I have an assured friend, and society proffers me its homages. My attendants come at my beck and call—all that fortune can bestow is mine—I tread upon the softest of Turkey carpets, my chandaliers have twenty burners, and polished mirrors reflect the splendor of my rooms. Yet what is it all! In the midst I sit like the enchanted princess of the eastern tale; but I, alas! am *disenchanted!* All to me seems vapid and unreal. I am low and sad, and a *continual want pervades my bosom!* I miss not my family only, but I miss my friends; for conversation here, with all its refinements, is not what I have been accustomed to—it seems to me not so intellectual." This latter complaint, not just in the general, was so in the particular. And the instance, alas! in which she perceived the deficiency, was in her own husband. And though she expressed not this, yet involuntarily she compared his with the more gifted mind of one with whom she had been accustomed to converse since the days of her childhood. She had too much principle to dwell upon this idea; nor did it estrange her feelings from him she had chosen. But to her consciousness the violated right of a true sentiment was vindicated, and the false principle of a marriage of interest was ever apparent. And there came across her a change. Her lively mind was flattened. For her wit there was no recipient—no auditor for the delectable stores of her fancy—her eloquence was unelicited and unrewarded.

My reader will perceive that, had Louisa been religiously trained, all these things had been subordinate, and that the interest of her feelings had been sufficient to hold them in check; but now they seemed to occupy a portion of her character which should have been devoted to more important concerns; and they tended rather to annoy than to console her. Yet her good sense sustained her equanimity, though not her cheerfulness; and she soothed her silent reverie by the determination never to complain. "I acknowledge my mistake, but I will bear the consequence. My pride has deceived me, and my disappointment is of my own seeking. I ought," said she, "to be satisfied in the friendship of my husband;" but when she had got so far she was startled; for she could not deny that though he was unboundedly liberal and indulgent to her, yet he had never given any evidence of character enough to value a woman for any but the extrinsic merits of beauty and personal accomplishments. He

* Concluded from page 80.

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had expressed himself well pleased, it is true, with her compliant disposition, and that she seemed satisfied to submit her tastes to his in the arrangements he had provided for her; for she had far too much delicacy, considering he had provided them, to dissent in matters which involved no serious principle. Again she wrote to her mother, saying that she believed she was not unhappy. But she was not happy. She did not know what was the matter. She wished she had something to wish for. Alas, for her moral sensibility!—alas, for her spiritual deadness! She suffered the penalty of her ignorance, unknowing of relief! Finally, she said that she had been so accustomed to a large family at home, that she believed if her mother could send her on a few of the children, she should feel better. And she thought her health was not as good as usual. And indeed it was not. The very great change of climate had begun to take effect upon her constitution, and to sap away its soundness and its strength. She lost her spirits with her health, and her beauty in some measure declined. And her husband became, not unkind, but in some degree indifferent to her. And this anxiety oppressed her. But her kind mother prevailed upon a son, a year younger than Louisa, to go to her, and a sister, aged fifteen, accompanied him. Mr. C., the husband, who had joined in the invitation, was almost as much rejoiced as Louisa to welcome them, both out of courtesy and out of good feeling to his wife, and above all because her declining health had rendered her a burden upon his hands. Mr. C. was too amiable to commit any ungentle act; yet poor Louisa could not but perceive that she was deserted at unnecessary hours, and that this disposition was changing from neglect to estrangement. She had ever had the principle of loving her husband, and with all his inferiority she had loved him. For such a change to take place when her health had become low, was more than her sinking spirits could bear; and still, for want of religious training, or of religious example about her, she had not entertained one idea, or had hardly an apprehension upon the subject of spiritual consolations. Her natural character was one of much fortitude, and she strove with a sort of stoic pride to bear her griefs. And all but that which touched her tenderness she could bear. But here the repressed sensibilities of her life found vent, and her pillow was wet with many a tear.

She had ever been entirely free of superstitious belief. Despite of this, in the low tone of her health, she had a dream which affected her, and fastened itself upon her. I have not mentioned that two years before her marriage Louisa had lost her beloved father. Her dream now was that he had come to her, bringing two "pale horses," and told her that she must ride one of the horses, and that he should also leave the other! She remonstrated, and said that she feared to ride the horse—when he smiled upon her, and broke into the beautiful sailor song of Dibden—

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
And watches the life of poor Jack."

She awoke weeping and agitated, and when she mentioned her dream to Mr. C., he told her she was nervous and feverish, and that there was nothing more of it than that. But the real signification was that, together with her imaginative cast of mind, she also entertained unacknowledged apprehensions that her health was declining unto death.

The society of her brother and her sister cheered her up for awhile; but she soon relapsed into deep sadness. At this time her brother wrote his mother, that she had better write on and solicit her daughter and husband to come north to her, and that perhaps old scenes and her native air might restore Louisa's health. This was done immediately. Mr. C. willingly acceded to the arrangement; and as his affairs required his presence in England, he was pleased to leave his wife in the protection of her friends during his absence. He brought her on to her mother at B——. He supplied her liberally with funds, and staying one day, he bade his wife adieu, and took passage for England from the city of New York. Louisa, in the spirit of old times, bade him a cheerful adieu, yet feeling, in her own heart, that in like circumstances she could not have left him. She knew that her husband was not mercenary, and that the motive of his voyage was a mixed one. He could not bring himself to voluntary attendance upon a sick chamber. His trip, he said, would take him at most but three months—he would hasten his return and find her well. At parting, as I have said, she bestowed a gratuitous smile, and seemed to assent to his words of consolation; but when he was indeed gone, she retreated hastily to her chamber, where her mother found her in a passion of tears.

And now again her young companions gathered about her. They told her how well she looked—never more so than now—told her how bright were her eyes—how fine her complexion! It is true, her eyes were never more brilliant than now; and, though unknown to them, it was the hectic that "glowed on her cheek and reveled in her eye." But it is impossible that the changes attendant upon even the first approaches of disease should not occasion many a sad distrustful moment to the sufferer; and though these are mostly unacknowledged, are not the less perceived, but only more impressive and saddening for that. And Louisa, now returned to the bosom of her family, and the long excitement of traveling, of new characters, and of varied scenes, being past, she had time to think; and her health changing from week to week, first the parlor was relinquished, then the sofa was changed for the bed, and the Doctor's visits became more frequent. He was more anxiously expected, and his brow became a shade sadder when he bade her "Good morning," and his voice a note lower when he would try to re-assure her; for his was a kind and humane heart, and he knew full well that his young patient was hastening to the grave. Nor should we charge him with unfaithfulness; for we know that it is the physician's device to cherish as long as possible the principle of *hope*—

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the natural hope of recovery. And so it was in the case of poor Louisa. Her mother had foreborne to speak to her on the subject of death. Yet there was no attempt at concealment. What was not expressed was yet implied; and she thought that the awful conviction, working by the natural changes of disease, might be trusted to the mercy of nature, and would in this way lose some of the harshness of announcement by words. She observed, too, that a great change had come over the spirits of her daughter—she seemed busying herself in preparation. She confined her reading to the Scriptures and to some books of hymns. And one morning, when the physician appeared, she said to him, "Doctor, tell me one thing, which I have never yet asked you—a thing which I ought to be confirmed in—tell me if I *must* die." And the answer was, "It is impossible that you can ever recover!" Louisa turned over in her bed with her face to the wall and her eyes cast upwards; and for more than an hour she neither spoke nor answered, but waived away with her hand all approach, and seemed to be in one long prayer—a communing with her own soul—an intercession for a strength beyond her own, which she now relinquished. The Doctor, at the request of the mother, had waited in another room. He now returned, and found his patient calm—assured, as it were. She said, "Now, Doctor, I shall not live *long*. Hope was interwoven with my vitality—when the one is disturbed, the other must be shaken. Yet it is much better that I be settled. I can now give all my attention to my soul's wants. And, O, how changed does every thing appear to me in the view of death! Had I my life to live over again, how much nearer to God would I live! I have thought myself animated, lively, and interested; but what has it been?—the rush of health, the play of the spirits, and comparatively nothing of reality in it all! It is only *now* that I seem to live—so much deeper seated is my consciousness—so much more earnest my desiring! But my aspiration is now for God; and there is no unsteadiness about it! O, may I not exchange that sense of worldly hope for a hope that shall be subject to no more change?" And so it was.

She lingered longer than she had expected, and the care of her soul seemed to absorb her whole being. Her physician observed of her that she evinced a surprising strength of mind. "I would," said he, "give half I am worth in the world, could money purchase it, to be possessed of her fortitude—her resignation!" Some young friend spoke her regrets that one so young should die. "Having made my peace with God, I am old enough," said she; "I wish not to live—life in all its forms has had a distaste to me, and I have never until lately known *why*. It was *because a capacity of my being—my soul—has been entirely left out of the account!*

'This world is vain,
But only to the vain.'

As to mere worldly prosperity," continued she, "I have had enough of it. I have tried it all—I have been to the feast of life, and am sated. Now I go to a better state, where my position shall be ascertained and assured—where God the Savior is all in all!"

Once she seemed called back to this life. She exclaimed, "My dear Harry! I shall see him no more!" and she wept herself down to composure, and spoke of him not again. For two or three nights before her death she declined taking an opiate as usual, saying with a firm voice to the Doctor, "I await my God, and I would be entirely sensible." And so it was. Her dying hour was a long, hard struggle. She would speak at times, giving assurance to her friends. At last she said, "It is hard, but it is almost over." Previously she had given orders to be robed in the plainest manner, saying, "Let there be no vanity about my coffin, for there really is none left in my heart."

And now was the funeral! Fifteen months before, those rooms had been filled with the bridal party—now was assembled there the same company; but in the midst was a corpse—pale shadow of humanity—and the marble brow—the long closed lashes—a quiet smile, and the folded hands; and above the breast, upon a doubled kerchief, was placed—a ring!

Seven months after the death of Louisa, the young sister who had visited her, *died*. The climate of the south had probably precipitated the death of both.

And the husband? He returned a few weeks after her death, and wept upon her grave. He placed a costly tomb over her, and turned away and took the world again!

And now does my young reader assert that my narrative affords her no instruction? I would hope not so. It is true I have presented a faulty character to her, but one which at the same time, she can perceive, might have been rendered both useful and happy. Had Louisa lived in other days—in these days—she had probably surpassed, in true worth, many who at a casual reading may pass judgment against her. The ground of her character, perverted by false usages, was generally good; and although she was possessed of an inordinate pride, yet that, as well as other sins, had her heart been early regenerated, had fed the pile of sacrifice. We see that she was sincere, and possessed a good aptitude of truth; and whatever she had proposed to do, she would have given herself to do effectually and really. She died very young, aged twenty-one years and ten months. Had the influences of society then been as correct, as circumspect as now, her good sense had doubtless, in time, prevailed over her more glaring errors of character, and she would have conformed herself to those models of propriety which she would not have been slow to discern. One unsuspected evil betrayed her greatly—I mean the Circulating Library—in those days made up of the details of heroism, instead of those of piety, and inculcating exaggerated views, and giving false lights of character. Louisa married a man who, though not actually vicious, was light and frivolous, and unsuited to engross her power of sympathy. The most capital mistake one can make, as it regards this life, is to choose wrong

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in marriage. And when the motive is put on a wrong basis, one cannot fail to choose wrong. Louisa was not very unhappy in her marriage; but in this instance she might have been eminently happy. She might have married a man whose regard could have influenced her day by day to higher motives and purer aspirations, even to the making up of her character by those graces which she obtained only on her death-bed. These are better times than those. And following the leadings even of custom, it is now easier to go right, and less excusable to go wrong than it then was.

Finally, whilst the gentlemen deny any admixture of good to "the times" which do not afford them a "bank," let females, eschewing politics, take a gentler interpretation, and acknowledge that these are at least the days when *temperance* prevails—when all the world may *read*—when "the poor have the Gospel preached to them"—and *revivals* in all Churches, tend to the hastening of that millenium which consists in Christ's kingdom upon earth.

Original.

ASPIRATIONS.

Far, far into yon dome of misty blue
My spirit soars beyond the sparkling sun,
To where, upon his throne, sits God the true—
The everlasting and almighty One!
And should I not unto thy dwelling flee?—
I who so well the weary world have tried?
Have I not found a faithful friend in thee,
Whatever might my shrinking soul betide?

Have I not sought the shelter of thy wings,
When my sad heart e'en to the core was wrung,
And found that sweet security which brings
Rest to the soul which has by grief been stung?
I know thou sittest in thy glory, where
The beauteous skies to thy pure eyes look dim;
'Tis vain to tell me that thou art not *there*,
For nature sings it in her daily hymn!

Do not the trees look upward to the sky?
The star-like flow'rs that spring up thro' the sod,
The birds, with nature's impulse, spring on high,
And point unto the dwelling of our God!
O, darkest mystery of the moral world,
That some should deem the Christian's creed in vain,
That reason's shafts should be so often hurl'd,
To prove it but a phantom of the brain!

O, dark, indeed, would be our weary lot,
If Bethlehem's star shone not with cheering ray—
If thou, O uncreated One, wert not!—
Were there no hope of an unclouded day!
I know that thou art there, for upward mount
The burning thoughts which thou hast given to me—
The gentle waters of my heart's warm fount
In their deep quietude are stirr'd by thee.

S. J. Howe.

Original.

FIRE-SIDE GLEANINGS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WANDERER RETURNING.

More than a year has rolled away since the third chapter of the Gleanings appeared in the Repository. Another chapter was sent in, but being partly poetry, it, by some mishap, lost its heading, and appeared without its original title. As spring advanced, the subject might still have been an appropriate one, at least as far as the writer was concerned; for in the chilly north "lingering winter threw his diamond frosts upon the lap of spring," as though reluctant to depart, and we hovered over our fire-sides until summer roses blushed around our doors. Yet although surrounded by objects calculated, by the associations of memory, to inspire the mind with glowing thought, I forgot distant duties in the sweet enjoyment of the present; for having returned, after an absence of many years, to the home of my youth, like a miser I clung to my new found treasures, lest the next moment should tear them from my embrace. Conversation with the living, and sweet communions with the departed, filled up every hour not occupied with the necessary duties of passing life; and when I remembered absent friends, it was only to sigh that they were not with me to heighten my enjoyment.

But once more safely domiciled in the "far west," the home of my adoption, I feel at my fingers' ends a most unaccountable itching, the cause of which sensation I shall leave those to explain who best understand it; and if my readers will forgive the frequent use of the *first person singular*, or of its imperial scape-goat, *we*, (both of which, for the last half hour, I have with the most laudable perseverance been laboring in vain to expunge,) and thus shield me from the charge of egotism, I will endeavor to interest them with a few reminiscences of the land of my forefathers. Yet I must be allowed to wander, and in accordance with the title under which I am writing, to glean a little here and a little there, that I may, if possible, extract the honey of improvement from every source.

LONG ISLAND SOUND—SCENERY—REFLECTIONS.

The rays of the morning sun danced lightly over the blue wave, as we left the harbor of New York, and were rapidly wafted on our way towards the familiar shores of old Connecticut. Although the month of May was far advanced, nature had but scantily assumed her accustomed robe of green, and vainly sought to hide her nakedness with the blushing flowers of the fruit and forest tree. As we passed up the East River a host of incidents were called up from memory's domain, and dwelt upon with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret. On one of the tallest hills of yon surf-dashed island, stood a spacious dwelling-house, where, in days of yore, at the tender age of seventeen, I had been engaged as a private teacher. From my window I enjoyed as varied and picturesque a view as often meets the eye. In one direction the spires of New York,

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although twenty miles distant, marked distinct lines upon the horizon. Before us lay a wide extent of country, beautifully diversified by hill and dale, and filled up with thriving farm-houses. Beyond this sparkled the waters of the East River, and Long Island Sound, bearing upon their bosom every kind of craft. The little pleasure boat, the gaily painted schooner, and the puffing steamer, might be seen at any hour gliding along toward their destined ports; and sometimes, though but seldom, the gallant ship, with her towering masts, attracted our longing but unsatisfied curiosity. Farther on appeared blooming West Chester, building her *palaces* even to the water's edge and bathing her skirts in the salt spray; while the glittering spires of her neat villages seemed to allure the soul to the contemplation of a more enduring beauty. In one of these villages a sister but three years my senior was engaged as a governess in an academy. In a direct line we were but four or five miles apart; yet we could not conveniently meet short of a two days' journey by the way of New York. Still it was sweet to think of her as being so near in reality; and often have I, from my chamber window, gazed for hours across the moonlit waves, and upon the beautiful islets which they encircled, knowing full well that while I was but idolizing the beauty of nature, my dear sister was looking "from nature up to nature's God," and perchance breathing forth her prayers for her who was yet a stranger to the way of life.

Sometimes in the spring the whole horizon was illumined with a long array of fires which had been kindled upon the meadows of the opposite shore, apparently with the intent to destroy the dead grass. Whatever may have been the intent, the effect at night was brilliant. There was another feature in the landscape which I would not omit. Away in the dim distance, yet standing forth in bold relief upon the adjacent sky, and extending for miles, frowned the lofty palisades from the western banks of the Hudson. When in the shade they scowled like gloomy giants upon the lovely river winding at their base; but when bathed in the golden rays of Aurora, the glowing hues of the rainbow could alone represent their exceeding beauty. Still majestic—still sublime—yet now upon their brows grace sat enthroned with grandeur.

But now, kind reader, if you please, we will descend from our mountain elevation, and skipping over the adjoining ground, return to Long Island Sound, whose foaming waves we were just entering, as I turned aside in the above digression. Upon leaving New York I had been kindly presented with a book as a relief from ennui. I did not need it. One moment my thoughts were away, holding intercourse with the eventful past—the next they were spell-bound in the bright associations of the present. The scenery of these waters had always been familiar to me. In early childhood I used to clap my little hands with delight as my ardent gaze rested upon their farther shores, not dreaming that their *irised* hues were but the softened effect of light, shadow, and distance. Alas! how often, in maturer life, have I been similarly deceived in things of greater moment!

Yes, hope cheats the longing vision,
With a rainbow clad in light;
But ere reach'd, the false Elysian
Fades in the embrace of night.

THE TRIAL.

I have crossed and re-crossed the Sound many times, and have often been exposed to imminent danger. Under such circumstances, every little incident connected either with ourselves or others, is prone to be remembered. Native character then appears undisguised, and traits of selfishness, or exhibitions of generosity, alternately surprise us as appearing in those from whom they were least expected. When a child of eight years I embarked, in company with my friends, on board a sloop, to attend a camp meeting on Long Island. A serene sky and a smooth wave made promise of a safe and pleasant trip. The melody of sacred music, and the words of fervent prayer, bursting from the lips of warm devotion, uprose to heaven, and one would have supposed, judging from the sweet expressions of love and hope written upon the faces of many, that the last hour of dread account could not come amiss. There was a terrible shock! Our bark careened—over—over—and finally settled, making so much of an inclined plane of our cabin floor, that nothing could stand erect. Chairs, tables, and settees lay heaped together. The voice of agonized terror arose from the lips of many, while others fainted. We had struck a rock, and were now fast lodged upon it, without a possibility of escaping from our unpleasant situation until the tide should rise. There were but few who were able to control their fears. In this moment of general dismay, there was one young woman who appeared composed; and assuming an air almost of reproof, she exclaimed, "Now is the time to try your souls—to show you what is in your heart—to prove whether you are Christians or not!" Will my readers credit me when I tell them that this person has since given up her profession and gone back into the world? Alas, for consistency! Alas, for poor Mary! The allurements of life won her away from the fellowship of the humble followers of Jesus; and now, when those allurements are withdrawn, and the troubles of this world press heavily upon her, she gropes in darkness, and refuses to come to the great Source of light and life. Not in the spirit of uncharitable censure, or of unkindly feeling, have I referred to this incident; for it becomes us to seek to restore the wandering in the spirit of meekness, considering ourselves, lest we also be tempted.

But to return to my narrative. We were not long in ascertaining that we were in no immediate danger of drowning, as the water was only about three feet deep in the place where we struck, and the boat was still sound. We remained there six hours, during which time the gentlemen amused themselves with bathing and swimming, and the ladies as best they could, where none could stand upright. At last, with the rising tide, we were released from our thraldom,

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and were soon safely landed at the camp-ground, which, for the present, I will pass unnoticed.

THE CONTRAST.

I cannot prevail upon myself to omit the presentation here of what may appear to some an over-wrought picture; nevertheless, every part of it is literally true. The year 1832 was distinguished by a revival of religion, in which most of the Churches in Connecticut were greatly blessed. Ellen C—— had, from the commencement of the revival, been the subject of the most powerful and distressing convictions. She attended meeting after meeting, and was always among the mourners. She saw her young companions, one after another, receiving the evidence of pardoned sin, and rejoicing in the liberty of the children of God; and she felt, in the bitterness and depravity of her heart, that it had been better for her had she never been born. There were some who blamed, and more who pitied; but He who seeth not as man seeth alone knew why she thus remained unblessed. As the time approached for the holding of the camp meeting on Long Island, her mother and other friends determined to attend, and to take Ellen with them in the hope that she might there be enabled to find that peace for which she languished. There was a young boy living in the family of her mother with whom Ellen had been associated, as the son of a neighbor, from infancy. He was the child of a dissipated man, who left to his offspring, as their only inheritance, his full belief in universal salvation. Poor Edmund had never been instructed in any thing relative to Christianity; while Ellen, on the contrary, had ever enjoyed the counsel and instruction of pious friends, and had been the subject not only of many prayers, but of deep convictions. Edmund had expressed an anxious desire to attend the approaching meeting; and when asked why he wished to go, he replied, "To get religion." Of course his request was granted, and they left home in company, he having the care of the horses and carriage which conveyed the party from their residence to B——, (a distance of nineteen miles,) where, as soon as they arrived, they took the boat, having first dispatched Edmund two miles in the country with the horses, which could not conveniently be kept in town. He was directed to go and return as quickly as possible for fear of being left. He was unfortunately detained over his time. The fires were already kindled, and the steam was raised. The passengers were all on board—the first bell rang—then the second—they left the wharf, and Edmund was not with them. Ellen had been standing on the deck, anxiously gazing this way and that, and deeply sympathizing with him in his disappointment; but finding that he was indeed left, with tearful eyes and a sad heart, she retired to the cabin. Evening saw them safely disembarked, their tents erected, and every thing comfortably arranged for a week's encampment. Whoever has attended a camp meeting of this kind upon Long Island will appreciate my feelings when I say that years have never effaced their remembrance. I need not pause here to describe particularly what is probably so familiar to most, unless it be to remark, that beauty of local situation and scenery not only contribute much to intellectual enjoyment, but have more to do with the elevation of the moral as well as devotional feelings than is commonly supposed. Far be it from me to put this or any other agency in the place of that holy influence which cometh from above, and which can alone subdue the proud heart of man; yet may it not be blessed and sanctified as a means accessory to that great work? The situation for the meeting here referred to was all that could have been desired by the most fastidious lover of natural beauty. We were just far enough removed from the water to free us from being annoyed by the arrival and departure of the numerous boats, yet within sound of the restless murmurings of its crested billows. The interlacing branches of the rich forest tree shaded us from the intense heat of an August sun, yet leaving here and there a space through which the golden light might revel on their glossy green. Our tents rose gently in each direction from the stand, forming an amphi-theatre, and inclosing a large space, fitted up as usual for the accommodation of an audience. When to these accompaniments were added the thrilling melodies of sacred music, and the voice of holy prayer, which, from its deep fervor, you might almost deem inspired, with the eloquent appeal from the lips of the earnest preacher, and last not least, when from the answering heavens came down the precious influences of grace, like dew upon the new mown grass, swaying that mighty concourse by their unseen power, where was the eye that could dare to mock?—where the heart that could refuse submission? How sweet were the notes of praise that arose from the lips of the new born soul! How melting the agonized expressions of the heart-stricken convict! Yet Ellen was one who seemed to agonize in vain—to whom the heavens seemed as brass, and the earth as iron. And why? Not because God was not ready and willing to save, but because her heart was unbelieving and did not trust.

Upon the third day of the meeting a boat came in from B——, and Edmund was among the passengers. On Monday, when he returned from the errand upon which he had been sent, and found the boat had gone, he burst into tears; and not knowing what course to pursue, yet loth to give up his intention, he stood by the shore utterly disconsolate. A stranger observing his appearance, questioned him, and having learned something of his little history, was kind enough to introduce him to the captian of another boat, who offered him a free passage to the Island on Wednesday, his first found friend taking care of him until that time. When Edmund reached the camp-ground, he scarcely paused to answer the inquiries of his friends; but hurrying forward where he heard the voice of prayer and praise, he threw himself upon his knees beside those who were earnestly seeking salvation. There were but two days more. Time wore on—the songs of the happy converts mingled with the cries of the penitents; but Edmund and Ellen were not yet numbered

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among them; and when the last morning of the meeting dawned brightly upon them, their hearts were dark with sin and sadness. The farewell hymn was sung, and the people embarked upon the different boats which were to bear them away from the scene of their joys and their sorrows. The face of Ellen wore an expression of gloom—almost of despair—that of Edmund one of subdued thought; and in the prayer meetings which were held during the day, Edmund still presented himself as a mourner, while Ellen, remaining aloof, refused alike the words of comfort or instruction. The day had been remarkably calm; but toward evening the sky was overcast, the gentle breeze became a furious gale, while the vivid lightning flashing through the premature darkness illumined with a terrific brilliancy the feathered surge, whose heavy roaring seemed but the echoing of Heaven's dread artillery. Ellen fled in terror to the cabin, and sought as her only place of shelter her mother's fond embrace. Edmund, still surrounded by a faithful few, refused to rise from his knees without a blessing; and soon above the roaring of that wild storm was heard a shout of joy—the triumph of a new-born soul. Edmund was a convert. In this event there were many who rejoiced, and none more sincerely than Ellen; yet, inconsistent as it may seem, she dared, in the secret depths of her own heart, to arraign her Maker, because she had not received a like blessing. Wearisome days were appointed unto her, and nightly, for many months, was her pillow wet with tears ere she submitted to be saved in God's appointed way. As a natural consequence of this lengthened unbelief, she has never enjoyed as clear an evidence of her acceptance as many others; yet still, "hoping against hope," her trust is alone in the mercies of the living God, through the atonement of his Son.

Perchance my readers are somewhat wearied, and in truth I have almost forgotten where we were when I commenced this little episode; but if I remember aright we were ascending the Sound upon a bright May day; and while I was wandering in thought over memory's misty deep, our boat was bounding merrily on, and before I was aware I was within sight of B——, where numerous friends were ready to welcome the rover to her home. But this being already of sufficient length, my farther reminiscences must form the subject of another Gleaning, unless, in the mean time, something else be found better calculated to instruct and interest.

M. De Forest.

KINDNESS.

The humble current of little kindness, which, though but a creeping streamlet, incessantly flows; although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls, and along the walks of private life and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world; pours in the end a more popular tribute into the store of human comfort and felicity than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.

Original.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day."

"*Our Father who art in heaven!*" This is the language of devotion. The spirit of faith is a filial spirit. It cleaves to God with a comforting conviction that he is a Parent. The spirit of faith exclaims, "Abba, Father!" with a calm and delighted confidence, which none without experience can in any manner conceive. Faith brings the soul to God. It not only opens to the believer a close and clear *vision* of Deity, but it produces a sense of God's intimate presence, of his unceasing watchfulness and unremitted regard. It moves the soul to look for guiding and sustaining aid to his eternal power and love. Faith is the best expounder of such Scriptures as the following: "In him we live, and move, and have our being;" "Without me ye can do nothing;" "Cast all your care on him, for he careth for you;" "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, will he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" "Therefore, take no thought, saying, What shall we eat, or what shall we drink? for after all these things do the Gentiles seek, for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;" "I will not leave you comfortless, [orphans,] I will come unto you;" "Every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights."

These texts inculcate the doctrine of a particular providence. They are on the part of God verbal pledges to us his children of his unremitted and minute attention to our specific wants—to every class of wants, whether they press upon the inward or outward man—whether they assail us through the senses, or by other channels of approach to the soul. We are taught to commence our devotions with the address, "Our Father!" and how naturally does this confiding language point us to the care of an ever watchful Providence! Filial trust looks to such a providence. It implies a solicitude or watchfulness on God's part, proportioned to the exigencies of want and danger which beset his dependent children. The more helpless and exposed the child, the more assiduous are the attentions of its parent. It violates analogy, therefore, to say, as thousands do, that "God regards not our little interests," especially when this is affirmed in relation to the forming stages of our moral constitutions.

From the actions of this life our eternity must receive its stamp or coloring. And how can any thing be viewed as trifling, which is confessed to be primitive or seminal in its relations to that eternity? Of all beings in the universe, man may reasonably claim the special regards of his Maker; not surely for his merit,

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but from his moral position; because he is a probationer, restored to trial and to hope—because he is a candidate for the purity and bliss of which Satan the destroyer has despoiled him. If, either of purpose or by inattention, God should suffer to pass uncontrolled occurrences which must bear on the happiness of angels and the interests of heaven, we should consider it an error—we should account it an instance of gross malfeasance or misfeasance in his high office. But even that were not so serious a *latches* in the supreme Executive as inattention to probationers, whose actions bear not on present ends, but, like suffrages at the polls, look to the future—to an interminable future.

We repeat that a spirit of filial confidence in God implies a particular providence. And surely the Scriptures inculcate this spirit. If there were nothing on this point but the introduction of that form of prayer given by Jesus to his disciples, it would be conclusive. Is God our Father? Then will he not disregard the least wants or exposures of his children. To assume otherwise infinitely disparages Jehovah.

It is a blessed state to have this firm trust in Providence—to enjoy a persuasion that God is always near us as our guide and our shield. We should study the Scriptures to ascertain what they teach on this important theme. Having ascertained, we should learn to avail ourselves of its practical benefits. We should be prepared to make it our sudden refuge in all threatening and calamitous emergencies. O let us come to feel that God's presence always surrounds us, and that his arm is stretched forth day and night in our behalf! The most pious and intelligent divines of every age have cordially embraced and earnestly inculcated this doctrine. To reject it is gross infidelity. It is doing violence to God's word, and to the monitions of God's Holy Spirit in the soul.

The world cries out "enthusiasm" when God's children avow this doctrine, especially when they set it forth in connection with examples illustrative of its bearing on human interests. The following instance of this sort, in which the gracious interposition of Providence is the only possible *philosophical* assumption—to say nothing of the principles of religion—provoked much derision on the part of silly infidels. We present it to our readers, as nearly as possible, in the language of the excellent man whose escape it records, and from whose lips we received it.

"I was lately riding a spirited horse on a cold winter's morning, to attend a funeral some miles distant. During the night it had rained and frozen, and the road was glare and dangerous. In an effort to check my horse, the bit broke, and the beast no sooner felt his liberty than he rushed forward at his best speed. I endeavored at first to blind him with my hands, and then to check him by pinching his ears; but all this only exasperated the animal. As a last resort, I loosened my feet from the stirrups, and prepared to leap to the ground. But just on the eve of this perilous adventure, it occurred to me that the force of the fall on the frozen earth would be fatal, and I concluded to keep my saddle, and commit the issue to Providence. The horse was now approaching the town, and I judged that by some sudden start or contact I and my horse were both likely to be killed. Suddenly it occurred to me, '*pray!*—pray to God to stop the horse.' For a moment I hesitated to look for so special a mercy; but the impression returned, 'pray,' with still more force, and with a mind as calm as though I had been kneeling in the closet, I lifted up my heart in supplication, and asked God to interpose. Scarcely had I breathed my petition till the horse stopped as suddenly as he could have done with safety to the rider, and stood as quiet as a lamb. I dismounted, fashioned the throat-latch into a bit, adjusted the bridle, turned back, collected my umbrella, hat, port-manteau, &c., which were scattered along in my wake, and proceeded on my journey in peace."

Was it unreasonable in my friend to ascribe his preservation to God's providence, and render praise to his almighty Preserver?

Another incident illustrative of the special care of Providence was related to us in the following circumstances. Seated in a coach with myself and family, in 1840, was Mrs. K., an accomplished and devout lady in the decline of life, who had long ago learned to trust in God. We were returning from an excursion in the country. Either the coachman was careless, or the horses were difficult to manage. As we passed down a hill, in a narrow passage, the left wheels ran upon a bank, and for half a minute the coach was so near upsetting, that it seemed to be *exactly balanced* on its right wheels. It finally settled to its proper position. With gratitude for our escape, we began to talk about former perils.

"In early life," said Mrs. K., "I was afraid to ride in a carriage. But we had a gentle horse, which I dared to drive by myself, though I was afraid of all other horses. Going abroad one day, I came to the top of a hill, long and steep, with a high bank on one side, and a ravine on the other. Half way down the hill was a loaded cart, moving after the tread of two lazy oxen. Just as I was commencing the descent, my horse started, and rushed down the hill. The first thought was, 'I am lost!' But instantly my mind settled down into sweet composure, and looking to God with confidence, my heart exclaimed, '*I'm safe!*' I dropped the lines, and grasping each side of the carriage, which was now going at a rapid rate, I looked at the cart before me as unconcerned as though I had beheld it from my window, though I perceived no way of escape. The horse took in between the bank and this lazy vehicle. One front wheel of the carriage struck the cart, and the other was buried in the bank. The horse at the same instant broke loose from the carriage, and ran on, while I was left sitting in composure in my upright carriage—one wheel buried in the dirt, and the other locked in the cart, now standing still. From that hour," said Mrs. K., "I have never been afraid to ride in a carriage, nor am I easily alarmed at any eccentric or threatening motions of horse or vehicle."

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THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.*

MR. HAMLINE,—If you think the following translation from the Greek worthy of the Repository, it is at your disposal. I have never seen a translation, though I am aware there are several; and it is probable that but few of your readers have ever read it. As I think it is a beautiful specimen of the riches of ancient literature, and involves much truth, I have, with unwonted hardihood, concluded to offer you a version for publication.

Respectfully, WILLIAM GEORGE WILLIAMS.

Woodward College, Cincinnati, January, 1843.

HERCULES, when he had grown up to the period of reflection, one day sat in profound thought concerning the future course of his life. He was then at the age when young men choose for themselves, whether they will walk in the ways of virtue or travel the road of vice; and upon his present decision hung the character of his destiny, and the issue of his career.

While in this state of doubt and uncertainty, his attention was attracted by the approach of two stately matrons. One was beautiful in form, and altogether prepossessing in appearance. Her robes were white, and grace and dignity characterized her movements. Her person seemed adorned by nature with innocence, her eyes beamed with modesty, and her deportment was discreet. The other had evidently been nourished in indolence and effeminacy, and her countenance plainly showed that pains had been taken to imitate the bloom of health, where really dwelt the sickly hues of death; and so improved by art was her appearance that her stature seemed far nobler than it really was. Her attire was of meretricious style, and she was arrayed in gaudy ornaments. Her eyes wandered in perpetual restlessness—one moment she surveyed herself, and anon she glanced around with conscious pride, challenging the admiration of others.

As they drew near to Hercules the first was about to address him, but the other, desirous of preventing her, ran before and thus spoke: "I am aware, O Hercules, that you are hesitating as to what manner of life you shall hereafter lead. If you will make me your friend and confidant, I will guide you in the way most pleasant and easiest to be traveled. You shall leave no pleasure untried, no delight unenjoyed, and your life shall wear away in ignorance of distress and pain. And in order to secure your happiness you need not set your affections upon wars and toils, but you shall spend your life in one continuous round of enjoyment, and in seeking new sources of gratification to your appetites. The pleasures of the table shall be yours. Music shall yield you its delights—odoriferous gales shall waft you their treasures—you shall excel in the sportive games of the arena, and when wearied balmy sleep shall come at your command. But if there be any dread of needing those things I now promise, fear not that I shall lead you in the way to obtain them, by the energies of your mind and body; for you, without toil, shall possess all these things for which others so grievously labor. And these things will I do; for I have all power to benefit my followers."

But Hercules, when he heard these things, said, "O, lady, what is thy name?" And she answered, "To my friends I am known as PLEASURE, but those who hate me call me VICE."

Upon this, the other matron coming up, said, "I also come to you, O Hercules—I who knew your illustrious ancestors, and have known your character from infancy. And from these things, I hope, if you will order your life by my precepts, that by continual intercourse with me, you will become capable of worthy and noble deeds, and that I will seem more estimable and excellent in great actions. But though I will not deceive you with promises of sensuality, I will give you a true account of the way in which the gods have ordained all earthly things.

"The immortal gods give nothing useful or agreeable to men without labor and care; and, consequently, if you wish the gods to be propitious to you, you must cultivate towards them a spirit of entire devotion. If you wish to be loved and cherished by your friends, you must render to them corresponding kindnesses. If you wish to be honored in your native city first give it *cause* to honor you. If you wish to be revered throughout all Greece for your virtues, make those virtues subservient to her interests. If you intend the all-bounteous earth to fill your granaries with her teeming harvests, spare not your toil in the seed time. Do you wish your flocks to multiply? Protect them from the storms by day and ravages by night. Do you desire to grow powerful by war, to benefit your friends, and humble your enemies? It becomes you to learn the arts of war from those skillful to teach. Do you wish to excel in strength of body? Bring it to obey the dictates of your judgment, and accustom it to endure, unscathed, the labors and difficulties of life."

But Vice here interrupting her, said, "Do you not perceive, O Hercules, that this woman would lead you by a most hazardous and tedious way to the desired end? Follow me and I will conduct you to happiness by a path easy and short."

To which VIRTUE answered, "O, unhappy! What recommendation do you bring, or what good can you propose to your votaries? For you do not wait the craving of your appetites for grateful food, since, before even the slightest natural desire, you satiate your immature longings. You eat before you are hungry, and before you are thirsty you drink. And in order that you may eat more pleasantly, you invent sauces to your food, and that your drink may be sweeter, you search for rare and expensive wines, and seek for ice wherewith to cool them in midsummer's heat. And to the end that you may sleep more sweetly, you prepare not only soft couches, but even downy sofas, and gently swinging hammocks. And you sleep, not to rest from labor, but because you have nothing else to employ your time. And in this manner you instruct your followers, rendering them effeminate by night and intemperate by day.

* Xenophon's Memorabilia, Book ii, chap. 1.

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"Though yourself an immortal, you are ignominiously thrust from the company of the gods, and your presence is shunned by all good men. Though powerful to do right, you have prostituted that power to the vilest of purposes. You can boast no good work. Fame re-echoes only your disgrace. Men mourn over your ravages, and in vain inquire for some redeeming trait. Your young men are infirm in body, and your aged followers are weak in mind. Nourished in luxury in youth, they spend their declining years in squalid misery—idle among the active—among the useful useless. And by their dissipation in the flower of their age they win to themselves a fearful retribution in after life.

"But *I* mingle with the gods, and associate with upright men; and there is no good work, either divine or human, without my aid. My praise is in the assemblies above, and with the righteous on earth. I am a loved co-worker with them that work, a faithful guard to the rich, and a benevolent assistant to the poor. I aid those who labor, in peace, and in war I am an omnipotent ally. I am the firm bond of union in friendship, and in me do the friendless put their trust.

"To my friends there is a natural and unmingled satisfaction in eating and drinking, for they wait until their appetite demands refreshment. And sleep is sweeter to them than to the indolent; nor do they refuse to leave it when duty calls.

"The young men rejoice in the approbation of the old, and they in turn exult in the honors of the young. The memory of former days is sweet to them, and nerves their arm to new exertion.

"My friends are the friends of the gods. They are beloved by their associates, and honored by their country. And when they come to the end appointed by fate, they sleep not in oblivion, but are had in eternal remembrance, and their names flourish as the stars for ever.

"These things, O Hercules, son of illustrious parents, if you are virtuous, shall be given to you on earth, and in heaven the blessed fruition of eternity."

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.—The narrative of the choice of Hercules, as given above, was taken by Xenophon from the works of Prodicus, a rhetorician of Cos, who flourished about 400 years before Christ. None of his writings are now extant, except the few extracts preserved by others. Xenophon did not quote the *decision* of Hercules; yet we may gather, from his after history, that the efforts of *Virtue* were successful in exciting him to a life of thrilling and glorious exertion.

MURMUR at nothing; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain. But a Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than Stoicism; he is pleased with every thing that happens, because he knows it could not happen unless it had first pleased God, and that which pleases him must be the best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a father who will prove him with no affliction that resignation cannot conquer, or that death cannot cure.

Original.

CHRIST THE WAY.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father, but by me," John xiv, 6.

How oft my soul goes back unto the hours
When I sat smiling in the world's fair bowers,
And turn'd each rosy garland o'er and o'er,
To search for fairy Pleasure's gilded store;
And as I turned them o'er and o'er again,
I found upon each leaf a spreading stain,
And something in my own heart seem'd to say,
'Twas not the way!

And then I mingled in the festive crowd,
Where mirth, with trumpet-tongue, laugh'd long and loud—
Where round the chalice turn'd the festive wreath,
And the bright wine was stirr'd by Pleasure's breath—
Where beauty reign'd supreme, and youthful lips
Were wreath'd with smiles to hide the soul's eclipse;
Still something in my heart's core seem'd to say,
'Twas not the way!

And then I strove to climb the fabled mount
Where wells up Heliconia's sparkling fount;
And many there, still in life's dewy morn,
Sat by the way-side, sad and weary-worn,
And vainly weeping, with life's bitterest tears,
O'er broken hopes and many misspent years;
And in my heart a deep voice seem'd to say,
'Twas not the way!

Thus all had fail'd, save love—frail human love—
Type of the sweet reality above!
Awhile I deem'd that love was pure and true,
But, ah! the serpent's trail had been there too!
And sadly sweet the same voice seem'd to say,
'Twas not the way!

With tearful eyes I turn'd to Calvary's height,
And saw, with chasten'd heart, the mournful sight—
The High and Mighty bound with death's dark chain,
That man's repentance might not be in vain!
With lowly heart I bow'd me at the cross,
And humbly own'd that all else was but dross.
With gentle voice I heard my Savior say,
"I am the way!"

S. J. HOWE.

I AM WEARY.

I AM weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not stay!
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

I am weary, my Savior, of grieving thy love;
O when shall I rest in thy presence above;
I am weary—but O never let me repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise, are mine.

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Original.

NOVEL READING.

BY JOHN E. EDWARDS.

The press is a powerful engine, either for good or for evil. It furnishes a medium for spreading before the world the sentiments and precepts of ethical writers, the reasonings and instructions of divines, the lofty thoughts and glowing images of the poet, and also of diffusing amongst all classes the ribaldry and errors of infidelity. This unfailing source of truth and error is more and more prolific. The world is full of books. We have multiplied abridgments of standard works, compendiums of history and science, essays on moral and religious subjects, sketches of travels, voyages, and tours, attempts at poetry, &c. But this age is most prolific in works of fiction. Scarcely a newspaper falls under the eye that does not announce the forthcoming of a new novel, as "a tale in two volumes, by a young man of distinguished abilities;" or "an elegantly written romance, by a gifted young lady;" and in a few months it makes its appearance, "gotten up" in a passable style, bound in leather, boards, or cambric.

To make such productions *take*—using a common phrase—they are always called by an inoffensive and *ad captandum* name—such for example as "Moral Tales;" "No Fiction;" "A Tale of Truth;" "Religious Novels;" or some other equally absurd and deceptive title. These books are written by almost every body in the present day, except persons of solid talent and moral worth, who can employ their time and gifts more profitably. Strange as it may appear, these works are devoured by thousands, nay, millions of men, women, and children. The fact that it is a *new novel*, with a pretty name, by a puffed author, gains for it a favorable reception with persons who are often the least capable of appreciating its merits, or guarding against its pernicious errors.

The evils of *indiscriminate* novel reading have been much dwelt upon. They have formed a theme for the orator in the pulpit, and for the professor in the lecture room. But as the usage still continues, it cannot be amiss to press the subject upon the public attention. The theme, I am aware, is an unpopular one. There are a great many advocates for novel reading in almost every department of society. It is often defended by professing Christians—by those who profess to be governed by the precept, "whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." By such it is called an innocent mental recreation, a relaxation from severe thought, and an admirable means of forming an acquaintance with human nature and the world.

Now I do not pretend to say that *no* novel can be read without injury—on the contrary, I believe that a few may *possibly* be read with benefit. But unless the young can procure the advice of a judicious monitor in the selection of a few which are worthy of perusal, they hazard too much in perusing *all* that come to hand in order to select those that may be read with safety. It is the object of this article to point out the *evils* of *indiscriminate* and *promiscuous* novel reading—that kind of reading which is most general in the present day. And,

1. *It is detrimental to taste.* This may be regarded as a general objection, under which several minor ones may be ranged.

In the acquisition of knowledge one half depends on the discreet selection of books. Application is the other half. A long life may be spent in *reading*, and still our acquisitions may be meagre. This results from an injudicious selection of books, and the desultoriness with which they are read. We are governed in the former by taste. Hence the importance of forming a good taste. The effect of novel reading is rather to destroy a good taste, or to form a vicious one, and create a morbid appetite for works written in an ornate style, abounding in sickly sentiment, and fitted to entertain a diseased imagination, and to cherish injurious passions. Our mental constitution is originally and naturally diseased. It loves undue excitement. Perhaps there are some to whom this does not apply; but it is true of a large majority. Thus we account for the avidity with which we seize upon a superficial work, written in a popular style, in preference to one that is solid and plain, to which we apply the epithets, "dry and uninteresting," and with all its deep research doom to neglect and oblivion.

In a well written fiction there is interwoven so much that is beautiful and fascinating, that young persons often feel themselves bound to the page as by enchantment. The descriptions of natural scenery—of lake, lawn, and forest—of villa, castle, and city, are so high wrought that they cannot fail to please. And then rare adventures by land and sea, hair-breadth escapes, sudden reverses of fortune, heart-rending separations, and miraculous meetings, in connection with high wrought portraitures of peerless beauty, and extravagant delineations of character, all have a tendency to gratify by excitement. From such scenes, tragic or comic, the reader turns reluctantly to moral, scientific, and historical works. And although he may be convinced that works of fiction will not increase his store of useful knowledge, or furnish material for profitable reflection, or make the decline of life rich in thought, still, under a most unaccountable infatuation, Rollin is laid aside for Scott; Plutarch and Hume* are displaced by Bulwer; Blair, Addison, Howe, and Watson are covered with dust, while the works of James, Cooper, and "Boz," are worn to shreds by constant use.

The taste for light reading increases with indulgence, until all relish for useful books is destroyed. Then the most profound works are regarded as too dry for perusal. The Bible itself becomes barren of interest, and the best ethical and religious treatises are passed over with a glance at the title-page. While the individual is young, and every object around him

* His History of England.

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is flashing in the sunlight of hope, this light reading may satisfy him. But as time steals on, and life assumes a more sober aspect, he will probably lose his relish for these unsubstantials, and in hoary age he will be furnished with no treasures of imperishable knowledge upon which to draw for pleasing reflection. How cheerless and barren must be the "sear and yellow leaf" of one who has thus squandered the golden moments of early years without "laying up a good foundation against the time to come!"

It might easily be shown, in connection with these observations, that novel reading goes far, not only to destroy the taste for useful studies, but also to *destroy* the *power* of severe mental *application*. The mind becomes ungovernable, and it is found extremely difficult, if not impossible, to confine it to close thought, in the investigation of a subject. It shrinks from mental labor, and will not submit to the restraints which are imposed upon it in laborious and patient study.

2. *Novel reading disqualifies for the arduous duties and stern realities of life.*

In works of fiction, life is presented to the mind in such an exaggerated and distorted light, that the inexperienced reader is cheated into the belief that the world is a region of delights unmingled with repulsive cares and sorrows, and that men and women are angels or demons. They are mostly represented as ethereal beings inhabiting fairy climes of flowers and sunshine. But after all, we are human beings, subject to all the ills and infirmities that "flesh is heir to," and the world in which we live is one of vicissitude and misery. The fancy and the pen of the novelist have flung a charm about the cottage, and a rapture into the humbler walks of life, which never was realized by the poor man, toiling for the support of his family.

The credulous girl, as she reads the glowing description of humble life, imagines that nothing is requisite to consummate her earthly bliss but to be wedded to some *ideal* being, and domesticated in a vine-clad cottage, embosomed among wide-spreading oaks, and surrounded by romantic scenery, where she can while away her enchanted moments in the enjoyment of delights the most refined and fascinating to unrenewed minds.

Stern reality dissipates the illusion. Instead of the joys so fondly anticipated, she finds her husband a mere man, full of imperfections and infirmities, and she now learns that it is impossible to live on poetry and flowers. Contrary to her expectations her children are not angels, neither are they fed with manna from the skies. Her family is subject to afflictions, and must be supported by toil. The exaggerated representations of the novelist are forgotten. Her heart sinks within her, under its weight of disappointment. How much happier would have been the domestic circle had the girl been taught in the nursery to look upon life as no fairy dream; but rather to regard it as a scene of conflict, with adverse powers, which nothing but personal virtues and judicious associations can rob of its sternness, and now and then rear a flower in its barren pathway.

I know that I shall be met with objections. The advocates of novel reading will reply, "No one can be so unwise as to suppose for a moment that all which he or she reads in a work of fiction can ever be realized in life." We answer, if this objection be well founded, then novel readers are deprived of one of the principal arguments always urged in defense of the practice, namely, that from novels they gain an accurate knowledge of the world and of human nature. Is it not a fact that although the young know the book to be fiction, they, nevertheless, insensibly fall into the belief that such things as are described *may* occur in their own lives? Do they not believe that some one's fortunes in the wide world will answer to the hero and heroine of the tale? And under this delusion, has not many a romantic young lady "fallen in love!" and, guided by the developments of a favorite novel, under the fondly cherished hope that she would one day find her affection reciprocated, has she not refused the proffered hands of those who were every way qualified to make her happy in domestic life, and finally united her destiny with that of a wretch who lived only to curse her with the bane of his presence? More unhappy marriages are caused by the general and indiscriminate reading of novels than by any other *one* cause.

When young persons are favored with a good education, and are taught to form their opinions of life from careful observation, they will rarely enter into unfortunate matrimonial connections, or be disappointed in their expectations with regard to connubial bliss. Their estimate of life depends upon the only basis that can be relied on with safety, and hence no improper expectations are indulged, and, as a consequence, no disappointment follows. Such persons are not to be deluded by the glare of beauty, style, or fashion. Their hearts are not to be bought or sold with a few graceful bows and sunny smiles. They are not deceived by flippant speeches and tinsel accomplishments. They penetrate beneath the surface, and detect the nakedness of the heart under the mock blandness of affected smiles. Guided by an enlightened discretion, they select a companion in life from that class of persons whose knowledge of the world is derived from passing events, and who have studied human nature in their own hearts, and not in novels and romances.

It is the firm belief of the writer that where a young lady discovers in a gentleman a passionate fondness for novel reading, it should provoke in her mind an invincible objection to a matrimonial union with him. He has probably formed his opinion of the lady of his choice from the overdrawn sketches of female character in some novel. He will expect too much from her. His standard of female excellence is poetical; and although she may be one of the best of her sex, she can never meet his unwarranted expectations. She must be more than an angel or he will be disappointed. The same remark may apply to the young man. Should he select a partner in life from among those whose chief delight is found in the perusal of such

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works, and who form their opinions of the gentleman's character from these sources, he must be a Wallace or an Ivanhoe, or the lady to whom he is united will not realize her expectations.

3. Another evil resulting from the practice which we reprobate is, *that it has a tendency to weaken the barriers of virtue, and to blunt the refined sensibilities of our nature.*

That many novels are of a demoralizing tendency will not be disputed. Thousands of volumes are of this character; and the extent to which they have blunted moral feeling, and broken down the guards of virtue, will never be known until revealed in the light of eternity. "But it is not to be presumed," says the objector, "that works of this character will be extensively read." This is a mistake. Nothing is necessary but to attach to a book the *suspicion* of its immoral tendency, and an insatiable public curiosity draws every body to read it, not openly, perhaps, but it will be read. The criticisms which have been made upon the morality of certain books, have secured for them a far more extensive reading than they would otherwise have received. This is proved by the demand on the press. One edition succeeds another of books which but for their vile moral tendency would have sunk quietly into oblivion.

Works of this sort have undermined some of the fairest edifices of virtue. The wrecks of human promise are scattered around us in alarming profusion. We inquire for the cause, and we find in hundreds of instances that the work of ruin, in its incipiency, may be traced to the *secret influence* of some book of easy morals. Many of both sexes, now profligate and lost for ever, have been hurled from seats of respectability into the depths of ruin by their influence. Vice is decorated in so attractive a garb, that its deformity is concealed. The inexperienced sip the cordial without suspecting that deadly poison is mixed in the cup. The passions are excited, reason is dethroned, and under the impulse of feeling, thousands are hurried on to the perpetration of deeds which a whole life of penitence and the most rigid morality can never wipe from the character. And where the restraints of education, and surrounding circumstances happen to guard the individual from overt and disgraceful indulgence, are we not compelled to admit, however reluctantly, that the mind becomes dangerously familiar with scenes of the grossest licentiousness? Hearts that ought to remain as pure and uncontaminated as the Alpine snows, are stained with impurity of thought and unholy imaginations. Would the lady, who sometimes reads tales of a doubtful character, permit a stranger to converse with her upon the same subject? Would she not, indeed, arise from the perusal of such works with a crimsoned cheek, were she aware that she is even suspected of having read them with pleasure?

The effects to which I allude are produced gradually and insensibly. But the work of ruin goes on notwithstanding. One restraint of virtue after another is weakened—one barrier after another yields. Passion continues to gain the ascendency, while the antagonist influence is declining, until finally the power of resistance to temptation becomes inefficient, and the unresisting heart is subdued, and the victim yields. Could we persuade young persons that such *is* the consequence of reading works of fiction, the practice would be at least more limited. It would be abandoned by some who never make the discovery until it is too late.

Had I space, it would not be difficult to show that the tendency of the practice is to blunt all our nobler sensibilities. In reading a fictitious representation of sufferings, the better feelings of our nature are often excited. "O," the reader thinks, "were I to meet with one so destitute—so poor—so friendless, how willingly would I contribute something to alleviate his wants—how gladly would I take such an one under my roof, and supply her necessities!" But no appropriate object is just at hand at the moment. The feeling subsides, and as nothing has been done to gratify the promptings of benevolence, it is succeeded by a state of indifference that cannot be moved by the actual sufferings of the necessitous, who pine in poverty around us. Tears are often shed over imaginary sufferings, while the mendicant in rags is driven from the door without bread, and the poor and afflicted in the neighborhood are never visited, nor their wants supplied. Many will weep over the misfortunes of Nydia, the poor blind girl, or the sufferings of a Sidney Beaufort who never let fall a tear over the narrative of a suffering Jesus. Those who know that such an effect has been produced by novel reading upon their own hearts, should be alarmed.

In conclusion, I would suggest to those who are particularly fond of works written in a highly ornamented style, and full of soul-stirring incident, that such can be found in the greatest abundance without resorting to works of fiction. Books of travel, poetry, and biography are of this cast. Read, for example, La Martine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, Fisk's, Stevens', Chateaubriand's, and Robinson's Travels, and also Mrs. Hemans', Mrs. Sigourney's, Campbell's, and Pollok's poems, and the lives of distinguished men and women in the literary and religious world. These are merely mentioned as a specimen of the works that might supply the place of novels and plays. They produce an equally pleasurable excitement of mind, and at the same time furnish information that will always be profitable. In addition to all this, when we call to mind the solemn truth that to God we are to render an account for the improvement of our time and talents, should we not pause before we yield our consent to squander the moments of our fleeting probation in an employment, the tendency of which is to disqualify us for the duties of this life, and render us unfit for the presence of God in eternity.

Vice stings us, even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us, even in our pains

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THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

The parents of Mr. G. have lived in the town of Victor, or on its borders, ever since his boyhood. When he was a child, his mother habitually brought him to the house of God on the Sabbath, and required his attendance on the Sabbath school, which was held, as in most villages and country churches, during the intervals of divine worship. She was in the habit also of talking to her son on the subject of religion, and praying with him and for him, that God might impart to him his saving grace. Having removed to a remote part of the congregation, it was not so convenient to attend regularly the house of God, and he soon imbibed infidel principles, till at length he became a confirmed Universalist.

Although he was considered a respectable man, yet he was not entirely free from what may be truly considered immoralities. He certainly did not pay a strict regard to the duties of the Sabbath, and when excited, he would use the language of the profane. It is difficult to conceive the feelings of a pious mother's heart on beholding the son of her affections and hopes falling into such practices and adopting such sentiments. Upon the first indication of his erroneous views she remonstrated, and used her best endeavors to dissuade him from such a course, but all her efforts seemed unavailing. Years rolled away, and he became himself the head of a family, and his parents resided with him. He was prospered with health and also in the accumulation of property. He at length numbered half the years usually allotted to man, and was in the vigor of manhood. At this period, at his request, I called to see him at his own house. As I was seated in conversation with other members of the family, he entered the room, having been absent when I arrived, and without any introductory remarks he began to narrate to me the dealings of God with his soul. In this and in subsequent interviews he related substantially the following sentiments:

"I was brought up," said he, "to respect religion; but for many years I refused instruction. I have been a confirmed believer in the doctrine of universal salvation. In embracing and adhering to that doctrine I have hated the people of God, and especially the Church to which my mother belonged, for I have looked upon them as bigoted and superstitious. I never could advance my sentiments but my mother would reprove me. I have a religious wife. She was decided in her views, though she belonged to a different denomination from my mother. Presuming that controversy was useless, my wife and I had agreed mutually to differ; but this was a point I could not gain with my mother. When she reproved me for my sins and urged me to abandon my errors, I would say to her, 'I am a Universalist. I desire to live and die in my present belief, and my desire is that you will not disturb me. I do not suppose I can convince you, and I am certain you cannot me; and I wish that the subject may hereafter be dropped.' But she would invariably say, 'No, my son,' as her lips would quiver with emotion, 'God's vow is upon me; I gave you to him in baptism, and I have promised to do what I can to persuade you to believe as I believe; and you need not calculate upon my leaving you in your errors. As long as I live I shall remonstrate, and pray for you that God may bring you to repentance.' I would often reproach my mother for her bigotry, and then I would think she is not in fault, it is the Church's to which she belongs: she has derived all her sentiments and feelings from them, and they are to blame. With these feelings I would say to her, 'Mother, why can you not join some other Church? If you will leave the sect to which you now belong, I will carry you to any other meeting whenever you choose to go; go any where but there.' For I thought I never should have any peace as long as she remained what she then was; and such was my hatred to the people with whom she worshiped, that for many years I had never been inside of the meeting-house. Although I meant to treat my parents well, yet when occasionally I took them to the village where they worshiped, I would drive my carriage to the church which my wife attended, and although they were lame and infirm, yet I never once drove them to the door of their own sanctuary, but always compelled them to walk from the place where I first stopped and back again, and for no other reason than to show my hatred to their religious views. Whenever I went to meeting myself, it was always my mother's custom to ask 'what the text was, and what were the sentiments of the preacher?' If they were what I believed, she would condemn them; if they were what I disbelieved and according to her views of truth, she would commend them; and often would fall upon her knees and pray for me, while tears of mingled pain, anxiety and hope would flow down the furrows of her time-worn cheeks. Occasionally she and others would present arguments against my sentiments that I could not answer; and for a time I would be somewhat troubled, until I could find something in my way of philosophizing, or in my Bible, or learn some new arguments from my minister that would answer them, and then I would be at peace again. With all my powers of wrestling, the truth of God, the impressions that it made upon me in childhood, I could not entirely forget; and these impressions, I can truly say, were the only stubborn, insurmountable obstacles in the way of my perfect satisfaction with my principles. I had overcome every thing else. Once I went to my minister and told him my perplexities. He replied, 'I, too, was brought up by my parents of the same denomination, and occasionally have had just such feelings, but they are not worth minding; they are only the fruits of our infant education.' With such evasions I would become for a time composed. A year ago, one of my mother's people invited me to attend a meeting held in his neighborhood by another denomination, intimating that there was considerable religious excitement. I thought this somewhat strange, presuming that different denominations had but little if any Christain charity towards each other. But I

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went that evening, and when I returned, my mother was ready with her usual questions, 'What was the text, and what was the preacher's subject?' I replied that there was not much sense in what the preacher said, still I had no particular objections to the sentiments advanced. I could not believe in what was afterwards stated relative to peculiar religious feelings and experience. It was, in my opinion, all hypocrisy. 'Well,' said she, 'my son, there is reality in religious feelings; and I want you, if you ever have any, and if I am alive, to promise me that you will confide them to me.' 'O,' said I, 'I'll promise you that, for I never had any yet, and I do not believe any one ever had; and I am sure that I shall never have any.' Upon this I went into the woods, where I was at work all day, and all alone; while reflecting upon my promise to my mother and upon the direct influences of the Spirit of God, I cannot tell why it was, but I was overwhelmed with similar feelings to those which I had so often heard expressed by others and censured as hypocritical. I went that night unsolicited to the meeting. The preacher seemed to understand my former belief, and he took away the whole foundation on which my fabric had rested. From that hour I gave up all my former peculiar sentiments. In a few days I communicated my feelings, according to my promise, to my mother, who was overjoyed at this intelligence. In this condition I remained for a few months; I had no standing upon my former ground, and still I was not confirmed in any new truth; I knew that I was not what I had been, and I thought that my case was different from any one else. One Sabbath, as I was going to church, it so happened that all present proposed to go to the place where my parents attended, and for the first time in my life I drove my own carriage to the door of that sanctuary. After they had all entered the house, I stood alone in front of it pondering in my mind what I should do; I said to myself, 'Shall I go where I formerly did? But I am no longer a Universalist. Shall I go in with my family? but I never have been within those walls, I shall not feel at home; or shall I go to another house still?' But before I had time to answer these questions even to myself, some friend took me by the arm and led me almost unconsciously into the house and among the people whom I had so long hated from my very soul.

"The exercises commenced, and every thing that was said seemed to meet the responses of my heart. As I looked around upon the congregation, all seemed to exhibit in their countenances a cheerful solemnity; and I said to myself, as the tears started in my eye and my heart swelled with emotion, 'These are my friends, not my enemies! They have not merited my hatred! It is I who have been in the wrong, not they!' It seemed as if my heart would break from a conviction that I had been, without any cause, an enemy to them, while they had been friends to me. I began to feel an overflowing love for them, and the thought forced itself upon me, how gladly would I give houses, land, and every thing that I possess, if I could by these means count myself worthy to be one of the members of the Christian family. Afterward, when the Sabbath came, I found my feet inclined thither; but still I wished to keep all my feelings, and my religion too, if I had any, to myself as much as possible. It was not long after this when a large concourse of people were assembled to attend the funeral of one who had been much esteemed by all classes in the community. He, too, had formerly professed to be a Universalist just one year previous to his death, but had been made in a very striking manner a subject of Divine grace. His short Christian course had been marked by an open profession of religion, and by great faithfulness in commending religion to the hearty embrace of all his friends. And as the preacher was describing his wonderful change, and the shining evidence of piety which he had left behind, and his triumphant death, I said to myself, should I be called to die, I could not leave this evidence behind, I could not be counted an open, hearty and useful follower of the Savior, who, when on earth, declared, 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father and the holy angels.' I then resolved by the grace of God to be a Christian openly, and not to be ashamed of Christ in the presence of men. I felt it to be my duty to connect myself with the people of God. I know not that I have any feeling but that of love toward any Christian Church. But it has been my mother's faithfulness almost wholly that has plucked me as a brand from the burning, and now her people shall be my people, and her God my God."

As he closed his narrative, under the influence of deep emotion himself, the faces of all around, mother, wife, friends, were all bathed in tears of joy. We wept and prayed together. Here for the first time his family altar was erected to the worship of God. When he came before the Church, preparatory to the communion season, to tell what God had done for his soul, he related substantially what I have written, and added, "I have done what I could to injure you. I have persecuted you; and now I wish to do what I can to build you up. I ask your forgiveness for the injuries I have done you, and I hope I have received the forgiveness of God. My mother dedicated me to God in baptism, and by her faithfulness in following me in my wanderings, and in praying with me and for me when counsels were of no avail, I have been brought to experience this change, which I never myself anticipated, and no one else, unless under the influence of that charity which hopeth all things. And as I was given to God in baptism, I desire to offer up my children to him, that they may be his also."

Should this brief sketch fall under the eye of a Christian parent, especially of a Christian mother, let it encourage her to persevere with great diligence in the use of all the means which God has instituted for the salvation of children. How many mothers, with feelings of much tenderness too, would have thought

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remonstrance useless in such a case, and abandoned all measures but that of prayer. Parents are too apt to think, because the subject of religion is unpleasant to their children, and sometimes irritating, that therefore it is best to remain silent. But if, in other cases, silence would seem to have been commendable, it would not have answered the dictates of this mother's conscience. And though foiled in argument, as she often was, she could still present the argument of her own experience and utter her remonstrance against his errors. Adored be the grace of God, she has lived to see the fruits of his conversion while joy gushes from an overflowing heart. There now remains but one of this numerous family unconverted—the youngest of her household, and may it not be hoped that he will yet be numbered with the disciples of Christ.—*Mother's Magazine.*

HUMAN INVENTIONS.

It is amazing and delightful to consider, what seemingly difficult things are done by means of human knowledge, scanty and confined as it is. The wonders performed by means of reading and writing are so striking, that some learned men have given it as their opinion, that the whole was communicated to mankind originally by some superior being. That by means of the various compositions of about twenty different articulations of the human voice, performed by the assistance of the lungs, the glottis, the tongue, the lips, and the teeth, ideas of all sensible and intelligible objects in nature, in art, in science, in history, in morals, in supernaturals, should be communicable from one mind to another; and again, that signs should be contrived, by which those articulations of the human voice should be expressed, so as to be communicable from one mind to another by the eye; this seems really beyond the reach of humanity left to itself. To imagine, for example, the first of mankind capable of inventing any set of sounds, which should be fit to communicate to one another the idea of what is meant by the words *virtue* or *rectitude*, or any other idea wholly unconnected with any kind of sound whatever, and afterwards of inventing a set of signs, which should give the mind by the eye, an idea of what is properly an object of the sense of hearing, (as a word when expressed with the voice, represents an idea, which is the mere object of the understanding;) to imagine mankind, in the first ages of the world, without any hint from superior beings, capable of this, seems doing too great honor to our nature. Be that as it will; that one man should, by uttering a set of sounds no way connected with, or naturally representative of one set of ideas more than another; that one man should, by such seemingly unfit means, enlighten the understanding, rouse the passions, delight or terrify the imagination of another; and that he should not only be able to do this when present, *viva voce*; but that he should produce the same effect by a set of figures which are themselves the representatives of ideas, is truly admirable.

Original

THE TRIUMPHS OF RELIGION.

BY W. P. STRICKLAND.

"When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays th' immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
Yet leaves this dark'ning dust behind."

What human reason, in its profoundest researches, cannot discover, the everlasting Gospel reveals to the eye of faith. "For," says an inspired apostle, "if we believe Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." "Nature may teach us that the bright forms of human beauty which are presented to our view, and then pass from the field of our vision like the transit of bright and beauteous stars, which lose their radiance in the sun, are lost to earth but not to existence." But to them is assigned another destiny, the nature of which religion only unfolds. She assures us that, "Happy are the dead who die in the Lord," and that the loved ones who here pass before us like shadows, and faded from our sight as the misty wreath, will shine like stars in the kingdom of God for ever and ever.

Philosophy teaches us that matter itself is everlasting; and though passing through endless modifications of being, the smallest atom has never yet been destroyed. If material entities are thus unapproachable by annihilation, how much more imperishable must be the immaterial mind! Revelation informs us that the soul shall live when death himself is dead. "O, death, I will be thy plague! O, grave, I will be thy destruction." The beloved disciple saw in vision a place where there is "no more death, for the former things have passed away." This, "the last enemy" of the believer, "shall be *destroyed*." The soul, ever living and conscious, shall enter upon its future state with all its powers in full and vigorous exercise, powerful to reason, and as mighty to endure suffering for a life of sin, as it is to enjoy happiness for a life of holiness.

Religion gathers her subjects from the aged and the youthful, the illiterate and the learned, the timid and the courageous, and adapting herself to their various mental states, and moral and physical temperaments, exerts her assimilating power in molding the mind into the image of God, "creating it anew in righteousness and true holiness," redeeming by its power, supporting by its promises, and encouraging and bearing the believer over all the rough passages of human life to the peaceful shores of a happy eternity.

Thus did she triumph in the life and death of Mrs. Elizabeth Jewitt, consort of Leonidas Jewitt, Esq., of Athens, Ohio. Elizabeth was a devoted child. In a land of strangers, at the baptismal font, her pious mother dedicated her to God, and implored upon her the blessings of the covenant of promise. Her naturally amiable disposition was early sweetened by grace, and she was enabled in youth to renounce

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that which separated her from the Savior, and engage in the fulfillment of her baptismal vows. Before she was twelve years old, with none to witness but God, she entered into a written engagement to make religion her chief concern, and was soon led to make a profession of this religion before the world. Her motto was, "I will look to the end, and consider well, not the immediate results, but the final consequences of action, reaching far beyond time, into eternity." This principle of action ever controlled her conduct. Kind and affectionate, she was ever disposed to make the best of every event in life; so that in the midst of trouble and bitter misfortune, under the parental roof, where the piercing winds of adversity blew chill and drear, she was the joy and solace of a mother's heart. Her prayer was, "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." To her mother she said, "No, mother, we will never despair. The storm lowers, but the rainbow is in the cloud." In a letter to her sister, Mrs. M'Cabe, of Athens, at this time, she said, "I love my dear mother, and it shall ever be the first care of her whom she has nourished and smiled upon in infancy to lighten her load, bear her burdens, and, if possible, throw a halo of brightness around her declining days." She wandered not with the giddy and the gay along the banks of the stream of death, to cull the flowers of sinful pleasure. Nobler, holier aims her spirit filled. She preferred "the thorny path of virtue" to the flowery paths of sin. She consecrated a well cultivated mind to the service of the Savior, and, next to communion with him at the altar of prayer, and through his written word, her chief enjoyment consisted in holding converse with the illustrious dead, through the medium of their works.

In her eighteenth year she visited Athens to minister to the wants of her afflicted sister, where, by her kindness and attention to the family, she won the esteem and affection of all its inmates, and gave evidence, by her consistent life, that she was deeply engaged in making provision, in health, for the gloom and conflicts of a dying hour. To a friend, to whom she endeavored to minister consolation, she says in a note, "Banish these gloomy fears—these dark forebodings. There are brighter scenes in reservation for thee; yea, the changeless joys of heaven not very far distant. There bliss knows no alloys." To another she says, "The rain is pattering against the windows. I fear you will not be able to attend church to-morrow. 'Tis Saturday night. How swiftly time is passing! Truly, man is but a shadow—life a dream. May you and I, my dear friend, so live as to be prepared for that eternal Sabbath where frowning tempests and cloudy skies will never come! O, let us march on with firm, unwavering step!" In another communication, and in the same spirit of devout and ardent piety, she says, "Yesterday, as I sat with Bible in hand, the words of consolation came to me like rain to the parched earth, and were like rays of sunshine to an imprisoned spirit. Never did the world appear so unsatisfying, and my soul more ardently pant after enduring pleasures, found only in the living God. I felt, indeed, that ere long heaven would be my happy home."

At the age of twenty she was united in marriage to him who now deeply mourns her loss. In view of the responsibilities which such a step involves, she says, "I feel awfully solemn. This new relation in life will demand of me a holier example. I must be more careful to watch and pray, and to pray for those who are yet wavering."

Her heart was expansive with benevolence. "In others' woes a tender part she bore." Her language, on one occasion, was, "We little know how to feel for those who are pining in adversity—smitten by poverty—dependent upon the cold charity of the world. Poor widows and little fatherless children! How my heart ached to-day, as I gazed on scenes of distress. Godliness with contentment is great gain."

Not only did she feel for the temporal destitution of those around her, and endeavor to mitigate their sufferings, but she did all in her power to diffuse the blessings of religion among those who were perishing for lack of knowledge. During the three years of her married life, she sought and found, within the circle of home, that happiness with which a "stranger intermeddleth not." As a child, sister, friend, wife, and Christian, she was faithful and affectionate.

The last words she ever wrote, contained in a note addressed to Miss Louisa D., are expressive of her feelings, as also of her attachment to those religious exercises in which she took the greatest delight. This note, like the last breathings of a harp, which the rude hand of the despoiler would soon crush, shows the impress of a mind, calm and untroubled as a summer's evening.* The following is an extract:

"Beloved Louisa,—'Tis the Sabbath day. What a calm, beautiful morning! Its serenity and short-lived beauty bring to mind the words of the poet—

'Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! *must die*.'

I hope to see you at *class*. I went last Sabbath, and there was none. I love to go to class. It is to me a resting place in the wearisome journey of life—an oasis in the desert, where my fainting spirit may quaff the waters of life. I think I never attended this means of grace without feeling better prepared to discharge the duties incumbent upon me. I trust you are sailing smoothly along the current of time to the ocean of a happy eternity."

On Tuesday, the 28th of November, 1842, she became the mother of an infant son, and from that hour she began to complain of her head. She would say with faintness, "Such a throbbing in my head." On the ninth day from her confinement she seemed to grow considerably worse. At that time her disease fully developed itself, spread its withering blight over

* One has said the harp of the human spirit never breathes such sweet music as when its frame is most shattered, and its strings most torn.

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body and mind, and after raging nine days, death terminated her sufferings.

It is here we wish to record the "triumphs of religion." Up to the period of her attack, she expressed, and manifested a perfect resignation to the will of her heavenly Father; and though her reason was disturbed in consequence of deranged organs, and her lucid intervals were few and partial, yet religion exerted a power over the troubled elements of mind, and proclaimed its triumphant power. Well did the blessed Jesus say of Mary, who, at his feet, drank in the "waters of life," "She hath chosen *what never can be taken from her.*" So was *he* "persuaded," who, in the "third heavens," learned what tongue could not utter, that "neither heights, nor depths, (of mental or bodily anguish,) nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, can separate from the love of Jesus"—sweeter than life—stronger than death. Disease may rage—physical derangement may unhinge the mind; but that holiness which is the health and habit of the believing soul, shines amid the darkness, (as the "diamond lights up the secret mine,") and triumphs over the wreck of matter and the disorder of the mental flowers. Or, to change the figure, the soul, strengthened by religious exercises, like an unfettered eagle, soars above the sordid earth when all beneath is wreck, and bathes its undazzled eye of faith in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, as it pillows its breast upon the storm.

Thus did religion, in her case, triumph over the ravages of disease. Her soul uttered its holy desires in prayer to God while she exhorted those around her to attend to the concerns of *their* souls; and with a voice sweet and clear, and as strong as in the days of health and reason, did she unite with those around her in singing,

"Come sound his praise abroad."

With an absorbing interest she listened to the reading of the Bible; and when that beautiful Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," was read, she appropriated its soul-supporting promises to herself. At different times she was heard to say, "I have been dreaming of such a beautiful place. O, 'tis most beautiful! My eyes never before saw such a place. 'Tis heaven—sweet heaven! I shall soon be there." The night before she died, in trying to sit up, she fainted entirely away. Her friends thought her spirit had fled; but she recovered and became somewhat rational, and remarked, "The lamp is almost out, the oil is almost gone." The next morning she fell into a profound slumber, and continued in this repose all day, awaking only a few times to take a little nourishment. During one of her waking moments, she said, "A few hours more and I shall be in glory. Glory to God! Amen and amen." These were the last words she uttered. Her attending physician regarded her repose as a favorable indication, and her friends felt much encouraged. As the disciples said of their friend Lazarus, when Jesus told them he was asleep, "If he sleep he shall do well, not knowing that he spake of his death," so the friends of Mrs. Jewitt thought in regard to her sleep; but she had gone into that sleep into which those sweetly fall who "sleep in Jesus." Thus, on the 9th of December, half past ten o'clock, without a groan, her ransomed spirit soared away to that "*beautiful place*" which came to her in vision.

Original.

SEASONABLE REPROOF.

BY THE LATE MRS. M. PORSHEY.

A YOUNG lady turned from her toilet, and saw her gaily attired sisters in haste to be on their way to the intended party. "Ma," said she, impatient to hear her mother pronounce some expression of admiration for her symmetrical form, as she had once unguardedly done, "Ma, do we not remind you of that beautiful group of little butterflies we saw at the pond?"

"Why, daughter," replied the mother, "I confess there is some similarity in the varied colors of your dress. The butterfly, my dear, though beautiful in her appearance, is far from being the most intelligent and exalted of her class of insects. Her movements, you perceive, are directed wholly by caprice, as she flits hither and thither, without end or aim. And we must condemn her want of delicacy in taste, as we see her sip with avidity from stagnant ponds, when she is endued with the power to rise and drink the sweets from every spring flower, and soar far above her sister insects. Besides, my child, there are those who entertain but little respect for our sex, that have but too successfully made the disparaging comparison between us and the butterfly; for there is a class, it is true, who are ever hastening to and fro, without the view of benefiting themselves or others, who may be justly compared to these pretty silly creatures. But I flatter myself that my daughters, by a proper use of their time, shall deserve to be classed among a more intelligent and useful order of beings."

These well-timed remarks made a salutary impression upon the ingenuous mind of young Caroline. From that evening she was seldom seen abroad, unless where duty called, or for mere relaxation from her close application to study, and domestic duties. Her mind soon became stored with useful knowledge, and her society was courted as a valuable acquisition to the social circle.

The mother lived when time had stolen the rosy tint from the cheek of her Caroline, and the youthful sparkle of the eye had given place to the milder beam kindled by the illumination of the mind. The rich harvest of virtues repaid the seed sown in due season; for she realized in her daughter all the excellencies which her most sanguine hopes had anticipated.

Thus, by a sensible and good-natured reproof, might many a thoughtless daughter be reclaimed from a prodigal waste of time, and her mind directed to the pursuit of such objects as could not fail to secure her a rank among the most exalted creatures of intellect. "A word spoken in season, how good is it!"

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Original.

TO MARY.

MARY, the gift cannot be mine,
Nor would I dare aspire,
A star among the famed to shine;
I only tune my lyre
For those I love; and, my dear friend,
'Tis all the fame I ask,
If they accept the gifts I send;
For I would rather bask
In pure affection's bright sunshine,
Than have the cold world kneel,
And own my heart the glitt'ring shrine
Of all the Nine conceal.

Affection, to the feeling heart,
Is like morn's earliest dews,
That to the bursting flowers impart,
The bright prismatic hues
And fragrant breath, that call to life
Feelings and thoughts which seem,
With so much joy and pleasure rife,
Our souls could almost deem
Earth paradise, (till mem'ry flings
The grief of former years
Back on the heart, waking the springs
Of sympathy and tears.)

And, O! such feelings are to me,
Dearer than all the mirth,
To which the flashing buoyancy
Of wit could e'er give birth;
For, Mary, they can thrill alone
On love's most sacred cords,
Breathing a music all their own,
Too deep, too fond for words,
While Hope and Fancy, in such hours,
Mutely delight to twine,
Off'rings of bright and beauteous flowers
For Prospect's gilded shrine.

I know that such emotions dwell,
As cherished, in thy breast,
As pearls within an ocean shell,
For ever more caressed
By its sweet tones; and, O! my friend,
When age steals over thee,
May they with thine existence blend
In undimmed brilliancy!
And wilt thou then, should I be dead,
Glance sometimes on this leaf,
Nor check fond memory, but shed
One tear—of *love*—not grief! CLEORA.

Original.

TO CLEORA.

CLEORA, why that mournful strain?
Come, tune thy trembling lyre again,
To all its boldest strains aspire!
Quench not, dear girl, the poet's fire—
The gift is thine!
I, too, have sadness in my lay,
For my dreams of bliss have pass'd away;
And my song, once full of hope and pleasure,
Chimes only now to mournful measure,
And flowing tears!

I muse o'er faded joys alone,
And it gives my lyre a plaintive tone;
For my happiest hours are all gone by,
And I cannot awake to melody,
My broken lyre!

Still, thoughts of bliss sometimes intrude
Upon my heart's deep solitude;
But, O! I must not, dare not cherish
Hopes which elude my grasp, and perish,
Or fade away!

I love to linger o'er thy verse—
It speaks of sympathy and tears—
It speaks of Fancy's beauteous flowers,
And Hope, which points to happier hours
Beyond the tomb!

Still let me linger; for I feel
My heart grow warmer as I linger;
And the chord which vibrates in my breast
Can only now be hush'd to rest,
By gentle finger! MARY.

Original.

"WHERE IS GOD?"

Lines suggested by my little boy asking, "Where is God?"

HE is in the morning breeze—
On the vault of yonder sky—
'Mong the pretty waving trees,
And where early violets lie.

He is on the floating cloud,
Tinged with unearthly hues—
Where the darkness night doth shroud,
And in stilly falling dews.

He is on yonder painted bow—
In your mocking bird's sweet song—
In the dazzling sun's bright glow,
As he flames and rolls along.

He is on the lightning's flash—
He is in the thunder's roar—
Where the rushing waters dash,
And in fury strike the shore.

He is o'er the blooming earth—
He is on the rolling sea—
He's around our happy hearth,
And he fills immensity.

He will never from thee part,
Through thy life's bright coming day;
Wilt thou give this God thy heart?
Wilt thou ever to him pray? L. C. L.

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Original.

ENOCH.

A POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

CANTO IV.—THE TRANSLATION.

HAIL! holy Sabbath light! Thy blissful rays
New joys awake, new hopes inspire. Thy beams—
Not kindled at the solar fount alone,
But emanating from the throne above,
Irradiant with a glory unrevealed,
Ineffable, and ever unapproached,
Except by perfect purity, and then
With awe and reverent attitude alone—
Thy beams illumine earth with heaven's own light,
And from the centre of all happiness—
The uncreated temple of our God—
Delightful foretastes bring of holy joys,
By mortal sight unseen, by ear unheard,
And inmost heart of man still unconceived,
Unrealized, unknown. Thy sacred light
We hail; and by its holy guiding beams,
Our souls, forsaking all terrestrial things,
Mount up, and with incarnate Deity
Communion hold—foretaste of heavenly bliss;
And with desires unutterable, and hopes
Enkindled at the shrine above, we long,
With disembodied spirits, spotless, pure,
To join th' unending chorus of the skies—
The perfect worship of the eternal world.
There Sabbaths never end—their holy light,
Undimm'd by clouds, shall never cease to shine—
Shall never fade, nor yield to twilight's ray.

No earthly Sabbath dawned with holier light,
Or waked in human breast more pure desires,
Or aspirations after sacred joys
More fervent—more sincere, than that blest day
Which numbered Enoch's finished course on earth.
Its light beheld his year of years complete*—
The anniversary of his birth that day
Returned. O, memorable day! thy light,
Thy holy Sabbath light the years of earth
With cycles of eternity conjoined.
Earth's scenes and chronicled events of heaven
In blended union meet! The wondrous act,
Engraven deep in heaven's entablature,
Is annalled in the truthful scroll of time!
Scarce had the rosy fingers of the dawn
The Sabbath morn in distant orient marked,
And summoned nature to an act of praise,
When Enoch rose. Around the altar stone—
Endeared and hallowed by domestic vows—
By votive offerings paid—by prayers sincere—
By songs of gratitude—oblations pure—
And victims slain as typical of Him
Whose blood alone can cleanse from sin—the stain
Of deep pollution wash away, and man
To purity restore—around that stone,
Thus hallowed, Enoch's household stood. Himself,
As patriarchal priest, the victim slew,
And o'er the bleeding sacrifice their sins
Confessed. And as the sacred flame arose,
It bore to heaven the holy gratitude
Of that collected group.

Their worship o'er,
The simple morning meal, prepared on hours
Unconsecrate to holy things, was spread.
That finished Enoch rose. The woodland dell,
For meditative prayer his footsteps sought.
There, undisturbed, with none to view the scene,
Or know the heart's intensest feeling, save
The Omniscient eye, the fountains of the deep,
The springs of feeling from their lowest depths
Were broken up. The reigning power of sin,
As monarch of the heart, had long been crushed;
And yet, with bitterness of soul, he mourned
Its sad effects. Upon that sacred day,
Himself, with all his powers reconsecrate,
To God were offered up. The holy joy
Which then his soul o'erflowed resembled that
Which angels feel before the throne above.

Such intercourse with heaven his mind prepared
To lead the public worship of that day.
But few around Jehovah's altar bowed;
For near its sacred site the sons of men,
With daring wickedness, upon a mount
Surrounded by a grove of ancient trees,
Whose undecaying foliage emblem seemed
Of immortality, an altar built;
And with idolatrous delight, and songs,
And mirthful dance, and wild and festive glee,
The sun revered and all the hosts of heaven;
And with obscene and impious hands upraised,
Jehovah's creatures deified, and Him,
The God of all, despised.

Close by this scene
The homeward steps of Enoch led. His soul,
With holy feelings fill'd and joys which spring
From intercourse with God, could pity well
These wretched wanderers from the paths of peace.
But scarce the holy man appeared in view,
When from the revelers—upon whose lives
His holy actions were a keen rebuke,
And who with hate relentless ever watched
His never varying course, with empty hope
Of finding aught within him like themselves—
From these malicious ones a shout broke forth,
Which rent the air, and mounted swift to heaven:
"See there! he comes! the sanctimonious wretch,
Whose sacrilegious hands dare desecrate
The altars of our gods—whose impious tongue
Has dared pronounce our worship blasphemy—
Our songs impure, and all our mirth and joy
The revelry of sin! Not e'en content
With such impiety, regardless yet
Of all our threats, his vile malignant heart

* Enoch was 365 years old when he was translated. See Genesis v, 23.

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Now prompts to deeds more sacrilegious still.
Not satisfied with bold presumption's tongue
To speak contemptuous of our gods, predict
A day of fierce impending wrath on those
Who bend before their shrines, and vainly try,
With arch hypocrisy to frighten those
Who worship here—not satisfied with this,
His impious hand has dared again erect
A public altar to his God, and there
Officiate as patriarchal priest,
And thus disturb the worship due to those
Who all our wants supply and us defend.
His sanctimonious looks we hate—his God
Not less, and all his base unhallowed rites."

At this rude speech the heart of Enoch, filled
With holy zeal for God and his pure law,
His day, his worship, and his sacred name,
Had prompted a reply severe and stern
In vindication of that holy cause
Which more than his own life he loved. Ere yet
His lips the stern rebuke pronounced, held back
By power divine, the pure ethereal vault
Seemed wrapt in flaming fire—all nature shook—
The rebel band, with conscious guilt o'ercome,
In consternation stood, nor dared to flee,
Nor dared look up. A present God they feared,
Who but a moment gone defied his power;
For high above Jehovah's chariot burn'd
With brightest flame, more brilliant than the sun.
The royal car of state—the imperial seat—
With all the emblazonry of heaven—in which
The King of kings ambassadors of state,
To execute his high behests, sent forth
Throughout his vast domains—by flaming steeds
Propelled, above them shone. Th' angelic hosts,
In numbers infinite—empanoplied
With armory of heaven, which gleamed more bright
Than thousand suns, as retinue appeared.
Th' embattled hosts with utmost speed approached,
In awful majesty arrayed. That sight
Earth ne'er before had seen. No wonder then
The guilty hosts, with terror and remorse,
In trembling attitude remained, or sought,
Although in vain, a place to flee.
Meanwhile,
The voice of Enoch, filled with praise, broke forth:
"Behold, he comes! Jehovah with his hosts,
His saints, ten thousand thousand spotless ones,
And all the angelic legions of the sky!
He comes to execute his wrath on all
Who dare his mandates disobey, or scorn
To do his will, or speak against his cause,
Or on his servants cast unjust reproach."*

Ere yet he ceased, and while the guilty throng
In breathless consternation stand, himself,
Approved and justified by that dread voice
Which shook creation's base, to heaven bid come,
By power Omnipotent in twinkling time
Upon that royal glowing seat is placed.
From earth and sin refined and purified,
A rapturous shout of joy—a last farewell—
Are mingled with the choral symphonies
Which burst from cherub choirs as upward borne
They seek the abodes of bliss.

GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

* Compare with this the 13th and 14th verses of the Epistle of Jude.

Original.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY MRS. HAMLINE.

I DREAMED. I saw a loving, faithful heart,
Wounded and bleeding, on an altar laid.
Beside it stood a form divinely wrought,
Adorned with beauty and with grace, and all
That can enchant the eye and charm the soul.
Anon, I saw that form smile on that heart,
And it, poor wounded thing, leaped at his smile.
He frowned; and at his frown that heart did writhe.
He touched a dagger which his hand had fixed
Deep in its centre, and the blood did flow.
I gazed with wonder as alternately
He smiled and pierced afresh the sufferer;
And at each smile that heart did leap anew,
Rejoicing as its deadly wound was healed,
And at each frown it writhed in agony;
And when he touched the dagger, I beheld
The current gushing forth as if just pierced.
And then that bleeding heart did speak to me,
In accents mild, by heavenly mercy tuned:
"Pity, O pity! not reproach," it said,
"That loved one, barbarous though to thee he seem.
How deep, how pure the fount whence flow these streams
He does not know; nor does he know the pang
That he inflicts when he this dagger moves.
And here beside him calmly will I lie,
Though his dear hand waste my last drop of life.
Removed from him no pleasure could be mine—
Beneath his smile I sometimes find repose;
And when at length this current cease to flow,
With my last throb I'll whisper 'love' to him."

HEAVEN.

THERE is a city whose name is LIGHT,
With the diamond's ray and the ruby bright;
And ensigns are waving, and banners unfurl,
Over walls of brass and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

There are myriads of forms arrayed in white,
Beings of beauty clothed in light:
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid the fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That spring in that sun-bright clime.

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NOTICES.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION, STATED AND DEFENDED; *with a Critical and Historical Examination of the Controversy, both Ancient and Modern. Also, Practical Illustrations and Advices. In a series of Lectures. By Geo. Peck, D. D. New York: Lane & Sandford.* 1842.—This is a seasonable exposition and vindication of the Scriptural doctrine of Christian Perfection. It contains nineteen lectures, and discusses as many leading topics, embraced as parts or in connection with the principal theme. The work is polemic and practical in its character. The former department states and exposes the principal erroneous theories, past and present, set forth under the name of Christian Perfection, notices the controversies on this subject, considers and refutes the objections which have been urged against the doctrine, and by positive Scripture proofs maintains the possibility and the *reality* of entire sanctification in this life. The practical portion of the treatise points out the way to obtain this blessing, presents motives to induce the reader to seek it, the evidences of possessing it, and closes with a hortatory appeal to those who profess it.

Having noticed the course of the writer, we will add that he has executed his task with ability, and that it would be difficult to estimate the value of the service he has rendered the Church, and the interests of the Church. If we were to speak of defects—for all human productions are imperfect—we could wish that the philological criticisms which appear in its pages had mostly been omitted, and embraced in an article of the "Methodist Quarterly." We believe that an unnecessary amount of Greek exegesis is of late employed in popular theological discussion. The Germans are leading us in this career, not at all to our advantage as a people. Dr. Clarke and Professor Stuart have betaken themselves to these fields of interminable discovery, and propose thereby to break the seals of all mystery. It is well that some work these mines, but they must present to the public the fruits of their toil without attempting to lower us into the shaft from whence they dug it. These remarks are not intended to depreciate the excellent treatise of Dr. Peck. He makes but comparatively a sparing use of criticism on the original text, and has endeavored to adapt his exegetical inquiries, as far as possible, to the understandings of all. We urge upon the members of the Church a careful perusal of the book; and believe it will prove to many a rich and lasting blessing.

On sale by Wright & Swormstedt.

AN EXPOSITION OF UNIVERSALISM: *Or, an Investigation of that system of Doctrine which promises final Holiness and Happiness in Heaven to all Mankind, irrespective of moral character and conduct in this life. By Rev. John H. Power. Cincinnati: Printed for the Author, at the Western Methodist Book Concern.*—Universalism has existed in society ever since the fall of man. It *will* exist as long as sin is in the world. Whoever reads the Bible with attention, will find from its histories of religious opinions, that the wicked have always denied and derided those threatenings which announced the coming judgments of God. The errors of men never will be in the opposite moral direction. It would be difficult to find an example in the Bible in which sinners believed *too much* in regard to God's threatenings. They always believed *too little*. If the Christian world have, as Universalists charge, interpreted the threatenings of the Gospel too strictly against themselves, it is a new development in the history of our race. From the time when God said to Adam, "thou shalt surely die," and Satan contradicted, the same snare has been laid for men's consciences. It is the only possible method of seducing souls. Satan would never attempt the task by persuading mankind that sin inflicts *more* evil than it in fact does. That would be like attempting to persuade a man to *robbery* by urging on his attention the impossibility of escaping detection and punishment.

Universalism is spreading in the west. We are not surprised at it. It is the natural result of the widely extending revivals by which thousands are converted to God, and other thousands, resisting the gracious power of the Spirit, are in that "last state" which is "worse than the first." Men cannot well settle down in sin, amidst such powerful visitations of the Spirit, without some quietus for the conscience—some plan which seems to promise them impunity in impenitence. As to the theory that this life is loaded with retributive evils, which are visited on all in exact proportion to their demerit, we doubt if any man believes it. Men who profess to believe it, now and then eke out other and opposite opinions, in some unguarded moments. A few days since a paragraph appeared in a Universalist paper utterly inconsistent with such a theory. A man who years ago committed a capital offense, was detected and brought to the gallows. This was noticed as an example of the retributive character of the Divine administration over this world. But what idea must we form of the equity of that retribution which transfers a man for murder to the paradise of God?

The errors of Universalism as a system, have been often and sufficiently exposed. But local influences will sometimes operate favorably toward procuring attention to one defense of truth rather than another. This fact has invited the publication of the book before us. Mr. Power has for years occupied a field of ministerial labor where, among other forms of infidelity, Universalism was prominent. He felt obliged to set the battle in array against this destroyer. He visited various points, debated with its advocates the heresies they defended, and by the blessing of God, made impressions in favor of truth which were salutary beyond his hopes. His familiarity with the wiles and sophistry which it was his lot so frequently to expose, prepared him for the labors of the pen. In the meantime thousands who had heard his discourses to advantage, solicited *a book*. The indications of Providence were at last so plain that he proceeded to prepare a work for the press.

The treatise is Biblical. Mr. Power takes us to the word and the testimony. He uses the sacred text with honest skill and admirable effect, to shield the honor, and discomfit the enemies of the cross. The book will be useful. It affects none of the graces of style, nor much of the erudition of scholastic criticism. But it is the people's book, and as such we commend it to the readers of the Repository, and to the Divine blessing.

On sale at the Western Book Concern.

THE AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY, *Devoted to Biblical and General Literature, Theological Discussion, the History of Theological Opinions, etc. Conducted by John Holmes Agnew.*—The January number of this periodical is like its predecessors, rich in the ripest products of mind. The Biblical Repository receives contributions from the ablest American writers. The Andover school of theologians, who are certainly second to none in the department of philological criticism, give it their almost united patronage. Professor Stowe, who is taking rank with the most accomplished philologists of the period, contributes freely to its pages. The present number contains an article from President Day, of New Haven—a new contributor, if we recollect.

We have so often recommended this quarterly, that we need only add that it certainly loses nothing by age. In its smaller form it can be had at the low price of three dollars per annum. Subscribers can obtain it of Geo. L. Weed, at the Bible, Tract and Sunday School Depository, West Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

THE AMERICAN ECLECTIC, AND MUSEUM OF FOREIGN LITERATURE. *Conducted by J. H. Agnew and E. Little.*—The January and February numbers of this invaluable monthly are on our table. It will be the province of the "Eclectic and Museum" to furnish to the American public judicious selections from the best European reviews and magazines.

The graver British and Continental periodicals may be considered the channel of criticism on the current literature of Europe. The best articles in these publications will appear in the Eclectic and Museum. Judgment and taste are necessary in making selections from so large and varied a field, and both are enlisted in behalf of this enterprise. We are surprised at the facilities now presented to families of narrow means, to secure access to all that is truly valuable in the periodical literature of England, and to some of the choicest specimens of French and German composition.

This work is published monthly in Philadelphia and New

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York. Each number contains 144 pages of the largest octavo size, equal to about 400 pages of common octavo. The price is only *six dollars* per annum. In addition to what was originally proposed by the proprietor, it is now announced that art will contribute the choicest embellishments to the future numbers of this work. A series of steel engravings will be introduced—beginning with the March number—in a style not surpassed in this country. These engravings will embrace the whole range of modern European art, illustrating the different schools, selected from subjects of an interesting character, and from sketches by the most distinguished painters. There are in preparation for 1843 ten beautiful plates from several of the best English artists.

N. B. Five dollars *in advance* will pay for the Eclectic and Museum a year. If more than five join in a subscription, and have their numbers directed to one address, *four* dollars each *in advance* will be received. Subscribers west of the mountains should send their subscriptions to Geo. L. Weed, Agent, at the Bible, Tract and Sunday School Depository, on Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

SELECT LIBRARY OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.—This is a new periodical for the re-publication of standard theological works. Three numbers of the "first of the series" are before us. From their appearance we augur well of the enterprise. Each number contains eighty pages, royal octavo, of closely printed matter, in double column. The paper and typography are good. We think the publisher is subserving, in a high degree, the cause of religious truth and of Protestant Christianity. The first series contains D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation. This work has been sold in volume form at $3. In the Select Library it will come at 75 cents. We are surprised at the cheapness of this work. It comes to subscribers at $1,80 per annum, or 15 cents per number of 80 pages. A volume will contain nearly a thousand pages, equal in amount of matter to five respectable octavo volumes, of 400 pages each, for $1,90. The work is published in Philadelphia by James M. Campbell. We cordially recommend it to all who would be conversant with the richest productions of the religious press. For five dollars, should the work be continued, a family may in three years acquire a library which, a few years since, would have cost a small fortune.

A LETTER TO R. D. MUSSEY, M. D., *on the Utter Groundlessness of all the Millenial Arithmetic. By C. E. Stowe, D. D., Professor of Biblical Literature, Lane Seminary.*—This is an octavo pamphlet of 24 pages. The title will suggest to the intelligent reader the general train of thought in this letter. Dr. Stowe endeavors to show that the assumption of all the Millenarians, in regard to the prophetic use of day for year, is utterly unwarrantable, and that none can determine, nor prudently fix upon the date of the great apostasy. The letter concludes thus:

"In my opinion, all who pretend to fix the time of the millenium from the numbers given in the prophetic books, do three things which they have no right to do.

"1st. They assert that *day* in the prophecies means *year*, which is not true.

"2d. They pretend to know the time when the great apostasy took place, a matter of which they are entirely ignorant.

"3d. They contradict Christ and his apostles.

"I acknowledge that pious, respectable and learned men sometimes do this, and that they do it piously, respectably and learnedly; but they do it by adopting principles of interpretation, which, in my judgment, are entirely erroneous.

"The worst influence of these calculations is this: many stake their faith in the Bible on their fulfillment. The calculators are in the habit of saying, 'If the Bible teaches any thing, it teaches this. If this be not true, there is no dependence to be placed in the Bible.' These, and expressions of like import, are very frequently in the mouths of such men, and multitudes believe them. Now, when the time fixed upon passes by, and neither the judgment nor the millenium makes its appearance, (as will be the case most assuredly,) the faith of multitudes will be shaken, and to burning fanaticism will succeed a re-action of rabid infidelity, and perhaps atheism. This will certainly be the result; and the sober, consistent believer in the Divine authority of the Bible should be aware of it. The Bible is in no way responsible for those prognostications. It will be just as good after they have all failed, as it ever was before. Its truth and authority will be no more affected by the failure of the dates 1843, 1870 and 1926, than they were by the failure of the dates 1000, 1716 and 1836. These last three eras have formerly been fixed upon, extensively believed in, and entirely failed; and the same fate I have not the least doubt, awaits the first three."

ANALYSIS OF WATSON'S THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTES: *Designed for the use of Students and Examining Committees. New York: Lane & Sandford.*—This will be useful to students, if it lead them to a more faithful perusal of the original work. We do not think it will be any advantage to examining committees. Elder preachers ought to be sufficiently familiar with the standard works of Methodism to prosecute their examinations of the candidates without such an aid. As to graduates, if disposed to indolence, this little work will prove an aid to self-indulgence. But we hope better things of them. We would say, in conclusion, that the best use to which the book can be devoted, is the instruction of young persons in the rudiments of systematic theology. We would recommend it as a Biblical text book in our seminaries. 12mo., 228 pages.

On sale by Wright & Swormstedt.

MISERICORDIA; *Or Contemplations on the Mercy of God, regarded especially in its aspects towards the young. By J. W. Etheridge. New York: Lane & Sandford.*—This is an exhortation to youthful piety, enforced by a consideration of God's mercy, in its various providential and evangelical displays. It is well calculated to produce seriousness, and move the youthful reader to enter on a career of religious devotion. 12mo., 212 pages.

On sale by Wright & Swormstedt.

THE TEACHER OF HEALTH, *and the Laws of the Human System. Boston: D. S. King & Co. Wm. A. Alcott, Editor.*—This is a duodecimo monthly of 32 pages, at $1 per annum. It discusses with ability the *avoidable* causes, and the preventatives of disease. Its cautions are many of them addressed to females, in relation to the clothing and the domestic habits of their families. The "Teacher" urges on the attention of its disciples that trite but true maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Its articles are written in a popular style, without the unnecessary use of technical words and phrases.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES *of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year* 1842.—This Church register contains more than 100 pages, plainly indicating the great and rapid increase in the Church during the last ten years. The general recapitulation, on the last page of these Minutes, shows an increase during the year of 120,851, including the ministry and laity. The Liberia and Texas conferences are embraced in these statistics. The increase in the United States is about 120,000. The present revivals would lead us to hope for a much larger increase at the close of this conference year.

On sale by Wright & Swormstedt.

MISSIONARY HERALD, *for March*, 1843.—We occasionally notice this monthly, "venerable for age and character," that those of our readers who are well able may possess and read so valuable a mass of missionary intelligence as it contains. Price $1,50 per annum. To be had of Geo. L. Weed, Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

GUIDE TO CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.—We have just received the January and February numbers of this monthly. It retains all its excellencies, without the least depreciation in matter or in spirit. It is too little known by the Methodist public. We choose to notice it as often as we can in decency, that our readers may not forget its being and claims. No paper which visits us is more welcome than the Guide. We heartily commend it to the attention of all who would grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Savior. Price $1 per annum. Boston: Merritt & King, No. 1, Cornhill.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

PROFESSOR WILLETT'S PERIODICAL—*Prospectus of the Newbury Biblical and Literary Magazine.*—Professor Willett, recently of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, now of the Newbury Methodist Theological Institute, is to be the editor of a new periodical of the above name and title. The prospectus says:

"The undersigned regard the proposed work as an adjunct to the Newbury Biblical Institute, and intend to keep in view the same objects and interests in the one case as in the other. The Bible, as the fountain of truth, and the original storehouse of knowledge, it will be their duty to illustrate and recommend. As a model of style, whether in the beautiful simplicity of its narrative, or the sublimity and lyric energy of its poetry, it will receive the praise it deserves, and ever be regarded as classically pre-eminent. The varied range of subjects which are required for the right and thorough understanding of this divine book, will all in their turn receive a due share of attention, and it is hoped, be so treated as to engage the attention of the reader, while his knowledge is increased.

"In addition to our main object, the field of general literature will lie at our command, and we shall endeavor to draw from this rich and prolific source what may tend to vary and adorn our pages. The stores of classical learning we shall draw forth, and spread before our readers; while we intend to furnish as far as our pages will allow, a summary of the state and prospects of modern literature.

"The publishing association from whence this magazine emanates, embark in this work with no low aim. Their object is to do good, and while they do not intend to neglect the more attractive branches of general literature, they will give the preponderance to that which is sound and useful."

The subscription price is to be one dollar per annum in advance. It will be issued once in two months, and each number will contain 48 pages.

WORTHINGTON FEMALE SEMINARY.—We are gratified to learn that this young seminary is still maintaining its ground. Those who are on the spot and are very capable of judging say: "With much pleasure we would inform the friends of education, that this institution was never in a better situation to give satisfaction to its patrons than at the present. The Rev. Mr. Nelson and lady have shown themselves amply qualified for the important station they occupy as instructors of youth, in the manifest improvement of the pupils in literary attainments, and in the mild, but prudent means by which they are governed. The amiable Mr. and Mrs. Keating exercise a parental watch-care over the young ladies, and share largely in the affections of all. An excellent moral and religious influence pervades the institution; and many of those attending it, while drinking at the fountain of intellectual science, are endeavoring to quench the thirst of their immortal spirits with the waters of salvation. The boarding department is well conducted, and good board can be obtained, together with all necessary appendages, (washing excepted,) at the reduced price of $1,25 per week. Tuition fees unusually low. The present term will close the 5th of April, and the next session commence the 27th of the same month. Parents and guardians, who value comfort, economy, a good situation, and a thorough course of instruction, would do well to patronize this seminary."

It was indeed a matter of no small importance to procure the watchful regards of Mr. and Mrs. K. to the domestic state and behavior of female pupils. Those acquainted with them will feel that it is no small privilege to place their daughters in the society and under the care of so amiable a family.

WAYS AND MEANS.—The times call for new inventions. The missionary enterprise—noblest of charities—is now at a stage which demands great efforts and sacrifices. We will propose one measure which involves no real sacrifice, and if the Church cannot meet it we despair of immediate relief to the missionary treasury. It is suggested by a knowledge of the fact that a recent female convert of wealth and respectability, has on hand a quantity of jewelry which she is about to dispose of for charitable uses; and by the notice below, which is from the report of the Bath (England) Missionary Society, auxiliary to the London Missionary Society. It is as follows:

"Your committee cannot but notice the gratification they experienced in being privileged, in the month of March last, to convey the munificent gift (as below stated) to the directors of the London Missionary Society. The narrative connected with it is briefly this: A Christian lady, now resident in India, one day turned her eye on her casket of jewels, and regarding any outward adornment that their lustre could confer, as immeasurably inferior to the pleasure she would receive, if their value were employed in the service of God, she unhesitatingly directed their sale, and devoted their whole proceeds to the London Missionary Society. The amount realized by this gift, and received by the Society, is six hundred and sixty-three pounds. Not a word would your committee say in commendation of this act—it needs no praise. Let God be honored in the deed of his servant, as she desires him to be."

Probably there are two hundred thousand females of mature age in the Methodist Episcopal Church. To say nothing of jewelry which may be considered heir-loom in its character, that is, valuable as *family* property, doubtless there is other jewelry of the value of more than one hundred thousand dollars, which ought not to be used for ornament, and which is idle or pernicious capital. It is of no manner of use to the owner, and subserves no end, unless it be to induce a violation of the apostolic injunction, and aid Satan in the work of temptation. Let measures be adopted then to bring these offerings into the treasury of the Lord. If each leader will call on the female members of his class, in a right way, and with right arguments, a gathering of gold to the amount here specified could easily be made. Let the ladies go forward in this enterprise and they will be followed by the men.

As to the brethren, it should be considered that some years ago the old fashioned, heavy watch-keys were laid aside, and the modern delicate bosom-key substituted. Now, there are probably seventy thousand men who joined the Church since this change occurred, half of whom have their old keys and seals laid up in safe keeping. Doubtless from this and other sources among the men, one hundred thousand dollars more could be collected for missionary purposes. What a sudden relief would our treasury experience if this project could be executed. Let the ladies lead the way.

WHERE ARE THEY?—Some mistaken calculator has put in circulation the following strange paragraph:

"*Where are They?*—The number who have lived upon the earth has been estimated at about 27,000,000,000,000,000. This sum, when divided by 27,814,000, the number of square miles of land, gives 1,314,522,076, to a square rod, and five to a square foot! Suppose a square rod capable of being divided into twelve graves, each grave would contain a hundred persons, so that the whole earth has been one hundred times dug over to bury its inhabitants, supposing they had been equally distributed. Were the bodies laid upon the surface, they would cover the land to the depth of 100 feet."

How the author arrived at this estimate is beyond our comprehension. Almost any person can calculate with a near approach to accuracy, and will find that the 200 generations who have dwelt upon the earth, (allowing nothing for the former longevity of human beings,) do not furnish it with the thousandth part of the above number of inhabitants. At the rate of twelve graves to a square rod, three or four of our largest states would afford burial for the whole world in all its ages. The state of Ohio would afford a convenient space for all the purposes of the coming judgment.

Such calculations as the above have subserved the purposes of infidelity, especially that type of it called Universalism. They ought, therefore, to be corrected. Let the reader, by simple multiplications and divisions, proceed to make the calculation, and be satisfied. Arithmetic is useful in treating of numbers.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We expect contributions in future numbers from a correspondent whose writings will add much to the value of the Repository. We trust our tried friends will not forsake us. We look for their aid.

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, MAY, 1843.

Original.

SILENT PREACHING.

We are told of unwritten poetry, and we know that all nature breathes with it. We know, also, that it hath an eloquence and power which are drunk into the soul as are freshness and vitality into the leaf. There is not a sentient being in the great universe of man so cold, so dull, so tame, so gross, but that, at some time in his life's history, some passage of beauty, in the vast tome of this unwritten poetry, hath stirred the "echoes of his heart." The written page may be to him as a sealed thing—"thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," but as a sound—he may mock the wreathed and consecrated altars of the god of song, and cast their bright garlands beneath his feet; but the spirit of poetry, breathing from hill, and vale, and mountain, and thrilling the earth and sky at all times and seasons, shall finally reach his heart, and settle there, with an abiding influence. Similar to this, in its silent and universally operative power, there is an influence which should prevail throughout the Christian world. We would call it by the term designated in our text; and while the watchmen lift up a loud voice amid the multitude, we would have it go forth in its wordless eloquence into the secret places of individual life and feeling. It should infuse its teachings into hearts that are sealed to the influences of the sanctuary, or that disregard or are denied its privileges. Every creature who hath named the name of Jesus, should labor to acquire the lore necessary for this silent preaching; yet we deem that to the *female* Christian it is assigned as an especial mission. "Go ye into the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and, in the words of one of our divines, "what man or woman, in the remotest corner of the Creator's world, can plead that Divine Mercy did not comprehend him or her in this commission?" But this is not done only by him who proclaimeth it from the altar. They who have performed the least of his works of love have advocated the cause of the Father. Let her, then, who is earnestly desirous of fulfilling his injunction, inquire what are his works; for it is in the performance of these that her mission is to be fulfilled. She is to love her neighbor as herself; and in what way is this to be manifested? By the alms given to the poor?—the hours spent with the sick?—the aid afforded to public charities and religious purposes? Yes, by all these, so far as adverse duties may permit; but not these *alone*. How poor—how inconsiderable—how valueless do these items appear to *the all* that this law of love embraces in its requisitions! What mighty sacrifice, then, is required of her? How may she fulfill a law so comprehensive and so full of holiness? In the ordinary walks of life, how few opportunities occur for the fulfillment of high requirements! How many Christians have passed to their final rest without the performance of its most common ordinances! They have given no alms, for *they* were of the poor—they have subscribed to no charity, for they have always eaten its bread—they have visited not the sick, for they have been among *the smitten with a life's disease*. Yet think not they were of those who have left no witness of their obedience. Did they not bend beneath the burden of life with a quiet brow—saddening not the hearts of others with a vain repining? Was not that bitter bread received with thankfulness, and the task of those who administered at their bed of long suffering made easy by the meekness of a spirit reluctant to exact and ready to return even the cold service of necessity with the smile of acknowledgment? They have then fulfilled the law—they have testified of Him whose rod and staff was their comforter—they have fulfilled their mission—they have been silent preachers of the Gospel of the Lord.

If, then, in the narrowest sphere of action, there are duties whereby all Christians may attest their vocation, let *her* not wait for the requirement of a *great* service. The incense that filleth earth and sky, goeth up from no mighty censer—the vast tribute is gathered from the myriad flowers that lift up their small cups to the dew. Never a day is added to the records of a human heart in which it may not send up its tribute. Let her remember that, in the smallest instance in which she neglects to fulfill this law of love, she hath failed in her mission. Hath she given pain by a word, or a look, or a tone, or failed in giving comfort by any of these, where comfort might have been so given, she is recreant to the law. But, alas! love, *human* love, is blind and inefficient, and hath a stammering tongue, and it knoweth not the heart it would comfort. It would speak peace, and it jars the chord of sorrow—it would give good gifts, and it oppresses the proud nature—it would benefit by reproof, and it breaks the bruised reed. Yet let it not be discouraged. If it beareth no burden, what shall be its reward? If thou, my sister, lovest thy neighbor as thyself, thou wilt learn the nerve that shrinketh from thy touch, for thou wilt tread softly with a gentle step, marking every tremulous thrill as thou venturest into the chambers of feeling. Thou wilt learn, too, to bear the pressure of a ruder step upon thine own, though they may bleed under the iron heel that tramples upon their holiest treasures. Thou wilt forbear reproach; and the tear of forgiveness thou sheddest over them shall fall also with a healing power on the wounds they have inflicted. Thou movest, perhaps, among those whose cold eye is upon thee, watching if thou bring not reproach upon the name thou hast taken. Rebuke would but stir their enmity to

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Him thou servest; yet shall thy chastened bearing and gentle kindness speak of thine unobtrusive faith; and this silent preaching shall not be in vain, for they shall ponder upon the influence which, like soft shadow, hath mellowed, not extinguished thy spirit's light, and reflection shall lead them to its source. There are those, perhaps, dependent upon thy care, or upon thy instruction, whose derelictions of duty require thy early reproof. Yet stay! Let first the silent entreaty of thy look of love, or thy tear of sorrowing tenderness, make a place for thee in that erring heart, that thou mayest first *unlock* the fountains of penitence thou wouldst bid to flow. Thou hast one in thy service of humble station, and of the great family of unbelief; and thou wouldst that all thy household should serve the Lord. But her heart is shut to thy monitions. She is ignorant—she hath had no culture. Thy anxiety for the soul of which she is scarcely more conscious than the rock of the diamond it imbeds, but awakens her wonder, perhaps contempt. She regards it as a waste of thy trouble. She is poor—she is friendless—she is worn with labor—the present bears heavily upon her, and her mind hath no thought of the future. *How* shalt thou speak to that needy soul? If, truly, thou lovest her as thyself, thou wilt have a care for all, even her lightest sufferings—thou wilt watch over her daily welfare. Is it enough that thou payest her her full wages, and careth not whether they supply her needs? Assist her to apply them wisely—watch over the recklessness with which those of her station fling away health by unnecessary exposure—evidence that sympathy in her humble interests which shall cheer the cold joylessness of servitude. It needeth not thy bounty, it is better told by the accent of kindness—the softened disapproval—the cheerful praise, and the ready notice of the languid step and the heavy eye, betokening sadness or disease. If thou hast done all this, then hath this silent preaching prevailed much; and if thou now talkest to her of Him who died upon the cross, she will say, "Thou hast ever cared for my good—thou hast given me much testimony of thy love. Weepest thou for my hardness of heart? Surely, then, thou knowest I have need of a Savior."

Thus encouraged, thou mayest look around thee yet further for thy Father's work. There is suffering near thee, in perhaps its most frequent form—sickness unto death hath entered the abode of poverty. Thy woman's heart hath quickly responded to the call, and thy hand hath already prepared the comforts thy abundance affords. But *thy* vocation demands something further. Why, O, my Christian sister!—thou who goest forth upon thy mission in the name of the crucified Lord—why is thy *carriage* waiting to bear thee to that place of wretchedness? Wouldst thou that the proud rumble of its wheels should startle the ear of those who are without bread? Let it be put back for a more fitting occasion. Thy feet will be more welcome in that miserable abode, bearing the dust or the mire of thy walk. And stay yet a moment further. That costly dress fitteth not thine errand. Bethink thee! How will it fetter thy purpose, and misinterpret thy heart's true sympathy to those which beat under the squalid garb of destitution! Ah! that simple robe befits thee better—now I recognize thy mission. Thou canst now steal quietly, and not *as a stranger*, into that house of suffering—thou canst move through it as one who has but taken a sister's place in a stricken sister's household, and the pride which misery may drug to torpor, but which, nevertheless, lies yet coiled in many a heart in the depths of penury, shall not be stirred to strike its fang of poison. Thou wilt have carried healing, too, in thy careful ministerings; and when that restored family shall afterward behold thee at the supper of thy Lord, they shall say, "Is not this the *sister of charity* who visited us when we were afflicted? Who is He whom she worships? Let us go up into the temple of faith—let her people be our people, and her God our God." Well done, my sister, thou hast performed thy mission—thou hast preached Jesus, silently but not without power.

But still this work calls thee. Many shapes and tones of suffering are around thee. There is one now waiting in thy halls who is seeking employ. Hasten to her, for her voice is low and faltering. Look at her as thou listenest to her errand. There is a painful flush upon her otherwise pale cheek, that tells—alas! alas! for the term—of the *shame of poverty*. There is refinement in her tone and manner—there is sentiment breaking through the gathered tear that trembles but is not permitted to fall on her drooping eyelids. Needs she to say, "I am unused to ask for labor!" How distinctly does that shrinking form bespeak one all unused to the coarse breath of the world! She hath been accustomed to the indulgences and exemptions of wealth—to the holy and secluded shelter of protecting love—she hath been shielded, like a delicate flower, alike from the tempest and the glare of life. What hath reduced her to this? It matters not. Death and change are for ever busy in every land, and thousands, like her, are going forth daily from the halls of wealth, and the shelter of affection, to seek their bread. "God in his mercy tempers the wind that blows on the newshorn lamb." Cold, cold, and pitiless is the world they are driven forth to encounter. But *thou*, my *Christian* sister, hast thou no robe of love to fling around them? How lookest thou on her who is standing before thee? Rememberest thou that *love* only can heal *her* sorrows? I see thy heart bleedeth; and perhaps thou thinkest anxiously what are her needs, that thou mayest supply them. But venture not the slightest token of thy open charity! The nerves of pride which lay unperceived in her *sheltered* heart have been all laid bare by the storm that tore away its support. Give her but the employment she seeks—give it at once and confidingly; and stay her yet a little—perhaps she is a mother, and her little ones are gathered round a cold hearth, and her board is empty, and it will suit thy convenience better that she take the price now—for it will subserve thy secret purpose—and the matter should be settled as a thing of course. And so it is done, and that

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pale face is already something brighter, and she leaves thee with a lighter step; for He who, for hidden purposes, chasteneth a mother's heart, so deeply leaves it mercifully accessible to joy in the slightest means of giving comfort to her children. And while this brief communion held, hast thou not had the means—without charity—of evidencing a dearer and holier kindness? If thy tones indicated respect and confidence—if, observing her weary step, thou drewest her into thy own room, and strovest, by gentle and winning converse, to lure her yet a little while to rest—if thou leadest the way to remarks fitted to the refinement of her former habits, thus tacitly acknowledging thy appreciation of their character—if in all thy manner there was something denoting the *kind* of interest which the cultivated and sensitive daughter of sorrow should awaken—then hast thou given comfort. Thou hast left a sense of sympathy on that heart, that shall soften its proud reserve, and fit it, ere another interview, for thy further influence. And so thou shalt win thy way into its suffering depths, and she herself, learning thy faith from thy works, shall ask thee, "Which is the way to Jesus, whom *thy* soul loveth, for I, too, would find him?"

But while the mission of the female Christian extends through all the several and remotest relations of life, among those with whom her lot is most immediately and permanently cast, its influence should fall continually, as the dew falleth with a gentle dropping through the long watches of the night. In the character of wife and mother, the Christian is called upon yet more solemnly for the exercise of her mission. Yet it is here we witness the most frequent and mournful failure. The tribute which goeth up from her heart is here gathered from the minute details, the impalpable manifestations, the slight observances, which, in their separate offering, by the eye of man, pass by all unnoticed. But these lapse one by one from her life's altar, with a stealthy failing, like the sands of the glass, and the *sum* of their odors is not rendered. The sleepless vigilance which they require, the pure faith in the soul, kept undimmed by the damps of earth, like the fire of the Magian temples, burning on—burning ever—a faithful light to the end—these are perhaps as difficult of attainment as the crown of the martyr. There is a sustaining might in the consciousness, however meek, of great Christian effort. The soul knoweth its trial and its weakness, and it girdeth itself up to its strength. It trims the lamp of its faith, and calls, in a loud voice, on Him who will not fail it in its need. But the ordeal past, and it forgets its Helper—it droopeth wearily, and sleepeth on its watch.

The domestic affections, constituting as they do the purest fountains of our *human* nature, have in themselves much of a sanctifying influence on woman's life. And, not to dwell on the different forms of these affections, answering to all the relations of home, it may be affirmed that a *mother's* love especially, the strongest and holiest of earthly impulses, having less alloy of selfish purpose, can bear her up and sustain her through the bitter sufferings, the long endurance, the patient watchfulness that are her peculiar allotment—

> "the woman's tasks, in which her youth,
> Her bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
> Steal from her all unmarked."

But something more even than all these is required in the life of the Christian mother. She should move among her children with that silent influence which is the fulfillment of her calling. She hath, perhaps, reverently taught them, as their lips "learned from her's soft utterance," the words of prayer. She may have led them early and often to the sanctuary. She hath bent nightly beside their couch, and taught them to commit their young spirits to Him who had drawn around them the soft curtains of the night. Yet even to this something must be superadded in her daily walk and influence. *Her lines may not have fallen in pleasant places*, and the weary struggle of life may draw heavily upon her strength. Have her work-day cares disturbed the serenity of her soul? Hath her brow, so lately bent over them in prayer, attested even the momentary dominance of fretfulness and passion? Then hath that prayer faded from their memory. Alas, poor feeble mother! thou forgettest how much dew and sunshine are needed to ripen the germ of piety thou hast striven to plant in those infant hearts! Awake, O, thou to whom is given the nurture of the deathless soul, awake to the intense watchfulness of thy heavenly calling! Tremblest thou for, and pleadest thou thy insufficiency? Ask for aid at his hands whose eye sleepeth not, nor beholdeth dimly for the darkness. Then shall the soft light of thy countenance, as thou goest to thy allotted tasks, and thy cheerful submission to untoward circumstances, beholding thy Maker's will in all things, bear continually into the hearts of thy children thy acknowledgment of thy Lord. The depth and holiness which the contemplation of their immortal natures shall impart to thy instinctive love, strengthening thee to subdue the impulses of a vain fondness, and bearing thee up with a lofty purpose for their eternal good, shall leave its sense upon their memory. It shall rise upon their souls as a distinct image, in long after years. When thy hand no longer smooths their pillow, and *thy* voice calls them not from its slumbers, in the visions of the night they shall behold thee; and thy look of love, so full of heavenward teachings, shall solemnize their being. In the haunts of vice, in the flush of guilty pleasure, in the forgetfulness of all else holy, *thou* shalt stand beside them with that steadfast eye, and they shall ask whence comes this power that is upon my soul, and from whose rebuke I cannot escape?

Perhaps, in thy domestic character, thou hast been called upon to experience the sharp pang of unrequited affection, and the bitter, bitter breath of unkindness from *him* upon whom thou hadst poured out the treasures of thy heart's fondest trust. The husband of thy youth may have forgotten his early vow to cherish, and turned from thee, coldly and mockingly, to the paths of madness and folly. Now, indeed, thou needest the

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arm of thy Savior! Earth has no support for *thee!* When thy husband, the father of thy children, forsakest thee, thou canst lean on no other arm save that of Jesus. Thou mayest breathe thy sorrows to no other ear—thou mayest seek no pity but his. Yet shall that be sufficient to sustain thee, and leaning upon the arm of thy Beloved, thou shalt still be able, before thy children, to give testimony of his loving kindness. Thou hast given the highest manifestation of thy obedience to his law of love, in thy daily forgiveness of *him*, thy greatest enemy, whose foot is upon thy heart; and beholding this, and drawing in the silent preaching of thy uncomplaining life, shall they not go out unharmed from the influence of a father's example, bearing in their hearts the germ which shall be "wrought to power" in God's own season? For it is said, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Thy mission is finished, and in the language which, in the sublime conception of faith and genius,* has been given to a sculptured mother, rising through the marble of her tomb, thou shalt answer to the call of the resurrection, "*Here I am, Lord, with the children thou gavest me.*"

CHILD'S RELIGION.

In some prosperous inroads that the Syrians, under Naaman's conduct, have made into the land of Israel, a little maid is taken captive; she shall attend on Naaman's wife, and shall suggest to her mistress the miraculous cures of Elisha. A small chink may serve to let in much light; her report finds credit in the court, and begets both a letter from the king, and a journey of his peer. While the Syrians thought of nothing but their booty, they bring happiness to the house of Naaman: the captivity of a poor Hebrew girl is a means to make the greatest lord of Syria a subject to God. It is good to acquaint our children with the works of God, with the praises of his prophets. Little do we know how they may improve this knowledge, and whither they may carry it; perhaps the remotest nations may light their candle at their coal, even the weakest intimations may not be neglected; a child, a servant, a stranger may say that which we may bless God to have heard.—*Bishop Hall.*

A MOTHER'S TENDERNESS.

How little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we, in childhood, of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we learn how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

* Tomb of Madame Langhan.

Original.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.*

BY THE EDITOR.

The altar scene described in the preceding number, may seem to the reader extravagant even for a camp meeting. If so, we will not dispute the point. Say it was extravagant; or, in other words, that there was more excitement manifested than was philosophically necessary to secure the moral results which followed. In the case of such admission, why was not Mr. L. offended and repulsed? As he had heard them described, and as his imagination had pictured them, he, above all men, had lothed these disorders. What could suddenly have made over his nice sense of propriety—his *taste*—to an approving, or at least to a sympathetic interest in these "wild" proceedings? That a state of mind had occurred to him, differing from all he conceived possible in such circumstances, is indisputable. How happened it? He had neither sought nor avoided it; for even its possibility had never once occurred to him. As the trout the angler's bait, he had approached the place without suspicion that any thing was there, except a little food for vulgar levity or inquisitive curiosity. Two hours had scarcely passed, and he had experienced a solemn conviction of the error of this opinion. He was now in moral *duresse*. With a bearded hook in his jaws, his mind seemed to be plunging all round about, vainly seeking disentanglement, while every fitful effort heightened the torture of his conscience, and increased the force of its misgivings.

Will it be charged that this was a morbid state of mind? Descend, then, from the *genus* to the species, and define this morbid state. What passion was diseased? Mr. L. was not a coward. He had no predisposition to religious apprehensions. He had heard, from childhood up, the most moving descriptions of the woe and wail of undone souls. These, though enforced with appeals of chastened eloquence well adapted to his mental susceptibilities, had produced no saving influence. Yet now, amidst scenes which seemed only calculated to provoke his quick disgust, or move his mind to merriment, he was "pricked in the heart." Was it not by the Holy Spirit?

The frame of Mr. L.'s mind can scarcely be described. It was nearest to a state of wonder. He had no longer any fixed opinions in regard to what he now first saw, namely, the "disorders of Methodism." The confusion of his mind set afloat all his preconceived views of religion. This confusion arose from the stirrings of his heart. He was smitten. And the blow had reached and wounded "the inward parts." Had he been questioned, he could not have explained either the source or the seat of the disorder—nor how, nor perhaps why he was pained. But whatever he might or might not have answered, the uneasiness of

* Continued from page 104.

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his mind could not be concealed. The Doctor saw it, and, though hardened, he was not uninterested to see the sharer of his pleasures so taken by surprise. For once he was truly in a dissatisfied—it might be said—a serious mood. "For once," we say; because seriousness was neither his habit, nor his tendency. This an observing stranger would easily have inferred from his expressive physiognomy. On his face were so plainly pictured the mischiefs of his heart, that it was difficult to behold him and not divine his temper. He was full of wit, and sophistry, and guile. None knew better how to play a part, and to conceal the hand that played it—none knew better how to enjoy the ripening plot. He had a vigorous, perverted intellect. In religion he was, by turns, every thing, and, of course, at heart nothing. He discarded revelation, ridiculed devotion, and presumed that God (if God there were) was busy enough about his own affairs, without "impertinently interrupting the quiet and pleasures of mankind." He dreaded no such "impolite and troublesome interference." He presumed Deity was not so "consummate a tyrant that he would create corrupt or sinful beings merely to torture them in hell."

The Doctor had not always been so reckless of religion. His youthful cogitations were by turns somewhat devout; but he suffered his growing passions—not his reason—to remodel his pliant creed. His heart had ministered moral poison to his brain, till both were charged with the infection. One result was the loss of all philanthropic sympathies—a dreadful hardening of the heart. This had increased upon him in the progress of his life, till he had nearly become a stranger to pathetic states of mind; so that when propriety demanded it, his countenance was reluctant to put on a shade of gravity. At this time his humor faltered of its own free accord. But his features were more comical from the opposite and mixed emotions they betrayed. That archness, so habitual, still lurked, as it were, in the corners of his face, while the unwelcome graver sympathies, which were "pilgrims and strangers" in his bosom, seemed to be timidly invading his heart, and spreading their half unfurled banners over his resisting, agitated countenance. Happy for him (for he died a hopeless death) had he then resigned himself to the wooings of the Spirit!

Mr. L. was not regardless of the Doctor's manner; for his pride was interested to find in the bosom of his obdurate, infidel companion, such emotions as had suddenly sprung up within his own. Of course, when a shade of slight concern spread along the lines of the Doctor's changing countenance, it gave Mr. L. lively satisfaction. Little was said by either. The crisis was on one side too painful for metaphysics, and on the other too grave for wit and ridicule.

Whether the scene at the altar be deemed extravagant or not, a strange concern about religion was spread abroad amongst the people. It checked the rudeness of impiety, and hushed all profane disorder. It now seemed that the restraints of law were needless; but to make the matter absolutely sure, it was concluded that the protecting statute should be read, and the congregation warned against disorderly behavior. Mr. L. was called upon to execute this service. He declined. But the invitation was repeated in a very urgent manner, and the Doctor adding his solicitations, and offering to "stand by him," he assented.

A horn gave a few loud blasts, and in a short time the songs and prayers were hushed. Mr. L., with his companion and the preachers, ascended the stand, and sat where he had an opportunity to observe the regulations for public worship. Throngs of people were gathering from all directions, and silently dropping into their seats. Their eyes were generally directed toward the stand. Mr. L. thought that he himself was the object of universal and inquiring observation. Some mistook him for a preacher just arrived; but many knew him, and others had received hints as to his real character, and his dislike of camp meetings. Not knowing what could be his errand in the stand, they watched him, of course, with inquisitive curiosity. He was not in a state of mind to overlook this demonstration. He felt a certain moral nakedness within him which rendered these prying glances unacceptable. He moved backward on his seat, which was crowded, and partially screened himself behind the person of the Doctor. But he still grew more and more uneasy and embarrassed, till he seemed like a culprit at the grand assize, brought forth and exposed to the whole universe.

At the very crisis of this inconvenient state he was told to "proceed." The assembly was now waiting in perfect order and stillness. With a paper containing a lease of the ground, and a volume of the New York statutes, Mr. L. advanced to the front of the stand, and with a perturbation which was manifest to all, proceeded to explain the legal rights of the worshipers, and the liabilities of those who should disturb them.

The embarrassment of Mr. L. was, perhaps, the remote means of his conversion. It surprised many, and was ascribed at once by a large proportion of the pious to incipient conviction. What followed? While he stood before them a mark for the arrow, hundreds of prayers ascended to God in his behalf. For the incidents of that hour Mr. L. was heard, in after life, to praise God.

But to conclude:—Mr. L.'s views of camp meetings were known abroad. The irreligious, of course, surmised that he would speak *professionally*, while in his private feelings he would condemn "such delusions." It is not to be supposed that he himself premeditated any grave defense of camp meetings. He proposed to expound the statute and retire from observation. But as he proceeded he grew confident, and went on to say that this was his *debut* upon a camp ground, that he had looked for repulsive exhibitions, but that the very things which, in description, had disgusted him, appeared inoffensive to the eye. He then spake to the disorderly, assuring them that "he who had the cowardice to interrupt these solemnities was too mean to be cursed by any decent man."

(*To be continued.*)

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Original.

SOCRATES.*

BY GEORGE WATERMAN, JR.

True greatness is not the exclusive possession of any one age or nation. It is often found under circumstances and in situations where we least of all expect to find it. And it frequently attains to the highest point of human perfection where it has been compelled to struggle amid the greatest obstacles. Indeed, it is probable that the adverse circumstances with which it has often been compelled to contend have exerted the greatest influence in developing those elements which constitute its essential character. If we review the history of the truly great men of any one age or people, we shall generally find a very large majority of them have been compelled to struggle with the greatest difficulties in achieving that which has rendered them immortal. And, generally, those very difficulties have made those who contended with them what they are. The genius and true greatness of a Franklin might have slept in eternal night had he been born an heir to wealth and titled dignity. The same remark might be made of a very large majority of the bright stars which compose the constellation of American greatness. And the same is true—although, perhaps, not to the same extent—when we take into consideration the whole field of human excellence. So true is it that the school of adversity has furnished to the world her brightest ornaments and her noblest sons.

A remarkable illustration of this is found in the history of one of the brightest ornaments of the Grecian constellation—Socrates. Born of poor, and, in the world's estimation, of ignoble parentage, compelled to find a subsistence by the labor of his own hands, and doomed to struggle all the way through life with adverse influences, he, by his own efforts, became one of the most distinguished men of his age, and, in truth, of all time. To him is the world indebted for some of the soundest precepts in morality which ever emanated from uninspired lips. And from him—a heathen philosopher—did the distinguished Dr. Paley derive the outlines and all the essential characteristics of his immortal work on Natural Theology. A mere sketch of his life and manner of communicating truth as a teacher of philosophy is all we shall attempt in the present article.

Socrates was born at Alopece, a village near Athens, in the year B. C. 469. His father, whose name was Sophronicus, was a statuary, and his mother, Phænarete, a midwife. Young Socrates, contrary to his own inclinations, was brought up to the same profession as his father, in which he became somewhat skilled. But his mind longed for some higher pursuits. While engaged in his business, and while yet young, he made a group of the habited Graces, which were deemed of sufficient excellence to enjoy a place in the citadel at Athens. Upon the death of his father he was left with a small inheritance, worth about eighty minæ, ($1,400.) Of this small amount he was soon deprived by the dishonesty of a relation whom his father had appointed to manage the son's affairs after his own death. Thus left entirely to his own resources he was compelled to labor in Athens for his support. But his mind was not to be confined within the narrow limits of an artist's studio. He had within him a soul which was panting for knowledge, and whose longings seemed to increase with every difficulty which was thrown in his way. This burning desire for knowledge led him to devote every leisure moment he could command to the study of philosophy, a term which, as then used, comprehended almost the whole cycle of human learning. His diligence and perseverance in thus employing those moments which others spent in ignoble pleasure or idleness arrested the attention of a wealthy citizen by the name of Crito. Becoming acquainted with him, and admiring his ingenious disposition and distinguished abilities, he took the young artist under his patronage, and intrusted him with the education of his children. The opportunities which, by this means, Socrates enjoyed of attending the public lectures of the most eminent philosophers of that day so far increased his thirst after wisdom that he determined to relinquish his occupation and every prospect of emolument which that might afford, in order to devote himself entirely to his favorite pursuit. He attached himself to the most eminent instructors of the day in the different departments of knowledge, where his mind greedily drank in all of truth which could be derived from such shallow and corrupted fountains. Thus instructed in philosophy, geometry, eloquence, poetry, and music, Socrates appeared in Athens under the respectable characters of a good citizen and a true philosopher. In the long struggle which soon afterward commenced between Athens and Sparta, he was called to take up arms in behalf of his country's rights. In several engagements he signalized himself by the utmost coolness and courage in the midst of danger.

At the age of sixty he was, for the first time, called to serve the state in a civil capacity, having been elected to the senate of five hundred. Here he manifested that firm adherence to right which made him the object of hatred to the enemies of his country, and even fear to the more timid of its friends.

After the overthrow of the Athenian democracy, and while that state was under the cruel dynasty of the thirty tyrants, we find him still the same unintimidated, unyielding friend of right and justice, constantly seeking the highest good of all. Yet such was the man whom, after the re-establishment of the democracy, the Athenians tried, and condemned to drink the fatal hemlock. The principal charges brought against him were those of neglecting the popular religion, and of corrupting the youth of the city. These charges, unsustained as they were by valid evidence, were, however, sufficient to secure his death by the popular vote. The

* Having given, in this number, "The Death of Socrates," some notice of his life and opinions will be satisfactory to our readers.—Ed.

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thrilling scenes connected with that mournful event our limits, at present, forbid us to enter upon. It is sufficient to remark that the principles of eternal truth which he had discovered by the dim light of nature, and which he had fearlessly followed through life, produced that calmness and tranquility in his death to which the vicious are strangers. But Socrates was a heathen. Whether the grace of Christ ever extends to such cases as his, or whether such as he could be sanctified and saved through the merits of an atonement to him unknown, are questions which require for their solution the omniscience of Jehovah. In his hands we leave him, confidently believing that he will do all things right.

In the life of Socrates are many characteristics upon which the eye of truth and philanthropy delights to rest. In him disinterestedness and benevolence shine forth conspicuously. As an example of the former, it is related of him, that in an engagement in the Thracian expedition, in which he saw Alcibiades, whom he accompanied during the expedition, "falling down, wounded, he advanced to defend him, and saved both him and his arms, and then, with the utmost generosity, entreated the judges to give the prize of valor, although justly his own due, to the young Alcibiades." Of his benevolence and philanthropy his whole public life was an illustration. Seeing the manner in which the professed instructors of the people imparted false ideas, and those which, in many instances, were highly injurious to the morals of the community, he devoted himself to the great work of imparting correct knowledge. In fact, he well deserves the distinctive and distinguished appellation of the "FATHER OF PHILOSOPHY." Unlike his illustrious successors in the department of philosophy—Aristotle, Plato, and others—he had no distinct *system* which bears his name. The Socratic system, as it is sometimes called, consisted more in the *manner* of conveying truth than in the truths conveyed. Socrates mingled with the PEOPLE themselves whom he wished to benefit. He did not assume the character of a public lecturer, but wherever he went it was his great business to disseminate truth. "Looking upon the whole city of Athens as his school, and all who were disposed to lend their attention as his pupils, he seized every occasion of communicating moral wisdom to his fellow citizens." It was his custom to visit in the morning the places of public resort, at noon to appear in the market places or the courts of law, and to spend the rest of the day in such places as he would be most likely to meet with the greatest number of men. The method of instruction which Socrates pursued was characterized by eminent simplicity. His general method was interrogatory. He first proposed some question of a general nature, and from that proceeded, without any intimation of his design, till the person with whom he was conversing was led to some new and unforeseen conclusion which previous admissions prevented him from escaping. This manner of argumentation was pursued most successfully by the late Chief Justice Marshall. It is related of him, that in giving any legal decision, he laid his premises so far back that no one could tell on which side his opinion could be found, and therefore felt no hesitancy in assenting to the proposed truth. But when assent was given to the first proposition, no one who followed him could resist the conclusion to which he arrived. Such was the method of Socrates.

We have already stated that Paley's Natural Theology was founded upon a discourse of Socrates on the nature of the Deity held with Aristodemos. As the argument is exceedingly beautiful as well as important, and as it well illustrates the manner of Socrates in imparting knowledge, we shall close this article with a translation of it as found in Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates.

"Learning that he (Aristodemos) neither sacrificed to the gods, nor used divination, but ridiculed those doing so:

"'Tell me, Aristodemos,' said he, 'are there are any among men whom you admire for their excellence?'

"'Certainly,' replied the other.

"'And who are they? mention their names.'

"'For epic poetry I admire Homer above every other; for dithyrambic Milanippides; Sophocles for tragedy; Polykleitos for statuary, and Zeuxis for painting.

"'Do those making images devoid of sense and motion appear more worthy of your admiration than those making living, intelligent, and active beings?'

"'Truly, by far those making living beings, if they made them by design, and not by accident (chance.)'

"'But of those things that afford no conjecture why they exist, and of those that are certainly useful, which do you suppose to be the work of chance, and which of design?'

"'Indeed, those that are useful declare themselves plainly to be the works of design.'

"'Therefore, does not He who made men at the beginning, seem to you to have bestowed upon them, for useful purposes, each of those things by which they acquire knowledge?—the eyes, that they may see those things which can be seen—the ears, that they may hear what can be heard? Indeed, of what use would odors be to us, unless nostrils had also been given? And what perception would there be of sweet things and sour, and of all the pleasures arising from the taste, unless the tongue had produced these ideas?

"'Moreover, does not this appear to you a work of design, viz., the protecting of the sight, since it is very delicate, with eyelids like doors which open when there is any occasion for using it, and close during sleep? and that even the winds may not injure it, the providing of eyelashes like a seive, and the guarding of those parts above the eyes with eyebrows, in the manner of eaves, so that not even the sweat may injure them? and that the ear is capable of receiving all sounds, but is never filled? that the front teeth in all animals are adapted to cut their food, and the back teeth, receiving it from these, to masticate it? * * * These things, made with such evidence of forethought, do you esteem as works of chance or design?'

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"'Truly,' replied he, 'to one considering them thus, these things verily seem the work of some wise and benevolent agent.'

"'The producing, also, a love of children—the implanting in the mother a desire to nourish her offspring—and in those nourished the greatest desire of life, and the greatest fear of death?'

"'Certainly, these animated beings appear to be the mechanism of some one possessed of wisdom and forethought.' * * * *

"'And do you think that these worlds, so immense, and infinite in number, move in such perfect order without pre-arrangement?'

"'No, indeed; yet I do not see the gods as authors of things which now exist.'

"'Nor do you see your own mind, which is the mistress of your body; therefore, with equal propriety, you may say that you do nothing by design, but every thing by accident.'

"Then said Aristodemos, 'Certainly, Socrates, I do not despise the Deity, but I consider him too exalted to need my service.'

"'Therefore, by as much as he is exalted above the need of your service, by so much should he be honored.'

"'Be assured that if I could think the gods cared in any degree for men I would not neglect them.'

"'Do you not, then, suppose, that they cared for man, who at the first caused man alone, of all living animals, to walk erect (and this erect position gives him the power of seeing farther beyond him, of beholding those things which are above him, and exposes him to less danger,) and who have also given him eyes, ears, and mouth? Have they given feet to reptiles, which afford only the power of locomotion, but to man have added hands, which perform the greatest number of useful acts, and by the use of which we are far more blest than they?

"'Of all the animals possessing a tongue, the gods have made that of man only capable of articulating sounds, and to signify to one another whatever we may wish.

"'Yet it was not enough to the Divinity to have provided for the body, but (which is by far the greatest act) he has also created in man a most excellent mind. The mind of what other animal has ever perceived the existence of the gods who perform the greatest and noblest actions? What tribe of animated existence, other than man, worships the gods? What mind is more capable than the human to provide, before-hand, against hunger, or thirst, or cold, or heat, or to ward off disease, or to protect the strength of the body, or to acquire knowledge? or what more capable of remembering whatever it may hear, or see, or learn?

"'Is it not very evident to you that, next to the gods, men exist, surpassing naturally all other animals, both in body and mind? No one, having the body of an ox and the intelligence of a man, could do whatever he pleased. Nor can any animal, possessing hands, but destitute of mind, accomplish more. But do you, having received all that is valuable in both, think that the gods feel no interest in you?

* * * * * * *

"'Come, now, learn that your mind, which is within you, manages your body as it pleases. Therefore, it is proper to suppose that the intelligence in every one so orders all things as may appear, upon the whole, pleasant; and it is not proper to suppose that your eye can survey many stadia, but that the eye of the Divinity cannot at one glance see all things, or that your mind can reflect upon things near at hand, or upon those in Egypt, or in Sicily, and that the mind of the Divinity is not competent to exercise its care upon all things at the same time.

"'If, therefore, having rendered assistance to your fellow men, you can distinguish those willing to render assistance in return, and having manifested kindness, you can discover those willing to reciprocate, and having mingled in councils you can discern the prudent, so, also, by serving, you may make trial of the gods, and you will know the Divinity, that he is abundantly able at the same time to see all things, and to hear all things, and to be everywhere present, and that they* exercise their watchful care over all.'"

THE TONGUE.

It has been well observed, that the tongue discovers the state of the mind, no less than that of the body; but, in either case, before the philosopher or the physician can judge, the patient *must open his mouth*. Some men envelop themselves in such an impenetrable cloak of silence, that the tongue will afford us no symptoms of the temperament of the mind. Such taciturnity, indeed, is wise if they are fools, but foolish if they are wise; and the only method to form a judgment of these mutes, is narrowly to observe when, where, and how they smile. It shows much more stupidity to be grave at a good thing, than to be merry at a bad one; and of all ignorance, that which is silent is the least productive, for praters may suggest an idea if they cannot start one.

TRIALS.

A Christian without trials would be like a mill without wind or water; the contrivance and design of the wheel-work within-side would be unnoticed and unknown, without something to put it in motion without. Nor would our graces grow, unless they were called into exercise; the trials and difficulties we meet with not only prove, but also strengthen the graces of the Spirit. If a person were always to sit still, he would probably soon lose the power of moving his limbs at last; but by walking and working he becomes strong and active.—*Rev. J. Newton.*

* Throughout this discussion Socrates speaks of the Divinity (*Theion*) and the gods (*Theoi*) interchangeably; but by the former we are to understand the Supreme Existence, and by the latter subordinate existences belonging to the celestial hierarchy.

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Original.

APOSTASY.

"In differing creeds, whatever faults we see,
Yet the worst error is,—apostasy."

In all this wide world of sin and suffering, there can be no more soul-saddening sight to the Christian believer—one who feels his own heart warming, and his pathway brightening, as he approaches Jordan—than to meet with an aged fellow-mortal, gifted and influential, and with the frosts of time gathering about his head, who is yet living without hope and without God in the world! And the picture becomes still more painful when this is an individual who has once known the true and living way of approach unto God; but who, having departed from the simplicity of the faith once delivered to the saints, and having followed the new lights of philosophy, (falsely so called,) is at last left on the very shores of time to his own delusions, uncertain and unconcerned about all beyond.

Such an one the pious Lamartine met with in his travels in the east, in the person of Lady Hester Stanhope. The reader will remember that she was an English lady of birth, talent and beauty, and niece to the statesman Pitt. After the death of her uncle, this lady left England to travel over Europe; and being young, and possessing many attractions, she was courted and admired wherever she moved, and was sought in marriage by many distinguished men; but she rejected them all, manifesting no preference for any individual of them; her affections having been given, as is said, in early life, to a British officer.

She was accompanied abroad by several friends, male and female; and after having spent some years in traveling, they all embarked, with a numerous train of attendants, for Constantinople. Here they remained several years, living in the greatest luxury of that luxurious city, which at length they left for Syria in an English vessel, in which was embarked the greater part of her fortune. The ship was overtaken by a storm in the Bay of Macri, on the coast of Caramani, near the Island of Rhodes, and a few rods from the shore she struck the rocks and went to pieces, and all her treasures were buried in the deep. Lady Hester escaped upon a wreck of the vessel, on a small, uninhabited island, where she remained twenty-four hours, without food or aid. She was at length found by some fishermen, who were in search of the remains of the wreck. They brought her into Rhodes, where, having made herself known to the English consul at that place, she got temporary relief. She subsequently returned to England, and nothing discouraged by her disasters and her losses, she collected the remains of her fortune, and again set sail for Syria, where she arrived in safety. She fixed herself in its environs, and set herself to the task of learning the Arab language, of which she soon became perfect mistress; and after having become familiarized with the manners and customs of the country, she organized a numerous caravan, loaded camels with rich presents for the Arabs, and explored every part of Syria. She sojourned at Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, Balbec and Palmyra. "It was at this latter place," says Lamartine, "that the numerous tribes of wandering Arabs assembled, and charmed with her beauty, her grace and her splendor, proclaimed her *Queen of Palmyra.* They gave to her firmans, by which it was agreed by them that every European who received her protection should pass unmolested and secure through the Desert, and be permitted to visit the ruins of Palmyra, provided they pledged themselves to pay a certain tribute." And this contract was still respected when Lamartine was there, although a long time had elapsed since its formation, and Lady Hester had retired from public life. In one of her pilgrimages she narrowly escaped being carried off by a hostile tribe of Arabs. To a casual, though timely warning, and to the fleetness of her Arabian horse, she owed her escape.

After leading a wandering life for several years, she finally settled herself in an almost inaccessible solitude on one of the mountains of Lebanon, near ancient Sidon. Here she built houses, created artificial gardens in the Turkish style, surrounded them with a sort of fortification, adorned them with sculptures, water-jets, and marble gutters, &c.; she formed alcoves of the lemon, the olive, and fig trees; and being surrounded by a numerous retinue of Arab and European friends, and a host of slaves, she lived in perfectly oriental splendor. At length her fortune was exhausted, her friends fell off, or died, and she was left alone in her solitude.

Lady Hester had been educated in the doctrines of the Established Church of England, and when she left that country was a firm believer in all that it inculcates. Although she was a woman of strong mind, she was weak in principle; and it appears that she had no sooner got beyond the pale of her own Church than her faith became entirely unsettled, and she seems to have taken, from time to time, the line of whatever religion in her various wanderings she had become associated with, and out of all of them to have compounded one of her own—a jargon of idle ceremonials, of unintelligible mysteries, and of jarring creeds—until shade after shade her mind darkened into utter night, and she became equally charitable to Jews, Turks and infidels. She threw aside the volume of inspiration, forsook the God who had preserved her on the deep, who guarded her in all her wanderings, and saved her from the hostile Arabs; and she turned from the worship of this gracious Being, to consult the stars, and to become a believer in all the wonders of astrology, and was, as we have said, finally merged in the enthusiasm of her own character, and the superstitious delusions of those about her; and when Lamartine visited her in 1837 she was nearly sixty years of age, broken in health and spirits, but still clinging to her heathen notions. She had adopted the costume of the country—in the girdle of her tunic she wore a dagger. He had some religious conversation with her, which, as a

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woman of breeding she *permitted*, but evidently considered as evidence of superstitious weakness on *his* part; and freely confessed to him that she herself "cared for none of these things." And although the good Lamartine was probably not allowed to pray *with* her, doubtless the pious aspiration arose in his heart *for* her, that the light of the Spirit might break upon her poor benighted soul before death. But her offended Maker seems to have "let her alone;" for a later traveler in that region informs us that she died "under the cloud," and that with her last breath she ordered from her stable her Arabian horses—two animals of superior breed, which she had kept for years awaiting her last hour; one of them she intended for the Messiah, whom she expected personally, and the other was for herself; and when she felt death approaching she ordered them to be made ready, and in the firm belief of this absurd fable, half pantheistic, half visionary, she expired! What a lesson to proud humanity! And here I would remark, strange as it may seem, that strong minds are more apt to be led astray in this particular than those less gifted; for, confiding in their own strength, they *speculate*, whilst the more simple *trust*. And so, they are "in wandering mazes lost."

C. A. B.

Original.

THE SYROPHENECIAN WOMAN.

As Jesus on one occasion visited the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, a certain woman cried to him to have mercy on her daughter, who was "grievously vexed with a devil." This was a Gentile woman, a Syrophenecian; but she was a mother, and appears to have felt all a mother's affection for her daughter. The brief history of the evangelist does not inform us whether she was rich or poor, honored by the world, or humble and unknown. We have, however, an account of her earnest, persevering prayer, and her steadfast faith, which are matters of much greater importance. She had an afflicted daughter, over whom she watched with the deepest solicitude; for affliction only strengthens maternal attachment. Must her daughter die? was there no hope, no remedy? Yes, she heard of Jesus, the promised Messiah of the Jews. The fame of his miracles had filled the land, and none, she learned, had been turned away from him unblest. She heard with joy that he was in her neighborhood, and pressing her way to him she cried, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David, for my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." But what must have been her grief and mortification when "Jesus answered not a word." "Alas!" perhaps she thought, "I am a poor Gentile, he will not attend to my prayer." The disciples interposed, and besought the Lord to bless her and send her away. Hope again springs up in the poor mother's heart; but it was soon to be chilled by the discouraging answer, "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Will she not now give up in utter despair, and return to see her daughter die? No; she had heard of the mighty works and unbounded compassion of Christ, and hoping against hope, she prostrates herself before him and prays, "Lord help me." What a prayer! How short, and yet how full of meaning and of faith! "Lord help me." How suitable to poor helpless mortality! There was help no where else; she trusted she would yet find it in the "Son of David." Was such a prayer ever uttered without moving the heart of the Savior? Will not mercy say, "Arise and go, thy daughter liveth!" The mother, in breathless expectation, awaits the answer. Does it not seem to be putting her faith to too severe a trial, when Jesus says, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs!" Will not every ray of hope be now extinguished, and the gloominess of despair prevent all further effort! Yea, will not resentment be aroused, when she hears the Gentiles compared to dogs, while the Jews are spoken of as children! Thus short-sighted man might view it, but not thus the omniscient Jehovah. Jesus knew her faith, and he wished to draw it forth for our example, that those who seek the mercy of God in all ages may not despair. Instead of rising in anger, or in hopelessness to depart, a ray of hope dawned upon her heart from the very words of the refusal. "Truth Lord," she replies, "but the dogs may eat of the crumbs that fall from the children's table." "O! woman," said Jesus, "great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." The joyful mother returned to embrace her daughter, who "was made whole from that very hour."

Blessed Jesus! thou art no respecter of persons; but the wretched and the disconsolate, the vile and the guilty, may come to thee in the confident expectation of finding mercy and pardon. Though the blessing should seem to be delayed, thou hast taught that "men should pray always and not faint," for thou art "exalted a Prince and a Savior, to give repentance and forgiveness of sins."

J. M. M.

FAMILY LOVE.

The *spirit of family* is the second soul of humanity. Modern legislators have too often forgotten this. They think only of nations and individuals. They omit the family, that only source of a pure and healthy population; the sanctuary of traditions and manners, in which all the social virtues acquire fresh vigor. Legislation, ever since the introduction of Christianity, has been barbarous in this respect. It repulses man from the spirit of family, instead of encouraging it in him. It interdicts, to one half of mankind, wife, child, the possession of a home or a field. It owes these blessings to all as soon as they arrive at manhood. It ought to have interdicted them only to culprits. A family is society in miniature; but it is that society in which the laws are natural, because they are sentiments. To interdict a man from the possession of family comforts, should have been the greatest reprobation, the last punishment of the law. It should have been the only bane of death inflicted by a humane and Christian legislation.—*Lamartine.*

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Original.

THE MORAL POWER OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. WILBER.

Woman's influence was coeval with her existence. When our first parents roamed sinless through the fragrant bowers of Eden, the tempter availed himself of that influence to bring misery and woe upon all succeeding generations. It has left its impress on every nation; its marks are visible in every clime. On the fertile plains of the Nile it moved a hard and regal heart to mercy; and the scarcely perceptible ruins of Carthage still bear the traces of her influence amid their desolation. In classic Greece the "bring your shield, or be borne upon it," from woman's lips, made a nation of soldiers, while her precepts in Italy made every soldier capable of being a general. It is seen in the frozen regions of the north, and on the sunny plains of the south. We read it on Iceland's ice-bound coast by the light of her burning Hecla. Devotions flame is there kindled by the hearth-stone; it warms the heart of the poor fisherman, as he casts his net upon the waters; it glows in the bosom of him who threads the dizzy paths among the beetling precipices and dark ravines of the mountains, for his mother has taught him "to feel that he hangs on the Almighty's arm"—and it ever burns brightly by the fire-side of the Icelandic peasant. We perceive it in far distant Oceanica,—yea, in every isle of the great deep. The waves which lave "old Plymouth rock" for ever sound her influence. Thousands of voices from heathen lands raised in prayer and praise to the known God, speak a more emphatic language in her favor than splendid monuments and mausoleums could do; and the green graves of a Judson, a Newell, a Kidder, and Lee, will remain as mementoes of her power, while the injunction of the blessed Redeemer, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," is echoed on the mountain's summit, and in the fertile vale.

But let us briefly consider woman's influence in different relations. She may mold the elements of society, and make them mingle in harmony; or she may plant the germs of strife and contention, and thus render it a discordant, dissevered mass. She may unite it with chains of gold, or with links of iron which must soon be corroded and destroyed. She may cause virtue and religion to be respected, or vice and immorality to rule the hearts of men. She may give laws of wisdom, or "utter foolishness which will lead to destruction." If educated and refined woman smiles on the betrayer of innocence, can she feel that her own loved ones are secure from the evil machinations of him who flatters but to lead to ruin? If she participates in, or countenances the sparkling bowl, in which the "undying worm of the still" is concealed, may she not fear that her own destiny will be linked for life with a disgusting, worthless drunkard? If she join in games of chance, though at first it be but for amusement, or smile upon the gamester, may she not expect to find herself, sooner or later, the victim of the gaming mania, and a homeless and deserted woman; for heavy is the penalty which rests upon the mover of the dice. If she welcome the duelist with the heart's emblem of sunshine, can she expect those dear as her own soul will pass this ordeal of principle unscathed?

"I would not dare to meet my own wife, if I did not demand life for insulted honor," said a man of influence; "and I would be ashamed of a husband who did not demand it," echoed his companion at the fireside. There was a son present who treasured up these seeming heroic sentiments; and in a few brief months that mother's heart was wrung with unutterable anguish, by the intelligence that her son had fallen in a duel in a far distant land. "She sowed to the wind, and reaped the whirlwind." "My son can resent an insult to his dignity as soon as any *gentleman*, and will have revenge too," said a lady in the presence of several children of her acquaintance. The germ of strife was there encouraged, which doubtless will cause blood and tears to flow freely from the dying and bereaved, when youth shall have taken the place of infancy. How much more noble and Christian-like the conduct of that mother, who, when the husband of her youth lay cold in the embraces of death, caused by the assassin's blow, forgave that heartless murderer, and taught her grown sons this precept, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Had she not been a Christian indeed, the assassin never would have left the "Old Dominion" with life, and perchance that mother had mourned over a guilty son. She possessed more moral courage, more true fortitude, than any, or all of the duelists who have gone to the grave with their hands imbrued in the life-blood of their fellow beings. Let every woman imitate Mrs. D. in those heart-searching, heart-rending hours, and the duelist will no longer have a place in respectable society, but will be justly classed with the out-casts of community.

If talented and influential women are found in the haunts of dissipation, or frequent public amusements, will it not encourage their associates, both male and female, in treading the broad road, and will not the contagion spread through all ranks in society? Most surely it will. And each member of every family exerts an influence in community; and thus it is that woman's influence is unmeasured, and unmeasurable; and thus it is that the vicious pass along, not with the mark of Cain, as it were, branded on their brows by public opinion, but with bold countenance and haughty mien—and the river of mental, and moral, and eternal death still flows on, though the prayers of the homeless widow and her desolate children ascend even to heaven. Thus it is that the theatre is filled with thousands and scores of thousands, led on to sin and ruin in this world, and to a fearful judgment hereafter. Thus it is that a love of display, and a blind regard for fashion, are permitted to rule the ascendant in the female mind, and do their perfect work of injury upon the rising

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generation, when woman has the power to renovate the whole, and make the moral landscape engaging and lovely.

In one of the largest southern states there resided in 183– a gentleman high in public office, and universally respected. He was noted for his benevolence, and his common friends supposed him a model of virtue and temperance. But those who knew him best saw that he tarried long at the wine, that frequently his eye displayed unusual brilliancy, and his frame excitement. But they dared not sound the "tocsin of alarm," they judged it too delicate an affair for unskilled hands to manage. There was one gentle being, frail as "the lily of the valley," and the last of his family who saw the danger, and mourned in secret. She knew she was beloved by that father; but then he was a proud and gifted man. Would he receive advice from a child? It was a lovely morning, and E. walked forth in the porch, so common an appendage to southern dwellings; the father was there, and as he marked the sadness of that lovely countenance, and her tearful eyes, he anxiously inquired, "What disturbs my E. this morning?" "We are alone, dear father," she exclaimed; "all the world to each other now, are we not?" A glance of tenderness was the mute response. "But," she continued, "is there not a worm beginning to pray upon our happiness, and shall we not fear him?" And her cheek was very pale as she whispered, "the worm of the still." Perchance the stern brow of that proud man was somewhat blanched, and his lip quivered—the past was before him, with all its hoarded memories of love and untold tenderness—the recollection of a wife and children cold beneath the clods of the valley was there—and the future—he saw at a glance its deep, dark shadows, and he shuddered. "Blessings on you my child," he exclaimed, "you have saved your father." And thenceforward the name of Judge B. was on the officers' list of the county temperance society; and community felt the power of that young girl's influence; for her father was ever after an active and energetic advocate of temperance, and saved many from a drunkard's woe and a drunkard's grave.

Woman's influence is truly kingly in general society. It is powerful in a daughter and a sister; but it is the mother who weaves the garlands that flourish in eternity.

> "She stamps the lines so indelible on the young soul,
> That all the water-floods of time erase them not,
> And which stern death peruses, when he seals the scroll
> Of life up for the judgment bar."

She may plant in the heart the strong oaks of virtue and religion, which will defy the storms of infidelity and the lightnings of sarcasm, or she may suffer the evil passions of human nature to go unchecked and unrestrained, which, as years are added to years, will prove moral death to all within their influence. A wealthy and influential family formerly resided in the city of T.; the father was one of the most distinguished jurists in his native state, and was also among the first in the councils of the nation. Mrs. L. was a *lady* in the most extensive sense of the word, and a domestic lady, but her station in society was an exalted one; and while she trained her daughters in the paths of virtue and piety, she allowed her sons to imbibe corrupt principles, and indulge in evil habits. The wine cup was there placed to the lips of those who called, and the children learned to love the sparkling of the choice beverage. They were allowed to frequent the theatre, the circus, and the streets of that crowded city, where lessons of vice were early instilled into their hearts, and which were only strengthened with their years. At the time of my acquaintance, the eldest son was perhaps twenty years of age, and dissipation had already began to do its work. Noble and commanding in appearance, he graced the circles of fashion—possessing an intellect of the highest order, he had already acquired a liberal education, and was admitted to the bar. Surely life seemed fair to him; but the serpent from the decanter had coiled round his vitals, and a few years since the elegant, accomplished, and talented young lawyer died of delirium tremens. And his soul—its destiny is recorded in the book of Him who hath said, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." The second son was perhaps then fourteen—a brilliant youth, amiable and engaging in his manners. He also had sipped the poison at his father's table, had gone to the circus, and become fascinated with its excitement. His name is enrolled among the wanderers who go homeless from place to place, scattering moral disease and death through our land; and he will probably ere long lie down in a drunkard's grave. There was another—then twelve years of age. If personal loveliness, if the silken locks, the lofty marble brow, and the dark eagle eye—if an aptitude for learning, and a knowledge beyond his years could have augured his destiny, then truly had it been a glorious one. But he loved wine, he loved fiction, and revelled amid the enchanting descriptions of the novelist until they imbued his whole being. A life of excitement only had charms for him; land was too tame, he gloried in the idea of a sailor's home on the deep, he wished for the ocean storm, yea, and the booming of the cannon, the clash of the polished steel, and the conflict for life where every inch of space is of untold worth on the fathomless waters. And he died there, and his body rests in the ocean. Was it a natural death? Ah! no, it was for crime he yielded up his life; and his name will long be remembered as one who, young in years, was old in sin. Did he repent? He who knows the heart, only knows the destiny of the gifted C., for his sentence was soon executed. Could those young men have been saved from the wine cup, and consequently from the road of crime, doubtless they would have been an honor to their family, and useful members of community; but the evil they increased by their influence and station in society, and the souls they led on to endless woe, can only be known in eternity.

The mother may teach her children that "labor of the body, or of the heart, or of the mind," is hon-

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orable; that idleness is a disgrace, and thus save them from the fashionable poison which is rapidly making the rising generation mentally, morally, and physically feeble, and preparing them, like the ancient Romans, conquered by luxury, to become a prey to some Goth or Vandal race, who have been nurtured in cold, privation and hardship. Why are the sons of New England so hardy and enterprising? Why are they found in the thick forests of the far west, amid the icebergs of the north, and on the ever green equatorial plains? Ay, the New England mother by the fire-side has implanted perseverance in their hearts "firm as their own granite hills."

The mother may instill good moral principles so deep that all the attractions of effeminacy and vice cannot move them from the practice of stern, inflexible integrity—she may nourish a love of country which will never yield to self-emolument, or self-aggrandizement. And well remarks the gifted Mrs. Sigourney, "the mother kneeling by the cradle-bed hath her hand upon the ark of a nation." She may lead her children to the foot of the cross, and plead there till the "dews of heavenly grace descend with healing" upon their hearts; or if she does not encourage, she may suffer them to walk on in the broad road until they wake up in the agonies of remorse, when earth is fast fading from view.

In one of the lovely villages which lie nestled amid the hills of southern New York, there resides a family who associate only with the aristocracy; for *even* there titles flourish, and wealth serves as the boundary line between "la distingu et ne distingu pas." In that family but one daughter had been spared; and she was an idol. The father, if not an open infidel, at least inclined to atheistical sentiments; and the mother heeded not their effects upon the lovely M. No hallowed influence was there—that circle was prayerless. But sudden sickness came upon the admired M., and on the third morning of her illness the physician told the father that his beloved child must die; mortification had already taken place, and in a few hours, at most, the spirit must leave its earthly tenement. He immediately repaired to his daughter's room and announced to her the dreadful tidings. "O why did not you tell me before!" she exclaimed; "O for one hour to repent! but it is too late now;" and thus she died. And that prayerless father bowed his head, and mourned in unutterable agony. "O," said he, "willingly would I have yielded up my life could I have been assured she died with the consolations of religion;" and ever after, if he smiled, it was the smile of a broken heart. And the sorrow-stricken mother still weeps, and refuses to be comforted for the ever lost.

What moves the heart of yon ocean boy in his lone watches? What is called up from memory's storehouse, when the billows are dashing high, when the "storm-spirit rides over the face of the deep," and "there is but a plank between him and eternity?" The hours of childhood, the evening prayer, taught perhaps by a sainted mother, is again in his ear, and he calls upon that mother's God in penitence and faith. In yonder high-walled prison there are many stern visaged men; crime has stained their character, and their hearts are steeled to the common sufferings of humanity. The love of a Redeemer, the joys of heaven, and the terrors of the lake of fire, are heard unheeded; but the name of mother moves the adamant, and nature conquers vice and pride. She may encourage a desire for knowledge which will "grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength," and may kindle that missionary flame in the soul which shall glow, and brighten, and spread, until the millenial day dawns on a redeemed world. God has placed the child in the hands of the mother as clay in the hands of the potter, and she must account for the fashioning of the immortal mind. He has placed in her hands the chain which links the heart of the child to the mother, and she may extend it to the throne of God. I once stood by the bed-side of an apparently dying girl—fourteen summers only had passed over her—uncommon personal loveliness was hers, and her prospects, in a worldly point of view, flattering. One year previous she had turned from the world's fascinations, and at a students' revival had become an humble follower of Christ. But sickness came upon her, and far away from her childhood's home we thought she would go to join a father, and brothers, and sisters in the spirit land. It was a solemn hour. Many warm and anxious friends were around her—her teachers, to whom she was endeared by many strong ties, (for two years she had been with them,) and her associates, with anxious and tearful eyes. But she heeded them not. The agonizings of an only sister were unnoticed; inquiries as to the future could not rouse her from that lethargy, which all feared would close in death. I whispered the name of an absent and widowed mother in her ear; her eye-lids trembled, and tears coursed silently down her cheek. She recovered; but 'will not the recollection of those solemn and awful hours of suffering, and the remembrance of her heavenly Father's mercy in restoring her, joined to a faithful mother's counsels, ever keep her in the paths of righteousness? Nearly three years have passed, and the most trying in a young girl's life; but her course is onward and upward. A mother's influence is there, and the Most High blesses it.

There was another, in youth's gay morning, whose mother had gone years before to the land of peace and joy. Naturally gifted, in no ordinary degree, she was wild and thoughtless, and yielded to the promptings of pride and her own corrupt heart. She had lived careless and unconcerned through many a revival of religion; she had scoffed at religion, and the professors of religion, and was considered almost a hopeless case. But the prayers of a mother were remembered in heaven; and without being requested, she went humbly and tearfully to the anxious seat. A few hours of struggling and she was powerfully converted. There was wonder, there was joy then among her associates; and O was there not joy in heaven? Until the close of the term she was a consistent Christian; she was

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in every respect worthy the name. She returned rejoicing to her father's house, and in eight weeks after her conversion went triumphantly to join that faithful mother in swelling the songs of the redeemed in heaven, "a brand but just plucked from the burning." Her death was sudden—only a few hours of dangerous illness—perhaps four or five, and consequently no time for preparation. Had she delayed repentance until sickness came, it would have been too late. Surely the prayers and tears of mothers are treasured up before the throne of God, and in due time will be answered.

And yet another—one perhaps ten or eleven years of age. Wealth and high connections, and the prospects of splendor in life, were her portion. She had been blessed in the days of infancy with a praying mother, and the agonizings of that mother's soul were inscribed on her heart as with the pen of a diamond. She became a Christian. Four years have since passed, and during that time I have often seen her so filled with the love of God that she would sing and shout for hours, yea, almost for days. She seemed to grow in the spirit of love and grace; and if her heart became cold, it was but for a short season; it appeared as if a mother's influence was ever over her, and she would pray, and pray continually, until she received a blessing. I doubt not she will join that mother in glory.

And one more. She professed religion at eight years of age. She was with us three years—perhaps from fourteen to seventeen. And was she faithful? I have never seen one more powerfully blessed—so filled with the Holy Spirit. It seemed that even her countenance was changed, and her tongue could only articulate, glory, glory. She also had a mother in heaven. She endured many hours of sickness and suffering; and her pale brow and glassy eye, told us too plainly that long life was not to be hers. But as she has lived from the days of childhood, so will she die; and should I hear of the death of my former pupil, I know I shall hear she entered the dark valley shouting, victory, victory!

The recollection of the loved and familiar faces of those of other days is fast crowding upon the mind, but I forbear. Suffice it to say, that of scores of motherless children, I have never seen one going astray, but the name of a sainted mother, and the recollections of her instructions, have recalled them to the ways of peace. When other means had failed in securing obedience, this would calm the risings of passion, and open the fountains of virtuous feeling; it would touch a chord in the bosom which would send forth sweet music. And of all who had been blessed with praying mothers, but one was left without a witness of pardoned sin; and she was anxiously seeking the pearl of great price. Verily, then, the mother's influence is paramount; and she fulfills not her high destiny who leads not her own loved ones to "drink of Shiloah's stream, which flows fast by the throne of God." And if the heathen mother of Achilles bathed her son in the river Styx, to render him invulnerable to the darts which kill only the body, how much more should the Christian mother seek to lave her children in the blood of righteousness, and thus render them proof against the weapons of a false and ruinous philosophy, which kill the soul? It is in the mother's power, in most instances, to save her children from crime and misery in this world, and to lead them to the very gates of heaven; and though

"She may not leave her name
Wrought out in marble by a nation's tears
Of deathless gratitude, yet may she raise
A monument above the stars—souls
Led by her teachings and her prayers to God."

Original.

THE PRAYER.

O as the thirsty earth drinks up
The welcome summer shower,
As with bright drops it fills the cup
Of many a drooping flower,
Thus would the news my glad heart greet,
That thou wert at the Savior's feet.

As yearns the sad and mournful heart
For ray of morning light,
Hoping its sorrows may depart
With the dark hours of night,
So longs my soul to see some ray
Of heavenly light beam o'er thy way.

While in this scene of misery,
The tempest rages 'round,
And many a fair and goodly tree
Is by the blast borne down,
O that my Savior would but hide
Thee safe within his clefted side!

We'll meet not in this vale of woe,
Where relics strew the ground,
Serving by their marr'd forms to show
Where joy might *once* be found:
Yet rises at each morn and even
My prayer, that we may meet in heaven.

T.

APOSTROPHE.

And art thou gone, thou wand'ring one,
Say, art thou gone for ever?
Is thy short race already run,
And shall we see thee never!
And did'st thou close thine eyes in death,
Strangers around thee bending,
While not one prayer, a kinsman's breath
To heaven for thee was sending?
No pious mother's hand or care,
Thy dying couch was smoothing;
No brother's hand, no sister dear
Was near, thine anguish soothing.
It matters not, *for Christ was there,*
Thy head, thy heart supporting.

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Original.

THE COMFORTER.

A LONE widow was suddenly deprived by death of her only son. He had been the sole earthly joy of her existence; and when taken from her, the world, which he had made a green place, was left to her withered and desolate. Neighbors and friends strove to speak comfort. They exhausted their powers of argument, and their stores of reason and philosophy, and wondered at their own eloquence. But the afflicted widow repeated, "My son is not!" and she heard not that they replied. Some there were, with better purpose of consolation, that spoke of the hope of the Christian, and the re-union of love's severed ties in the *better land*. But the eye of faith had become dimmed by the mists of fainting nature, and the bereaved mother saw but the shrouded form and the narrow house of her son. One at last came with a noiseless step; and like those of old, in the days of the man of Uz, sat by the mourner without speaking. But her tears flowed like fountains, and gradually her silent sympathy with its mysterious intelligence, reached that chilled and despairing heart. A soft chord vibrated to its touch; and when that neighbor at last departed, the dull ear of comfortless sorrow had been won to a willingness to listen to, if not to receive consolation. Again, on the morrow she came and took her seat as before, and though the widow seemed scarcely conscious of her presence, yet did she *feel* it as a sense of some undefined, but soothing influence. The visitant had now something to say—not of the dead,—for of him she talked not—but low and quietly she spoke of one whom the widow had, in her own sorrows, utterly forgotten. It was a neighbor, whose humble dwelling, with all it contained of worldly store, had been recently consumed; and she talked of his wife and children—they who had been used to many comforts, but were now so wholly destitute. Children! "he had then children to toil for;" and this was all that childless widow could reply, and still she thought only of her own sorrows. Her neighbor paused to indulge the fresh out-burst of passionate anguish; but gradually she resumed the subject. True, his afflictions *were* light, for man might relieve them; but then this relief should not be tardily given. The neighbors had not been altogether forgetful, they had made up a bundle, which she now bore; being on her way to carry it to the distressed family, she thought the widow would wish to add her mite; and any way she had called to ask her to accompany her, as she disliked the solitariness of the way. It was in vain the poor widow shrunk from the effort; in vain, even, that she plead the feebleness her pallid face and bent form so wonderfully attested. She had slept not for many days, she was worn to a shadow, but the visitant had become strangely importunate. The faint and forced reply was gently but steadily over-ruled, and the mourner at last yielded, because she was too sorrowful to meet importunity with the words denial required. A half hour's walk brought them to the yet unscattered ashes of their neighbor's home, and though a temporary shelter had been again provided for the family, yet sorrow and destitution were before them. The widow's heart was not unmoved; and when the clear, sunny eyes of childhood reflected the comforts that had been brought them, a gleam of something like pleasure for a moment touched her features. But sorrow is essentially selfish. She too quickly remembered that for her the oil of hope had burnt out; and again, as her attendant led the way homeward, she sunk into yet deeper despondence. Their path seemed to lengthen strangely before them; but the widow, though she leaned heavily upon the arm of her companion, had scarcely observed it, till it finally became obstructed and obscure. "We have taken a wrong path," said the latter, "and it has led us far out of our way; but we will thread our course home as we can, though we shall hardly find our path soon; yet we cannot so near home lose ourselves entirely." But they seemed to have entered the Egyptian labyrinth, and night was falling around them ere they recovered their way; the widow, heedless of the difficulties and the objects before them, yielded implicitly to the impulse of her companion; and she, as if totally bewildered, though with a quiet eye, lead the way over precipitous hills, through running waters, and deep ravines; and when they at last reached the widow's cottage there was no strength left in her frame. Her neighbor laid her on her couch, and sat down and watched her in silence; sleep soon fell deeply but gently on her eye-lids, and her breath came softly as an infant's; a serene expression settled on her troubled and worn face, and the watcher looked upon her long, with a satisfied smile, ere she turned from her to leave the dwelling.

The sun shone full and gloriously upon the face of the sleeper when she woke, and then for the first time, since she knelt in agony by the bed of her dying boy, she bowed before her Maker, and poured forth a mingled burst of prayer, and grief, and broken thanksgiving. Sleep had done its work of healing, and faith and principle struggled to renew their functions; still nature was yet strong within her, and once more prevailed. She made an attempt to renew her wonted labors; but every thing in that voiceless household was associated with the memory of him who had given it joy and sunshine, and again she yielded to the overmastering power of a mother's sorrow. Gloomily did she look forward to the leaden hours of that long day, when a familiar step was once more upon the threshold. *The neighbor* again entered, and now she had brought employment. She had taken upon herself the task of dress-maker to a family of motherless children, and the promised garments were to be ready for the coming Sabbath. "But see," she said, "I whiled away yesterday, and now there is not time for the completion of my promise. Which of these expectant little ones shall I bear to see with its sad face of disappointment?" The widow understood the appeal; she drew the full work-basket toward her, and prepared to render her assistance. The hours passed

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rapidly away while they wrought assiduously at the little robes; and as they cut, and fitted, and husbanded, and consulted over them, the sunken eye of the widow expressed a woman's interest in the neat garments they fashioned. The night brought something of weariness to her feeble and woe-worn frame, but with it came the blessed stirring in her heart of prayer and thankfulness, and again slumber fell upon her eyes, calm and refreshingly.

On the fourth morning her neighbor entered with a somewhat quickened step. She bore in her arms a weeping and suffering looking babe. "See!" she said, with a petitioning smile, "I have brought a new claimant upon your kindness; I have taken it from the scorched breast of a sick mother; I bring it to you that its cry may not reach her ear. It is cold, it is hungry, its little robes are stained and stiff with neglect. I give it to your care for a season, and when health shall restore its wonted nourishment to the viens of its mother, you shall bear it joyfully back to her breast. The widow hastened to prepare the cup of food; she warmed the babe in her bosom; she washed its garments, and bathed the little waxen form with the most anxious tenderness. It grew into loveliness under her hands; it stretched its polished limbs with a sense of enjoyment; it smiled in her face with confidence; its blue eyes laughed with delight; again it was a thing of freshness, and joy, and beauty. The following day, while her tender charge lay hushed in rosy slumber, the widow went forth into her little garden; it was the first time she had voluntarily looked upon the face of nature for many days; the early breath of May was abroad on the earth, and gladness, and the promise of plenty were everywhere around her. Did her heart still turn from the flowers of spring to that which its breath might not revive.* No! the spirit of faith had prevailed over its temporary bondage. The violet that was unfolding its purple glory at her feet, but spoke to her of the resurrection that faith revealed, when corruption should put on incorruption, and mortality immortality. Her affections were no longer in the charnel house, with what was once her child, but clung with convulsive power to the robes of Him who had conquered death, and destroyed the victory of the grave. And as the passion of her soul's triumphant faith gradually subsided, a meek thankfulness settled upon all its depths. Once more she remembered that labor was a call of duty, and she turned calmly to that which the season demanded. She plucked the weeds from the springing plant, and trained the young vine, whose new tendrils asked support.

Her neighbors, who had spoken to her so vainly of reconciliation to her loss, beheld her and marveled. And they said to her who had passed so often in and out at her dwelling, "By what art hast thou comforted her? We have spoken to her in the language of reason and of revelation; we appealed to her present duties and her future hopes; we expostulated; we reproved. It was all in vain; we but wasted our strength—our voices pierced not through the sackcloth in which she had vailed her head. Tell us then what is the secret of thy power?" And she answered meekly, "I have no secret gift; I have essayed no words of comfort; I have but striven to draw her once more into the active duties and the toils of life. During long years of affliction, (for I have been the child of much sorrow,) I found that in doing the *work of my Father*, though I performed it ever so feebly, and even at another's bidding, yet I always found strength. God hath appointed means for all his purposes, and in all his requisitions there is mercy. He hath made action necessary to our soul's health, and the fatigue of the body is as a cradle, to lull to sleep the disquiet spirit. If the mourner has found comfort—if the darkness from her feet has passed away—it is because she hath gone out upon the path of duty, and the light of her Father's countenance went before her." J. D.

*I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring.—*Childe Harold.*

Original.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

Rest, loved one rest—I know that now
Joy sits upon thy sunny brow;
That though for thee, a mother's tear
Still glistens on thy early bier,
Yet thou hast now a world of bliss—
Instead of mine, an angel's kiss,
Which leaves a flush upon that cheek—
Which of enduring pleasures speak,
Beyond what mortals can express
Of overflowing happiness.
Yes, lovely boy, I know that there
Thou do'st the smiles of Jesus share,
But still, that last and fond caress
Oft haunts my hours of loneliness.
Thy bright, thy cherub face, so fair,
Seems present at my hour of prayer;
And ere I lift my thoughts above
My heart is mourning for thy love;
But soon I wipe away the tear,
As if thy angel form was near,
Descending on thy burnished wing,
Around my altar hovering,
To bear away my falling tear
To yonder bright and heavenly sphere.
When in my lonely walks I stray
Where, with spring flowers thou used to play,
And cull the sweetest ones for me,
With all the joy of childhood's glee,
I cannot stop the floods of grief
Which, bursting, give but slight relief.
I know with thee all grief is past,
And thy pure joys will always last;
And that in heaven's celestial bowers
Thou gatherest sweeter, fairer flowers.
I would not, could I, call thee back,
To mark again thy earthly track. S. B. S.

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Original.

ANNIHILATION.

As a passenger on board a fine steamer, I was sitting pensive and alone at one end of its cabin, when an Italian physician, drawing a chair beside me, looked inquiringly into my face, and then cast his eyes on the cheerful fire which was blazing before us. I have often observed that the introduction of a melancholy face into a social circle, would throw a shade of gloom over the most excited merriment. This was the case in the present instance; for my companion's countenance, which seemed at first to beam under the influence of some pleasing reflections, was now, by the laws of human sympathy, rendered equally as pensive as mine. Presently, I asked him if the sky was cloudy? I thought that he was about to reply. He paused a moment, and then said, "What is *cloudy?*" I told him that when the sun did not shine in the day-time it was cloudy. We were silent again; and very soon I retired to bed. This Italian must have felt, thought I, that the genial beams of pleasure were for a time obscured by the clouds of melancholy, when he reflected that he had once enjoyed the pleasure of speaking in his native language, and had experienced the delight of social communion, without being able to communicate his own desires in a strange land among strangers. I felt that if I were thus situated, the pleasure of my existence would be so much diminished as to chill the energies of life, and to bedew my pillow with tears of fond recollection. To be sensible of the existence of pleasures which we are unable to enjoy, must be equally as painful as to be conscious of the perfection of our senses without the possibility of realizing the pleasure derived from their action. In all nature, the disposition of the mind and the levity of the heart are adapted to our natural corporeal imperfections; and, consequently, the loss of sensation which we once enjoyed afflicts us much more than to have never been conscious of the exercise of the same sense. This same philosophy will hold good with reference to our mental qualifications. How dreadful, then, must be the possibility of utter *annihilation!*

These thoughts had scarcely passed my mind, when I felt that I was swimming upon an ocean of pure ether, and very soon I was unconscious of the existence of any external object. Perhaps I had fallen asleep. It seemed that I had spent a long life in anxious thought and in laborious research. I had informed myself of the causes of the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires—I had studied the motives which prompted men to action—I had surveyed the wide fields of science and literature, and had carefully examined all their untold truths, as well as those which had been made known by the intelligence and industry of my cotemporaries and their forefathers. Last of all, I attempted to study my own heart; but I found it to be such an immense world of confusion, containing such an infinite variety of startling truths, that after having gained a knowledge of only a few of its leading characteristics, I gave up the examination of the rest in despair.

Hope suddenly sprang in my bosom, and whispered that the functions of the human body had become deranged, and that, by the laws of sympathy, the heart had become a mass of confusion—that, in process of time the corporeal system would be again regulated by its great Creator, and that when this should occur the heart would spread forth its glittering beams in conscious security, and, by the laws of human sympathy, rejoice in the beauty of its temple, as it basked in the light of heaven.

No sooner had my soul felt the rapture of these anticipations, than a breath of darkness passing over me bore them all away. I was left for a time utterly desolate. Methought that I was convinced by a supernatural power that when my three-score years and ten had expired, all my long cherished hopes, and the intelligence which I had labored so long to acquire, should be buried with my body. And is it true, thought I, that the intricacies of the human heart shall never be revealed—that we are doomed to live in a state of continual irregularity—that we shall labor to acquire knowledge only to please the perishing animals by which we are surrounded, and that we shall spend our lives in the acquisition of wealth and influence, only to excite the admiration of a gaping multitude of dependents? Surely our noble feelings were never intended for such a low destiny. But I am to be *annihilated.* My whole life, methought, has been but a breath of wind, which, passing over a multitude of inanimate objects, produced a momentary impression, but has left no trace of existence. Every object upon which it acted has changed its form according to the laws of nature, or else it presents a chill and barren front, alike insensible to the most vehement blasts, and to the gentlest breeze. If this be life, thought I, where is the honor of its inheritance?

I now saw passing before me a long line of human beings, manifesting every variety of suffering to which humanity is heir; and sunken as I was, so far below my former bright anticipations, yet a feeling of inexpressible delight pervaded my bosom, when I perceived that my soul was glowing under the influence of human sympathy. "And have I yet," cried I, "that divine spark which kindles the delight of social communion, which melts the heart at the recital of human suffering, and which thrills every emotion at the bare mention of love and liberty?" I rejoiced in the thought, and hope springing in my heart whispered that such pure feelings, so worthy of immortality, could never have originated from a source destined for *annihilation.* All my former bright anticipations revived, and during the rise of the rapturous emotions which ensued, I was carried away by an overwhelming current of ecstasy. This mighty current suddenly changed its course, and I was thrown upon a bleak and desolate shore, where no manifestations of life could be seen, but the howling winds were filled with groans and sighs, and with other signs of human woe. O, the horror, deep and inexpressible, which I felt, when I perceived that every feeling of human sympathy was torn from my bosom!

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I saw, I heard, I felt every thing with cold indifference. I smiled; but it was only a mechanical movement of my cheeks; for my mind was insensible to sympathy, and my cheeks being rebuked by its utter indifference, slowly and reluctantly assumed their former solemnity. I burst into tears, and as the scalding drops trickled over my cheeks, I heard a voice within cry out, "Stop the leak!" I was almost forced to laugh again; but the stern indifference of my mind regarded my tears as nothing more than impure drops of water running over an inanimate surface, which might perhaps shorten a single moment of mental existence. And is it possible, thought I, that one single moment is of so much value to a *thing* that must soon *exist no long r?* I was now wretched, indeed. I was reduced far below the condition of a brute. It seems to be a law of living existence, however, to adapt itself to the nature of surrounding circumstances; and presently I began to feel pleasure even in indifference, and I felt thankful that I was not yet *annihilated.*

I now looked over the desolate waste which lay before me, and saw a flaming fire advancing in a whirlwind toward where I stood. It instantly encircled my body, and I was unconsciously borne away. There was no more of me—I was *annihilated.* Every kind word of my life was now hushed in nonentity—every good act was now sunk in perpetual oblivion, and every feeling worthy of humanity was now for ever lost beneath the impetuous tide of eternity. My body was now resolved into its elementary particles of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, and formed now only a few drops of this rolling deep, and a few particles of the whistling wind.

A flood of light suddenly burst forth from heaven, and with it my *consciousness* returned. I felt as if I were a flickering shade living in the beams of this glorious light. As the beams shone more brightly, I heard the music of heaven rolling along the eternal pathway, and heavenly sympathy now filled my soul. As the music grew louder, and the notes more clear, I saw a mist hanging all around me, glittering with a thousand beautiful rainbows, and dazzling in the light of heaven. It was the collected elements of my former body. A heavenly chorus was now distinctly heard, and as my soul was leaping for joy, the glittering mist disappeared, and I found myself the companion of a multitude of the angels of heaven. As we ascended the luminous pathway, I joined in the chorus which said that "we should praise God, and enjoy the light of his countenance *for ever;*" and very soon the sparkling radiance of the portals of heaven was presented to our enraptured vision. O, what a change, thought I, from the experience of utter *annihilation!* "Tongue cannot express, nor" can it enter "into the heart of man to conceive" of the unspeakable bliss which I enjoyed, when I heard a voice more sweet than that of the heavenly music say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, naked and ye clothed me, sick and in prison and ye ministered unto me."

I awoke; and when I found that all my pleasure was but a dream, my hopes withered, my heart sickened, and my cheeks were bathed in a flood of tears.

PHILANDER.

CECIL'S MOTHER.

WHEN I was a child, and a very wicked one, too, one of Dr. Watts' hymns sent me into a corner to weep. The lives in Janeway's "Token" had the same effect. I felt the influence of faith in suffering Christians. The character of Young Samuel came home to me, when nothing else had any hold on my mind. The implantation of principles is of unspeakable importance, especially when called from time to time out of the Bible. A man can very seldom get rid of these principles; they stand in his way—he wishes to forget them, perhaps, but it is impossible. Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers; it hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious *mother*, who dropped things in my way; I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel; but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles, maxims, and data, spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them: like embers, we kept one another warm. Besides I was here a sort of hero: I had beguiled several of my associates into my own opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see "The Minor," a profane play. *He* could laugh heartily at Mother Cole—*I* could not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about religion—I knew better. The ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him—to me it was none: it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation—I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man; it harasses him—it throws itself continually in his way. *My mother* would talk to me, and weep as she talked. I flung out of the house with an oath; but wept when I got into the street. Sympathy is the powerful engine of a mother; it is of incalculable importance to obtain a hold on the conscience. Children have a conscience; and it is not seared, though it is evil. With all the infidel poison which they may afterward imbibe, there are few children who at night in the dark, in a storm of thunder, will not fear. They cannot cheat like other men. They recollect that *eternity* which stands in their way; it rises up before them; it goads them; it thunders in their ears. After all, they are obliged to compound the matter with conscience, if they cannot be prevailed upon to return to God without delay. "I MUST be religious one time or another—that is clear. I cannot get rid of this thing. Well, I will begin at such a time—I will finish such a scheme, and then!"—*Cecil.*

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THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

TRANSLATED BY W. G. WILLIAMS, OF WOODWARD COLLEGE.

The death of Socrates is one of the most affecting events recorded in ancient history. It ranks next after the crucifixion of the Savior in the turpitude of its detail, and is second to it alone in moral grandeur, and in its beneficent results. The celebrated infidel, Rousseau, adverts to the similarity of their deaths in his beautiful eulogy upon the character of Jesus Christ. While he believed him to be only a *man*, he thought none but Socrates worthy of comparison with him. He says, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!" Socrates was born at Athens, 471 years B. C., and died in the seventieth year of his age. Cicero says that he could, most emphatically, be called the *parent of philosophy*. But his philosophy was not based upon the popular dogmas of his day. He was the utilitarian of the ancient world, and nobly did he vindicate the character given him by the Delphic Oracle, as the "*wisest of mankind.*" His life, for more than forty years, was entirely devoted to the service of his country. He trained the young men by his instructions, and incited them to their duty by his winning eloquence. Athens was indebted to him for some of her brightest ornaments; and many, who were renowned in after years, were his disciples. The sublimity of his sentiments, not only in regard to man, but to God, were far beyond any thing we have from any other of the heathen philosophers; and the tenor of his life corresponded with the purity of his doctrines.

But however virtuous his conduct, however generous his devotion to his country, Socrates was not without enemies—provoked by his reproofs, and envious of his greatness. And, by their intrigues and cunning duplicity, he was brought to trial and condemned to death for denying the gods in whose service his whole life had been spent, and for corrupting the youth whom it had been his great object to instruct in the principles of morality. But the tragedy was scarcely consummated before justice burst forth upon his murderers, in the vindictive energies of an insulted people. The Athenians, who had so short a time before sentenced him to death, now, struck with the injustice of the sentence, bewailed their wickedness, and rescued the name of Socrates from its unmerited disgrace. The city was in universal mourning and consternation. The schools were shut up, the Academy and Lyceum were closed, and all business was suspended. The accusers were arraigned for the innocent blood they had shed. Melitus, the chief instigator, was sentenced to die, and the rest were banished from Attica for ever. Statues of brass were erected to the memory of Socrates, and a temple was dedicated in his name, and not until this did the Athenians think the city freed from the vengeful anger of the gods, which their guilty consciences pictured hanging over it.

An interval of thirty days passed between the condemnation of Socrates and the drinking of the poison. This time was spent by him in confirming his friends, who visited him daily in prison, in the sentiments already instilled, and inculcating useful and virtuous sentiments for their government in life. He urged entire obedience to the laws, and strengthened his arguments by his own personal example. When an opportunity of flight from death was given him by a friend, who had gained the jailor, he jocosely asked him, "if he knew of any place out of Attica where people did not die?" He taught the unity of the Godhead, the immortality of the soul, and future retributions. But while we are astonished at the great advances he made in true knowledge, we must not judge him by the Christian code of morality. He never heard of that better and purer law, and all that he knew he gathered from the dim light of nature.

The following passage is taken from the conclusion of the "Phædo," a narrative of the last moments of Socrates by his distinguished disciple Plato. Cicero says he could never read this description of his death without tears.

"My dear Socrates," said Crito, "have you any commands to give me concerning your children, or in regard to any thing that we may do in gratitude to you?"

"Nothing more, Crito," said he, "than I have always told you. While my friends recollect Socrates, they will not forget his children. But let your obedience to my past instructions be an evidence of your affection to me."

"We will endeavor to do so," said Crito; "but in what manner, O Socrates, do you wish to be buried?"

"As you wish," said he, "if, indeed, you can catch me, and I do not escape from you;" and laughing pleasantly, and turning to us, he said, "I cannot persuade Crito that Socrates is he who now converses with you, and arranges the different parts of his discourse; but he constantly thinks me to be that which he will in a little time see dead, and accordingly he asks me how I wish to be buried. But I have all along told you that when I drink the poison, I shall no longer remain with you, but depart to the blissful seats of the immortal dead."

Having thus spoken, he went into the inner chamber to bathe, and Crito followed him; but he commanded us to remain. Therefore, we stayed, conversing among ourselves, and musing about his sayings; for when we reflected upon the calamity so soon to fall upon us, we appeared like children bereaved of their long-loved parent. When he had bathed, his children were brought to him, and the domestics of his house came also, to see him for the last time. And when he had spoken to them, and commanded what he wished, he desired them to be removed.

It was now near the setting of the sun when he returned to us, for he had delayed a long time within; and not many things were spoken before the servant of the magistrates entered, and standing near him said, "I know I will not be blamed by you, O Socrates, as I am blamed by others in your circumstances, who are enraged at me, and imprecate all manner of evil upon me when, in the course of my duty, I announce to them the time for taking the poison. In the time you have been here, I have known you the most noble and gentle of all that I ever saw; and I am well convinced that you will not reproach me for your injuries, for you know who are the blame-worthy. And now, since you know for what I have come, bear with courage what is unavoidable. Farewell!" and bursting into tears, he turned away. And Socrates, looking upon him, bade him farewell, and promised to do as directed. Then addressing us he said, "How courteous is this man! For often has he come to me and cheered me in my imprisonment; and now how tenderly does he lament me! But come, Crito, we must obey him. Let some one bring the cup, if ready; but if not have it instantly prepared."

Crito answered, "I am sure, O Socrates, that the sun is still above the mountains, and it is yet lawful to delay; for others in your situation always put off the evil hour till long after the night hath fallen."

But Socrates said, "It may be proper for them, Crito, to do as you say, for they think to profit by it; but

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I will do no such thing, because I well know that by drinking the poison a little later, I shall gain nothing but the derision of my enemies for desiring to live while the law condemns me to die. Go, therefore, obey me."

Crito hearing this, nodded to the boy who stood near, and he going out, soon returned, bringing the servant who had the poison. Socrates seeing the man said, "Come on, my friend—tell me, for you understand these things, what is necessary to be done."

"Nothing more," said he, "than to walk about after drinking the poison until weary, and then lie down and compose yourself for its effects."

Socrates now took the cup without trembling, or even changing his countenance, but looking intently, as was his wont, upon the man, "What say you," said he, "concerning this drink? Is there sufficient to make a libation to the gods from it, and is it lawful to do so?"

"We have prepared only so much," answered he, "as we thought enough for you to drink."

"Then I am satisfied," said Socrates; "but it is lawful to *pray* to the Deity, (and it is our duty, too,) that he would make our departure to him a happy one." Thus speaking, he calmly and deliberately drank off the poison.

Heretofore we had been scarcely able to restrain ourselves from weeping; but when we saw him drinking the poison, the tears flowed unchecked. In spite of ourselves our lamentations broke forth when we saw the man, who had so long a time been our friend, about to be taken from us. Crito, less able than the rest to repress his wailings, went out to weep in secret. And Apollodorus, who had not ceased crying since he entered the prison, now burst into such uncontrollable grief, as brought tears into the eyes of every one present, except Socrates himself. But he said, "What is it you are doing, O friends? Did I not, for this very purpose, send away the women, that we might have no such exhibition of passion? Pray keep silence, and act like men; for I have heard that it is proper to die an undisturbed death." When we heard this we were ashamed, and refrained as much as possible from weeping.

Socrates now continued walking about until he grew fatigued, and then lay down upon his couch as he had been told. The servant, after a short period, informed us that the poison, which was very active in its nature, would gradually make the extremities cold and rigid, and when it reached the heart he would die. But just before his death, Socrates, uncovering himself, for he had drawn his robe around him, said, (and it was the last word he spoke,) "O, Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius.* Pay it for me, and do not neglect it." Crito said he would attend to it, and asked if he had any other commands, but he gave no answer. And in a few minutes Socrates ceased to breathe, and Crito covered him with the funeral pall.

Such was the death of Socrates, our friend—a man who was by far the best we ever knew, and in all things the wisest and most just.

* "By the cock which Socrates, when dying, said was due to Æsculapius, the patron and first of physicians, was signified the sacrifice due from a grateful mind to death, the great healer of all evils, who was now laying hands upon him."

Original.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

It was evening, and in the latter end of a New England winter, that a pleasant domestic circle were assembled, as was their wont, in their large, warm, cheerful sitting-room, as the family apartment is there called. The candles and the hickory fire both burned brightly, giving out a benignant effulgence of light and heat. The father of this family was absent, but his return was hourly expected.

It was a year or two before the war of 1812, and commerce was then the great source of wealth to the Atlantic states. And the gentleman in question was commander of a merchantman in the East India trade; and his large emolument afforded all those indulgences to his family, which, being dispensed, as in this instance, by the benevolent hand of the mistress of the mansion, constitute that free and liberal house-keeping which renders a house—a parlor—delightful equally to inmates and to visitors.

And many such an house, without ostentation, might then be found in the cities and towns of New England. But since then, luxury, with its insatiable demands, has devoured the means of simple cheerfulness; and fashion, with its concomitant restraints, has banished the hilarious good will which accompanied the hearty hospitality of the day. But perhaps there is now more religion than there then was.

The circle consisted of six or eight persons. The mother was seated at one of the principal places of the fire-side, engaged with her knitting work, and presiding, as it were, over the conversation, which was occasionally politely referred to her comment. The two eldest daughters, girls of seventeen and nineteen years, were engaged in conversing each with a young gentleman, who subsequently became their husbands. Besides these another gentleman had dropped in, a frequent visitor, and a relative of the family. A couple of urchins, not yet sent to bed, were sporting about the room, with now and then an appeal to their mother of "how much it yet wanted of eight o'clock." And a little retreated from the circle sat a younger sister, aged about thirteen years. She had taken a candle to herself, and, undisturbed by any thing about her, was silently conning her lessons for the morrow's recitation at school. As she mastered one study, she would close the book, and with a little sort of exulting tap put it on the table, and say, "One more, mother," and exchange it for another, and so on until she got through with the pile, consisting generally of about four memory studies. This young girl was diligent, had a good memory, was accustomed to study, and sought her chief pleasure in her school. Frequently, if she got through soon,

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under all would be found some book of entertainment, with which she would close the evening. And at that time many such a nice little girl might be found similarly employed. Betsey was content not to be considered as one of the company, but only good naturedly to join in, when the turn of conversation called for a general laugh.

It was now about half past eight o'clock, and she looked up, and addressing her mother, to whom she sat nearest, said in a low, and, as it were, unconscious manner, "Mother, I saw Jesus Christ pass through the room then!" and she turned to her book again. Her manner was so little demanding or impressive, that her mother passed it by for the instant, half believing that her daughter should have been reading somewhat from one of her books, but intending to question her when the visitors should be gone. But about an hour afterward, just when the young gentlemen were taking leave, she cried out vehemently, "O mother, I am sick—let me go to bed!" This was instantly complied with, and her mother, in taking her arm, found she had a strong ague fit upon her. The physician was immediately summoned, and he attended closely upon her throughout the night. But the illness increased, and bore upon her with fiightful power and rapidity, leaving scarce an interval of consciousness or coherence; and at the break of day the same morning, she expired. Every thing, probably, had been done for her that the case admitted of. The physician declared that, from the first instant he saw her, he knew it was impossible she could live. The disease was scarlet fever, then epidemic in the place; and the infection had been so deep, and the seizure so powerful, that when the first symptoms appeared, death was already at work.

Under these afflicting circumstances, what palliation to the anguish of the weeping family was found! Their consternation being a little abated, the reflection of those few words she had spoken imparted more comfort than all the recollected words of her life could give. And though thus suddenly reft away, at the first intimation of her change she had invoked the "only name given under heaven" whereby she might be saved. Grace had been vouchsafed to her soul, and they hoped she was saved. How precious, then, in their eyes seemed the instruction that had been sufficient for such a reference! how more valuable than all else of her education! And this reflection they laid wisely to heart: and the younger children of that family were still more sedulously trained and instructed in religious truth than had been their well beloved, lamented Betsey.

The gentleman mentioned as relative of the family is brother to the writer, and relates this remarkable instance as is here set down; and he supposes that the seeming indifference with which the child uttered words so striking, marked a more concentrated inward attention, and the apprehensive bewilderment of her state. M.

Wisdom is a palace of which only the vestibule has yet been entered.

Original.

WHAT IS THIS LIFE!

Life is like a troubled dream,
Disturbed by anxious care;
'Tis like the bubble on the stream,
The arrow in the air;
Or like the morning cloud that spreads
A transient shadow o'er our heads,
T' obscure the solar beam.
Man 's like the shallop on the wave,
Driven by tempests to the grave,
And tried by each extreme
Of sorrow's "whelming thunder-gust,"
Until it hurls him to the dust.

In youth he looks for many years
In pleasure's path to fly;
Or toward ambition's goal he steers
Its dizzy steeps to try,
And hopes the "trump of future fame"
May sound at last his humble name;
And deems the moment nigh
When he shall seize the victor's crown,
Resplendent with a world's renown,
When, lo! he 's called to die—
Quite unprepared for worlds of bliss,
And yet, alas! cut off from this. M. B.

Original.

JUBILEE.*

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

Our bonds are broken, we are free;
And shall we not rejoice—
Shall not the song of triumph swell
From every tuneful voice—
Rise from each mountain's topmost height!
Let hill and valley ring
With Israel's deliverance,
By her victorious King.
Jehovah, in the heathens' land,
Hath made his wonders known;
Their princes see his mighty works—
Their gods are overthrown.
From bondage we will now return,
Jerusalem, to thee—
To thee the scattered tribes shall flow,
Like streamlets to the sea.
In tears this precious seed was sown—
Deep sorrow mark'd our path—
The Lord has seen our contrite hearts,
And has restrained his wrath.
Our God, to thee we now return,
And at thy altar bend;
Accept, we pray, our sacrifice,
And us from harm defend!

* 126th Psalm.

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Original.

THE EFFICIENCY OF GRACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

This is strictly a narrative of the religious experience of an eminent living Christian. Her real name, of course, is withheld. It was read over to her, sentence by sentence, and, when necessary, was changed, so as to express with the greatest precision the facts and feelings which it describes.

Ellen C. was the child of pious parents. Her home was a *chapel;* for in earlier times the preaching, in western settlements, was at those private dwellings where the circumstances of central position, and of a hearty welcome, invited the minister's appointments. Before Ellen's birth, and for years succeeding, her father's dwelling entertained the preacher and his congregation. It happened, of course, that the children of the family were familiar with meetings, and with the domestic habits of itinerating clergymen. Ellen, amongst the rest, was wont to discharge towards them those little offices of Christian hospitality which are due from pious families to Christ's servants for their Lord's sake. She doubtless gave to more than one a cup of cold water; and if reverence for the office they bore could meet that condition of the precept, "in the name of a disciple," Ellen might have claimed the promised reward; for in her childhood she looked upon a minister of Jesus as more like an angel than a frail mortal, liable to err, and himself needing the blood of atonement to cleanse and keep him pure. O, that Christ's ministers may always so demean themselves as to justify a high degree of reverence for their office and its incumbents!

Ellen was not, even in childhood, without the frequent visitations of the Holy Spirit to her young heart. She often wept under the sermon, and had her feelings moved by the relations of Christian experience in the class-room. It is probable that these frequent impressions would have resulted in conversion, and in a staid youthful Christian character, but for one paternal error. Ellen was not taught to pray in her closet. No admonitions of this sort drew her into the paths of righteousness and peace. And we trust the reader will not forget the consequences of this paternal negligence, namely, Ellen was almost a young woman before she knelt in secret prayer.

In the seventeenth year of her age she was invited to dine at a friend's house, with several young persons of the neighborhood. Amongst the guests was a young gentleman of Quaker parentage and training, who, having "slipped the bridle" of home discipline and restraint, and lived sometime after the fashions of the world, had been recently converted among the Methodists. He was now warm in his first love, and with becoming zeal ceased not to warn his young companions to turn from death unto life. In the course of conversation he proposed to go with Ellen that evening to a prayer meeting, and return with her thence to her father's house. She went. On the way he talked to her faithfully on the subject of religion.

"Ellen," said he, "do you *believe* in religion?"

"Certainly," she replied. "I was brought up a Methodist, and am firmly persuaded that religion is true."

"Why, then, do you not seek it? Why put it off for an hour?" and starting from her admissions, he earnestly set before her the folly and guilt of deferring so great a work. He urged her especially to seek it by *prayer*.

At meeting, the words of the Quaker convert weighed so heavily on her conscience that Ellen commenced praying. Her heart was still more deeply smitten under her own efforts. She returned home sorely convicted, and continued in mental struggles to seek God. On the following day a difficulty arose, which we will mention for the good of others. Ellen was seized with a sudden concern in regard to the origin, or rather the means of her conviction. She traced it to the conversation of her young Quaker (now Methodist) friend. She was a young lady—she was troubled lest there should be an impropriety in the connection between her conviction and the warnings given her by a young gentleman. How artful are the devices of Satan! Had she been successfully solicited by him to attend a ball, or devote herself in any form to the gayeties of the world, such a suggestion would never have disturbed her. But to be influenced by a *young gentleman*, not to *levity*, but to *sobriety*—not to *folly*, but to *wisdom*—this the greatest adversary would have her believe was improper and indelicate. In this instance Satan was foiled. The very assault seemed to deepen her conviction. While pondering this question of propriety, the importance of seeking Jesus, and that without delay on any account, became more and more apparent. She therefore applied herself more ardently than ever to the Bible and to prayer, resolved at all hazards to secure the interests of her soul.

She committed one error. A quarterly meeting was appointed for the circuit. Six or eight weeks were to intervene before its arrival. She fixed on that as the time to find the Savior. Though she attended, in the meantime, to closet and social prayer, yet these were rendered less efficient by the waiting posture of her mind. At length the time of meeting drew near. It was to be held seven or eight miles from her father's house. Up to the Friday before its commencement, she saw but little prospect of reaching the place. On that day some young people called, and whether fretted by disappointment, or betrayed by natural temper, she indulged in trifling conversation. On reflection, this, too, contrary to the design of the adversary, increased the subsequent agony of her mind, and deepened in her heart the purpose to be a Christian.

On Saturday an opportunity providentially occurred to attend the quarterly meeting. She gladly embraced it. When mourners were called, she was the first to approach the altar, and kneel for the prayers of God's people. Here she intended to plead mentally but not

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audibly for pardon and regeneration. She determined, with all the strength of purpose she could command, not to let her voice be heard. She felt not the fear of hell, but the oppressiveness of sin, and how dreadful it is to have offended God. This she felt more and more as she bowed at the altar, till her lips broke the silence, and with a loud voice she cried for pardoning mercy.

Her soul was almost instantly eased of its burden, and in twenty minutes after she approached the altar, the gracious work was wrought. She had no ecstasies—expressed none. But she had the witness that she was reconciled to God.

Her peace, however, was soon interrupted. A young lady who was kneeling by her at the altar, and who had not sought religion till the meeting commenced, professed conversion at nearly the same moment with herself. *She* was filled with unutterable ecstasy, and shouted aloud the praises of God. Ellen overheard some of the members say, "That is the right kind of conversion—such as I like to see." They seemed to treat her case differently, as doubting whether it could be genuine. This awakened self-distrust. The meeting closed. For six months she went on, attending to duty, resolving to *be*, if she was not, a Christian. She often felt peace, and sometimes joy; but there were also intermissions of doubt and disquiet, which could often be traced to the discouraging circumstances above referred to. One of her sisters soon followed her into the Church, but did not obtain a lively faith in the Redeemer.

A camp meeting was to be held twenty-five miles from Ellen's residence. She was anxious to go, and have the company of the family along with her. After much perplexity and toil, she obtained the concurrence of some of her brothers and sisters, and started to the ground with strong hopes that both they and herself might be abundantly blessed. Here Ellen was exercised with peculiar anxiety for her friends; and one brother was converted and joined the Church. Another of the family, who was previously a member, embraced religion. Ellen herself was exceedingly blessed. She spent several hours in a state of such absorbing communion with God, that she noticed nothing around her. Her expressions of confidence and joy were so unusual that her sister was much disturbed on account of it, and became so exasperated on the way home, that she could not conceal the thorns of her temper. She said that it was "wild fire," and that a "rain or two would put it out"—to all which, and many fiercer words, Ellen responded only with the most gentle, conciliating language.

From this time Ellen had no doubts about her conversion. For three years and a half she lived in the clear enjoyment of religion, and had many glorious manifestations of the Savior's presence. But for all that period she never seriously turned her attention to the subject of sanctification. She scarcely adverted to the theme, or noticed it understandingly if it was dwelt upon by others in her hearing, until she left the country, and took up her residence in the city. Even then she did not professedly seek it. Yet she felt a hungering after righteousness, and was waxing stronger in God, until the following incident greatly interrupted her comfort and progress.

She became acquainted with a lady of another Church, who manifested a deep interest in her state, and took occasion to inquire minutely into the exercises of her mind. After many conversations, at various times, she essayed to beguile Ellen, not as the serpent did Eve, but with the less guilty aim of bringing her off from Methodism, and introducing her to safer Church communions. For this she gave her young friend a relation of what she had seen amongst the Methodists—how they "professed much and practiced little," and, in a word, held them up by implication to the unsuspecting Ellen as hypocrites of the most hopeless class. She also procured a young clergyman to second her pious endeavors with all the zeal he could summon to the task. The consequence was that Ellen declined the acquaintance of both, and betook herself to class and other meetings with a design to be an upright Christian, and to continue her membership in the Church to which she belongs.

But though Ellen's firmness of character, and the grace of God, preserved her from this snare, Satan took advantage of the circumstance to her temporary loss. Remembering the insinuations thrown out against the morals of some Church members, she became distrustful of nearly all. When her class-mates professed communion with God, her heart involuntarily drew back from confiding in them. Thus her charity was restrained. From suspecting others she began at last to suspect herself, and became doubtful of her own frames and professions—doubtful whether she was herself sincere. This temptation soon left her, but its effects remained. She lost her enjoyment, and for many weeks was forsaken to sadness and sorrow of heart. In the midst of her trouble she saw a young man in the agonies of death, who enjoyed such manifestations of Christ's love as bore him up in his struggles, and made him quite insensible to fear and pain. While witnessing his triumphs, it forcibly occurred to her that Christians need more grace in life than in death—that their temptations and trials, in the midst of health, are more severe than those in the closing scene of life; and that He who supplied abounding grace to the less needy dying, will not withhold it from those more needy in their struggles with the world. This thought may have been original with Ellen. It is possible that, on close examination, it will be found a just conclusion. To *live* right certainly requires much grace. The reflection did not restore Ellen's peace, but it encouraged her to seek more earnestly.

The yearly camp meeting for the city and neighboring circuits was at hand. Ellen prepared to attend. She went with a *desire*, rather than an expectation to be blessed. She felt needy—very needy. Her mind was not turned toward blessings of any particular sort or name. She thought not of perfect love, or entire sanctification. She merely felt that she needed to be

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blessed. The tent to which she belonged was occupied by members of the Church who were seeking full redemption. But they committed one great error. Instead of adhering to the order of the meeting, in listening to the sermons, and joining in the regular public devotions, they tarried in their tent, held private prayer meetings, and, as far as their example went, encouraged inattention to the services of the occasion. Ellen declined their method. She went into the congregation at the prescribed signal, heard the sermons, and gave diligent heed to all the public exercises. Still depressed, and continually meditating how much grace she needed, and how little she seemed to possess, about the third day of the meeting a sister called on her and expressed a desire to open her feelings, and get some advice. Ellen felt that she could give her no counsel, as she needed herself to receive rather than impart. But the sister proceeded to unfold her embarrassments, while Ellen listened in silence. When the sister had finished, Ellen in return rehearsed her own difficulties, and in the course of her remarks reiterated the thought which occurred to her at the death-bed of the young man, namely, that "we need more grace while living than when dying." In the very act of uttering these words, she felt a sensation as if produced by a voice, not human but divine, as it were a heavy, trumpet-like sound, thus: "*It shall be so*"—and an assurance was then given her (by an impression on her mind so deep that it seemed vocally announced from heaven) that she should *have all the grace of which she had been speaking—enough for both life and death.*

Just then the signal called the congregation to the stand, and Ellen seated herself to hear the sermon. The services proceeded; but she received no impression from any thing external. The hour was spent by her in a depth of communion with God to which hitherto she had been an utter stranger. It absorbed all her powers; and though sights and sounds were around her, and probably, as usual, impressed her senses, yet they seemed to gain no cognizance of the soul—they did not reach the inward man. She was taken up with inward workings, which she found no power to describe, though they were exceedingly clear and definite to herself. Perhaps the most natural description would be, her soul communicated with Jehovah, as in a dialogue, concerning the assurance lately given that "she should *have all the grace of which she had been speaking.*" "How," said her heart, addressing God, "wilt thou have me to receive this grace? How can such and such difficulties be overcome?"—naming, mentally, the hindrances which, one by one, came to mind. As fast as she queried God seemed to reply, and with the reply came the removal, or the satisfactory solution of the difficulty to which the query related. In this exercise she passed the hour occupied by the sermon, communing not with earth—not with the saints around her—not with the preacher—not with God *through* the preacher or his expositions of the Divine word; but with God in her own heart, through the Spirit. At length the mourners were called. The altar was soon filled. Ellen, with some others, stepped forward and mingled with them. A minister said, "Let us pray." Just then the inquiry came to her heart, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The voice again, or an impression so clear and deep as to be *like* a living voice, replied, "*You are expected to pray.*" This she had never yet been able to do in public, with any composure or propriety. But forgetful of all usual embarrassments, she burst forth in prayer, and immediately forgot all but God and the intense illuminations of his overwhelming glory. She seemed lifted up toward, or it might be said *into*, heaven, and her whole being became absorbed in God. In the midst of this beatitude, the thought occurred to her, "What is this!" And, by what seemed to be a still clearer voice, ringing through all her soul, it was replied, "*Full redemption!*"

Original.

ADMONITION.*

SUSAN, I would the power were mine
To catch the muse's sweetest strain—
And breathe it o'er this page of thine
In language kind but plain.

Although thy life like fairy land
Now spreads its charms around thee,
And Love and Hope, with accents bland,
Perchance have sought and found thee—

Tho' Pleasure fills thy golden bowl,
Nor thinks of coming years,
She cannot future life control,
Nor dry affliction's tears.

The youthful eye ne'er seems to mark
The rapid flight of Time,
Till he, with his untiring speed,
Has brought them near their prime.

But when the dreams of youth have fled,
And cares come clustering round,
They seem to hear his very tread,
And startle at the sound.

Then let me warn a youthful friend
To improve as swift it flies—
The season God so kindly lends
To fit us for the skies.

The purest joys we e'er can know
Arise from peace within;
And peace will like a river flow
In hearts redeemed from sin.

Then while the bloom is on thy cheek,
And friends are round thee pressing,
This lasting peace, dear Susan, seek—
'Twill sanctify each blessing. AUGUSTA.

* These lines were written sometime since for the album of a fashionable young lady, who has recently been converted.

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ON SUBMISSION.

BY ANTONIA BOURIGNON.

All perfection consists in submitting our wills unto that of God. This is all that he requires of us. For God, who possesses all things in himself, has need of nothing; but was and is still desirous that we should submit our wills unto his: and good reason for it, because we were created for him, and have received all of him. If we hope for any happiness, it must come from him; seeing none can either save himself or any other creature. It is from God alone that we are to hope for this. Why, then, are we unwilling to subject our wills to his, seeing it is good and reasonable so to do, and seeing God requires no other thing of his creatures but submission to his holy will? Could he demand less than this submission of his creatures, whom he had drawn out of nothing, that he might raise them to what they are, promising them eternal joy and delights of eternal duration, provided they would submit unto his holy will? Is not this the least he could demand for so many benefits, so many felicities, so many favors, as he hath bestowed upon them? I entreat you not to trouble yourself with the many methods that men have invented for attaining salvation; for the devil insinuates himself into all material things, be they ever so good and pious, but can never get hold of this submission of our wills to God, because this is a spiritual act, wherein our enemy can find no matter whereby to tempt us in any manner. Hold fast by this, contemning all his wiles and temptations, which merit not that a child of God should stop at them, seeing they are nothing but smoke, which vanishes into air as soon as we have recourse to our true almighty Father, who never fails us if we seek to him in time of need. I have always found more help under temptations when I have had my recourse unto God, than when I have stood disputing it with the devil, who is not worthy that a child of God should defend himself against him, who is only his own enemy, and hath no power over us, if our wills be not consenting to it. Therefore be not troubled about the fantasies and temptations which he raises to you, whether when you are awake or asleep, provided you remain firm in your resolution not to offend God any more. Have your recourse only unto God, and pray to him that he would rather let you die than consent unto sin. This will speedily relieve you from the temptation, and thus you shall overcome the devil without fighting with him. This is what I have experienced in myself, and what you may also make trial of in your own person, and be not troubled for any evil thoughts that may be suggested unto you. Disregard the importunities of these as you would do that of the flies in the summer heat. Though you should be vexed with evil thoughts all your life, this will not make you less agreeable unto God, IF YOU TAKE NO PLEASURE IN THEM, and GIVE NO CONSENT UNTO THEM; for the devil cannot make us sin if we consent not to it. On the contrary, these temptations purify our souls, by our resistance and the uneasiness they make us suffer. We must in this, as in every other thing, submit our wills unto God, who will never suffer us to be tempted beyond our strength. But this submission of ours must be absolute in all things, CORPOREAL, TEMPORAL, SPIRITUAL, yea, ETERNAL.

Original.

LIFE'S TRAVELER.

An aged man of God encountered a traveler who smote his breast and broke into loud and deep lamentation. And he said, "My brother, what is thy affliction, that thou wailest thus on thy way?" And the traveler answered, "My path is long and weary; it is full of thorns and thistles; my feet are bleeding with sharp rocks, and my bosom is torn with briars; my sight is dim, and I fear to lose my way; darkness gathers around me, and I know not which way to turn; my ear is dull, and I hear not the voice of the torrent till it roars at my feet; the bitter north winds pierce me through; the sun looks fiercely upon me, and I faint; they who travel with me, and who should assist me in my feebleness, rush rudely by, and overturn me as they pass; they darken my way by intercepting its faint light; they toss the brambles from their own feet under mine; they bewilder me by adverse counsels, and lead me into crooked paths as I follow them; they pluck rich fruits by the wayside, which I in my weakness cannot reach, and forget that I am fainting. There were those who traveled with me for a season, whom I loved and who held up their light that I might also see; and they pitied my wounds, and bound them up as we journeyed, and they pointed out the green places, and we sat together by the fountains in the wilderness, and I gathered strength as we held sweet converse. But one by one they have faded like a vision from my sight; they have all passed away! they flit by me in my dreams, but they mock my grasp; their voices come upon my ear on the night breeze, but I call on them and they do not answer! Askest thou why I lift up my voice in sorrow?"

And the holy man inquired, "Whither dost thou travel? what is the goal of thy journeying?" And the traveler said, "I am journeying to the house of my Father; I am traveling home; I know that there I shall be welcome; for though my dim sight so often mistakes the direction, yet hath my Father sent me his chart and compass to guide me on my way." And the man of God once more questioned, "In this thy Father's house, what is it that awaits thee?" The faith of the traveler kindled at the thought, and he replied, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the fullness and the joy thereof. All the glories and delights, which I see at a distance on my way, and for which I often mourn, are as nought to the least of the abundance that is there awaiting me. The glorious hues

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that fade out here as we gaze, are the enduring colors of that mansion. The waters that shine there upon the eye have no bitterness, and there, there is no drouth. There is no separation there, and no chill of doubt, or decay, or jealousy cometh there, between hearts that love. And the shadow of death entereth not there! And they whom I loved, and with whom I talked of that blessed home as we journeyed, are all there! Though they passed from my sight like the morning dew, yet have they left me a sign and a token where I should find them."

"And thou weepest, O traveler," said the aged man, "and falterest on thy way to a home like this! Why girdest thou thy spirit not up, in the strength of that which is before thee? Go steadily on thy way. Why dost thou foolishly look to thy fellow travelers for guides? Behold they are weak; they are dim-sighted; they are bewildered as thou art. Hast thou not the chart and compass of thy Father? Why askest thou their support, and seest not *they* are fainting at thy side? Thou shrinkest from the thorns in thy way, and seest not that their feet are bleeding. Thou lookest on the fruits they chance to pluck, and forgettest that thou gatheredst when they were an hungered, and they shared not. If thy sight is dim, and thine ear dull, hast thou jostled no one in *thy* path, and flung the thorns from *thy* feet under those of no other? Hast thou not passed by him whose wounds *thou* shouldst have bound up, and heard not the cry of him who asked *thy* help. Complain not, O man, of thy brother, nor embitter thy soul by thinking he careth not for thee. Look not upon the length of thy way, nor upon its toils, nor its desolateness, nor yet upon the deep waters, nor the valley and shadow of death thou must finally pass. But fix thine eye steadfastly on the home beyond; and, though dimness be upon thy vision, yet shalt thou pass on in safety and rejoicing, as one indeed, who, weary and worn from a long journey, yet beholdeth, from afar off, gleaming through the wilderness, the lights of his Father's mansion." D.

PEACE AND HUMILITY.

BY FRANCIS DE SALES.

THERE is nothing that gives us trouble and disquiet but our SELF-LOVE and SELF-ESTEEM. If we have not a melting tenderness of heart, or feeling sentiments, when we are at prayer, we fall immediately into sadness. If we meet with any difficulties, if any occurrence crosses our designs, we are presently excited, and exert all our strength to overcome those obstacles and rid ourselves of them; which cannot be done without hurry and disquiet. And whence comes all this, but because we would have every thing go smoothly according to *our wishes*, and, as it were, *by eating nothing but sugar;* not casting our eyes on our blessed Jesus, who, prostrate on the earth, sweats blood with the anguish he suffered through the agonizing combat, which he felt in his interior, between the natural affections of the inferior part of his soul and the holy resolutions of the superior. Let us do three things and we shall preserve the peace of our souls.

The first is, to have a pure intention to desire, in all things, the HONOR and GLORY of God. The second, to do all we are able, to attain this end. The third, to fix this truth in our minds, that God is called the Prince of Peace; and that wherever he is master, *he settles a profound and total peace in the soul.* It is true, indeed, that before he can establish this peace in any place, he raises a war there first, by stripping the heart and the soul of their most dear, familiar and customary affections; such as an inordinate *love of themselves*, self-reliance, self-complacency, &c. Yet even in doing this, we find some degree of peace, by reason of our conformity to the will of God.

Consider our dear Savior in the garden, and you will find that, to be the Prince of Peace, is to preserve our peace in the midst of war, and to enjoy sweetness in the midst of the bitterest afflictions. This will teach you that all those thoughts that cause in you disquiet and trouble of spirit, do not all come from God, who is the Prince of Peace, but are temptations of the enemy; and therefore you ought to restrain their motions and take no notice of them.

We must in every thing and at all times live peaceably, and this both in sadness and in joy. Is harm to be shunned and avoided? Let us do it peaceably, quietly, and without disturbance. Is good to be done? Let us do that, too, peaceably; otherwise we shall fall into many faults, through precipitancy and too much haste. Nay, let us observe the same conduct even in our works of penitence, and perform them peaceably.

As for humility, it makes our heart kind and sweet, both toward the perfect and the imperfect; toward those by RESPECT, toward these by COMPASSION. Humility makes us also welcome our sufferings sweetly, by knowing that we deserve them; and welcome those goods that befall us with a grateful reverence, by knowing that we do not deserve them at all. Exercise yourself, then, very much in acts of humility and of charity toward your neighbor, and be sure it will turn to a good account. When you find yourself sick or over-wearied, it must be your exercise to accept and love holy humility. By this means you will change the lead of your humility into gold; nay, into a more refined gold than that of the most lively gayety of heart. Do not give way to any complaining language, or say you are miserable, unfortunate, or such like, but avoid them utterly; for they are the sallies of a heart too much dejected and overwhelmed with temporal afflictions, and are not so properly to be called impatience as murmurings against God, who tries you.

Continue in your humility, as in a kind of hatred of any self-excellence of your own; and be courageously and magnanimously humble in Him who placed the great effort of his power *in the humility of the cross.*

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THE YOUNG MARTYRS.

BY D'AUBIGNE.

The inquisitors of the Low Countries, thirsting for blood, scoured the neighboring country, searching everywhere for the young Augustines, who had escaped from the Antwerp persecution. Esch, Voes and Lambert were at last discovered, put in chains, and conducted to Brussels. Egmondanus, Hochstraten and several other inquisitors summoned them to their presence. "Do you retract your opinion," inquired Hochstraten, "that the priest has no power to forgive sins, but that the power belongs to God alone?"—and then he went on to enumerate the other Gospel truths which he required them to abjure. "No, we will retract nothing!" exclaimed Esch and Voes, firmly: "we will not disown God's word, we will rather die for the faith!"

The Inquisitor. "Confess that you have been deceived by Luther."

The Young Augustines. "As the apostles were deceived by Jesus Christ."

The Inquisitors. "We declare you to be heretics, worthy of being burnt alive; and we deliver you over to the secular arm."

Lambert was silent. The prospect of death terrified him: distress and uncertainty agitated his heart. "I request four days' respite," said he, in stifled emotion. He was taken back to prison. As soon as this respite was expired, Esch and Voes were degraded from their priestly office, and handed over to the council of the reigning governess of the Low Countries. The council delivered them bound to the executioner. Hochstraten and three other inquisitors accompanied them to the place of execution.

Arriving at the scaffold, the young martyrs contemplated it with calmness. Their constancy, their piety, and their youth, drew tears from the inquisitors themselves. When they were bound to the stake, the confessors drew near. "Once more we ask if you will receive the Christian faith."

The Martyrs. "We believe in the Christian Church, but not in your Church."

Half an hour elapsed. It was a pause of hesitation. A hope had been cherished that the near prospect of such a death would intimidate these youths. But, alone tranquil of all the crowd that thronged the square, they began to sing psalms,—stopping from time to time to declare that they were resolved to die for the name of Jesus Christ.

"Be converted, be converted," cried the inquisitors, "or you will die in the name of the devil." "No," answered the martyrs; "we will die like Christians, and for the truth of the Gospel."

The pile was then lighted. Whilst the flame slowly ascended, a heavenly peace dilated their hearts; and one of them could even say, "I seem to be on a bed of roses." The solemn hour was come—death was at hand. The two martyrs cried with a loud voice, "O Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon us!" and then they began to recite their creed. At last the flames reached them; but the fire consumed the cords which fastened them to the stake before their breath was gone. One of them, feeling his liberty, dropped upon his knees in the midst of the flames, and then, in worship to his Lord, exclaimed, clasping his hands, "Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us!"

Their bodies were quickly wrapped in flame; they shouted, "*Te Deum laudamus.*" Soon their voices were stifled,—and their ashes alone remained.

This execution had lasted four hours. It was on the 1st of July, 1523, that the first martyrs of the Reformation laid down their lives for the Gospel.

All good men shuddered when they heard of these events. The future was big with fearful anticipations. "The executions have begun," said Erasmus. "At length," exclaimed Luther, "Christ is gathering some fruits of our preaching, and preparing new martyrs."

But the joy of Luther in the constancy of these young Christians was disturbed by the thoughts of Lambert. Of the three, Lambert possessed most learning; he had been chosen to fill the place of Probst, as preachers at Antwerp. Finding no peace in his dungeon, he was terrified at the prospect of death; but still more by conscience, which reproached him with his cowardice, and urged him to confess the Gospel. Delivered ere long, from his fears, he boldly proclaimed the truth, and died like his brethren.

A noble harvest sprung up from the blood of these martyrs. Brussels manifested a willingness to receive the Gospel. "Wherever Aleander lights a pile," remarked Erasmus, "there it seems as if he had sown heretics."

"I am bound with you in your bonds," exclaimed Luther; "your dungeons and your burnings my soul takes part in. All of us are with you in spirit; and the Lord is above it all!"

He proceeded to compose a hymn commemorative of the death of the young monks; and soon, in every direction, throughout Germany and the Low Countries, in towns and in villages, were heard accents of song which communicated an enthusiasm for the faith of the martyrs.

Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last.
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall bring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

Jesus hath now received
Their latest living breath,—
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death.
Still—still—though dead, they speak,
And trumpet-tongued proclaim
To many a wakening land,
The one availing Name.

After praying to God not to lead you into temptation, do not throw yourself into it.

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Original.

AMIABILITY.

"Out of the heart are the issues of life." This saying of the wise man applies no less aptly to the life of the world than to that of the spirit; and it requires not the teaching of ethics to inform us who are they that win to their earning the world! They are the *amiable* and the *gentle-tempered*. We speak in general sense, and of those whose abilities, talents and opportunities are about upon a par with each other. Particularly we speak to females; to the young amongst them who have yet their course to run; and probably, very probably, the difference of gentleness—not of manners only, but of the heart, shall make to them either a happy or a disastrous life. It will not be imputed that there is any idea of self-righteousness in this statement; for this flow of gentleness is but the effluence and constant giving forth of that spirit of lowliness and humility which, it is asserted, is the very ground and foundation of the Christian character.

And here let us remark the difference perceptible in the theories of religious or of merely ethical writers. Whilst the former hold up to imitation that subduing of the natural heart which is said to be the perfection of saintly grace, the latter frequently assert that firmness and well sustained strength is most consistent with the dignity of man's moral being. The writers of biography in a particular manner tend to mislead the young in what is to be endeavored after in character—the representation mostly is that it is force, enterprise and spirit that gain supremacy and maintain dominion in the world; yet the success of a conqueror is but a fallacious test, but the outside of things, the phase, and not the centre—the ascription of the multitude, showing what they themselves would desire, rather than the acknowledgment of the hero himself.

It is mostly the lives of the illustrious and uncommon that are chronicled, and not those of every day capacity that are thus held forth. And the points insisted on by the biographer are calculated to mislead; for, after all, it is the patience of deliberation, the long study of planning, the quiet industry, that precede, which secure achievement; but these are mostly unnoticed, kept out of sight—yet such are generally the preliminaries that lead to the success of performance. Another distinction. The idea of fame is not that of happiness—a hero is generally carried along by some impulse almost irresistible—in his mission, and at the instant, he makes to himself no question whether he would prefer the plaudits of the world, or the approbation of Heaven and the contentment of his own soul; yet the day will come, if he live long enough, when such question and such consciousness will arise. But our young female readers have nothing to do with these grand speculations, which, indeed, at this time of day are getting out of fashion everywhere.

It is the mistake of many parents to applaud and to praise their child whilst yet an infant, for those little performances which evince spirit and energy, in preference, nay, often to the exclusion of those acts which betoken kindness and love. How then shall the child learn to know, if the former be not far more valuable than the latter? Yet the former has its basis in self, and is much more easy, and accordant to the vanity of nature, than is the latter. The writer, very conversant with children, has noticed manifold instances of this sort, where the parent, without reflection, and certainly without injurious intention, has administered to a false principle, and perverted a true one, by this injudicious praising of smartness, and passing over of goodness. The effect, besides the immediate influence of flattery upon the infant mind, was always, in the absence of judgment, to give a strong bias to prefer and to value in themselves and their associates, the mental distinctions of character, before those charities of the heart, which both adorn and soften humanity. The intellectual character we shall find often in strong alliance with that pride which is so adverse to gentleness and to that sweetness of intercourse which every condition of life calls for. Good principles cannot commute for want of gentleness—it is the expression of kindness, which the occasion of every day calls for—a character of spirit we often find united with a good heart. Yet it is manifest, if the one is cultivated and the other neglected, that in a very short term of years they will bear no sort of proportion to each other; and, perhaps, in such cases, it is only the care of nature herself, and not of her human guardians, the parent, that the heart which is thus smothered, be not entirely destroyed! Conscience, in such cases, acts occasionally the mentor, and incites to the performance of considerate and obliging acts; yet the tenor of such a life presents not that lovely flow of the affections, that humane softness of word and look, which attract the sympathy of all within its sphere. And this kindness of heart, as evinced in habitual acts and deeds, in forbearances, in considerate gentleness, wins not "golden opinions" only, but it often wins that preferment of place and station, which the ambitious and proud have struggled and sighed for in vain. But this result is not held up as a motive, (for the promptings of kindness should be disinterested,) but it is shown as an effect. Whilst the female of proud nature, the intellectual aspirant with perhaps the keenest susceptibilities, but of ungentle and unregenerate heart, has been robbed of much happiness, her perverted sensibilities, like a stream turned away from its course, have been absorbed in admiration of the grand and the stupendous; and the affections, which naturally had been sufficient to have fed all the sources of domestic and of social life, have expended themselves in these fruitless speculations—elevated and vague,

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unassociated and unreciprocated! How little do parents think of cultivating gentleness of heart in their children, yet how grievously do they deplore that unhappiness which results to them from the want of it. In training, their motto is, on, on, when it should be, restrain, restrain!

Nature is generally sufficient for herself—at least it should be the part of education to direct and subdue, rather than to urge her. All science, except the science of domestic training, goes to this effect. The Humanities are all upon the restrictive plan. Nature is commuted in the attainment of all. The divine preaches the subduing of the carnal heart, as the first and last effort. The leech abstracts the blood he depletes; he takes away the excesses which have accrued, and economizes the system which he would build up. The lawyer, by inverse method, does the same; he asserts that the right is of possession, where no fault of title exists. The mechanic turns all his effort to reduction, and by this method sets his own strength above that which is a thousand times superior to it. The sculptor, by one ungentle blow, would destroy the work of years; and he effects that by restraint of hand which all his force could never do. The orator may be vehement, but he must be gentle; he may persuade, where he could not command. Even the warrior, whose trade is violence, gains his victory, not by urging, but by the adroit saving of his strength. And in the arena the wild bull of the hills is conquered and overcome by the arm of him, whose fragility is, in comparison with his own power, but as the dust of the balance.

But the child is trained, not perhaps by precept, but certainly by practice, to exert, and not to govern, the outgoings of energy and spirit! This, particularly in female character, is a most deplorable mistake. The child of smartness, and of a precosity out-growing its judgment, is still urged on to signalize herself by out-shining others—others, possessed perhaps with quite as much ability, and gifted with a better preponderance of character than her own; but not so quick, not so smart, not so energetic. In the meantime the intrinsic merits of the heart are thrown in the shade, or unaccounted of at all. Is it strange, then, that she shall never know to value them? or only know when the penalty of bitter experience shall have taught her their worth. The prime duty of the young is obedience; yet, with such dispositions, how difficult is obedience rendered. Restraint, then, without severity, should be a fundamental principle in the training of youth. The gentle will find this an easy sway; and the petulant and the froward will be over-ruled to a salutary subordination whilst young; and when sufficient years have rendered it proper that they become their own counselors, and take the government of *their* own characters into their own discretion, the task will be much less arduous than if no such restraint had ever existed; and such young persons will doubtless, by this time, be willing to acknowledge the great obligation they owe to their keeper.

The young is by this time become a woman. She is, with all propriety, looking to a partner in life; she is a candidate for the honors of marriage. In this she makes no overt step; but it is an understood case; for so entirely proper, as well as natural is it, that the female, as well as those of the other sex, should look to marriage, that in those instances where they do not marry, the failure is, in general, to be imputed to some other over-mastering principle of character, rather than to a determination against it, or, as is vulgarly believed, to the "want of a chance." But if my young lady is petulant, overbearing, self-sufficient, who will approach her? Let her beauty and accomplishments be what they may, if she is not amiable she will not be loved; or, to take our epithet in its etymological sense, if she be not *loveable* she will not be loved. But she wishes not to pass through life alone; and, however the circumstances of the case, her fortune, her beauty, or her meretricious fascinations, may effect a marriage for her, it will not be a happy one: she will find that the hollowness of compliment, the voice of adulation, the homage of the senses, are of no abiding date—their own nature forbids that it should be so. She will find that it is only affection that can command affection; that only gentleness and truth shall insure to her the allegiance of that friend who has become the guardian of her life. Young ladies are quite too apt to *believe* the absurd and monstrous flatteries that, in their day of power, are proposed and recapitulated to their too credulous simplicity. However an enamored swain may persuade himself, as well as his fair one, that this rhodamontade of sentiment is genuine love, it should be observed that the more deep attachment seldom deals in such asseveration, and that the sentiment in alliance with the truth of a superior character partakes also of its sincerity. But the young girl is imposed on, partly by the folly of her lover, partly by her own vanity, which is thus fostered, often to the serious disadvantage of her whole life; for the notion of a superiority over her lover, and of a sort of subjection, which he has himself so foolishly instituted, puts her, if she be not at all gentle, upon many coquetries and airs, which finally become habitual, even to the shrouding of whatever good sense and real merit of character she may possess. And often, especially before a stipulated engagement has conferred upon the gentleman the right of expostulation, the unhappy girl finds herself, to her own consternation, deserted! Deserted by one who, had she been gentle, sincere, conciliating, had been well content to assume the partnership of life in her company. In this case, the lady, knowing her own real regard, which, hidden under her affectations, he could never know, imputes the whole blame to him—outwardly making the best of the case she can—shrouding a sad heart

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under a derisive and bitter wit at the offending sex. On the other hand, the recreant suitor recriminates the fault, and thinks the lady a heartless and thorough-going coquette. Yet he was himself the first aggressor, and she the dupe of his affectations, the victim of his flatteries; and this rather than to be guilty of the more flagitious sin of coquetry. Let the honorable man be open in his addresses to a lady; let the lady be sincere, and he never need feel humbled should it happen that he be not the one out of the world whom she can prefer. Let the lady not be sincere only, but gentle, amiable, kind, accounting her suitor, in all simplicity, her friend, and not her slave. And thus far, in my statement of a topic which is seldom touched upon, though of moment to every young lady to be counseled upon—namely, the conduct of her courtships. And this reminds me of the distinct illustration which I might make of my principal subject, by presenting the histories of two female characters within my cognizance; being in most points characters, which, though not alike, are a fair balance to each other, with only—did I say *only*—the difference made in their welfare of life—that the one is *proud*, the other *amiable*. But I am writing to the young ladies of the "Repository"—of a Christian community. If they be all truly *religious*, my address is an impertinence, and not to *them*; but are there some amongst them who labor under the mistake that the peccadelloes of courtship are not cognizable to earnest animadversion, and involve no *sin*—they are totally mistaken, and should reflect that a subject which engages so many of their thoughts, often to the exclusion of important duties, cannot claim immunity of judgment. M.

ORIENTAL MISSIONS.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. Bachelor, to the Rev. Elijah Hoole, dated Negapatam, Tanjore, November 16, 1842.

Previous to my departure from my native land, you were kind enough to say, that you would be glad to hear from me; and now that I am more intimately connected with the Wesleyan Missionary Society, I take the liberty of availing myself of your kind request.

I rejoice to be enabled to inform you, that on the 1st of October I commenced a girls' school in Negapatam. My numbers are as follows: Native children of good caste, twenty-four; East Indians, twenty; Pariah caste, twenty-four; total, sixty-eight. Twelve of these caste-girls form my boarding department.

My heart overflows with gratitude to my heavenly Father, for thus putting so much honor on one of his most unworthy children, and for crowning my humble endeavors with such abundant success.

I have to-day received an invitation from a native of considerable rank, to visit and instruct the females in his family in needle-work. You, my dear sir, who are so well acquainted with the prejudices of the natives, in reference to having the women taught, will readily conclude, that this is a great step gained. O that it may receive the benediction of Almighty God, and prove an opening for the dispensing of spiritual blessings to the perishing daughters of India, at present so strongly bowed down by the chains of superstition, and so thickly enveloped in the clouds of darkness and sin!

Did I not fear trespassing on forbidden ground, I would beg to make an appeal to the hearts of the Christian ladies of highly-favored England, in behalf of their Hindoo sisters, through the medium of the "Missionary Notices." I would endeavor to awaken their sympathies more fully than they have ever yet been, by telling of the firm and strenuous supporters idolatry finds in the women of India. I would recount to them instances—and those not few and far between—of Hindoo mothers walking scores of miles, carrying their tender babes, to be present at some great festival; the child receiving with its mother's milk a love of that religion which is leading her to the shades of everlasting darkness, and which is so mixed up with filth and obscenity, that the first words a child is taught to lisp in this benighted land are those that would make an European female blush, nay, more, shed tears of bitterness. How different from that passage in Holy Writ, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise!" Would that the day had arrived, when such might be said of the babes and sucklings of India! And shall we not endeavor to hasten it by our prayers, pecuniary offerings, and labor? I fancy I hear my little Wesleyan friends—children of prayers and promises—say, "We will give our farthings and half-pence, that the little Hindoo children may be taught not to use bad words."

But this is not all: could I transport the Wesleyan ladies of England to this hemisphere, and bid them listen to the sound of frantic grief, as it comes wafted on the wing of the night breeze, as the last breath of some beloved object is drawn, perhaps a husband, perhaps a child; and could I then take them to the wretched dwelling, and there point out to them the widow or mother beating her breast, tearing her hair, and refusing to be comforted, because death had deprived her of the desire of her eyes,—no hope, no resignation, no drops of comfort mingled with her bitter cup;—would they not strain every nerve, and use every effort, to bestow upon these poor creatures that glorious knowledge which has "brought life and immortality to light;" which would enable them to submit to the chastening rod, and say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done?"

My heart yearns over the women of India. I would they were made partakers of the like precious faith with myself.

It is indeed a stupendous work, beset with difficulties. So peculiar and astringent are the habits of the female part of the population, that it appears

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impossible to benefit them at present in any other way than by giving them education, and that on their own terms. The females of rank never go out; therefore they must be visited at their houses, and an influence obtained and exerted over them by that means. Will any of our kind friends supply me with articles to enable me to do this? Canvass, wools, patterns in worsted work, or any thing else in that way, will be most thankfully received by me, and will excite in the minds of my young *native* friends and pupils here an interest in the ladies of England.

You will be pleased to hear, my dear sir, having given me my first lesson in Tamul, that I have made sufficient progress in the language to hear all the lessons of my girls; and I find no engagements so delightful as those which bring me in close contact with the daughters of the soil. May my life's short period be spent in the noble employment; and at the last great day, may I have the unspeakable joy of beholding these lambs at the right hand of my heavenly Father!—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

Original.

MARY'S OFFERING.

BY MRS. WILSON.

"And she began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and pressed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment," Luke vii, 33.

The board was laid within the pompous hall
Of the proud Pharisee, and mingled notes
Of busy maidens throng'd the list'ning ear,
As if preparing for a regal feast;
And well they might—for *Jesus was the guest!*
And doubtless, princely forms were gath'ring there,
To swell the host's proud train, as with bar'd brow
He stood, with ostentatious pomp, to hail
The coming of the holy Nazarene!
In that proud circle, oft the kindling glance
Of eager eyes was bent upon *The Guest;*
And strains of Jewish eloquence pour'd forth
To wake those notes of rich, unearthly tone,
Whose gushing melody *had* charm'd the wind,
And bade its fierce and howling blast be calm
As the low murmur of an infant's sigh.

But the proud Pharisee—the pompous feast—
The flashing glance—the eloquent harangue—
Charm'd not the eye, nor caught the list'ning ear
Of Israel's holy One—like the vail'd orbs,
And trembling tones, and lowly attitude
Of *her*—that meek intruder, who had gained
The goal her chasten'd heart had long'd for, e'en
A resting place at Jesus' hallow'd feet.

She was a "sinner"—here we will not pause
And trace the long discussions of the learn'd,
To prove the inspired penman meant to give
Some other import to *that little word,*
Save *that* with which its *literal* sound is fraught
To modern ears—for well we know *its* claim
On the compassion of the "*sinner's Friend!*"
She was a *sinner*—and the lordly host,
Deem'd the prophetic vision of his guest
Should pierce "the curtain of the shrouded past,"
And shrink from her contaminating touch;
Not knowing that for *such,* He came to die!

She *was* a sinner—yet she calmly stood,
And met the scornful gaze of many an eye
Bent on her in derision; for the high
Resolve to *sin no more,* had strung her mind
With energy unwonted, thus to brave
The heartless scorn from that proud circle flung,
That she might feel the voice of Jesus pour
Its melody upon her wounded heart,
Breathing the balm of *peace* and *pardon* there.
She *was* a sinner—but the gorgeous robes,
That erst had deck'd her form, were now displac'd,
And the plain folds that mantled o'er her breast,
Told by their wave-like heavings, of the pangs
Which usher in the "*second birth!*"
The full
Luxuriance of her golden hair, unbound
By jewel'd circlet, floated in rich waves
Around her—and the beam of her dark eye,
Erewhile enkindled by the transient ray
Of worldly pleasure, flash'd its chasten'd glance
Through soft'ning show'rs of penitential tears!—
Then, in her hand she held (perchance it was
The proceeds of the costly gems which deck'd
Those lately jewel'd fingers) a small box,
Whose precious contents, as she pour'd them on
The sacred head of Jesus, fill'd the hall
With such sweet perfume as the zephyr's wing
Brings from Arabia's spicy vales! This rich
And costly off'ring made—lowly she fell
At Jesus' hallow'd feet—bath'd them with *tears,*
And dried their moisten'd surface with the long,
Soft, radiant tresses she was wont to braid
With woman's care, around her polish'd brow!

Which was the *welcome* off'ring? Which obtain'd
The kind regard of Jesus? *That,* which shed
Its costly sweetness on the perfum'd air?
Or *that,* which, flowing from the hidden fount
Of deep contrition, pour'd its gushing tide
Of chasten'd feeling at the Savior's feet?

I tell ye, *tears* of *penitence,* are drops
Of *holy dew,* exhal'd by *Bethlehem's Star!*
Borne by rejoicing angel's to the throne,
They form the brightest gems that stud the crown
Circling the *Savior's* brow! And *Mary's tears,*
Tho' of small value in the worldling's eye,
Were the oblation, which, by Jesus own'd,
Wak'd the sweet notes of *pardon,* which then fell
Like Gilead's balm upon her wounded soul,
And bade the trembling mourner, "*Go in peace!*"

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NOTICES.

THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND. *By Mrs. John Farrar, author of "The Life of Lafayette," the "Life of Howard," "The Youth's Letter Writer," &c. New York: S. S. & W. Wood.*—This work treats of Domestic Economy, Dress, Health, Friends, Teachers, the Domestic Relations, Female Companionship, Public Places, Dinner and Evening Parties, Conversation, Visits, Traveling, and Mental Culture. It is most defective on the subject of religion. As a guide in matters which belong to outward discipline, or in "minor morals," it may be profitably read. The following remarks on "Dress in Church" are very just:—

"The display of finery and of new clothes, which is too often made at Church, is so out of place and grates so harshly on the feelings of more sober-minded people, that I have heard wishes expressed that we had a fixed costume to wear to places of worship, like the Spanish ladies, who always put on a black dress and vail on such occasions. If our ladies were obliged to appear at Church all dressed alike, in some very plain guise, I fear their attendance on public worship would not be so frequent as now. Better than this, however, far better would it be, if every sober-minded Christian woman would dress at all times in a style suited to her character, and not let the tyranny of fashion force upon her an outward seeming, wholly at variance with the inward reality. I hope the time is not distant, when it will be considered ungenteel to be gaily dressed in walking the streets of cities, towns, and villages—when a plain bonnet that shades the face, a plain dress, and thick shoes and stockings, shall be as indispensable to the walking costume of an American lady as they are to that of most Europeans."

In this benevolent desire we most cordially join.

MESOPOTAMIA AND ASSYRIA, *from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time, with Illustrations of their Natural History. By J. Ballie Fraser, Esq., Author of "An Historical and Descriptive Account of Persia," &c. With a map and Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Facts and their causes are here stated and discussed. All that relates to the aspects and history of Mesopotamia and Assyria, which could be gathered from authentic sources, is here briefly presented, and is compressed into one small volume with much care and skill. A map accompanies the volume, which will render it still more valuable.

As a history and description of ancient cities and their ruins, such as Babylon and Ninevah, it will deeply interest the curious mind. The antiquities treated of in this book connect themselves in some degree with revelation, but perhaps not so fully, in the manner of the author, as would be legitimate and desirable.

On sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

THE YOUNG GARDENER'S ASSISTANT; *Containing a Catalogue of Garden and Flower Seeds, with Practical Directions under each head, for the cultivation of culinary vegetables and flowers. By T. Bridgeman. New York.*—To those who cultivate flowers this will be a valuable directory.

ECLECTIC AND MUSEUM, *for March.*—This number is embellished with an exquisite mezotinto, "The Girl and Flowers," from the pencil of Lawrence, engraved by Sartain. The selected articles are as follows: Progress of Human Industry, from the Journal des Travauxeto; Souvenirs de M. Berryer, Edinburgh Review; English Criticism, Westminster Review; Borrow's Bible in Spain, Examiner; Tour in Switzerland, Spectator; Pitcairns Island, United Service Magazine; Prospects of the United States, Examiner; Honey Bee and Bee Books, Quarterly Review; Glacial Theory, Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal; Strutt's Pedestrian Tour, Spectator; The Credulity of Unbelief, Spectator; Jesse's Court of England, Spectator; Yeates' Egypt, Spectator; Public Affairs, Tait's Magazine; Letters from Paris, Foreign Quarterly Review; Religious Houses, Gentleman's Magazine; Natural Daguerreotyping, Chambers' Journal; The Wandering Jew, Bentley's Miscellany. Besides these there are departments of Poetry, of Science and Art, Miscellanies, Bibliographical Notices, and a Select List of Recent Publications.

This list of articles and their sources, will enable our readers to form a general opinion of the value of the Eclectic. No periodical of selections is at all to be compared with it. See our April number for terms, &c.

THE PROGRESS, ADVANCEMENT, AND ULTIMATE REGENERATION OF HUMAN SOCIETY. *An Address before the Erodelphian Society of Miami University, August 10, 1842. By Lewis W. Green, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Western Theological Seminary.*—This address abounds in bold and striking thoughts, delivered in a lofty and a sufficiently ornamented style. It borders slightly on declamation; yet indicates scholarship, as well as an adventurous imagination.

CURRENT LITERATURE.—The third, fourth, and fifth parts of Allison's History are received; and also the third part of Brande's Encyclopedia. See the notice of these works in the April number of the Repository.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN YUCATAN. *By John L. Stephens, author of "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land," "Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan," etc. Illustrated by 120 Engravings. Two vols., 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1843.—We are indebted to the publishers at New York for a copy of this work. Its form is much like that of the "Incidents of Travel in Central America." The author, with Mr. Catherwood, proceeded to his second examination of the ruins of Yucatan well prepared to explore, examine, and prepare full and accurate reports of American antiquities. In accordance with this preparation, Mr. Stephens visited forty-four ruined cities; some of them were almost unknown to the citizens of the capital, and had probably never been visited by the white inhabitants. The engravings in these volumes are the finest of their kind. They are from Daguerreotype views, and of course are accurate, and must render all the aid that could possibly be derived from pictorial representations of the objects described. They add inconceivably to the interest, as well as to the value of the work. Probably no traveler of modern times excels Mr. Stephens in accuracy of observation, or in the felicity of his descriptions. His journals have all the interest of the most exciting novels. He can clothe the most common incidents of a journey in a garb which renders them romantically, humorously, or instructively entertaining. Those who have read his former "Incidents of Travel," in the east and in the west, will need no recommendation of this new work.

On sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

A DISCOURSE ON SALVATION BY CHRIST. *By Wm. Sherlock, D. D. Cincinnati: Published by James B. Finley.*—The excellence of Dr. Sherlock as a writer, will recommend this little volume to all our readers. The theme of this discourse is deeply interesting and vitally important. It contains 122 pages 18mo., in cheap form, (25 cents,) and is on sale at the Cincinnati Book Room.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LEBANON FEMALE SEMINARY.—Mrs. Baker has opened her school for young ladies in the delightful town of Lebanon. It is one of the best locations in Ohio; and from the long experience of the teacher, and her tried fidelity in teaching and governing female pupils, the highest expectations may be indulged of her success. We trust that this effort will meet with the most cordial support from the members of the Church and the friends of education. We will give the terms, &c., when we shall be sufficiently informed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Frances" will appear in our next number. S. J. H. is invited to continue her correspondence. Articles for a given number of the Repository should be in the hands of the editor six weeks previous to the date of publication. Even then they may be deferred to articles of an earlier date.

TO READERS.—We invite particular attention to the correspondence of the present number. We deem ourselves favored by contributions derived from new sources.

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1843.

Original.

REMINISCENCES.

I once heard from the pulpit an affecting illustration of the habit of cheerfulness, as a Christian duty; and though this habit may possibly hold but an inferior place in the catalogue of sacred obligations, yet all my observations of life have led me to the conclusion that it is unquestionably a requisition of imposing force. Cheerfulness is a sort of *light* particularly calculated for domestic use, throwing its "little beams" especially upon those who are shut up with us in the inner places of life; and the cottage, in which it is kept burning, with only a farthing taper beside, is more truly lighted up than the halls where it is wanting with the glitter of a score of chandeliers.

In this view alone, then, unconnected with other effect, and guarded from no holier impulse than the common affections of our nature, it is a lamp to be kept carefully trimmed and fed with oil. But it should be considered in connection with yet higher purposes. It is probably owing to a mistaken view, or an utter disregard of the subject, as evidenced by many a professing Christian, that so much opposition prevails in the hearts of the young—hearts not yet incrusted in the insensibility or obduracy of practical vice—to a religious life. Religion is in itself so exceedingly lovely, so adapted to all the strong needs of the human soul, one would think it impossible that such a heart, unless compounded of the grossest and basest elements, could turn coldly from her influence. Its unquiet and passionate yearnings point continually to her truths, inasmuch as earth has nothing wherewith to satisfy them. And yet thousands believe that, instead of being led by her hand to richer fountains, religion would but bar them from every stream that is pleasant to the taste? Why are they so deluded? Is it not that she appears before them too frequently in disguise? or rather, is it not another influence that often assumes her name, and that bears not the seal and signet of her glorious mission? The bigotry and superstition which colored the religion of a darker age with so lurid a light have indeed passed away. The spirit of our blessed faith, purified and disinthralled from its path of clouds, is out upon the earth, shedding peace and good will to all men, yet many of its professed followers still wear the shadow of its gloomier day. There are doubtless numbers whose faces are veiled in sadness, from the deep humiliation of conscious unworthiness; and even of these, we would venture to ask, were it not a better incense as an habitual offering for the altar of *our* faith, to rejoice over the unspeakable gift of a more prevailing sacrifice. But there are many who seem to regard the downcast look, and the demure step, as essential constituents of their Christian character. All good influences forbid that, in homage to my favorite virtue, I should forget the yet more imperative and divine one of charity! But when I behold one treading solemnly and austerely on his way, with an eye bent to the ground, as having no part or interest in the human joys or sorrows of those around him, afraid to take in the million glad sounds and sights which a merciful God has given to the fair earth, to cheer and strengthen his creatures, I am then in my greatest danger of losing *it*. It was from such as *these* that my earliest views of the nature of religion were derived. Their countenances and manner cast a chill, like ice, on my almost infant heart, and I turned from them to regard all professors as vowed to a crusade against even the most innocent enjoyments. Riper years but rendered the impression more definite. Instead of a benign influence, pouring its radiance into the dark places of the secret soul, as the sun-beam touches into life and beauty the solitary depths of nature, I looked upon religion as a harsh and sternly exacting influence. I thought it deadened every joyous emotion, and narrowed the sphere of human affections—that all thoughts, all feelings, all capacities, were compressed by it into a single dark channel, and all distinctive traits of character blotted into one sombre uniformity. From this disastrous belief I was at last rescued by the influence of one face beaming upon me with the cheerful warmth of Christian love. How do feelings and remembrances long, *long* past, rush back upon my soul as I recall that revered and holy countenance! As the love of a father, yearning over his children, was his for all the young upon whom he looked. Regarding it as an indication among those we every day meet, that in every form of our Christian faith, its vital principle may be found, I take pleasure in remembering that he was of its most austere order—the pastor of a congregation of the strictest Puritan observances. The jostle of the world had thrown me a resident among them in the very flush and spring-time of life; and the irrepressible outbursts of complexional gleefulness subjected me to the perpetual penance of severe rebuke and solemn monition. Circumstances, having no bearing upon my subject, had placed me in a position of extreme difficulty; my spirit grew saddened with the pressure, and the weary want *for* kindness made my heart sick. Dear venerable old man! how didst thou come to me as to a lamb whom no one owned, and draw me to the tender shelter of thy own dwelling!—for the young face, touched with sorrow, betrayed to thee my wounds, and thou needest no other impulse to seek me out but to bind them up. And how did they heal at once when made a sharer of the cheerfulness thou shedest around thee! Pleasant indeed was thy home, and

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cheerful were all the faces it sheltered! And for the first time I learned that the heart of the Christian might be as happy as it was holy.

How vagrant, and how much swifter than lightning is the wing of thought! I thought to pen an essay, and it has led me back to a faded leaf of my heart's history. A leaf!—the remembrances of years—long years come surging over me. Shall I apologize for the wandering or the egotism? The heart is a great babbler, and who shall stay the course of the mind? If my reader dislike the irregularities of its path we must needs part company. Yet I will make an effort for better method; I have not yet done with my subject, but will resume it in a different manner.

I said I once heard it illustrated from the pulpit; and could I give the manner of that illustration, as I heard it from lips long since "returned to dust," I need add nothing further. But it is the actor, and not the narrator, of such a scene that makes it *felt*. Nevertheless I will give the details; for, though years have swept over their traces, they are yet distinct on my memory. I was a sojourner in an obscure village in one of our eastern states, when a preacher, then, and after, unknown to fame, passed through it in his way to a distant circuit. Arriving there at the close of the day, he was asked to preach; and the school-house, for at that time there was no church in the village, was early lighted up for that purpose. I had been whiling away the afternoon—what an employment for one hastening to eternity! But so it was. I had been beguiling the tediousness of the hour by that which invariably leaves on the mind a morbid weariness. I was deep in the interest of a fascinating novel, when the lights from the school-house, which was contiguous to my room, gleamed through my windows. I made an effort to lay it by, for I was not insensible to the call of a better influence, but the spell of the sorcerer was strong upon me. I shut my book; but after a momentary struggle with myself resumed it, and forgot the impulse with which it had been closed. The hymn, with which the service commenced, now reached my ear. It was a strain of simple, but sweet melody; and as it seemed to float past me on the stillness of the night air, I felt again disturbed. I at last flung down my book and went to the window. It was an evening, like the thousands that pass by us unmarked, when, if the soul would go out and commune with the silent influences abroad, the rebuking voice of man would be scarcely necessary. An hour it was of most exceeding beauty; and as I stood and gazed out upon it, while the notes of that hymn continued to float past, the chain that had bound my better feelings was broken. I hastened to join those who were on their way to meeting, and was soon seated in the sanctuary. The hymn had ceased, and the voice of prayer, deep, fervid, simple, as of one humbly confident in God, and remembering man only in his character of strong need, was heard in its stead. It reached my heart, and I was at once impressed with the conviction, that whatever the speaker might want of polemic lore or theological subtilty, his lips had been touched with the living fire from the altars of Jehovah. The prayer ceased, and he rose to his feet. He was a man of some six or seven and twenty years, with a tall, slight, bending figure, and features unmarked by any peculiarity, save their general and singular expression of blended meekness and fervor. His whole countenance, as he rose from his knees, though perfectly serene, was glowing. And when he at last lifted his clear eye from the volume before him to address his audience, it rested on them for a moment with an expression of familiar love—of a feeling of near kindred with one and all of the little assembly—saddened indeed by a sense of their awakened and fallen state, but rendered yet the more earnest, more tender, more binding, more impulsive, for that mournful conviction. And most true to that feeling were the whole tone and spirit of the discourse, or rather the appeal that followed; for it was an appeal, touching, solemn, soul-subduing to all the interests and susceptibilities of our better nature. *Beautiful on the mountains of Zion are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace! that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation!* And again and again did these words occur to me, as I looked at the frail and attenuated form that seemed instinct with the fervor and power of his mission. He was not a scholar—that is in the extended significance of the term—but nothing could have been more immeasurably removed from that coarse familiarity of illustration and remark (so much more revolting in the pulpit than elsewhere) than was his whole tone of thought and manner. I had not then been accustomed to extemporaneous speaking, and I listened with delight to the simple illustrations which he drew from the universal fountains of nature. He spoke of the charge of enthusiasm so frequently laid upon the preachers of his sect, and he paralleled their position by a natural and touching figure. He supposed a parent having many sons, and with wealth more than sufficient for all; yet one of them was far away from the home shelter. Parental love called the wanderer again and again, but he returned not. The rest were basking in their father's smile, they gathered around his board, their hearts were glad in his abundance. But the absent one was remembered, and one of them, perhaps the weakest, the most stammering, the least eloquent in his love, is bidden to go in quest of *him*. With his own heart full to overflowing of the goodness of that beneficent parent, he goes and finds his brother in a strange land, a desert country, sick, naked, hungry; yet with the strange perverseness of disease, refusing to return to his father's house. "How will that brother act?" exclaimed the speaker; "Will he tell him coldly, and without emotion, of the joys of that full, glad home? of the love, the deep, boundless love, that waits to receive, to feed, to clothe, to shelter him? or will he not rather fling around him the arms of passionate entreaty, and folding him to his bosom, and weeping over his suffering condition, constrain him, as it were, in the agony of love, back to that father's mansion?

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"Yet who," he added, pausing for a moment, evidently from the intensity of his feelings, "who shall tell what manner of love is borne us by our heavenly Father? Who shall describe the peace and the fullness to which ye shall turn in the household of the Lord? Ye that have known this love, why are ye silent? Why give ye not your testimony of the gladness thereof? Who should rejoice but *he* who hath found a Savior?" How did every word he uttered find an echo in my soul! But he went on more fully to establish the position that it was not merely the privilege, but the duty, of Christians to rejoice continually; to bear about them that cheerful light which should evidence the law of love written in their hearts. "Behold!" he said, "is not love like the light of the sun, which, in its smallest beam, is essentially cheerful? It is the *smile* of the mother, as she looks down upon eyes just opening to hers upon her bosom, that conveys to its sense the first perception of delight; for it is the first link of intelligent love between its nature and her own. Mothers! Christian mothers! be careful through life to preserve that link. Ye know not what ye do when ye appear with sad faces before your children! Be careful that even the faintness of the worn spirit, sinking under the trials and sorrows of life, darken not that smile."

I listened to the speaker so intensely that my very pulse seemed to pause; for the sudden thrill of his voice, and the lowness to which it sunk, so as to be almost inaudible, convinced me that, though he had now waked an instrument of a thousand strings, each one finding an answer in some filial heart, yet that which he had touched was immediately connected with those most thrillingly vibrating in his own. But he went on. "Permit me," he said, still speaking so low that but for the singular clearness of his tones, they would have been lost on the ear, "to tell you the Christian experience of one who was the principal companion of my youth, and of my childhood. He was the eldest surviving child of parents who, during his earliest recollections, were hurried (not by any providential blow) from the comforts of a decent competence to the abyss of poverty. His father was a *drunkard*." The expression, which was evidently uttered with great effort, seemed for a moment to have crushed the narrator. His pale countenance flushed, his clasped hands rested upon the open book before him; he paused, and his eye, for a brief space, took an expression of inward communing. Was his soul busy with once familiar images recalled by that *name* of woe? or did he pray for him of whom he thus spoke? But he resumed; "and the earliest memories of that unhappy boy was the swift blight of all that give joy, and trust, and holiness to the parental shelter. Are there any here who know the sufferings of such a household? Now, God be their helper! He of whom I speak, learned first to feel them, while yet too young to realize them otherwise, in the pale, sad face, and languid step of his drooping and sickly mother. Ye who have garnered up the recollections and feelings of your childhood, can tell *how* early the cloud upon a mother's brow will cast its shadow upon the heart of her child. Deeper, far deeper, did that son feel the anguished expression of his mother's face (for she was a mother to be devotedly loved) than all the bitterness that want, and shame, and hardship, and the blows of a harsh father gave to his young life. Could he have given comfort to her, all else would have been as nought. But a change at last came over the expression of that sad face. The withering sense of the shame that had fallen upon her had gradually banished her even from the sanctuaries of the Lord; for she could no longer bear the eye of the world. The Methodists were at that time in our states but a small people, a few of the contemned, the poor, the low and the uninformed. Thanks be to God for our simple and loving faith, which puts a new song into the mouth of babes, that carries comfort to the hut of poverty, and triumph to the death-bed of the pauper! Not from the high places of the earth did our Savior call his disciples; but to one of their meetings, which was held in her neighborhood, that mother was finally drawn by a power she might not resist. She went alone; for the tenderness of a mother prevented her taking any one of her destitute children; and thinly was her own delicate and wasting form shielded from the December blasts that blew around her as she went. But the robes of Jesus' love were soon to shelter her! The meeting continued, and greatly did her son wonder, when, after she had been home to see to her little ones and had commended them to his care for the evening, she returned. The hours wore heavily away, and the anxious boy looked out often into the chilly night. A neighbor passed who had left the meeting before its close, and from him he learned, in asking of his mother, that she had become a convert, and was left weeping at the foot of the altar! It fell upon his heart like a blow. In his misguided mind the Methodist religion of all others (and he looked upon all professors with an impression of gloom) was associated with images of exclusive fanaticism. He felt that his mother was severed from his side. She, whose tenderness had been all the world to him, was now devoted to a strange and gloomy service. Her smile, which was singularly rich in its expression, and which, amid all her sorrows, had been sometimes called out by the tender efforts of her child, had always fallen like a flood of sunlight on his nature; that smile he now deemed would fling its warmth upon his chilled heart no longer! He flung himself sadly on his low bed, and as he pressed the youngest babe (which he had laid there to sleep) to his bosom, the big tears gushed through his closed eye-lids till they too were sealed in slumber. He waked not till a gentle voice called his name, and his mother bent over him and kissed his cheek! It was morning, and breakfast was waiting him; and as his mother presided at the humble, and at that time particularly scanty board, he gazed on her face in silent wonder. To his excited and ardent fancy it was as that of an angel—so calm, so happy—*so illuminated* was its expression. Such

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full and perfect joy as probably filled her heart at that season, is perhaps seldom permitted to those whose faith is yet subject to the weakness of the "soul's clay tabernacle." But never, from that moment, did those placid features bear the expression of unutterable woe they had so often worn. The fond, soft smile, with which she then looked upon her children, was from that time habitual; and some two years after, her faith was sealed in death. That smile parted not even with the spirit; it was left upon her clay, it was sealed upon the memory of her children! The younger ones were all taken home shortly to her bosom. The son, her eldest, whom that smile directed to its source, is now upon the walls of Zion!"

The narrator was done. Had application been necessary, further utterance was denied him. He had sunk upon his seat; and covering his face, wept long and convulsively. As his spirit received new strength, he at last sunk to his knees, and poured forth the entreaties of a soul mighty in the wrestlings of its love. The hearts around him had been deeply moved, and sobs were heard in many parts of the house. The redeeming spirit of temperance, which has since lighted up the extinguished torch of hope and of affection in many a dark dwelling, had not then gone through our land; and in more than one heart in that assembly, "the chord upon which hung its own sorrows" had been shaken. But a better sorrow had been also awakened, and when the preacher again rose to his feet, and made a last appeal, many pressed forward as mourners for the love of Jesus! At last there came one with a heavy and faltering step; and on this one I looked with a peculiar interest. He was a man of scarcely sixty years, judging from his features; but the vigor which, in many, is scarcely impaired at that age, had, in him, already yielded to decrepitude; his dress was humble to the extreme of poverty; his face and figure evidenced habitual, *deep* drink; but I had recognized him as one recently, and at this time, in the employ, as a day-laborer, of the family with whom I lodged, and I knew him to have been, for some days, entirely sober. I looked at him with a strong feeling of pity, as he bowed his head, so thickly sprinkled with gray—yet without honor—before that simple altar. The preacher was standing among the mourners, and deeply engaged in telling them the way to Him they sought; but as the old man bent his stiffened limbs slowly beside them, he turned instantly toward him with an expression of the most pitying regard: "Now, God be praised!" he exclaimed, "that, even at the eleventh hour, there is yet time to seek the Savior!" The old man groaned heavily, and, lifting his head, which intemperance had slightly palsied, he turned his face, for the first time, to the preacher: "If Christ died for sinners," he said bitterly, "I have great need of him, for I am miserable and sinful. I have almost forgot to pray, though I had once a wife who prayed for me with her last breath." "Father! father," cried the preacher, who had stood gazing at the old man as he spoke, in wordless feeling, but who now lifted up the loud voice of the irrepressible agony of nature, "father! do you not know me? I am your son—I am William; and blessed, for ever blessed, be my mother's spirit; for her prayers shall at last be answered in your salvation." The son knelt beside the father, and calling upon another to pray for both, he received his bowed form on his bosom, and, reversing the order of nature, poured over his, the fountains of his tears.

I have told all of which I was a witness. But some four years after, I passed through that same village. The log school-house, in which this scene had passed, was gone; a brick building supplied its place, and near it a neat church had also been built. On entering that church on the Sabbath, an old man was pointed out to me sitting near the altar, *clothed and in his right mind*, as the father of the preacher; but I should scarcely have recognized him, in the decent figure and subdued face before me. I inquired eagerly for the son; he had gone to his reward—the strength of a feeble frame had given way before the overmastering fervors of the spirit.

— Z.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

The sixth day of creation drew near its close. The sun had finished his course, and the gloom of evening began to spread over the earth. The first-born son of creation stood upon a hill in Eden, near Eloah, his guardian angel and guide.

It grew darker and darker about the hill. Twilight rushed to the embrace of night, and threw her dewy robes over hill and valley. The songs of the birds and the noises of the beasts were hushed, and even the air seemed to sleep.

"What is all this?" said the man with a soft and low voice to his heavenly guide.

"Will the young creation disapper, and sink down into chaos?"

Eloah smiled, and said, "It is the repose of earth."

Now appeared the heavenly lights, the moon arose, and the starry hosts followed in splendor.

Man looked upward with sweet surprise, and the angel of the Lord looked with pleasure upon the gazing son of earth. The night was still, and the songs of the nightingale floated in the air.

Eloah touched the man with his staff. He lay down on the hillock and slept. His first dream came over him, and Jehovah made him his companion.

When the morning twilight opened, Eloah touched the slumbering one. He awoke and felt new power and life streaming through him. The hills and valleys rose out of the gloom, the young light came down glittering upon the fountains of the river of Eden, and the sun arose, bringing the day. Man looked upon his new formed wife, the mother of all living. Surprise and delight filled his heart.

"See," said Eloah, "The divine is created out of rest." Therefore shalt thou consecrate this day to rest and devotion.—*Krummacher.*

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BEHOLD THE CROSS!

At the close of the year 1827, I crossed the Alps, with a small party of friends, from Pignerol, in Piedmont, to Briancon, in France. After proceeding to Finistrelle, we furnished ourselves with mules, men, and the other requisites for the journey. Urged by the apparent necessity of advancing on account of the season, when all preparations were duly made, we set forward amidst descending rain, and a wondering crowd.

We soon began to ascend along the ledge of a mountain which opened immense precipices to our view. The road was wholly unguarded, and we were accompanied by the concerto music of a roaring torrent, that foamed along the valley, and the howling winds. Nothing was more obvious, than that our temerity would be repaid by cold, wet, and possible danger. Without adverting to the little incidents of the way, I may simply state that, after some hours of painful march, in which we passed through the small villages of Pourriere, La Rua, and Traverse, we began the ascent of the mountain called Chanal du Col. The rain, as we rose, changed to sleet, and then to snow, the previous accumulation of which rendered our progress slow and difficult. The march of pompous diction seemed consonant with the gigantic scale of the scenery, and we thought of Johnson's description in the Hebrides, "above, inaccessible altitude; below, immeasurable profundity."

The snow was now rapidly deepening, the mountains in succession presenting their formidable ridges, and the pathway gradually disappearing from view, till we found ourselves amidst all the "charms of solitude," and all the sublimities of danger. This was the place, and this the season, for the moral philosopher to portray the higher order of emotions, for the Christian to realize the "terrible majesty" of the infinite and eternal God.

Two hours had brought us to the crisis of our circumstances. Imagine us then, a melancholy train; each on his mule or horse, thickly covered with cloaks or mantles to screen a shivering frame, and enveloped in a snowy fold; imagine us moving like a forlorn hope in rank and file, slowly, silently and apprehensively along the edge of precipices, to which in making the necessary circuit, the trustworthy animal would often, perhaps unconsciously, (not so his rider,) approach within a few inches—ah! slippery, and dangerous, and uncertain footstep! Each hapless traveler now cast a wistful eye at the other; for not a sound was to be heard; not a trace to mark the course was to be seen: the winds were hushed, the flakes of snow fell like the feather in an exhausted receiver, and "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa." Two guides accompanied us, but the sphere of their knowledge seemed to be bounded at this very spot: and after giving the word of command to stop, they began to consult together (an ominous sign to bewildered travelers) on the course to be pursued, professing themselves to be altogether uncertain of the way. It was a dead calm, and with more truth than prudence, one of them exclaimed, "If the wind rises, we are lost." In fact, it is impossible for any one who has not traversed Alpine regions to conceive of the violence of those gusts which seem to rush like furies between the mountains, as if commissioned to hurl them from their bases.

A few minutes determined us to advance cautiously and prayerfully; for in danger it is natural to call upon God; and the sanctified mind does not merely utter the cry of distress, and seek an interference, which in the hour of safety and comfort was despised, but lifts up believing and confiding thoughts to Him who is recognized as "the hearer of prayer." We may not always experience deliverance from evil; but we may be assured, that through Christ, our advocate and friend, we shall enjoy consolation, and reap improvement.

The moment I have described was one of those of intense emotion, which now and then occur in life, whether of joy or sorrow. Silence reigned, nature frowned, danger threatened. I will not say that the incipient feeling did not arise which suggested the self-inquiry, Was life hazarded for an adequate cause? for to sacrifice it for a small object is sinful, while to yield it to the claims of duty and of God, is the martyr's heroism. But hark! there is an exclamation of surprise and joy. The foremost guide is in extasies! all is well, and the sleeping echoes are roused by "La croix! la croix! voila la croix!" "See there the cross, the cross!" In these bewildering regions it is not uncommon, for the twofold purpose of guiding the stranger, and eliciting a superstitious worship, to fix a large wooden cross on the summit of a hill, or on the edge of a precipice, as well as frequently by the roadside; by which, when the winter snows obliterate the path, some indication of the course may be given. Our guides became instantly aware of our safety, and knew that we should commence the descent.

May not the reader of this narrative compare without any forced application, or inappropriate analogy, his own situation with that of these travelers? Are we not, in fact, all pursuing the great journey into eternity? Have we not missed our way? Have we not departed from God, by wicked works: and are we not universally and individually, in the language of infallible truth, utterly "lost!" The course of transgressors is difficult and dangerous; but the cross, the cross! there is hope, and peace, and safety! Not the cross of superstition, or the cross of temporal safety; not the wood or the tree upon which a Savior was transfixed; but Christ crucified; the blood he shed for the remission of sins; the offering which he presented for a guilty, deluded and perishing world. It is not deliverance from Alpine danger, but from eternal torments; it is not direction to a temporal abode, which may shelter me from inclement skies, or provide the sweets of social intercourse, but elevation to the bliss of heaven, which I obtain by trusting in those merits, embracing that Savior, clinging by faith to that redeeming cross!—*Journal of Travels in the Alps.*

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Original.

CALORIC AS AN AGENT.

BY J. M. ARMSTRONG.

If we lay our hand upon a substance which has been heated, we feel the sensation of heat. The substance, or principle, which produces this sensation has received the name of caloric—caloric the cause, and heat the effect. We propose to give some of our ideas of the nature and operations of this agent upon matter. Of its intimate nature little is known. We can only say that *caloric* is a subtil, invisible agent, which pervades all substances in the universe; it has such an affinity, or attraction for matter, that it cannot be entirely separated from it; it interposes itself between the particles of matter, and keeps them from coming in actual contact with each other. It is supposed by some eminent philosophers that the particles of matter are as far separated from each other, in proportion to their size, as the heavenly bodies, and that the spaces between them are filled up by this fluid, or principle. Caloric possesses very different properties from common matter. It has the power to originate motion of itself; in fact, it is never at rest, but is constantly moving from particle to particle, and flying from body to body, from world to world, and from system to system, with a velocity far exceeding that of light. There are good reasons to suppose that it is the agent which conducts light. It, therefore, not only pervades all matter, but all space.

Heat, or caloric, may be said to exist in two states, free and latent. Let us illustrate this. If we take a piece of wood in our hand it does not burn us, although the heat is contained in it, being latent; but if we ignite the wood, combustion takes place, and its latent caloric is given out, and rendered sensible. The atmosphere which surrounds us will afford us a more striking example. It, perhaps, contains more than a thousand times as much caloric as a piece of wood, or any other solid substance; yet it is insensible to us, for the reason that it is held in a latent state; but should the Creator command it to be liberated, the elements would indeed "melt with fervent heat." Caloric is further distinguished by its being repulsive of its own particles.

These being some of the most obvious attributes of its nature, we will now follow it in some of its operations and effects on matter; and in the course of our observations, we may advance opinions, and make deductions entirely different from any yet advanced. At the same time, we hope to show that they are based upon well ascertained facts and experiments. As a general rule, the great Dispenser of all good governs and brings about moral effects by the use of means. It is equally true, in His physical government of the universe, that means are made use of; it is said too "that nature delights in simplicity:" she never employs more agents than are necessary to accomplish her ends. A writer very justly observes that, "should we be permitted to look into the grand arcana of nature, there would be nothing which would astonish us more than its simplicity."

We, therefore, set out with this proposition, that *caloric is the grand sub-agent by which all the operations of nature are carried on.* We do not expect to follow it in all its operations upon matter, for this would embrace the whole of the physical sciences, and require volumes—neither do we consider ourselves adequate to the task. Caloric may be considered the principle which originates all motion—it is the only principle in nature which possesses force of itself.

The motions of the heavenly bodies will first claim our attention. Newton discovered that the same force which caused an apple to fall to the ground, held the planetary worlds in their orbs. He called it the attraction of gravitation, and demonstrated its laws, but has failed to assign the cause, further than that it was natural for bodies to tend, or draw toward each other. This is erroneous, and contradictory. It may be proper to state here that philosophers generally, in giving to matter its inherent, or essential properties, have run into the same contradiction, by attributing to matter both attraction and inertia. They are diametrically opposed to each other. Attraction gives it power, and inertia takes all power away. Both of these propositions cannot be true. It is said that the earth, at its creation, received from the hand of its Creator a projectile force, which impelled it to move in a straight line. It would have continued to fly in this direction for ever, if some other force had not changed its direction. We are told that the matter of the sun performs this office, or draws the earth toward it, which causes it to move in a curve line. Here matter is made to move matter, and the principle of inertia contradicted. Of the two properties, we shall assume that inertia belongs to matter; but from the foregoing facts we must infer that attraction is not essential to matter, but, like light, a mere accidental property. We must attribute it to the presence or agency of some other principle; and what other agent better calculated to perform this office than *caloric?* Attraction is universal. Caloric pervades all matter, and all space. Attraction is power. There is no other principle but caloric, which possesses force of itself to originate motion. May it not be the cause of the attraction of gravitation? It is a well known fact that a current of electricity, or caloric, will produce attraction. Can it be supposed for a moment that all the different kinds of attractions are produced by different causes? The idea is altogether inconsistent with the order and simplicity of nature. It can be clearly proven that caloric is capable of producing attraction; and for this purpose let us detail the experiments of Professor Mole, a Dutch philosopher of distinction, at Utrecht.

He bent a piece of iron, of several pounds weight, in the shape of a horse-shoe, and wrapped it with several strands of copper wire, which he covered with silk thread. He then connected the ends of the wire with the pole of a voltaic battery, composed of two

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very small coils of zink and copper. When the iron, thus bent and wrapped, was immersed in an acid, it rapidly developed a thermo-electric fluid, and very nearly resembled an ordinary combustion. While the heat thus produced was conducted along the wires to the horse-shoe, it lifted a bar of iron attached to its poles, with 150 pounds suspended from it. This experiment, we are told, has been improved upon, until a power equal to 4000 pounds has been created. It is stated that when the action of the battery was interrupted, the power uniformly ceased.

Now, this may be called artificial attraction; and who can doubt that caloric was the agent by which it was produced? The experiment may be explained in the following manner: When the iron was immersed in the acid it was decomposed, its latent caloric given out, which was conducted along the wires and poles of the battery, forming a copious and rapid current. This, then, was the cause of its lifting so prodigious a weight; and we are thus furnished a key with which to unlock the mystery of attraction. A great current of this subtil fluid is kept up between the sun and planets, which holds them in their orbits. This is in accordance with our opinion of the principles of cause and effect. We are persuaded that no physical effect can be produced without the application of physical force; consequently, it would be impossible for bodies to exert an influence upon each other, unless something actually passed from one to the other. This is even true with regard to our senses, no one of which can be affected unless operated upon physically; and in the case of attraction we have (by well founded deduction) shown this something to be caloric. We think that it can be fairly deduced that all the different kinds of attraction are but modified effects of the same cause, and all depend upon the self-originating motions of this invisible agent.

Let us see by what facts we can infer that caloric is the cause of cohesive attraction. We are taught that it is the antagonist principle of this kind of attraction; that it causes the particles of bodies to separate from each other. This we shall not deny; yet we think it not inconsistent with the idea that it also holds them together. We suspect that the facility with which bodies conduct caloric, *determines* the degree of tenacity with which their particles cohere. A stone, for instance, is a much harder substance than a piece of wood, and it is by so much the better conductor of heat. The metals are the best conductors of the substance known, and, as a general thing, their particles cohere with the greatest degree of tenacity. There are partial exceptions to this rule, not enough, however, to destroy the general law. Glass, for instance, is a very bad conductor, yet its particles cohere with considerable force. It will be noticed, however, that those non-conductors which possess any degree of cohesion are very brittle. This may arise from the shape of their particles. We infer, then, that hardness, or the degree of cohesion, depends on two circumstances; the first and primary of which is the facility with which caloric passes between the particles of bodies; and, secondly, the shape of their particles. An additional quantity of caloric, over and above its natural capacity, admitted into a body, will, of course, cause its particles to separate, and their susceptibility of motion among each other will be increased—it will be rarified, but then its conducting power will be diminished. In this way it may be said to act in opposition to cohesive attraction. This agrees with the well known fact that our most rarified substances are the poorest conductors of caloric. It is a fact worthy of notice that those substances which are the best conductors of caloric gravitate with the greatest force. This is what we should expect from our explanation of the cause of the attraction of gravitation. Substances do not, however, gravitate in exact proportion to their conducting power; they may be affected by other circumstances; density, for instance, diminishes the resistance of the atmosphere. The rule is general, and all the exceptions are but partial. Enough is seen to convince us that cohesion and gravitation are but modified effects of the same cause.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE PRESENT AGE.

The Christians of this age ought to feel the amazing responsibility under which they act. The disciples, who lived in the first and second centuries, were charged with duties which were new in the history of man. It was a high privilege to live in the sixteenth century. The men who landed at Plymouth two hundred years ago, felt that the interests of an unknown posterity were depending on their energy and faith. The year 1620 will be for ever an era in the progress of human events—a strongly illuminated point in the records of man's existence on earth. But the men of this generation have come to a period of far greater interest. Not the empire of the Cæsars, simply, is to be planted with the seeds of Christian truth. No undiscovered continent is to be filled with the abodes of free and civilized man. The *field* is the world—the *means*, a combination of moral influence, which is to link together not the tribes of a single empire, but the hearts of multitudes all over the world—the *object*, to purify thoroughly the great mass of human sentiment; to unite heaven and earth—the *promised aid*, the same power who laid the pillars of the sky—the *results*, glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth. A new series of ages is commencing. Now is the spring time of the world. This is the period for noble thoughts and noble deeds. The minds of men are everywhere preparing for a great change. Heaven is opening wide her gates. Hell is moved from beneath. Who is ready to meet the heavy curse of all coming time, for unfaithfulness to his trust? Who is ready to meet the burning indignation of the Almighty? Such a question as is now presented to the Christian world, never agitated the minds of men. On its decision is hanging the destiny of multitudes whom no man can number.—*Professor B. B. Edwards.*

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MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

THERE is another, a glorious theatre, in reserve for us, even a heavenly; where, with an ear that will never grow dull, a medium that will present no hindrance, a voice that will never break, a body that will bear all pressure of emotion, subjects of infinite variety, extent and grandeur, drawn from God's creative and redemptive acts; a scene, where we may praise him with all the powers of heart and tongue, where we may go on praising him with more and more of skill and enthusiasm and joy.

Therefore, I believe that the scenes of the Apocalypse are not arranged as they are, merely in accommodation to our earthly condition, but are intended to shadow forth to us some points of real analogy between the music we essay to perform here, and the music of the heavenly world, that we may in the future world in fact hear the very choruses, and bear some humble part in them, which John, rapt in the trance of Patmos, heard. The chorus of unnumbered millions, the millions of redeemed sinners will be *sung* and *heard;* and it will be responded to by the chorus of unnumbered millions of angels, and they both will be like "the voice of many waters and of mighty thunderings;" no want, as in Handel's puny orchestra of a thousand performers, of bass deep-toned enough to balance other parts. There, genius, which in this world so quickly finds its limit through want of appropriate facilities, may soar at will; and with faculties unlike those in this world which grow weary and give out, will never need refreshment or repair. There, one shall not grow deaf with Beethoven, nor another die at thirty-six with Mozart, through sheer exhaustion of the body, nor a third expire with Haydn at the sound of cannon bombarding Vienna; but above weariness, confusion and wreck shall sing on and sing on, in sweeter and yet sweeter, in louder and yet louder strains.

> "There, no tongue shall silent be,
> *All* shall join sweet harmony,
> That through heaven, all spacious round,
> Praise to God may ever sound."

And here, there is a solemn thought. Can there be music hereafter in the soul that does not love God? Nay! music and hostility to God are incongruous ideas. The oratorios of heaven will give no pleasure to those in whose hearts the love of God does not exist. If we enter the future state unreconciled to him, then farewell peace, farewell joy; farewell hosannas, hallelujahs, praises; farewell the company of the redeemed, the glorious Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, and farewell the chorus of angelic beings; farewell all that can purify and ennoble the soul. That we had enjoyed something of music here, and felt longings of soul for something far beyond what the present state permitted to attain, but which we did hope to reach in that better and more glorious world; this will but aggravate our bitter disappointment. Nay, the capacities of music, the remembrance of earthly enterprise and enjoyment in the harmony of sweet sounds, will be turned into thorns and daggers of remorse. O, the powers of the immortal mind! its capacities of joy! its capacities of woe!—solemn thought! The heart says, would there were no woe! But reason—conscience—God—says there is. One of the grand choruses of the Apocalypse is, the pæans of rejoicing for the victory of the Lamb over the enemies of his Church. Some of these enemies are the apostate of this world. "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever."

WOMAN'S TENDERNESS.

IT has often been remarked that, in sickness, there is no hand like woman's hand, no heart like woman's heart—and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow, rather than light of the sad lamp that watches it—let him have to count over the long, dull hours of night, and wait alone and sleepless, the struggle of the grey dawn into the chamber of suffering—let him be appointed to this ministry, even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is most perfect, will tire; his eye will close, and his spirit grow impatient with the dreary task; and, though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of an irresistible selfishness which, indeed, he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all its efforts remains to characterize his nature, and prove in one instance, at least, his manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife in his place. The woman feels no weariness, and even no recollection of self. In silence, in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but, so far as the qualified terms may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir or whisper, or the breath of now more than ever loved one, who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her step, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not awaken a mouse; if she speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ears, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort and devotion; and thus, night after night, she tends him like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed; her eye never winking, her mind never palled, her nature that at all other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity; herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.—*Banim.*

EULOGY.

WOMEN are the Corinthian pillars that adorn and support society; the institutions that protect women throw a shield also around children; and where women and children are provided for, man must be secure in his rights.

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Original.

MENTAL SYMMETRY.

BY S. COMFORT.

PROPORTION is an important element of beauty in the works of both nature and art. Order in the succession of events, and proportion in the adjustment of parts, are features in nature too prominent not to attract the notice of the attentive and devout observer of the works and ways of the great Architect and Governor of the universe. "Order is Heaven's first law." It is legibly written on all the visible creation. Its vast importance is seen in the fact that, without assuming the uniformity of nature's laws as the basis of his superstructure, the philosopher would have no fixed point, much less a broad and solid basis, on which to rest his system of either natural, mental, or moral philosophy. The term order, however, is not used in the sense of method in arrangement, but in that of regularity of motion, or succession. Hence, all objects to which the idea of motion, in equal or successive periods of time, can be attached, belong to that class to which the term, in the sense of regularity of motion, or the succession of events, may be applied. Of this idea of order, the revolution of the planets, producing successive day and night, and the regular return of the seasons, are familiar examples.

But symmetry is a feature no less prominent in the visible creation than that of order. Indeed, there is a perceptible connection between them; at least, the contemplation of each is adapted to produce similar emotions in the mind. In nature, how exactly is one thing adapted to another, both as to the relations of time and of magnitude! While there is no confusion or derangement as to order, neither is there disparity as to proportion. This immutable law of being is indelibly inscribed on every material object. In the animal kingdom it may be traced along the whole scale of existence, from the almost microscopic mite through all the intervening series up to the huge Mastadon, or the more recently discovered Missourian, known only by fossil remains. In the vegetable kingdom the same is seen by comparing the dwarfish lichen with the oak, sycamore, or the lofty pine. Not only does the scale of proportion between the different species rise one above another from the lowest to the highest, but the law of symmetry holds equally good with regard to the different and relative parts of the individual example of the same species.

And why may we not look for the same law of symmetry in *man?* In his corporeal nature it is obvious. We have the dwarfish Esquimaux, with all the intervening grades, till the series terminates in the gigantic Patagonian. And though we do not, in every intervening class, nor in every individual of the same class, find the perfect symmetry seen in the best model for the statuary, yet, when left to do her own work, nature seldom fails to conform, with great exactness, to what we have regarded as one of her own capital laws. Within the range of a certain though beautiful variety, she seldom if ever violates her own rules of action in her own operations.

But there is another view of the bearing and importance of this law, or principle, worthy of vastly more consideration. It is the application of this element of perfection and beauty, this law of nature, to mind. If it stand out in such bold relief in all material things, have we not reason to look for it also in man, the noblest work of God, and in the mind, the noblest part of man? If we see it so strikingly in his corporeal part, may we not expect to find living and deep traces of the same law in his far more exalted and imperishable part—that which crowns the whole—his intellectual nature? Doubtless, we are authorized to look for it here. To view the mental nature of man, as he was created, is the only view which discovers the perfection of its workmanship. That there was originally not only the utmost harmony between all the different faculties and endowments of the soul, but at the same time the most perfect symmetry between them as a whole, cannot for a moment be questioned, without impeaching both the wisdom and goodness by which this specimen of the Divine workmanship was executed. And that one effect of the "first transgression" was to disturb this pleasing harmony, and to impair this perfect symmetry in all the powers of the soul, is, to the well instructed in the inspired records of his own being, equally certain. Possibly the immediate and continued effect of sin has been more disastrous to the mind by throwing darkness and confusion over the understanding, by disturbing the gentle and peaceful play and balance of the affections, and by blunting and perverting the moral feelings, than to the corporeal system, by inducing feebleness, disease, and death. For these last mentioned evils, or effects of sin, there is no remedy but "the resurrection of the just." But this is not the case with the mind. The intellectual and moral effects of sin may find a remedy during our probation. Indeed, for this special purpose a continued probation has been extended to fallen man. And for this purpose a restoring system is now in efficient and successful operation. This system consists of several distinct parts, as might be inferred from its being a system, which, indeed, is nothing else than the harmony of agencies, instrumentalities, and influences, in one compact and harmonizing whole for the attainment of a certain and specific end. Contemplate this system in some of its parts and bearings. It is not important to our present purpose to describe it by a specific term, provided its nature and design are well understood. Nor do we know any single term which exactly expresses the idea we intend. Education comes nearest; but this is defective. It is specially so in the moral view of the subject. And because education, merely, cannot do that for the mind which must be done for it in order to restore its original symmetry and perfection, it may go far, in some respects, to the accomplishment of this important object; at least, it may pave the way for its attainment—provided, however, education is what it should be in its

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character, otherwise it only obstructs the way, and renders the mental disproportion and distortion the greater. To illustrate these important thoughts will be our grand object while we engross the reader's attention with the subject.

To see this in the clearest light, a brief, general view may be taken of the human mind. It is a simple, indefinable, indestructible substance, like its great Author, known only by the development of its attributes or faculties. These we shall comprehend under four classes: faculties of the understanding, those of emotion, those of volition, and the moral faculties. To enter into any proper analysis of either, comes not within our present limits or design. But here we see the province and scope of education. As the term implies, it is to unfold or develop the faculties with which the mind is endowed. And here the immense importance of unfolding them all in due proportion cannot fail to suggest itself. In different minds, special attention must be directed to the development of different faculties, in order that the due proportion of each shall be secured in the symmetry of the whole mind. For illustration, let the reasoning faculty be neglected for the cultivation of the imagination, and the mental symmetry is destroyed. The effect is the same when the judgment or the memory is cultivated to the expense of the imagination. When there is undue attention devoted to the memory, the native resources of the intellect will remain undeveloped. They will remain unknown to the person himself as well as others. He will never depend on himself—he will never be original—he will always be like the borrower, "a servant to the lender." When the indulging of the imagination too far has grown into a settled taste or feature of the mind, the unreal creations of fancy are apt to usurp the empire of the understanding, and dethrone reason itself, bringing the whole mind under a most fickle and despotic tyrant. The person soon conceives a wretched and morbid aversion to patient, cool, sedulous investigation; and "works of imagination," as they are called, are preferred and sought after in preference to sober, solid, matter-of-fact productions. The common, plain scenes of real, nay, but too often those of virtuous, useful life, are disrelished, because they are too tame and too insipid. There is not enough of novelty and of fancy thrown around them; because it is the office of the imagination to invest every thing it touches with not only vivacity but the new and the striking. Nor would it be strange if such a mind should soon become unable to view the mere facts of science and history, or even of religion, in any other light or feeling than one bordering on perfect indifference or positive disgust. How great the want of symmetry in such a mental portrait!

For another illustration take the faculty of volition. The will is regarded as being one of the first principles of action. It is its office to direct and fix the attention, to suspend the judgment till the person has duly deliberated; and when all the evidence in the case is heard and canvassed, and the truth or duty decided, steadily to pursue the chosen path or object. When this faculty is not duly strengthened, there is neither firmness nor decision of character, nor self-government, but, like a ship without anchor, sail, helm, or pilot, left to the sport of the winds and the mercy of the storm. Without the due culture of this faculty, the mind is pliant, fluctuating, hesitating, stubborn, inflexible, or capricious. But when this holds due proportion with other faculties, the mental symmetry is perfect, the person is seen pursuing that line of consistent and harmonious action which accords with his rational and accountable nature. When this is not the case the conduct is perverse, inconsistent, paradoxical—at one time rash and presumptuous, then exhibiting obliquity and willful delinquency.

Apply the same principle to the affections. They should all be duly unfolded, directed, exercised, and controlled. Let even the more benevolent and amiable be unduly cherished, the judgment giving no direction in the choice of the object, the proper height of the emotion, or the suitableness of the occasion when it shall be indulged, and weakness or extravagance will be the consequence. On the contrary let resentment be indulged without the necessary guards, checks, and restraints of conscience, reason, and self-control, and it will harden into sour repulsiveness, censoriousness, bitterness, if not revenge itself. Let that self-respect which loses sight of our own foibles, frailties, and ill deserts, be cherished, and it will swell into sheer vanity, exposing us to a thousand tormenting mortifications, because the estimation in which others will hold us, though, perhaps, much nearer the truth, will fall far below our own.

Look at the effect, should our anticipations of future good or evil—no matter which—unduly preponderate. In one case we are always apprehensive—the worst aspect of things is always toward ourselves. The shades of the picture become still more sombre by the creations of an active and unchastened imagination, or a skittish and wayward fancy. Such a mind invests every thing it contemplates with its own gloomy hues. Refusing the encouragement the true state of the case really affords, it flings the bitterest herb into the cup of affliction, already sufficiently acrid. But suppose our anticipations of future good are too sanguine, then real contingencies will be overlooked. There will not be due effort to remove such impediments as really interpose. Contrary to the true perspective philosophy, the object will appear larger as it is more distant—we shall feel certain of its attainment in proportion to its remoteness. The consequence most likely to follow is that, instead of the object anticipated, we shall embrace disappointment as to its attainment, or its enjoyment. But when hope and fear are symmetrical, both extremes will be avoided.

There is another view of this subject still more important—it is the moral symmetry of the mind. That every sound mind possesses moral faculties, as well as those of the other classes, is held as being unquestionable. And if any who shall favor these thoughts

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with a perusal, really doubt this, all we shall now reply is, we do not write for such readers. But if moral endowments are admitted to be elements in our natures, as much as any others which distinguish our minds, then the importance of their due development follows as a matter of course; because we are then moral no less than intellectual beings. In our original state the moral features in man were as prominent as any others in his character. But now in no other respect is the disproportion greater. And here a cardinal truth presents itself, which should never be forgotten—that it is not in the power of unassisted education, in due proportion, to unfold the moral faculties of the soul. It is only a subordinate instrumentality. An agency more potent must be exerted; and, happy for us, this agency generally anticipates the influence of every other. It is the Holy Spirit. It is proffered and ever present to all who are willing to yield to its restoring influence. Man was not designed to exist in alienation and estrangement from his God. He is not adapted so to exist. And the due development of his moral nature, as we now use the term, includes his restoration both to the Divine favor and image—the restoration of the soul to that mental and moral symmetry in which it was created. This is a point of eternal moment. Here the want of symmetry is seen in too many educated minds. All other faculties are well unfolded. But in this respect, where there should be expansion there is vacancy—where there should be living, moving, breathing, vital strength and action, there is a dreadful moral paralysis. Instead of pure, melting love to God and man, peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost, there is nought but unquenched thirst for the supreme good, and a fruitless and disappointed effort to fill a constitutional, moral void in the soul with something besides its God. Restore the symmetry and you reverse the character. Now there is no defect, no despondency. The soul, both mentally and morally, has recovered from its fall. Such a soul vies with angels. They have never suffered the withering and distorting touch of sin. To their perfect examples of mental and moral symmetry it is the privilege of the human mind to enjoy full conformity. But is not this saying too much? Understand us. We do not say—we do not mean, that man shall have an angel's *grasp* of intellect. But why may he not attain as full conformity, in his perfect moral rectitude, to his eternal moral relations as they enjoy? And then, when the fountains of thought, will, and affection, and all the springs of action, are perfectly cleansed, as the great Teacher himself has taught, we shall "do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven;" that is, with as much integrity of principle, and purity of motive—with as much harmony and elevation of affection—with as much fixedness and steadiness of purpose, according to our capacity, as those who worship before the throne. This is our duty—this is our privilege. And will not this be our attainment when every faculty of the soul shall be equally and duly unfolded? This is perfect mental symmetry—this is the glory of our natures, the source, the sum of our highest happiness throughout our improving and endless being.

But, defective in this crowning excellence, in how many minds do we see a constant tendency to extravagance, delusion, bigotry, or ultraism of some sort. We are pained sometimes to find examples of this in persons on whom the richest blessings of nature, Providence, and grace have been poured with an unsparing hand, and who, but for this defect, might have won for themselves an enviable name and reward for their usefulness in the world. With characteristic integrity, zeal, and benevolence, they seize some principle, doctrine, truth, duty, or mode of doing good, and not knowing where to stop, its nature, no matter what it is, is completely changed into something else. It is removed from its foundation, turned out of its course, or something quite foreign from the original principle or question is foisted in, leading to a result wide from the one in view at the starting point. The mind loses its balance, and a sort of monomania ensues; because truth itself, when carried too far, is turned into or is mixed with error. Right, without regard to circumstances, in a thousand conceivable cases, may easily slide into wrong. Hence, there is nothing more important in tracing a doctrine, principle, or course of moral action, than to know when and where to stop, no less so than to know where to begin, or how to detect and correct any obliquity from the line or path in the procedure. The largest continent has its limits. But if one regardless of this fact heedlessly rush on, he must soon fall over some precipice, or plunge into the billows which break upon the coast. But due mental symmetry would have cured the temerity, and prevented the disaster. Were this a living trait in the character of all minds, how much cruel and unreasonable prejudice—how many wild outbreaks of passion—how much agitation and strife—how many mad and delusive speculations—how many blighting and mournful religious errors of both faith and practice—how much of disappointment, crime, wretchedness, and suffering would be swept from the earth, and banished from human nature! Man would regain the forfeited happiness of Eden—supreme love to his God, and kindest fraternal affection to every fellow creature, however fallen and degraded, would again enkindle in his heart, while his Maker would again look with benign complacency on the noblest work of his hands, and again pronounce it "good."

DECENCY IN DRESS.

Women should not confine their attention of dress to their public appearance. They should accustom themselves to a habitual neatness. So that in the most careless undress, in the most unguarded hours, they may have no reason to be ashamed of their appearance. They will not easily believe how much men consider their dress, as expressive of their characters; vanity, levity, slovenliness, and folly appear through it. An elegant simplicity is an equal proof of taste and delicacy.

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HER SUN SET EARLY.

The hour was late. I was sitting alone in my little study. The paper on which I had been writing lay spread out before me. My pen rested between my thumb and finger, and I attempted to carry through the train of thought with which I had been occupied. The attempt was fruitless; the wearied mind was unbent, and wandering thoughts chased each other across the brain, till almost perfect chaos reigned within. To revive the exhausted powers and recall the wayward thoughts, I turned to the window and looked out on the night. It was autumn. The moon rode in meridian beauty in the sky, on whose clear blue expanse not a cloud floated. The prospect opening to my eye calmed and soothed my weary mind. The long lines of overshadowing elms adorning the highway were bathed in the gorgeous moonlight; their leaves, "just turning from summer verdure to autumn gray," were motionless, as if spell-bound by night's heavy slumber. The neighboring church shot its snowy spire toward heaven, and on the distant hills and elevations were scattered the cottages and dwellings composing the village. All was silent; not a murmur of human voice was heard; not a leaf rustled on the bough; the rippling of a distant water-fall alone reached the ear. I gazed till I forgot my weariness, and the heart was moved to harmony with the scene.

At length I turned back to my unfinished task, but the page was dim; the train of thought had passed away. Almost unconsciously I revolved the pages of a manuscript record lying on my table: it was my parochial register. My eye fell upon the record of deaths and funerals. A name dear to the heart arrested my careless gaze, and by the mighty though mysterious power of association the scenes and events of by-gone days rose up before the mind. There was something in the hour, something in the state of the mind, and more than all, in the view from my window, at which I had been gazing, that touched and waked the memories of the heart. I yielded to the emotion, and the history I am about to sketch was seen, as when in real life, fleeting before my eye.

The name on that record was that of a young lady fondly loved and deeply lamented by a large circle of relatives and friends. When I first saw her, in the earliest years of my mind, she was just bursting into womanhood. She still retained in every lineament the sweet grace and expression of child-like innocence, though her form and features were rounding into the more mature loveliness of woman. She was as a bud half blown, delicate, and beautiful, whose charms promise yet fuller expansion. Her history was not without interest. She was the daughter of wealthy parents—one of a large family, and had received every attention they could give. But in early life she was visited with lingering disease: it was of the most painful and excruciating kind, affecting one of her limbs so that for a long season she could not put her foot to the ground. In the very spring-time of life, it shut her up from the glad air, the springing flowers, the gay companions, and all the innocent hilarities of youth. Yet she had borne it patiently. The force of the disease had abated, though its seeds still remained in her frame. She had so far recovered that she was again mingling in the scenes adapted to her age and taste. Her youthful spirit had not been broken under her confinement; and, full of buoyant animation, she was the life, the idol of the household. Her early sickness and meek submission had enlisted the sympathies and affections of every one on her behalf; and when restored to health, her cheerfulness and buoyancy riveted these affections more strongly upon her. Thus she became the universal favorite; happy herself, and diffusing happiness round her: like the beautiful rose which opens to the sunshine, and sheds its fragrance on the air.

Her health became so far established that she left home for school. While there, she found new friends, whose affections she won as she had those of the companions of earlier days. Her family hoped she would outgrow all tendencies to the disease from which she had already suffered so much. This hope was strengthened on her return home, after some months' absence, when her health was good, and promised to remain so.

The parents of this young lady were pious; and she had been religiously educated. What her feelings were during her first illness I do not know; but she evidently had that respect for religion, and that general belief in its necessity and importance which are usually seen in children placed from early years under religious influence. She had however no abiding impressions of eternal things till after her return from school. I had been called away from my labors, and was obliged to seek another land, in consequence of the prostration of my strength. During this painful and somewhat protracted absence, God favored my little flock with a season of spiritual refreshing. At this time her mind was affected. Her views of sin were clear and strong, and her impressions of truth deep and lasting. But her views of a Savior's love and power were not as clear and bright; and she hardly dared indulge the hope that she had received the forgiveness of sin, and passed from death to life. In this state of darkness and perplexity I found her on my return to my field of labor. She could never speak of herself without tears. A cloud, not altogether dark, but yet sufficient to obscure the light, seemed to dim her vision. Yet to her friends she was changed, greatly changed. She had lost her love of the gay world, had become constant in the private duties of religion, gave very marked evidence of a tender conscience, and earnestly sought, as the great object of desire, for witness of a real union with Christ. Long and tenderly her friends labored with her; but her mind was dark; she was fearful of self-deception. She seemed, however, slowly to emerge from the cloud, when she removed from my parochial charge, and took up her residence in another town.

During her absence at school she became acquainted with a young man who won her affections, and whose offer of marriage, with the consent of her friends, she

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accepted. The course of their love ran smooth. They were well adapted to each other. Her gentle spirit, and timid, quiet disposition formed a delightful contrast to his more active and fearless temperament. He watched her as the gardener watches the tenderest and choicest flower of his parterre, that the sun may not scorch, nor the rain drown it. The months rolled happily on, till the day of their nuptials came. I never shall forget that scene. It is present now. The youthful grace of the bride; so delicate in her form, so childlike in her features, as she stood before me that morning to plight her troth to the man of her choice. Every prospect was fair. It was life's sunniest dream that opened before her. A father's blessing; a mother's warm prayer; a sister's fond kiss; a brother's cordial greeting—all were hers. And the hand she pressed clasped hers in true faith; and the vows she spake were answered by vows sincere as her own. There was no darkness in her sky. It was a morning without clouds; and her face, though an anxious line might be faintly traced as she bade farewell to the home of her youth, told that hope was whispering peace to her soul. Never did I utter a warmer prayer than when I sought the Divine blessing on that fair young bride. And yet there was a shade of sadness on my heart; a secret, unbidden, unwelcome thought that these bright prospects were deceitful—these fair hopes delusive.

I saw her afterward in her new home. She was happy there. Her mind had been relieved of its shades and gloom, so that she had united with the visible Church of Christ. The lurking disease in her frame showed its existence there; and several times, for weeks together, she was confined to her chamber. Her constitution at length sank under these repeated trials. During the last winter she kept house, an aged relative of her husband was an inmate of the family. He had been a minister, and was a spiritual, godly man. Under the infirmities of age and lingering disease he gradually failed till the time of his departure came In all his sickness, and in the last struggles, faith and hope were strong, and "his end was peace." During his protracted sufferings she had watched over him with unwearied kindness; but the exhausting labor was too much for her feeble frame, and soon after his death her husband took her on a long journey. They traveled among the mountains of New Hampshire. In the midst of this pure air and beautiful scenery her health and strength returned, and he hoped all would be well. But suddenly her old complaint seized her, and she was obliged to stop at a public house in the little village of L——, where she remained, suffering most excruciating pain for several months. The village is beautiful and retired, and the kind-hearted people there did every thing in their power for the young stranger. Her husband remained with her; and her mother, at her earnest entreaty, repaired to the spot, and spent several of the last weeks with her. As soon as she could be removed, her husband carried her to her father's house, who, since her marriage, had removed to the city of B——.

I did not see her for several months. The family returned to the old mansion, and she came with them. She was feeble and emaciated; beautiful, indeed, but not as on the morn of her nuptials. The glow of health was fled, and every line of her countenance told of severe and protracted suffering. Her mind was still often under a cloud. Many doubts as to her spiritual state agitated her; and rarely did she speak of herself without tears; but not a murmuring word fell from her lips. She meekly bowed to the rod, and submissively drank of the cup her Father gave her. At times, she apparently revived. Her disorder, like all chronic diseases, assumed deceitful aspects; and with something of her former animation she mingled in the family circle. In one of these favored seasons her husband carried her to a neighboring village to see an aged relative, and to enjoy a little change of scene and air. The ride apparently revived her spirits, and she appeared so much better, and so happy in the change of place, that her husband decided to leave her there a few weeks, while he attended to some business in a distant state. Soon, however, the deceitful symptoms changed into the indications of speedy death. I was summoned to her dying bed. It was a solemn scene: there were many trying circumstances; her husband and father were both absent, and she was from home. Yet she uttered no complaint; she desired only to bear patiently all God's allotments; and prayed only that he would give her clear evidence of his presence in the hour of need. I bowed by her bed in prayer, and she herself responded to the petition. The dark cloud was not wholly removed from her mind, yet she did not fear. She trusted, but desired more evidence that her trust was not in vain. After she had lost the power of articulating distinctly, save in broken sentences, she looked up to me, with an expression I can never forget, and whispered, "Did you say any thing?" I answered, "No, I did not speak." "But I thought," replied she, "I heard some one say, the way is sure, the way is sure." "O yes," said I, "Christ is the way, sure and tried." She fell into a drowse, when she started, with the same bright expression on her pale, emaciated features. "I hear some one saying, '*able, able.*'" "O yes," said I, "Christ is able, and he is assuring you of his power over the great enemy." After a time she desired to be raised up. I sat at the head of the bed and supported her on my arm. The last struggle came; a dark and fearful struggle. A change overspread all her face. Her eye was upturned with an expression of deepest agony. Every line of her emaciated and pallid countenance was expressive of fear and prayer: and her clasped hands were raised, as if in earnest supplication. Suddenly her hands fell slowly and quietly on her bosom; her eyes closed in peace; her whole countenance was calm; and as a wearied child, she fell asleep. I could not but read in these tokens her spiritual conflict. She was passing the dark valley: heart and flesh failed: in fear and agony she lifted her eye and hand in prayer: the dying breath of supplication was heard, and the end was peace. The mourners had stood hushed amid the ago-

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nies of that last moment; but now one whispered to another she is dead, and they wept aloud.

There was one last hope which we cherished: it was that her husband might at least take one farewell look of her face before the grave hid it from his eye. The steamboat was hourly expected, and we fondly hoped he might come. I left the bed of death and passed out of the house to watch the approaching boat. It was one of the loveliest days of summer. The house was beautifully situated on an elevated slope, with a fine lawn in front, which gradually descended to the water. An amphitheatre of mountains in the rear seemed to hem in the little village, while before the house the broad bay, dotted with countless islands and whitened by canvass, lay like a sheet of silver inlaid with emerald and pearl, its sunny waters hardly ruffled by the summer zephyr that played across its surface. I thought how strange, that, amid so much beauty, death should be the universal lord, and sorrow the common heritage. And as I thought of the loved one, whose spirit had just parted from us, with a most soothing power rushed into my mind the words of another departed saint, "If earth be so beautiful, what must heaven be."

The column of smoke, rising above the islands, told the boat's approach, and soon she rounded the point and landed her passengers at the wharf. I saw one leave the shore and pass rapidly toward the house. I was almost ready to exclaim, "It is Mr. ——." His person and gait, to my anxious mind, resembled those of the husband, whose coming I so earnestly desired. I even went down to meet him, as he came upon the lawn in front of the house. But it was a stranger—and passing through the stile, he turned toward the village and disappeared.

Our last hope was crushed, and with a sad heart we prepared for the last offices to the dead. The corpse was carried to her native village, and, in the absence of her husband and father, we consigned her to the grave. Men were mourners there, and we mourned for the living as well as the dead.

Should the traveler, who passes through our village, pause by the old deserted sanctuary at the entrance of the principal street, and enter the rude burying-ground, his eye will fall on a large white marble tablet a few steps beyond the gate. A female figure, representing Hope leaning on an anchor, is carved at the top. Beneath may be read the name and age of her whose history I have thus briefly sketched, with the date of her death; and below, an epitome of her life, in the brief and touching lamentation of the prophet, "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—*Mother's Magazine.*

LIFE.

Life is continually ravaged by invaders; one steals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement: the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquility, till having lost all, we can lose no more.

SLEEPING APARTMENTS.

"It must not be forgotten," remarks Hufeland, "that we spend a considerable portion of our lives in the bed-chamber, and, consequently, that its healthiness or unhealthiness cannot fail of having a very important influence upon our physical well-being."

Every one who is actuated by a due regard for health and real comfort, will consider an equal degree of attention necessary in regard to the size, situation, temperature and cleanliness of the room he occupies during the hours of repose, as his parlor, drawing-room, or any other apartment; and yet, how often do we find families crowded at night into obscure and confined chambers, of dimensions scarcely more ample than those of an old fashioned closet, while, perhaps, in most instances, the best rooms in the house will be set aside for the sole purpose of ostentatious display.

It is all important that the largest and most lofty room upon the second floor, be appropriated for the sleeping apartment, and that it be freely ventilated, during the day-time, at all seasons when the weather is not rainy, or otherwise very humid. There are few houses, the rooms of which are so situated as to render the latter impracticable; and the influence of the practice upon the health of inmates is too important to permit its being neglected from any slight cause.

A bed-chamber should be divested of all unnecessary furniture, and, unless of considerable size, should never contain more than one bed. There cannot be a more pernicious custom than that pursued in many families, of causing the children, more especially, *to sleep in small apartments, with two or three beds crowded into the same room.*

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that cleanliness, in the most extensive signification of the term, is, if possible, even more necessary, in reference to the bed-chamber, than to almost any other apartment.

The practice of sleeping in an apartment which is occupied during the day, is extremely improper. Perfect cleanliness and a sufficient free ventilation cannot, under such circumstances, be preserved, especially during cold weather; hence the atmosphere becomes constantly more vitiated, and altogether unfit for respiration.

While too great a degree of caution cannot be observed to avoid sleeping in damp rooms, beds, or clothing, the temperature of the bed-chamber should, if possible, never be augmented, under the ordinary circumstance of health, by artificial means. As this apartment is to be reserved solely for repose, a fire is never necessary, except, perhaps, during uncommonly severe weather; and even then the temperature ought not to exceed fifty degrees.

A sleeping apartment, in which a large fire has been kept for several hours previous to the period of retiring to rest, may to many, at first view, present an appearance of the most perfect comfort; it is, however, at the same time a means of very effectually enervating the system; creating an increased susceptibility to the influence of the cold, and thus opening the way to the

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attack of some serious diseases, especially of the chest. Happy may they esteem themselves whose means forbid an indulgence in this species of luxury.

A person accustomed to undress in a room without a fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest weather. The natural heat of his body will very speedily render him even more comfortably warm than the individual who sleeps in a heated apartment, and in a bed thus artificially warmed, and who will be extremely liable to a sensation of chilliness as soon as the artificial heat is dissipated. But this is not all; the constitution of the former will be rendered more robust, and far less susceptible to the influence of atmospherical vicissitudes, than that of the latter.—*Journal of Health.*

Original.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

The friends that gathered round,
Upon that festal day,
Had silently retired,
Each one his way;
And she—alone—in meditative thought,
Learned the sage lessons Retrospection taught.

"'Tis come again, and gone!
My natal day is past!
How swiftly time has fled
This side the last?
It seems as if each day still shorter grew,
And months the years with swifter speed pursue.

"What good within the past
Have I as yet achieved,
Full worthy of the powers
I have received?
What act upon th' entablature of mind
Which may not to oblivion be consigned?

"And now before me spreads
The future's bright array—
The pencilings of bliss,
In prospects gay—
And Hope herself the gilded path adorns,
And strews with flowers a way beset with thorns.

"Yet those who've trod life's path,
Declare those flowers will fade
Before my hands can reach
The sweets displayed—
Or while I grasp the quick decaying bloom,
The treacherous thorns the happiness consume.

"But yet there is a way
Where life's pure joys increase—
A way of pleasantness—
A path of peace.
The flowers which in that lovely path abound,
Immortal bloom—are ever fadeless found.

"Within a narrow vale
Begins its beauteous course,
Ascending all the way
Toward heaven its source.
Before the throne of wisdom increate
Its bright alluring visions terminate.

"That path henceforth be mine—
Its course will I pursue,
With joyous Hope my guide,
Till heaven I view,
Where on its beauteous, ever vernal plain,
The flowers and fruit of pristine bliss remain.

"Be it my future aim,
As days life's scenes renew,
To do those deeds I may
With joy review—
To live for something worthy of a mind
Immortal in its being—unconfined."

* * * * * *

Upon the battlements
Which guard th' imperial dome,
I watched the smile of those
Returning home;
And heard the joyous hail by angels given
As each was welcomed to the courts of heav'n.

Among that happy throng
Was one to me well known;
Whose blissful countenance
Irradiant shone—
A seraph in the happy realms above,
Where all is holy peace and perfect love.

I gazed upon that form,
And felt a kindred glow—
Perfection's charm was there,
Though born below;
For she who early trod the ways of truth,
Was crowned in glory with unfading youth.

G. W.

ARARAT.

The torrents cease, the waves retreat,
The trembling dove finds rest;
The terrors of the Lord abate,
His mercies stand confest.

Full on the troubled deep no more
The patriarch bends his eye;
Calmly he waits, in heaven's own hour,
The promis'd sign on high.

And lo! to his astonished view
That airy pledge is given,
Dyed in each bright ethereal hue,
Resplendent in the heav'n.

But O! what boon more precious far
Does God's rich bounty yield—
The glorious light of Bethlehem's star
Salvation has reveal'd.

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Original.

VOICES OF NATURE.

BY J. G. BLAIR.

"O, Nature! what art thou?—a mighty lyre,
Whose strings are swept by an angel choir;
Whose music attuned by a hand divine,
Thrills a chord in each bosom responsive to thine,
And whose gentler strains as it softly swells,
Soothes many a bosom where sadness dwells,
While the joyous and happy, the youthful and gay,
Pluck the flowers from thy garland, and speed on their way."

Miss M. Davidson.

Amid the unnumbered blessings by which a merciful Creator seeks to lure human nature from its wayward folly, none appeals to the heart with more winning eloquence than the beauty of external nature. Gift of the Beneficent, who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust, the eloquence of nature, like all the most precious gifts of Heaven, is a fountain of happiness open to all—free to the peasant and the prince. Few seem to be aware how large a portion of enjoyment they owe to the loveliness by which they are surrounded. How often is feverish passion calmed, the spirit beguiled from its ceaseless broodings over sorrows, the iron grasp of despair loosened from the heart! and yet we forget to thank the kindly influence which has fallen like dew upon our spirits, reviving the faded blossoms of peace and hope. The soul is wrought upon by that serene, unsorrowing beauty, like a harp swept by an invisible power—the music of unconscious joy is called forth, but no eye beholds the hand which sweeps the strings. Yet to those who walk amid its wonders with hearts open to instruction, the universe is a magnificent temple, for ever filled with sweet wandering voices—oracles from nature's holy of holies. Every leaf is pervaded with the mysterious principles of life and loveliness—every flower or blade of grass is inscribed with eternal truth. Not alone by those things which have a voice amid the melodies of nature—old ocean battling with his rocks—the howling storm, with its terrible clarion, that seems summoning the spirits of darkness to hurl the universe back to its ancient chaos—the anger of the awakening earthquake—the crash of the thunderbolt—no, nor by the softer voice of the wind amid summer leaves—nor the rill nursing the violet and gentian in the dim forest heart—not by these alone is the spirit of man awakened to lofty thought, or soothed to that repose which refreshes it to struggle once more with the ills of life. Who but has looked upon the softened beauty of earth, perhaps when the last golden hue of evening fell on the mountain peaks, till he felt his heart overflowing with some such joy as the dwellers of paradise might have felt when the gleaming wings and glorious brow of some angel visitant lit their glades! Who but has stood beneath the starry dome of midnight, till he could almost fancy that he heard around him the anthems of those millions of spiritual beings "who walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep!"

The glad awakening smile of morning too—there throbs in the wide world no heart which does not feel its influence; from childhood, whose life is all one hymn of joyous thankfulness, to old age, that lifts the covering from his snowy locks, and blesses God that he yet lives, if but to behold the joy of this bright and breathing world. What wonder that the awe-struck fancy of the Greek, as he looked upon the peak of the inaccessible mountain, pictured the dwelling of the thunderer above the cliffs, and gave a genius to each murmuring shade—a guardian dweller to each woodland fountain! He did but give a local habitation and a name to the deep and varied feelings called forth in every heart by the changing aspects of nature—to that indescribable something which speaks from the grandeur of the lovelier earth—to that majestic sweetness in the smile of creation which pencil could never show, though dipped in hues such as tint the sun-set cloud; nor poetry describe, though the poet were a seraph. What human voice can elevate the soul like the silent glory of the eternal hills? What so lull its feverish passions as the dewy breath of eventide? What speak of infinite wisdom and love like the seasons walking their perpetual round in ever-varying beauty? Eloquence! God has not left it to human tongues to declare his glory. His anger speaks in the tempest, purifying while it desolates—his serene and all-embracing love in the bending firmament—his wisdom, his power, his benevolence in the minutest work of his hand. He has written King of kings in the high places of earth, the mountains, and the heavens; and Father in the delicate tracery of every leaf—the delicate chalice of every blossom. Nature! daughter of the Eternal! whatever may be the jarring of man's evil passions, thou hast no discord!—thy realm for ever resounds with lofty melodies, which come to the heart amid the battle of contending passions like music amid the pauses of the storm.

Voices of praise in heaven! from mountain streams,
Leaping with songs of victory to the sea,
To the low welling of a forest spring—
From 'neath some old oak's root—from thundering pines,
That bend reluctant to the tempest's wing,
To the low hymn of summer boughs at eve,
Murmuring like prayer—a ceaseless melody;
Ay! on the far and everlasting hills,
Or the blue desert of the chiming waves,
Or by the fountain flashing in the glade,
Hath gentle Nature loftier, tenderer strains
Than ever echoed to a human hand.
Come in the early summer time, when eve
Rests like a glory on the mountain peaks—
Come to the air, and be thy heart at peace,
To meet the sunshine of rejoicing earth.
A fairy shout breaks forth from all the streams,
Those happy spirits of the leafy vale,
Wandering and singing ever; and from heaven,
With sunny azure on their flashing wings,
Myriads of birds give back a glad reply.
Meanwhile a vesper song the ancient woods
With solemn sweetness wake, like ocean's waves,
When from the tempest murmuring to their rest,
And youth's wild heart long lost in folly's maze,
And manhood weary with his noon-day toil,

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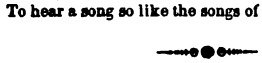
Pause in their vain career, and softened give
The welcome offering of repentant love.

Yet hast thou fearful voices, lovely earth!
When summer skies are bluest, and all hearts
Are calm and glad, and fondly dream of peace,
Whence the wild fear that blanches every lip,
And to the heart sends back the dancing blood?
From his long slumber in the halls of night—
The darksome caves of earth—the earthquake springs,
On the strong pillar lays his giant hand,
And shakes the eternal mountains to their base,
While the low murmur of his sullen wrath,
With note terrific, strikes all human ears.
With thunder crash vast cities prostrate fall—
The mountains groan—dread numbs each human pulse,
And from a voice more terrible than this
Old ocean flies in fear!
When wintry winds
Wild sporting laugh through winter's starry vault,
Joyful their voices as the summer bird's;
But when the midnight tempest in his car
Rides o'er the icy hills, and through the sky
Shriek the wild spirits like a demon band,
Young hearts beat wildly By the cottage hearth,
The widow sitting with her little ones,
Hears the wild music of the blast, and deems
The voice some wanderer's, dying on the waste,
And sick with terror bows her head and prays—
Shield him, O, God!

And thou, O, ocean! playmate of the storm!
When shout thy billows with the shouting winds,
Who hath a voice like thine? With sinking heart
The fearful wanderer looks along thy waves,
And sees thee sporting with the giant rocks
That wear thy wreaths and foam, and hears his dirge
In the wild shouting of the reckless song.
Anon thou smoothest thy brow, and with a song
Of mournful sweetness murmurest through thy caves,
Or with soft music, and the kiss of peace,
Greetest the sunny shore, and brightly smil'st.
Organ of nature! whence thy ceaseless roll?
Why chafe thy waves for ever with thy rocks?
Mourn'st thou the ravage of thy tameless wrath,
Or sing'st thy fearful triumph, when of old
Thy billows foamed amid the mountain tops,
And freed the green earth from her sinful lord?
Loud roared the waters, 'mid the mountain caves
Echoed thy mighty rocks, while far above,
Lost in the thunders of the ceaseless storm,
Screamed the wild birds, and screaming fell, unheard;
For louder, wilder than the howling wind,
Or the mad dashing of an unchained deep,
Despair's last cry went pealing up to heaven.
So on her pathway, through the azure fields,
Amid her radiant sisters of the sky,
Walks this fair earth, with music—near her hills,
On lofty message bent, the seraph bands
Pause on the wing to list the choral hymn,
And raptured mortal, in a ruined sphere,
To hear a song so like the songs of heaven.



Simplicity, the fairest flower
That once in Eden grew,
Ere Adam felt the tempter's power,
Or good and evil knew.

But re-implanted now in souls
Where heavenly graces shine,
Their every motion she controls
With energy divine.

Original.

THE WIDOW'S GRIEF.

I saw him sinking day by day,
Beneath the stern destroyer's finger—
I watched the sadness of decay
Which o'er his form began to linger—
I marked his eye, which on my sight
So oft had burst with heavenly beaming—
I saw it change—its gentle light
Was lost in agony's wild gleaming!

I marked his voice, whose sweetest tone,
Of love, to me was always thrilling;
It changed—grew fainter, 'till 'twas gone—
My heart its mournful echo filling!
I could not see him die! but, then,
I kneel'd beside him when he slumbered
The sleep from which none wake again,
'Till earth's mysterious hours are numbered!

I scarce could look upon his face—
Disease had altered so each feature
I found not one familiar trace
Of all that formed and graced the creature!
I could not bear to see him laid
Within his last and lonely dwelling!
I murmured that the God who made
Saved not from darkness so appalling
One lov'd so well! but on they bore him;
And soon the heavy earth closed o'er him!

Weeks, months, even years, have swiftly past,
Since in that *far off* tomb they laid him;
But, O, his form, his eye, his voice,
Are in the cells of memory cherished
As fragments from the wreck of joys,
Which on the sea of life have perished!

How oft beside his grave I sat,
And wept, when none but God was seeing;
Tears, both of grief and joy, befit
The shrine such precious dust concealing—
Grief that his spirit pass'd so soon,
And left my heart in sorrow pining—
Joy that in worlds beyond the tomb
With lustre brighter far 'tis shining!

Would any at their Lord's command
Fly from themselves and sin?
His loving arms wide open stand
To take the outcasts in.

Would any fly to cooling streams,
Or in a shelter run,
To hide them from the scorching beams
Of tribulation's sun?

In Jesus happily conjoined,
Let none his aid refuse:
A fountain and a rock we find
For weary pilgrims' use.

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MRS. FLETCHER.

The following testimony to the excellent Christian character of Mrs. Fletcher is from Mrs. Hawkes, a lady who was an honored member of Mr. Cecil's Church, and a bright and shining light amongst the female Christians of her day. It is found in the "Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hawkes," a book which should be in the hands of all our readers.—ED.

MRS. JONES and myself set out for Madeley, Thursday, May 15, 1794. We had a pleasant drive, but lost much time on the road, for which we suffered. We reached the house of that honorable Christian, Mrs. Fletcher, about five o'clock. My spirit was awed and humbled, not only by the noble character of Mrs. F., but by the recollection of the sacred roof under which I was. I would gladly have taken my seat at the threshhold of the door, for I felt unworthy to advance any further. But I was soon made to forget my wretched self, my attention being turned to better subjects. While in converse with Mrs. Fletcher, I felt that sacred influence which I desire ever to feel. Glory be to our adorable Savior, he condescended to be present with us; and my soul found it a refreshing season. Here indeed the Sun of Righteousness has arisen, and seems to shine continually. Here the Lord giveth rain in its season, and the souls of the inhabitants are like a well-watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not. Here is a Christian *indeed*. Alas! what am I? what have I been doing? Surely no more than slumbering, creeping, dragging on in my heavenly journey. Lord, in mercy speak unto me, that I may go forward; and let me run the race set before me.

The first remark Mrs. Fletcher made, was on the shortness of her breath, occasioned by a complaint from which she had long suffered. With an animated countenance she said, "She often thought death could not be far distant. Sometime since," she added, "I had a dangerous illness, which my friends expected would carry me off, and I began to rejoice in the belief that it was my Lord's will I should speedily join my dear friends in heaven. But my disorder taking an unexpected turn, I perceived my time of release was not to be yet, but that God would have me live a little longer; and blessed be his name, I found I had no choice; I could equally embrace his will either for life or death. I felt the will of my God like unto a soft pillow, upon which I could lie down, and find rest and safety in all circumstances. O, it is a blessed thing to sink into the will of God in all things! Absolute resignation to the Divine will, baffles a thousand temptations; and confidence in our Savior, carries us sweetly through a thousand trials. I find it good to be in the balance, awfully weighed every day, for life or death."

She then gave us a wonderful and pleasing account of the Rev. Melville Horne, and read a letter with a history of his voyage to the New Settlement—the storms and dangers he and his wife encountered, and how astonishingly they were preserved from any thing like repining, or questioning the goodness and mercy of God, or his own call of duty in the course he was taking, notwithstanding the opposition he experienced. They had both given themselves up for lost, expecting the next returning billow to have sunk the ship; and they were waiting and looking for death, not only with composure, but in a spirit of rejoicing: a strong evidence of great faith, especially when all the circumstances were considered. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." Mrs. F. remarked, "Then is faith the strongest, when it can lay hold on God at the time every thing seems to go against us; when the way is hedged up with thorns, or, as Habakkuk expresses it, 'although the fig-tree shall not blossom.' 'Lord increase my faith!"

Speaking of the diseases of my own heart, she replied, "Come to Jesus!" adding, "I feel sometimes as though all I had to say to every body was, Come to Jesus! dont be kept back; if you feel you have done amiss, and have received wounds, where can you go but to Jesus? He has every thing to give that you can want. In every circumstance, in every situation, come freely to your Savior!" But my treacherous memory will not retain the encouraging, inviting, persuasive expressions she here made use of. O, Thou, who alone teachest to profit, write them upon my heart, and bring them to my remembrance when they will be most useful.

After our dear Mrs. Fletcher had prayed with us, we parted. Three such hours I have not spent for a long season. I esteem this interview as one of my choicest favors. O that I may be the better for it!

Among other things she related a dream which had been made useful to one who had grown negligent and slothful in the ways of God.

Went to the Dale to sleep. A most beautiful and enchanting place, abounding with the wonders of nature: but no sight in this world can be half so animating and astonishing, or so beautiful, as that of a true Christian—a new creature—an image of him in whom all the nations of the earth are blessed; a proof of what Divine grace can do.

AFFLICTION.

DEVOTION, like fire in frosty weather, burns hottest in affliction. With the ark of Noah, the higher we are tossed with its flood the nearer we mount toward heaven. When the waters of the flood came upon the face of the earth, down went stately turrets and towers; but as the waters rose, the ark rose still higher and higher. In like sort, when the waters of affliction arise, down goes the pride of life, the lust of the eyes, and the vanities of the world. But the ark of the soul ariseth as these waters arise, and that higher and higher, even nearer and nearer to heaven. O, admirable use of affliction! health from a wound! cure from a disease; out of grief, joy; gain out of loss; out of infirmity, strength; out of sin, holiness; out of death, life.

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Original.

MILLERISM.

MILLERISM, in one aspect or another, seems to be the engrossing subject of the day. We do not pretend to pronounce judgment upon Mr. Miller's system—to do which would require both erudition and sanctity. Sanctity, we say; for what head-way shall a controversialist hope to make, if he come not to the handling of divine things with a clean, pure (purified) heart—a heart free from all other motive than that of searching out and defending God's truth? Yet many affect to treat this question, not as suiting the holiness due to the subject-matter, but according to their own ideas of the derision which is due to the author of the system. And in doing this they are themselves in danger of committing the very fault they would rebuke in him. Whether or not Mr. Miller is mistaken in his calculations and his views, we suppose that at least there might be accorded to him the merit of sincerity, and that the ignominious epithet of "imposter" might be withheld.

Mr. M. is no longer a young man; and he is known to have lived a sober, truthful, God-seeking life. Neither is he of a visionary turn, but one whose only excitement has been in the speculation now in hand—a man whose sobriety of temper, and humble views of this life, should defend him from the imputation of vain glory or self-seeking in the present instance. And it may be observed, amongst the many who condemn him, thousands may be found who go no deeper into the subject than to pronounce against him, because his system accords not with their idea of what is probable. The probable with them is the usual; and could they divest themselves of their self-vanity, they might find that they could give no reason for "the belief that is in them"—at least none from authority.

For ourself we think it not good to speculate in holy things, lest innovations should come—lest that which is pulled apart shall not be made again to adhere; but we would say that, where it does take place, the affirmative of the question, the taking up for the consummation looked to, always impresses us with more respect than the opposite or negative side—the abrogation, as it were, of holy things. Many, too, who study religion not at all, have yet the self-sufficiency to pronounce against certain views of it, as set forth by others. They reflect not that their own belief is of the world's ideas, without a creed of any sort to sustain their one-sided philosophy. Such, we think, should have the modesty to refrain from censure. Others again might be told that it is more creditable to be anxious about religion, though liable to some mistake, than not to be engaged upon the subject at all.

Mr. Miller, though not a learned man in the general sense of the word, is, we hear, a deep searcher of the Scriptures—an earnest seeker after the truth. But, apart from this, his system is denounced as being of disastrous tendency, as shown in the "madness of the people." Of old time, were they not mad, not because they had too much, but too little religion? If Mr. M. is only revealing the truths (and an able Biblical scholar* has said no one has yet refuted him) of Scripture, why this effect imputed to him? If he goes by authority, that authority is the ground of all its consequences. If not, (we speak with reverence,) why should a man speak louder than God to the people? Is it not good that the slothful should be aroused and awakened? And if in getting thus far on their way they make absurd demonstrations, does it prove any thing else than that these unfortunate people are awkward at religion, that they misapprehend its spirit, and that their mistakes are in consequence of their not having been early enough instructed in the right way? Having been regardless of the subject perhaps all their days, they have now become excited, through their fears, at a date of life when the accumulation of sin is heavy upon them—especially this sin of omission—and in taking up their belief they are counseled by their natural fears, and by their worldly habits of thinking; and they look to the doctrine of retribution rather than to the *remedy* proposed. The Christian atonement seems impossible to the selfish, resentful, unregenerate spirit of humanity; and as babes in grace, they have taken at once too strong aliment for them—it is more than they can bear.

Some cases of insanity have occurred—some few resulting even in death, it is said, in consequence of Mr. M.'s predictions; but if rightly understood, instead of oversetting the mind, it had been steadied by religion. Had the same persons been as apt to believe "Moses and the prophets," perhaps it had not so happened. Yet Mr. M. pretends to be neither prophet nor seer, but only to interpret Scripture readings. And we think it a misnomer that his versions are called *predictions*.

It may be observed that in all great movements there occur some instances of sacrifice. Perhaps these instances mark the leaven of humanity in the principle. "The old Romans had no triumph without a *victim*;" and in the ancient day, even the rites of religion claimed their libation of blood. In the present case it would seem harsh to plead necessity. We respect the sorrow of survivors. But to others we might say, is it not better to have "died" in "the faith," than to have lived without it? and in these instances such seemed the alternative. But these persons were probably predisposed to insanity, and any strong exciting cause would have produced the same effect. Yet had these unfortunate persons, as we have said, been *regularly trained to religion from infancy*—in the compliances required—it surely had not been a startling subject to them—it surely had sustained them, under all and every thing to which they were liable.

The question, then, is, can Mr. M. be fairly blamed for the disorders and deaths that have occurred in consequence of his preaching? That it was a necessary consequence to such as suffered, does not, we think, throw any guilt upon Mr. M.—he certainly never cal-

* Dr. Breckenridge.

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culated or desired such an event. In cases of physical life, millions die of predisposing causes, as soon as the exciting principle is presented. This is the course of nature. Now, religious teaching is intended and believed by all to be of healing tendency; and we repeat that we believe it is of an unsound idiosyncrasy that these cases have occurred; and if other causes of alarm had been as great, no doubt the catastrophe had been the same.

But why is the alarm so great? Events, preternatural, have been presented, it is true; but *could* Mr. M. make the case *stronger* than it should be by authority? He has admonished to repentance and preparation. The coming of our Savior upon earth in person were indeed an advent to be looked to with a holy dread—with tremors of the heart; but to his ransomed, with fullness of joy; and Mr. M. has told his hearers that it is in their *will* to be of *these*. The alarm, we think, is so great by sympathy more than by any other extraordinary cause; for where is the great difference to the dying? We read weekly in the columns of the "Advocate," and other papers, of those who have—we believe their testimony—that they have a foretaste of the beatitude awaiting them. We believe the "Comforter" was with them—we believe they were hastening to the judgment—and *they* each one believed it! And where is the very great difference of Mr. Miller's statement? He tells us that Christ is to come—that the world shall be at an end—that the judgment is looked for—that the congregated world shall see and be seen of each other—and that we shall be called to our final doom! But he says that this shall be instant—that it is even now at hand! What then? may not all look for death at any instant of time? and will not that time be to them the end of the world? Must they not then expect the judgment? and will they not then see all the dead that slept?

True, by his statement there is one manifest difference. But it should seem not fearful, but comforting; for the nations of the earth assembled shall be of the living as well as of the dead, and some of the millenial saints should be of our own familiar friends; and by the strong bond of human sympathy our natural hearts should be sustained. After the manner of accustomed reliance should our terrors be soothed, moderated, divided. After all, if we put our trust in God, will he not teach us, even at such a moment, that our terrors are of the flesh—that presently he will deliver us from them, and give us to the participation of a faith that shall endure for ever? Even such a crisis is the hour of death to every one who departs in hope quietly out of the world; and we would suppose it must by all be deemed less terrible to be amidst accustomed friends, sharing at once the general doom, than to go, as we do, and as we must, *alone*—all our ties of earth dissevered—on our journey through the dark valley of the shadow of death; for still

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies."

Yet so awful, so lothful to nature are the rending asunder all the charities of our being, that were the decree not enforced by *necessity*, nothing could reconcile us to it. Every one will allow that the loneliness of death is its most terrific feature, (in regard to itself alone.) But even for this has the divine economy prepared for us a way, and a *companion*—the comforter and the healer, Christ, and God, our salvation; and the woe of loneliness is left to warn us to our safety. It is to these terms that Mr. Miller's statement would draw our attention. Allowing even that he has made some chronological or arithmetical mistakes, yet he has made no essential mistake. His doctrine is sound—squaring not perhaps with the convertible term "orthodoxy," but grounded in the unchangeable truth of the Scriptures.

It may be remarked that cotemporaneously with Mr. Miller's system there has happened several events of uncommon occurrence, which would seem to point his predictions, yet, if seen apart from them, had, perhaps, had no effect upon the persons now most frightened by them. It might rather be said that his predictions pointed attention to them, than that they have illustrated his preaching. Of being frightened, we once heard an individual (a plain farmer he was) make the striking observation, that "after all, one that claimed to be a *human*, (that was his phraseology,) ought not to be *afeard* of any thing." And we believe there is much in exerting the powers of our own soul, which, with pious submission to God, may be found sufficient for us. We ought to believe that, "As our day is, so our strength shall be."

Mr. M. is, we hear, a plain, unambitious, *poor* man—radically poor—one that intends, in apostolic wisdom, never to be rich. He states, in a publication, that he owns a farm which suffices for the support of his family. And his disinterestedness is tested by the circumstance of his having expended about two thousand dollars from his small means in the "cause" which he believes. That he has no ecclesiastical alliances proves the simplicity of his "scheme."

Never having seen the man, nor yet thinking with him in particulars, we yet believe that he is single-hearted; and we are surprised that his method, which we allow to be ultra, should yet be wholly repudiated of good.

Controversy is said to be the life of the Church, winnowing the chaff from the grain; if so, his preaching may excite to other preaching, and good may come out of the extraordinary movement. Many there be who cannot be reached by common causes, and such may here be addressed. Some must have an alarm bell to warn them to church. And surely all allow that the world is now very bad, and the means that may make some better should not be despised. Surely, those who think that punishment and retribution are now at hand, will be more apt to cherish neighborly charity, to depart from iniquity, and to "flee from the wrath to come." And thus doing, if they behold not the millenium, which they so earnestly desire to see, they may do a much greater thing, namely, assist in producing it.

B.

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Original.

LYDIA;

OR THE FIRST EUROPEAN CONVERT.

"And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple of the city of Thyatira, which worshiped God, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul."

A GREAT proportion of the apostolical ministry was bestowed upon populous towns and great cities. These were centres of influence, giving character to the surrounding population; and their possession, by the soldiers of the cross, became highly important in subduing the nations to Christ. Guided by the wisdom, and strengthened by the power, which is from above, the apostles and their associates, preaching Jesus and the resurrection, fearlessly planted the banners of the bleeding Lamb in the Holy City—on the citadels of the Cæsars—at the Areopagus of Athens—in voluptuous Corinth, and even the strong holds of idolatry at Ephesus. Obedient to the heavenly vision, Paul, and his companions in travel, loosing from Troas, in Mysia, launched on the blue waters of the Ægean sea, bearing the glad tidings of salvation to the city of Philippi. These were the pioneers, and this the introduction of the everlasting Gospel to Europe. Never was the classic Ægean traversed by such a distinguished embassy. These ambassadors of the King of kings, making no ostentatious display, with the humility and self-sacrificing spirit of their divine Master, bear the white flag of truce—the offer of salvation to the teeming millions of Europe. The frail bark lands on the shores of Macedonia, and these servants of the living God find the field of their future labors lying in the valley and shadow of death, degraded by idolatry, superstition, and vain philosophy. All around them was moral desolation and spiritual death. Altars stained with human gore were to be demolished, immeasurable realms of darkness to be enlightened, and every modification of evil intrenched in the prejudice and depravity of the human heart to be assailed With a keen vision, the stupendous enterprise is surveyed in all its bearings; but these heralds of redemption, strangers in a heathen city, feel no misgivings of heart. Nothing daunted by the magnitude and difficulties of the work, they enter the city of Philippi. No Christian salutations welcomed their arrival—no door of hospitality was opened for their reception—no voice of kind encouragement sounded in their ears. But that invisible power—that arm of omnipotence which had sustained them in Asia was with them in Europe—they knew it, and they were strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Ordinary travelers, visiting this renowned city, would have gazed upon its greatness and grandeur; but Paul and his fellow itinerants, filled with the Holy Ghost and love for immortal souls, had higher and nobler objects of attention. They sought an opportunity to attack the ramparts of sin with weapons which were not carnal, and it soon was found.

As the Sabbath sun gleamed in beams of silvery brightness on the beautiful waters of the Ægean, they withdrew from the crowded city; for there was no Sabbath, no sanctuary there. They walk on the banks of the Strymos; and here, by the river side, in sweet solitude and silence, they find, of Jewish Proseucha, a place for prayer. In this Gentile city the Jews had no synagogue, no place to worship the God of their fathers, but this retired and humble place, where prayer was wont to be made. As these Christian missionaries approach the hallowed spot, and behold the devout worshipers, joy and thanksgiving fill their hearts. With emotions which the faithful ambassadors of Christ alone can feel and appreciate, they enter the Proseucha, sit down, and Paul preaches unto the women that resorted thither. The discription of the auditory is highly honorable to female piety, and will ever remain an interesting monument of the spirituality of the female character, formed in the mold of everlasting truth. Alas! the sons of Jacob were not there offering their heart-felt devotions to God. The enchantments of pleasure, or the shrines of mammon, secured their oblations. But his pious daughters, more faithful and devotional, were at the altar paying their vows, and adoring the God of Israel.

This was the first sermon ever preached in Europe—the great apostle to the Gentiles the preacher, and females the audience. The truth of God was not powerless. The subject of his discourse is not stated; but we are not left to mere conjectures, for this eminent preacher knew nothing among dying sinners, save Christ and him crucified. The cross, and its humbling, but soul-saving doctrines, was his theme; and its heart-conquering influence was salvation to the soul of Lydia, and doubtless to many more. This first convert in Europe is minutely described. Her name is given; and how honored to have her name written in the book of God, so that wherever the sacred Scriptures are read, there shall her history and character be known. The name of Cleopatra is known to a few, compared with the name of Lydia. And more honored still, it is written on the imperishable tablets of the book of life—her record is on high. Her worldly business is mentioned—she was a seller of purple, either of the dye itself, or of articles already colored. Her industry is recorded to her honor, and to show us that a diligent attention to business is not incompatible with the claims and duties of religion. She was none of those described by the apostle, "who learn to be idle, and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busy-bodies, speaking things that they ought not." In connection with her calling, amidst its toils and perplexities, she had a heart, and therefore found time to worship God. Religion is not an enemy, but a tried friend to the honorable pursuits of life. Piety, the most enlightened and elevated, is not inconsistent with the obligations we owe to ourselves and the world; it nerves the heart, and strengthens the hand to discharge faithfully the most arduous and important duties of public and private life. Religion throws no obstacle in the career

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of virtuous ambition, to secure honor and distinction; it retards not the progress of mind, in its development and culture. The religion of Lady Gray did not cripple her energies in the pursuit of literature. The godliness of Mrs. Rogers did not disqualify her for household and family duties. Nor did the eminent piety of Mrs. Hemans clip the wings of a lofty and chaste imagination; it quenched not the poetic fires of her soul, but it made her a model of human excellence.

Before her conversion she worshiped God according to the knowledge she possessed; but she was a stranger to Jesus and his salvation—to hopes renewed, and sins forgiven. She knew not her exposedness to eternal death, and the rebellion of her heart against God and his holy law. How could she realize her need of that faith that justifies the guilty and sanctifies the vile, till a feeling sense of her guilt and sin should flash conviction on her mind? Her conversion is concisely described. The author of this great work was the Lord—the power exerted was divine. The same hand that laid the foundations of the earth, that gave the sea its bounds, that holds vast worlds trembling on his arm, knocks at the door of the sinner's heart. The salvation of the soul from sin demonstrates, in itself, that its author is God. Who else could be just, and justify the sinner?

The instrumentality employed in the conversion of Lydia was Paul. Under the burning eloquence of this Gospel preacher, relating the story of Calvary, directing ruined sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, her heart melted, its bars were removed, its portals opened that Jesus might be enthroned. How various and dissimilar are the ways of God in opening the hearts of sinners. Paul's was riven as by a livid lightning—a thunderbolt opened the heart of the blaspheming persecutor; but the heart of the devout Lydia was opened as the rose bud, developed in the genial breath of spring. In opening human hearts buried and intrenched in sin, God employs means adapted to the peculiar circumstances and characteristics of the human mind. He has many arrows in his quiver, and abundance of grace for the chief of sinners.

The seat of Lydia's religion was her heart; for the kingdom of God is within us. All short of this is not religion. And when the heart is opened the ear is opened to hear all that God commands, the eye to see the path of duty, the lips in prayer, and the hand in works of mercy and benevolence. God enthroned in the heart, "the expulsive power of a new affection" exerts its energy over the native selfishness of depraved human nature—makes love to God and love to man, the end and aim of all our actions. Under its legitimate influences Lady Glenarchy, and the Countess of Huntington, devoted their ample fortunes to give the Gospel to the poor. Harriet Newell forsook all the endearments of home and kindred, to go far hence among the Gentiles, bearing the unsearchable riches of Christ. What an example of self-sacrificing benevolence was Mrs. Fletcher, from the time she was exiled from her father's princely mansion, on account of her religion, to the day of her death! Yes, under the influence of grace, every female heart consecrated to God becomes a reservoir of charity, gushing forth its pure waters to fertilize and bless the city of our God.

The effects which the convicting grace of God produced in Lydia are specified. These are striking and important. She obeyed with the heart unto righteousness; for saving faith invariably produces obedience, and true religion is nothing else than obedience to the truth. Her understanding enlightened, knowing the way of God more perfectly, she did not halt and hesitate—at once she makes an open and bold avowal of her conversion, her hopes in Jesus, and her purpose to serve him. She was neither afraid nor ashamed to make a public profession of religion; she had experienced the soul-saving power of the cross, and she takes it up with joy, and bears it, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. What a noble example does this first European female convert afford to every female in Europe and America, giving herself and her household to God!

Her union with the Church was not a fruitless profession. Works of faith, and labors of love, were at once exemplified in her conduct. The friendless and homeless servants of Jesus were no longer such at Philippi. The opened heart of Lydia caused her to open her house for the reception of the men of God. This development of hospitable feeling was not a formal ceremony, for she constrained them. She manifested her gratitude to God by her kindness to his servants. Paul and his companions, after being thrust into the inner prison by the persecuting spirit of the enemies of the cross, delivered by the mighty power of God, went out of the prison and entered into the house of Lydia. Her religion sustained the attack of persecution; faithful and firm she stood, rejoicing in the hope of her calling, and triumphing in the cross of her bleeding Savior. B. W. C.

PRACTICAL SELF-DENIAL.

Says Mrs. Wade, "Our preachers and schools are blessed in the conversion of souls; and *must* we give them up? If we only had the *superfluities of the Church*, without touching one of their comforts, all could be carried on, and even multiplied. We are all trying to economize. The Karens to aid us, offered to go and row our boat on a three day's journey up the river, to visit a Church. We were out fifteen days, and when there, we had to live in an open shed; and when it rained, we had to get up and roll up our beds, and move them to any dry spot we could find; but we had a pleasant time in teaching the Karens, and seeing twelve more baptized. On returning home, we were all most sick from exposure." Can American Christians show that less self-denial, economy, and benevolence are required of them by the Gospel, than of their brothers and sisters whom they have sent among the heathen?—*Macedonian.*

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SOUTHERN AFRICA.

The following extracts from Moffat's missionary labors in Southern Africa, are from Tait's Magazine. We find them in the American Eclectic and Museum. The occasional remarks which interrupt the narrative are editorial in the above Magazine.—Ed.

Mr. Moffat's volume opens with a general view of the condition of the tribes of Southern Africa; and a retrospective history of missions to that division of the great continent. He begins with Schmidt, who was sent forth by the Moravians to the Hottentots upward of a century since. The fascinating history of Schmidt's successful labors has long been familiar to the world. They were suspended by the jealousy of the Dutch East India Company; but fifty years afterward, when missionaries were again sent out, the good fruits of Schmidt's labors were still visible, and his memory paved the way for the favorable reception of Vanderkemp and others. The retrospect of the various South African missions, from their commencement until the period when Mr. Moffat became himself an actor in the scenes he describes, and the principal hero of his own tale, is interesting, though it falls below the personal narrative, both from the tamer nature of the events, and the greater animation of the author, when he comes to be the actor, instead of the chronicler, of those daring and perilous adventures. From the Hottentots the missions were gradually extended to the Bushmen, the Namaquas, Corannas, Griquas, and Bechuanas; the native converts becoming efficient instruments in spreading religious knowledge among their savage and nomade neighbors. In 1806, the Orange river was first crossed by the missionaries, and the mission of Namaqua-land established, under very disastrous circumstances, by the brothers Albrechts. A fierce, predatory chief, named *Africaner*, a name which afterward became familiar and dear to the friends of African missions, was at that time the scourge and terror of the country, but particularly of the Dutch settlers on the frontier of the colony. The history of this noble African is not a little romantic. The first missionaries were ready to despond, and to abandon the enterprise under the many and grievous discouragements; and, among other reasons, from their proximity to this noted free-booter and cattle-stealer. One day this dreaded personage appeared at the station, and thus addressed them:

"'As you are sent by the English, I welcome you to the country; for though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English; for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man.' . . Jager, the eldest son of the old man, from his shrewdness and prowess, obtained the reins of the government of his tribe at an early age. He and his father once roamed on their native hills and dales, within 100 miles of Cape Town; pastured their own flocks, killed their own game, drank of their own streams, and mingled the music of their heathen songs with the winds which burst over the Witsemberg and Winterhoek mountains, once the strong-holds of his clan. As the Dutch settlers increased, and found it necessary to make room for themselves, by adopting as their own the lands which lay beyond them, the Hottentots, the aboriginals, perfectly incapable of maintaining their ground against these foreign intruders, were compelled to give place by removing to a distance, or yielding themselves in passive obedience to the farmers. From time to time he found himself and his people becoming more remote from the land of their fore-fathers, till he became united and subject to a farmer named P. Here he and his diminished clan lived for a number of years. In Africaner, P. found a faithful, and an intrepid shepherd; while his valor in defending and increasing the herds and flocks of his master, enhanced his value, at the same time it rapidly matured the latent principle which afterward recoiled on that devoted family, and carried devastation to whatever quarter he directed his steps. Had P. treated his subjects with common humanity, not to say with gratitude, he might have died honorably, and prevented the catastrophe which befell the family, and the train of robbery, crime, and bloodshed, which quickly followed that melancholy event."

We omit the tragedy, in which the farmer, by treachery, provoked his fate. When the horrible outrage was completed,

"Africaner, with as little loss of time as possible, rallied the remnant of his tribe, and, with what they could take with them, directed their course to the Orange river, and were soon beyond the reach of pursuers, who, in a thinly-scattered population, required time to collect. He fixed his abode on the banks of the Orange river; and afterward, a chief ceding to him his dominion in Great Namaqua-land, it henceforth became his by right, as well as by conquest."

The subsequent wild adventures of this bold and generous outlaw, carry the imagination back to the days of Johnny Armstrong and Robin Hood, or of the "landless" Macgregor; but his end was of a very different character. The man who lived in continual strife with all around him, whose hand was against every man; whose business was rapine, and whose passion revenge; whose name was a terror not only to the colonists on the north, but to the native tribes of the south; "whose name carried dismay into the solitary places," became an eminent instance of the power of the principles of the Gospel over a mind which, however fierce and untaught, had never been treacherous nor ungenerous. Mr. Moffat relates, that after this great change had taken place—

"As I was standing with a Namaqua chief, looking at Africaner, in a supplicating attitude, entreating parties ripe for a battle, to live at peace with each other: 'Look,' said the wondering chief, pointing to Africaner, 'there is the man, once the lion, at whose roar even the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled from their homes! Yes, and I,' patting his chest with his hand, 'have, for fear of his approach, fled with my people, our wives and our babes, to the mountain glen,

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or to the wilderness, and spent nights among beasts of prey, rather than gaze on the eyes of this lion, or hear his roar.'"

Another native chief, with whom Africaner was at deadly feud, was named Berend. Several of their bloody conflicts and cattle forays are described, in which great skill as well as prowess were displayed upon both sides. Theirs were generally drawn battles, and they continued to harass and to breathe hatred and defiance to each other, until Berend also was subdued by the power of the Gospel of peace. Probably both the chiefs about the same time began to perceive the unprofitable nature of their sanguinary quarrels. Of Nicholas Berend, a brother of the chief, and one of his best captains, it is told that he was afterward attached to different missions as a native teacher. He was, says Moffat,

"A very superior man both in appearance and intellect. I have frequently traveled with him, and many a dreary mile have we walked over the wilderness together. Having an excellent memory, and good descriptive powers, he has often beguiled the dreariness of the road, by rehearsing deeds of valor in days of heathenism, in which this struggle with Africaner bore a prominent part, and on which he could not reflect without a sigh of sorrow. . . . . Nicholas finished his Christian course under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, Wesleyan missionary at Boochuap. His end was peace."

Among the earlier exploits of Africaner was sacking the Namaqua mission station, probably for the sake of plunder, but avowedly because some of his property had been unjustly seized by a settler. A conciliatory letter, which John Campbell, when traveling through Namaqua-land, in deadly terror of Africaner, addressed to the formidable free-booter, is said to have produced a powerful effect upon his naturally intelligent and elevated mind. Two of his brothers were converted by the preaching of the missionary Ebner, and were baptized shortly before Mr. Moffat, in 1817, left Cape Town for Africaner's village in the wilderness. He says—

"It was evident to me, as I approached the boundaries of the colony, that the farmers, who, of course, had not one good word to say of Africaner, were skeptical to the last degree about his reported conversion, and most unceremoniously predicted my destruction. One said he would set me up for a mark for his boys to shoot at; and another, that he would strip off my skin, and make a drum of it to dance to; another most consoling prediction was, that he would make a drinking cup of my skull. I believe they were serious, and especially a kind motherly lady, who, wiping the tear from her eye, bade me farewell, saying, 'Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster.'"

But we shall see more of this remarkable person. The privations and dangers of the journey to Africaner's village might have interest in the narrative of an ordinary traveler; but Moffat's subsequent adventures far eclipse these early trials of his faith and patience, his manliness and hardihood. His reception by the tamed wolf, and scourge of the desert, is interesting. Africaner had applied for a missionary; but as Moffat advanced, the inhabitants of another *kraal* intercepted and wished to detain him among them, and almost forced him to remain, until the appearance of a party of the chief's people and three of his brothers ended the contest. Moffat's reception seemed cold; and his brother missionary Ebner, who had baptized the Africaners, described the whole inhabitants as a "wicked, suspicious, and dangerous people, baptized and unbaptized." The chief was so long of making his appearance that young Moffat's heart began to fail, but at length Africaner welcomed him with frank kindness; hoped that as he was so young he would live long among them; and he immediately set the laborers, the usual drudges, the beasts of burden, the poor women, to build a hut for the missionary:

"A circle was instantly formed, and the women, evidently delighted with the job, fixed the poles, tied them down in the hemispheric form, and covered them with the mats, all ready for habitation, in the course of little more than half an hour. Since that time, I have seen houses built of all descriptions, and assisted in the construction of a good many myself; but I confess I never witnessed such expedition. Hottentot houses, (for such they may be called, being confined to the different tribes of that nation,) are at best not very comfortable. I lived nearly six months in this native hut, which very frequently required tightening and fastening after a storm. When the sun shone, it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell, I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew, I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust; and in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night's lodging, would force itself through the frail wall, and not unfrequently deprive me of my anticipated meal for the coming day; and I have more than once found a serpent coiled up in a corner. . . . But to return to my new habitation, in which, after my household matters were arranged, I began to ruminate on the past,—the home and friends I had left, perhaps, for ever; the mighty ocean which rolled between, the desert country through which I had passed, to reach one still more dreary. In taking a review of the past, which seemed to increase in brightness, as I traced all the way in which I had been brought, during the stillness of my first night's repose, I often involuntarily said and sung,

'Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come.'

The inimitable hymn from which these lines are taken, was often sung by Mr. and Mrs. Kitchingman and myself, while passing through the lonely desert. But my mind was frequently occupied with other themes. I was young, had entered into a new and responsible situation, and one surrounded with diffi-

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culties of no ordinary character. Already I began to discover some indications of an approaching storm, which might try my faith. The future looked dark and portentous in reference to the mission."

This was a cheerless beginning, and worse evils were at hand. Mr. Ebner, the missionary at this station, was, from some unexplained cause, on very ill terms with Titus Africaner, and he shortly after this abandoned the station, and returned to Germany, his native land. It is not unfair to conclude that he was not well adapted to a situation so difficult, and requiring so much sagacity; and it appears to have been owing to the presence and influence of Moffat that he at last got away unharmed. The condition of the solitary young man he left was painful in the extreme; and he had not yet made trial of himself. He tells—

"I was left alone with a people suspicious in the extreme; jealous of their rights, which they had obtained at the point of the sword; and the best of whom Mr. E. described as a sharp thorn. I had no friend and brother with whom I could participate in the communion of saints, none to whom I could look for counsel or advice. A barren and miserable country; a small salary, about £25 per annum. No grain, and consequently no bread, and no prospect of getting any, from the want of water to cultivate the ground; and destitute of the means of sending to the colony. . . . Soon after my stated services commenced—which were, according to the custom of our missionaries at that period, every morning and evening, and school for three or four hours during the day—I was cheered with tokens of the Divine presence. The chief, who had for some time past been in a doubtful state, attended with such regularity, that I might as well doubt of morning's dawn, as of his attendance on the appointed means of grace. To reading, in which he was not very fluent, he attended with all the assiduity and energy of a youthful believer; the Testament became his constant companion, and his profiting appeared unto all. Often have I seen him under the shadow of a great rock, nearly the livelong day, eagerly perusing the pages of Divine inspiration; or in his hut he would sit, unconscious of the affairs of a family around, or the entrance of a stranger, with his eye gazing on the blessed book, and his mind wrapt up in things divine. Many were the nights he sat with me, on a great stone, at the door of my habitation, conversing with me till the dawn of another day, on creation, providence, redemption, and the glories of the heavenly world. He was like the bee, gathering honey from every flower, and at such seasons he would, from what he had stored up in the course of the day's reading, repeat generally in the very language of Scripture, those passages which he could not fully comprehend. He had no commentary, except the living voice of his teacher, nor marginal references; but he soon discovered the importance of consulting parallel passages, which an excellent memory enabled him readily to find. He did not confine his expanding mind to the volume of revelation, though he had been taught by experience that that contained heights and depths, and lengths and breadths, which no man comprehends. He was led to look upon the book of nature; and he would regard the heavenly orbs with an inquiring look, cast his eye on the earth beneath his tread, and regarding both as displays of creative power and infinite intelligence, would inquire about endless space and infinite duration. I have often been amused, when sitting with him and others, who wished to hear his questions answered, and descriptions given of the majesty, extent, and number of the works of God; he would at last rub his hands on his head, exclaiming, 'I have heard enough; I feel as if my head was too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects.'

"Before seasons like these to which I am referring, Titus, who was a grief to his brother, and a terror to most of the inhabitants on the station, as well as a fearful example of ungodliness, had become greatly subdued in spirit. . . . . He was the only individual of influence on the station who had two wives, and fearing the influence of example, I have occasionally made a delicate reference to the subject, and, by degrees, could make more direct remarks on that point, which was one of the barriers to his happiness; but he remained firm, admitting, at the same time, that a man with two wives was not to be envied; adding, 'He is often in an uproar, and when they quarrel, he does not know whose part to take.' He said he often resolved when there was a great disturbance to pay one off."

This poor man's trials and perplexities with his brace of wives are amusing enough; but in the character of his brother, the once fierce heathen, there is a mild dignity, a noble simplicity, which illustrates the influence of the pure faith of the Gospel better than a hundred homilies. Of him we have this testimony:

"But to return to the character of Africaner; during the whole period I lived there, I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him, or to complain of any part of his conduct; his very faults seemed to 'lean to virtue's side.' One day, when seated together, I happened, in absence of mind, to be gazing steadfastly on him. It arrested his attention, and he modestly inquired the cause. I replied, 'I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe.' He answered not, but shed a flood of tears! He zealously seconded my efforts to improve the people in cleanliness and industry; and it would have made any one smile to have seen Christian Africaner and myself superintending the school children, now about 120, washing themselves at the fountain. It was, however, found that their greasy, filthy carosses of sheep-skins soon made them as dirty as ever. The next thing was to get them to wash their mantles, &c. . . . . At an early period I became an object of his charity, for, finding out that I sometimes sat down to a scanty meal, he presented me with two cows, which, though

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in that country giving little milk, often saved me many a hungry night, to which I was exposed. He was a man of peace; and though I could not expound to him that the 'sword of the magistrate' implied, that he was calmly to sit at home, and see Bushmen or marauders carry off his cattle, and slay his servants; yet so fully did he understand and appreciate the principles of the Gospel of peace, that nothing could grieve him more than to hear of individuals, or villages, contending with one another. He who was formerly like a fire-brand, spreading discord, enmity, and war among the neighboring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent any thing like a collision between two contending parties; and when he might have raised his arm, and dared them to lift a spear or draw a bow, he would stand in the attitude of a suppliant, and entreat them to be reconciled to each other; and pointing to his past life, ask, 'What have I of all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?' At an early period of my labors among that people, I was deeply affected by the sympathy he, as well as others of his family, manifested toward me in a season of affliction. The extreme heat of the weather, in the house which I have described, and living entirely on meat and milk, to which I was unaccustomed, brought on a severe attack of bilious fever, which, in the course of two days, induced delirium. Opening my eyes in the first few lucid moments, I saw my attendant and Africaner sitting before my couch, gazing on me with eyes full of sympathy and tenderness. Seeing a small parcel, containing a few medicines, I requested him to hand it to me, and taking from it a vial of calomel, I threw some of it into my mouth, for scales or weights I had none. He then asked me, the big tear standing in his eye, if I died, how they were to bury me. 'Just in the same way as you bury your own people,' was my reply; and I added, that he need be under no apprehension if I were called away, for I should leave a written testimony of his kindness to me. This evidently gave him some comfort, but his joy was full, when he saw me speedily restored, and at my post, from which I had been absent only a few days.

"In addition to Christian Africaner, his brothers, David and Jacobus, both believers, and zealous assistants in the work of the mission, especially in the school, were a great comfort to me. David, though rather of a retiring disposition, was amiable, active, and firm; while Jacobus was warm, affectionate, and zealous for the interest of souls. His very countenance was wont to cheer my spirits, which, notwithstanding all I had to encourage, would sometimes droop. Long after I left that people, he was shot, while defending the place against an unexpected attack made on it by the people of Warm Bath."

After Moffat had labored for a considerable time among the Bechuanas, and had made several distant excursions on objects connected with his mission, he induced Africaner to accompany him on a visit to the Cape, though the expedition was not without danger to the chief, who for his former marauding upon the settlers was still an outlaw, with 1000 rix-dollars offered for his head. He said, when the journey was proposed, that he thought Mr. Moffat had loved him better than to give him up to the government to be hanged. The affair was for three days publicly discussed; and when it was concluded, nearly the whole inhabitants of Africaner's village—all his subjects, or clansmen—accompanied them to the banks of the Orange River, and parted from them with tears. At Warm Bath, the place referred to in the subjoined extract, there was a mission station, from whence religion and civilization had emanated to the wilds; and on the journey, it is said—

"Arriving at Pella, (the place as before stated, to which some of the people from Warm Bath had retired when the latter was destroyed by Africaner,) we had a feast fit for heaven-born souls, and subjects to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's woe; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hands the olive branch, secure under the panoply of peace and love.

"We spent some pleasant days while the subject of getting Africaner safely through the territories of the farmers to the Cape, was the theme of much conversation. To some the step seemed somewhat hazardous. Africaner and I had fully discussed the point before leaving the station; and I was confident of success. Though a chief, there was no need of laying aside any thing like royalty, with a view to travel in disguise. Of two substantial shirts left, I gave him one; he had a pair of leather trowsers, a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear, and an old hat, neither white nor black, and my own garb was scarcely more refined. As a farther precaution, it was agreed, that for once I should be the chief, and he should assume the appearance of a servant, when it was desirable, and pass for one of my attendants.

"Ludicrous as the picture may appear, the subject was a grave one, and the season solemn and important; often did I lift up my heart to Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men, that his presence might go with us. It might here be remarked, once for all, that the Dutch farmers, notwithstanding all that has been said against them by some travelers, are, as a people, exceedingly hospitable and kind to strangers. Exceptions there are, but these are few, and perhaps more rare than in any country under the sun. Some of these worthy people on the borders of the colony, congratulated me on returning alive, having often heard, as they said, that I had long since been murdered by Africaner. Much wonder was expressed at my narrow escape from such a monster of cruelty, the report having been spread that Mr. Ebner had but just escaped with the skin of his teeth. While some would scarcely credit my identity; my testimony as to the entire reformation of Africaner's character, and his conversion, was discarded as the effusion of a frenzied brain.

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It sometimes afforded no little entertainment to Africaner and the Namaquas, to hear a farmer denounce this supposed irreclaimable savage. There were only a few, however, who were skeptical on this subject. At one farm, a novel scene exhibited the state of feeling respecting Africaner and myself, and likewise displayed the power of Divine grace under peculiar circumstances. . . . . I gave him in a few words my views of Africaner's present character, saying, 'He is now a truly good man.' To which he replied, 'I can believe almost any thing you say, but *that* I cannot credit; there are seven wonders in the world: that would be the eighth.' I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied *these* were another description of men, but that Africaner was one of the accursed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time, we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying, with much earnestness, 'Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle.' I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said, 'This, then, is Africaner!' He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. 'Are you Africaner?' he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, 'I am.' The farmer seemed thunder-struck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact, that the former bugbear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, 'O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!' The kind farmer, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors."

WOMAN IN SICKNESS.

I LOVE to see her at the couch of sickness, sustaining the fainting head, offering to the parched lips its cordial, to the craving palate its simple nourishment, treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with every wish of the invalid; disposing the sun-light upon the pale forehead, and settling upon it the summer breath of heaven. How lovely are such exhibitions of constancy and faith! How they appear to the soul, like the lover in the Canticles, whose fingers, when she rose to open the door to her beloved, were "dropping with sweet smelling myrrh upon the handle of the lock."

Original.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

BY MRS. C. A. SEHON.

IT is always useful to record the triumphs of religion, whether seen in the lives of the young or the aged. The resolutions of others are thus strengthened, and their hopes encouraged, by all such notices. If it is important and interesting to note thus the conquests of the Redeemer's kingdom in the hour of conversion, it is equally, or perhaps more so, to record the triumphs of Divine grace in a dying hour. When death approaches, when earthly friends and home must be left, how consoling to know that Jesus *can* and *will* support, that his promises will cheer and comfort his faithful followers through the dark valley and shadow of death. It is with the hope of interesting your youthful readers, particularly, and encouraging in them a disposition early to serve the Lord, that I am induced to ask of you for the following, if deemed worthy, a place in the Repository.

ANN ELIZA SUMMONS, daughter of Captain J. B. and Prudence Summons, was born in this city, September 28, 1831, and was, at the time of her death, eleven years and six months old. Her constitution was at best a feeble one, and she was frequently the subject of severe affliction. Her natural disposition was affectionate, lively, and cheerful. It may be said that harmlessness toward all with whom she associated, and strict obedience to her parents, were distinguishing traits in her character. From earliest childhood, morning and evening, her devotions were strictly performed, never suffering herself to lie down at night, or rise up in the morning, without imploring the blessing of God upon herself and every member of the family. Of the Sabbath school attached to Wesley Chapel she was a faithful scholar, also a consistent member of the juvenile class led by brother Neff. Her conversations held with her mother and others were often upon the subject of religion, and were *always* proposed by herself, and evidently with a desire to learn and improve in the things pertaining to her soul's salvation. Last summer, during the illness of her mother, while devoting great attention, and expressing much anxiety for her recovery, this child did not forget to apply to the Physician of souls. When asked, on one occasion, by her mother, where she had been, her reply was, "I have been praying to God for you in the garret. I used, mother," said she, "to be afraid to go in the garret, because it was so dark; but to-day I was not afraid, and have been up to tell God how sick you are, and to ask him on my knees to restore you to health." She added, "I believe you will get well; for God will hear and answer prayer."

Several months since she was severely attacked with inflammation of the lungs, from which she recovered slowly, in consequence of which she was unable to attend her school through the week; yet no inducements could prevail with her to neglect her class or Sabbath school when able to leave the house. On Sabbath, the

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12th of March, she was quite sick, and was told she was too much indisposed to venture out; but she could not think so, and was unhappy until permission was given. She accordingly went to class and the Sabbath school she so much loved. On the next day she continued to grow worse, and took her bed. A physician was called, and her disease pronounced measles. Day after day her disease gained ground, until fears by her physician and family were entertained that she could not recover. The father was, at the time, very sick in another bed in the same room, and observed to his wife, "I am afraid Ann Eliza will leave us." This remark she overheard, and spoke in a loud and distinct voice, "Yes, I am going to die, and I am afraid to die." She immediately asked that father Nelson and other friends be sent for to pray with and for her. I called to see her on Saturday. As I entered the room, amid the weeping and sobbing of her parents and family, I could hear this little girl praying to the Lord to have mercy on her and prepare her for death. It was a solemn scene; the father sick, the weeping mother, brothers, and sisters around her bed, and this beloved child, thus early and suddenly called to die, earnestly praying God for victory in death. She called me to her, and asked my prayers, adding, "I shall pray on until I die." Such, also, was her request to father Nelson, her preacher, leader, and all who visited her. On Sabbath I called again, accompanied by a friend; but O how changed the scene! God had blessed her soul—happy in his love. She had been rejoicing and praising God, and exhorting her family and friends to meet her in glory. She was now so much exhausted as to be unable to converse, but was perfectly conscious, recognizing all who entered her room.

On Monday, the day she died, reviving so as to be able to speak, her father, who had been removed to an adjoining room, was brought in to see her once more. As he entered, she fastened her eyes upon him, and reaching out to him her hand, exclaimed, "O, father, I am not afraid to die *now*. I want you to kiss me, and then tell me if you will meet me in heaven." She repeated the question until her father, overcome with grief, replied, "I will." With a smile she exclaimed, "That is right!" Turning to her mother, after asking her to kiss her, she exacted the same promise; and thus exhorted and made each member of the family promise to meet her in heaven; then addressed each one separately in the room, including her attentive and now deeply affected physician. The doctor remarked to me that, in many years' practice, he had never witnessed such a death—one so triumphant and victorious. Rejoicing and exhorting her friends and acquaintances to meet her in glory, this child thus sweetly and quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

Who that witnessed such a scene could doubt the truth of religion, even though in a child, yet so powerfully sustained? Why should it be thought a thing incredible that the Holy Spirit should thus operate upon the heart of a child? Everywhere the Scriptures abound with declarations that will sustain the fact, that children, at a very early age, may be converted to God; and this case, with many others which have gone before, is presented in favor of the same truth. To Sabbath school instruction, and that received from her leader, may her peaceful and triumphant death be chiefly attributed. May kind Heaven sanctify this afflicting bereavement to the great good of her family and friends—to the Sabbath school and class with which she was connected—yea, to all who may read of her triumphant departure!

"Eliza, adieu! in heaven thou reignest now,
And a bright crown adorns thy radiant brow!
No more thine eyes shall be bedewed with tears,
Nor thy young heart distressed by mortal fears—
No more the world disturbs thy spirit's peace—
No more thy comforts droop, nor pleasures cease!
Ten thousand tales of wonder, love, and joy,
In yon blest world, thy blissful hours employ,
And many an angel, pausing on the wing,
With rapture hears thee praise thy Savior King!"

Original.

MEMORY.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

What glowing thoughts come flitting by
At mem'ry's magic spell!
On every breeze we hear the sound
Of voices lov'd so well.
We live again our youthful hours,
Hear each forgotten strain—
Once more we cull life's brightest flowers,
And dream of youth again—
Friends, whom we lov'd, joys that were ours,
Ere sorrow's with'ring blight
Swept each fair scene away from view,
And banish'd all delight—
Our cottage home—the silv'ry brook,
That murmur'd softly by,
Which lull'd our childhood's hours; and yet
'Tis dear, we scarce know why—
A sister's tones steal on the ear—
A mother's glance we see,
And hear her voice, as when at first
She bade us bend the knee,
And taught our infant lips to breathe
The words of holy prayer
To heav'n; for children's orisons
Met with acceptance there.
Thus, thus, the thoughts, the scenes, the joys
Of life's wild, joyous spring,
Sweep o'er the chords of memory,
And wake each silent string.
Though ye are past, bright, happy days,
The loveliness of youth
Still cheers my heart with its pure beams
Of innocence and truth.
But mem'ry still shall brightly burn
Amid the throng so bright,
Who e'er in the blest shades of bliss
Enjoy its sacred light.

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Original.

SPRING.

BY MRS. O. I. W. BLAIR.

"There's a smile on the brow of the gorgeous spring
When she spreads o'er the valley her radiant wing,
As she calms the wild winds with her fragrant breath,
And decks the glad earth in her beautiful wreath."

O, BID some nobler minstrel touch the string!
What bard hath ever told in fitting strain
How like a new made light the joy of *spring*
Shines through the parted clouds on mount and plain?
And yet thy bidding must not be in vain,
Though choral hymns be blended in the sky,
And though when swept to joy's triumphant strain,
The lyre in low prophetic tones reply,
Or 'neath a feeble touch in mournful murmurs die.

Joy on the hills once more! the ancient earth
Throws off her shroud, and starts as from the tomb:
The hills are echoing to the torrent mirth,
The murmuring air is loaded with perfume,
For hill and vale have burst to sudden bloom.
Where leafless, late, and bare the orchards stood,
Now blossomed boughs the very air illume—
A glow lights up the mountain solitude,
And 'neath its crown of buds how smiles the gray old wood!

But in this forest land—this wondrous *west*—
This world of death and life, whose oaks have grown
All hoar with centuries above the breasts
Of tribes who perished ere their seeds were sown.
What untold radiance on this land is thrown,
Yet softer than the hues of sun-set hours,
Or hills arrayed for autumn's stormy throne!
But not a poet's dream of Eden's bowers
Is fair as yonder vale, gay with its orchard flowers.

Come to the height, for health is in the air,
And melody with beauty courts the sense.
There are no hues to paint a scene so fair—
No words to tell of spring's magnificence;
But plain and valley shalt thou view from thence,
The springing blade that tells of autumn's store,
The verdure stealing o'er the forest dense,
And children laughing by the poor man's door,
'Neath gleaming boughs that cast their shadows on his floor.

Yet while the waves their ceaseless anthems roll,
And silvery voices ring from glade to glade,
Man shrinks with care-worn brow and trembling soul;
He hears his Maker's voice, and is afraid.
O, lost, yet loved, self-exiled, self-betrayed—
His own worst foe, while heaven and earth combine
To break the unhallowed spell upon him laid!
O, man, couldst thou but feel thy birth divine,
Amid the songs of heaven what strain could equal thine!

There are no tears in heaven, 'tis said, I know:
If e'er its place our wearied spirits bless—
Its dangers past, the heart will overflow
With such a gush of love and thankfulness
As would be tears on earth. And not the less
Shall God be praised, though gratitude may seem
To hush the soul, and seraph powers suppress;
And well the rescued child of earth may deem
The archangel's loftiest strain too lowly for his theme.

A MOTHER'S VOICE.

THERE'S music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep 'tis still o'erflowing,
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear,
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to heaven,
And for her child is praying,
O! who can half the fervor tell
That burns in all she's saying.

A mother! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breast of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more,
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A mother! when like evening's star,
Her course hath ceased before us,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

THE WORLD.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distress'd;
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven!
There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven!
There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When lost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven!
There faith lifts up the tearful eye;
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

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NOTICES.

TRAVELS IN THE GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES AND IN THE OREGON TERRITORY. *By Thos. J. Farnham. New York.*—Oregon is now drawing to itself the sober attention of many of our citizens. Until recently, no serious effort has been meditated to settle this vast region with an American, civilized population. But this can be no longer affirmed. The missionary stations at different points are probably to be the nuclei of several settlements, which, within ten years, will be rapidly extending the usages and comforts of polished life along the valley of the Willamette and other tributaries of the Columbia. One token of the approaching settlement of Oregon Territory, is the frequent visits which our citizens make beyond the Rocky Mountains. It is no longer a strange thing to meet and converse with travelers who have accomplished this journey. Mr. Farnham's route by land was from near Independence, Missouri, south to the Arkansas River; thence up the river to the mountains. He traveled much in the Oregon Territory; his description of the country is considerably minute, and must be valuable to the Government and to enterprising citizens. Mr. Farnham has something to say of the missionaries. He speaks thus of those sent out by the Methodist Episcopal Church:

"Twelve or thirteen miles from the Doctor's, we came in sight of the mission premises. They consisted of three log cabins, a blacksmith shop, and out-buildings, on the east bank of the Willamette, with large and well cultivated farms round about; and a farm, on which were a large frame house, hospital, barn, &c., half a mile to the eastward. We alighted at the last named establishment, and were kindly received by Dr. White and lady. This gentleman is the physician of the mission, and is thoroughly devoted to the amelioration of the physical condition of the natives. For this object, a large hospital was being erected near his dwelling, for the reception of patients. I passed the night with the Doctor and his family, and the following day visited the other mission families. Every one appeared happy in his benevolent work—Mr. Daniel Leslie, in preaching and superintending general matters; Mr. Cyrus Shepard in teaching letters to about thirty half-bred and Indian children; Mr. J. C. Whitecomb in teaching them to cultivate the earth; and Mr. Alanson Beers in blacksmithing for the mission and the Indians, and instructing a few young men in his art. I spent four or five days with these people, and had a fine opportunity to learn their characters, the objects they had in view, and the means they took to accomplish them. They belong to that zealous class of Protestants called Methodist Episcopalians. Their religious feelings are warm, and accompanied with a strong faith and great activity. In energy and fervent zeal they reminded me of the Plymouth pilgrims—so true in heart, and so deeply interested were they with the principles and emotions which they are endeavoring to inculcate upon those around them. Their hospitality and friendship were of the purest and most disinterested character. I shall have reason to remember long and gratefully the kind and generous manner in which they supplied my wants.

"Their object in settling in Oregon, I understood to be twofold: the one and principal, to civilize and Christianize the Indians; the other and not less important, the establishment of religious and literary institutions for the benefit of white emigrants. Their plan of operation on the Indians, is to learn their various languages, for the purposes of itinerant preaching, and of teaching the young the English language. The scholars are also instructed in agriculture, the regulations of a well managed household, reading, writing, arithmetic and geography. The principles and duties of the Christian religion, form a very considerable part of the system. They have succeeded very satisfactorily in the several parts of their undertaking. The preachers of the mission have traversed the wilderness, and by their untiring devotion to their work, wrought many changes in the moral condition of those proverbially debased savages; while with their schools they have afforded them ample means for intellectual improvement. They have a number of hundred acres of land under the plough, and cultivated chiefly by the native pupils. They have more than 100 head of horned cattle, 30 or 40 horses, and many swine. They have granaries filled with wheat, oats, barley, and peas, and cellars well stored with vegetables.

"A site had already been selected on the opposite side of the river for an academical building, a court of justice had been organized by the popular voice; a military corps was about to be formed for the protection of settlers, and other measures were in progress, at once showing that the American, with his characteristic energy and enterprise, and the philanthropist, with his holy aspirations for the betterment of the human condition, had crossed the snowy barrier of the mountain, to mingle with the dashing waves of the Pacific seas the sweet music of a busy and virtuous civilization."

We gather from Mr. Farnham's record of travels and observations, that the region west of the Rocky Mountains is of moderate agricultural value; that much of its soil is sterile, partly on account of its poverty, and partly from annual drouths. He inserts in the conclusion of the volume, "Extracts from the report of Lieutenant Wilkes to the Secretary of the Navy, of the examination, by the exploring expedition, of the Oregon Territory." Lieutenant Wilkes concludes his report thus:

"To conclude, few portions of the globe, in my opinion, are to be found so rich in soil, so diversified in surface, or so capable of being rendered the happy abode of an industrious and civilized community. For beauty of scenery and salubrity of climate, it is not surpassed. It is peculiarly adapted for an agricultural and pastoral people, and no portion of the world beyond the tropics can be found that will yield *so readily with moderate labor, to the wants of man.*"

Of this testimony Mr. Farnham says:

"Mr. Wilkes' statistics of the territory, it will be seen, agree in all essential particulars with those given on previous pages. There is one point only of any importance that needs to be named, in regard to which truth requires a protest; and that is contained in the commander's concluding remarks. It will be seen on reference to them, that the agricultural capabilities of Oregon are placed above those of any part of the world beyond the tropics. This is a most surprising conclusion; at war with his own account of the several sections which he visited, and denied by every intelligent man living in the territory. What! Oregon, in this respect, equal to California, or the Valley of the Mississippi! This can never be until Oregon be blessed with a vast increase of productive soil, and California and our own unequaled valley be greatly changed."

NARRATIVE OF A TOUR FROM THE STATE OF INDIANA TO THE OREGON TERRITORY, *in the year* 1841-2. *By Joseph Williams.*—Mr. Williams is a local preacher. He commenced his journey on the 26th of April, 1841, at the advanced age of 64; his object was to see the country, and preach the Gospel to the settlers and Indians. He struck into the great prairies west of the border settlements alone, the company with which he wished to travel having started several days in advance. Two hundred miles of the journey, through the midst of the Pawnees, he was a solitary wanderer, and must have been aware that his danger was extreme; but he seems to have cherished strong confidence in God. Mr. Williams visited the missionary stations of the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Churches. He speaks discouragingly of them, and deems the prospect of great usefulness on the part of the laborers very faint. He thinks that several posts might be selected for missionary labor more promising than those occupied by the present missionaries. He believes that the Indians are fast perishing from the soil. The description he gives of them forms a most repulsive sketch of human depravity and its consequent miseries. He represents the root diggers as dying in such numbers from starvation that often their deserted lodges are filled with their bodies. They shoot, strangle, and bury alive their own children, or, in case of necessity, feed upon them; and often adults kill and feed upon each other. On page 38, he says, "These creatures have been known, when pressed with hunger, to kill their children and eat them!—when traveling in a hurry they leave their lame and blind to perish in the wilderness. A Frenchman, who lived with an Indian woman, when one of his children became burdensome, dug a grave and

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buried it alive. At another time he took one of his children and tied it to a tree, called it a target, and shot at and killed it. This place (Fort Rubedeau) is equal to any I ever saw for wickedness and idleness. The French and Spaniards are all Roman Catholics; but are as wicked men, I think, as ever lived. No one who has not, like me, witnessed it, can have any idea of their wickedness."

Such a picture of the morals of the people does not fully apply to the whole territory. Mr. Williams represents the conduct of the settlers on the Willamette and at Vancouver in a less repulsive, though it must be confessed, not in a very amiable light.

We should judge from the notes of the traveler, that the soil and climate of Oregon are not inviting. Comparatively small regions are productive, but much of the country sterile; and as a whole, we presume that, for agricultural purposes, it will prove to be greatly inferior to the inhabited portions of the United States.

Dissertations on the Prophecies Relative to the Second Advent. *By Geo. Duffield, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit. New York: Dayton & Newman.*—Mr. Duffield has given to the public a book which could not fail, at any time, to excite deep interest, and rouse to anxious inquiry. Much more, at present, will it provoke serious attention, and become the occasion of diligent and careful study. The author argues in favor of the pre-millenial, personal advent of our Savior. The book is divided into sixteen chapters, which discuss the following themes: The Duty of Studying the Prophecies—The System of Interpretation—The Nature of Figurative Language—Symbolical and Typical Language—A General Outline of the Literal and Spiritual System of Interpreting the Prophecies—Traditionary History—The Principles of Interpretation Applied, and the Second Coming of Christ Shown to be Pre-millenial—The Coming of Christ is Prior to the Destruction of Popery—The Nature of the Day of Judgment Supposed to Afford an Objection Against the Pre-millenial Coming of Christ—The Season and Signs of Christ's Coming—The Skeptic's Objection.

We have not perused the writings of Mr. Miller. He is represented by many as superficial. No such charge can lie against Mr. Duffield. His work is the fruit of patient and profound investigation. We have read nothing on the prophecies, whether of an early or recent date, more indicative of ripe scholarship, of a familiar acquaintance with the rules of interpretation, and of talent and skill in the application of those rules. He expects the personal advent of Christ, to set up his kingdom on earth. The advent and the gathering of the Jews will, he argues, be nearly cotemporary events. In this he differs from Mr. Miller. He announces no particular year or age for this advent, but supposes that the period is near, and that the Church should be looking for it. He deems that no such change as is implied in the "conversion of the world" is to be expected.

We can say, in conclusion, that the perusal of this work has convinced us of two things which were previously disputable points: First, that Christians ought to study the prophecies. Second, that they have neglected it till the Church, both in her ministers and members, is exceedingly ignorant of their import.

N. B. The "Spirit of the Age," a monthly magazine edited by Dr. Breckenridge, of Baltimore, has reached us. The whole number is occupied with an able review of the above work, in which, if we understand the position of the author, he wholly maintains the views of Mr. Duffield. He harmonizes with Mr. Duffield in regard to the importance of studying the prophecies, and suggests that this will be important to the just action of ecclesiastical courts on questions connected with the prophetical Scriptures.

A Review of Professor Stowe's "Millenial Arithmetic." *By Walter Scott.*—Our readers will find a brief notice of Professor Stowe's "Letter to Dr. Mussey on the Millenial Arithmetic" in the April number of the Repository. The object of the writer was to prove the "utter groundlessness of all millenial arithmetic." Dr. Stowe aimed chiefly to establish two points, namely, First. "*Day*, in the prophetic writings, does not" mean *year*. Second. "To pretend to fix the date of the millenium is directly to contradict the authority of Christ and his apostles." We think that, on the former point, Mr. Scott has shown that, in the symbolical prophetic style, a day means a year; and that, in regard to fixing the date, we may hope to ascertain the century, though not the precise time of the millenium.

Fox's Book of Martyrs: *Being a History of Christian Martyrdom from the Earliest to the Latest Periods of Christian Persecution. By the Rev. John Fox, A. M. With copious and important additions. Philadelphia: Jas. M. Campbell, 98 Chesnut-street.*—This instructive biography is being issued as a supplement to the Select Library of Religious Literature. It is a standard work, and as a record of the sufferings of the Church, will never be displaced by any other. Martyrology should be studied, as a development of the depravity of man, and of the enormities which it is capable of enacting, when forsaken by the restraints of grace.

Memoirs of Mrs. Sarah Hawkes, *Late of Islington, Including Remarks in Conversation, and Extracts from Sermons and Letters of the late Richard Cecil. By Catharine Cecil. Philadelphia: J. Wrentham.*—Mrs. Hawkes had clear views of the evil of sin and of the doctrines of grace. Her faith was strong, yet she was remarkable for humility. In great trials she was very patient. She was an eminent Christian. Some of her last words in death, as written down by a friend to whom they were addressed, are as follows: "Make more acquaintance with God, and then you will hang upon him more. Do not trouble yourself about your dispensation, but cleave to him. Give me a sweet touch of drawing to him—and to say, God is my God and hiding place. Wash me from all self-righteousness. O I had not a shred. I have thought better of myself than I ought to think; now I think only of my Savior. I believe my faith has been right faith. Satan has been permitted to thrust at me; but I trust I am able to say, in very faithfulness and righteousness, He does all. And now I cast myself on him—take me as I am—make me as thou art." She suffered much, but submissively, in death.

The "American Messenger" is a monthly sheet published at New York, Boston and Philadelphia, by the American Tract Society. We have received the fifth number. Its subscribers are already about ten thousand. Its motto is, "An evangelical ministry, an active Church, and a sanctified press, the hope of the world." It is truly a paper "for the times." It rebukes the profligacy of the press, and speaks as it should of novel reading and its results. We sincerely wish that it could reach every family in the United States. Six copies for a year, beginning in January, for one dollar in advance. Let companies be formed in every neighborhood, and send to No. 13, North Seventh-street, Philadelphia, for this excellent and cheap paper.

Letters on the Subjects and Mode of Baptism. *By J. T. Hendrick, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Flemingsburg, Kentucky. Eagle Book-store, Maysville, Ky.*—This is a good treatise on the themes announced. Its historical proofs of the early practice of infant baptism are conclusive. Such a work was needed in Kentucky, and will be of general advantage to the Scriptural usage which it vindicates. It is a 12mo. of 200 pages.

The Magnolia; or, Southern Apalachian.—This periodical, published in Charleston, South Carolina, by P. C. Pendleton, and Burgess and James, is much improved in its appearance, and is one of our most beautiful monthlies. Its contents display much talent, and some of its articles are of great literary value. Its "Editorial Bureau" is rich in criticism, and shows that its columns are under the supervision of a trained and skillful mind. We have no fault to object against it, except that it is of a *fashionable* cast, reciting frequent tales of love, treachery, robbery, and murder; but in this respect it is by several degrees more sober and discreet than most of its cotemporaries. Novel readers might profitably substitute it for several other magazines of more vicious moral tendency, and of less literary value.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

"MILLERISM."—This article was admitted into our columns under the express stipulation that the Editor should express his own views, with as strong opposition as he might please, to those set forth by his correspondent. That our opposition may not seem cynical or wanton, in any degree, we will begin with approval. We agree with the author in her vindication of Mr. Miller's Christian character. We have never been able to gather from credible sources any proofs of Mr. Miller's insincerity, ambition, or worldliness of purpose, in teaching as he does concerning the day of judgment. We have, on the other hand, strong testimony from good men, who are well acquainted with his manner of life, that he is a consistent and truthful Christian. But his sincerity is one thing, and the consistency and utility of his doctrines is another thing. We wish to observe on the latter point:

1. That he does not seem to have adopted any particular mode of interpretation. He is neither a literalist nor a spiritualist—rather he is both by turns, and resorts to all methods of interpretation, as happens to suit his general purpose, and contribute support to his established views. This looseness of method more than draws in question his qualifications as an interpreter of prophecy. The reader will perceive at once that little dependence can be placed upon results which are reached by no uniform rule or method of exposition.

2. Mr. Miller greatly errs in some of his conclusions. For example, he applies Daniel xii, 11, which speaks of the taking away of the daily [sacrifice,] to the cessation of the Pagan abominations, and the substitution of the Papacy. No application of this part of Daniel's prophecy could be less warrantable than this. The wildest fancy, it seems to us, could invent nothing more remote from the truth. This is one instance, amongst others, in which Mr. Miller falls into gross error.

3. Another feature of Mr. Miller's course, which ought to be promptly rebuked, is his bearing toward those who differ from him. He deems all who do not embrace his views of the advent "foolish virgins," and consigns them over to perdition. Ministers who do not preach as he does, that 1843 brings along with it the end of all things, are accounted deceivers, and are classed with false teachers. This is a stretch of arrogance which, were it not for our strong resolve of charity, would lead us to question Mr. Miller's sincerity. But we will refrain, and only say, that he is probably an example of the length to which an untrained, indiscreet, and partially sanctified mind may wander from a decorous Christian bearing and yet be sincere. While, however, we admit him to be honest and devout, we claim that thousands of those ministers whom he so improperly reproaches are equally pious, and inconceivably better informed than he in Christian theology.

We are convinced that no moral or religious good can result from Mr. Miller's effort to convince the world of the near approach of the judgment. On the other hand, it will produce serious evils, some of which are already developed, and others are sure to follow:—

1. One great evil is the diversion of the mind from the saving truths of the Gospel. The depravity of the heart, the purity of God's law, the sufferings of Christ, and the penal sanctions of truth, are the efficient doctrines of revelation. These are less studied in proportion as Mr. Miller's views gain the sinner's attention.

2. Even Christians, by yielding their thoughts to the theme of his lectures, are diverted from those meditations, and from those means of holiness by which they may expect to mature their Christian character.

3. Those who adopt Mr. Miller's views read the Bible less for practical purposes or moral guidance, than as a book of enigmas, which human ingenuity is to solve for entertainment. They study it not so much to learn what *they ought* to do, as to ascertain what God is about to enact.

4. "Star gazing" has become common. Mr. Miller may have roused some to read the Bible, but he has stirred up more still to study the aspects of the heavens. Phenomena familiar to past generations are now viewed as fearful portents, forewarning us of the world's approaching dissolution.

5. The excitable are become so sensitive to what they deem fearful or alarming, that they cannot meditate calmly, and are in no frame to "consider their ways and turn their feet unto God's testimonies."

6. Some such are driven to despair, and are found, at length, inmates of mad houses. When this result follows the preaching of clearly revealed truth, man is not to be blamed; but when it results from unwarrantable teachings, it is sinful.

7. Infidels are gathering strength and boldness from these efforts to interpret the chronological prophecies.

8. The agitations produced by this theme are aids to other gross heresies, such as Mormonism, and other errors of equal fraud and folly.

9. Disputations amongst brethren have arisen out of the contrary views which spring up on this theme. "Mark those which cause divisions." Not that blame attaches to the ministry of clearly revealed truth, even if that truth cause divisions. But Mr. Miller preaches what is not clearly revealed. Nay, he preaches some things which we believe are contrary to truth. He does it, we think, without any intention to deceive, but as being *self*-deceived. He ought, by diligent prayer for deliverance, to escape his delusion, and come to the light.

By these remarks we are far from purposing any diminution of a solemn regard for the eventful period in which we live. Revolutions, we doubt not, such as men have never known, are just before us. We need not resort to extravagant expositions of the prophecies to make out the case. Nor need we watch for physical tokens of their approach. The signs of the times are to be looked for in the moral world; and surely they are enough to satisfy the most intemperate lover of the marvelous. We agree with the author of the following paragraph—a gentleman more remarkable for sound judgment than for poetic enthusiasm. He says:

"Ever since the French Revolution peculiar events, both moral and political, have been transpiring. The nations of the earth are rearing the standard of infidelity: Popery is propagating its abominations; the Ottoman empire is wasting away; the Gospel is extensively propagated, and has been preached in nearly every nation on earth; the Bible has been translated into more than one hundred and fifty languages; an extraordinary movement has been made in favor of the Jews; the world is sunk in fatal security and indifference, and laughs at the thought of danger; a large portion of the Church, like the foolish virgins, are fallen asleep; the preparation is making for a fearful crisis; the kings and rulers of the earth are leaguing and conspiring together, and becoming involved more and more in their ambitious schemes and enterprises, and the Lord is pouring out his Spirit and sealing his people. Verily, we must be blind indeed, if we cannot discern the signs of the times."

LADIES' ORNAMENTS.—A foreign female missionary objects to the use of ornaments: 1. That they are unnecessary. 2. That they are a waste. 3. That they are inconvenient. 4. That they injure the mind. 5. That they are humiliating. 6. That they are a relic of heathenism. Mrs. Judson—a name dear to religion—once sent forth a strong appeal to the pious females of America on this subject. It was not generally regarded. We would be pleased to see it re-published. Perhaps, speaking from the grave, she might be heard by some who disregarded her living testimony. It seems to us that the time cannot be distant when, in this respect, a great change in favor of sobriety and godliness shall come upon the female portion of the Church. This would be like life from the dead to the cause of missions, and of all Christian charities.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"The Washingtonian's Wife," "Langartha," and the lines from "E. A. W.," all have merit; but they are evidently from unpracticed writers, who would probably write prose with better prospects of success. Poetry must be *very good*, or it is not even tolerable. One word amiss will spoil a volume. Those who are not well acquainted with the laws of versification should never venture in this field. Several articles of poetry were excluded from this number, which will be inserted in following numbers. The lines from Texas are too eulogistic to be inserted in the paper which is their theme.

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JULY, 1843.

Original.

ON REVENGE.

Woman is designed to be the companion and helpmate of man. In a few respects she is his inferior—in many his equal—in some his superior. Designed for relations and duties somewhat different from those of man, it was to be expected that peculiarities would be impressed upon her form, her intellect, and her heart, by the hand of nature. Descriptive and picturesque anatomy have pointed out the distinctions between the sexes in form and feature; but mental philosophy has failed to expose, with equal nicety, the differences between their mental and moral constitutions. I do not pretend to enter upon this wide and inviting field, but merely to direct attention to one little spot within its limits. It is supposed that resentment is more easily excited and more lasting in woman than in man—that the female is prone to take offense—indisposed to forgive. "Woman is revengeful," is a sentence I have often heard from the pulpit, the highway, the fire-side, and the bar. If this allegation be true, it is not difficult to account for it. Vanity is the stronger in the softer sex. Secluded from the world, denied the pursuit of fortune or of fame, woman's chief happiness is to be derived from the approbation of her friends. Moreover, when offended, being the weaker vessel, she has not the opportunity of retaliation. Man, when injured, rushes into battle, and spends his passion with his blows. Woman cannot do thus. How natural, then, for her to "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek."

Mythology attributes the destruction of Troy to the revenge of Juno, excited by Paris' awarding the prize of beauty to her rival, Venus. The Roman poet ascribes all the calamities of the Trojans, flying their consumed country under Æneas, to the lasting resentment of the wife of Jupiter. The same master-hand paints Dido, with her dying breath, imprecating curses upon her lover, and by her prayers doing her utmost to hand down her revenge to future ages. He represents her as bearing her resentment to the shades, and scorning to notice the soothing words of the sympathizing Æneas when he meets her in the realms below. Was it Herod or Herodias that thirsted for the blood of John the Baptist? There is surely no impropriety in putting the lovely and the beautiful upon their guard against this feeling. Bear with me, fair one, whilst I assign a few reasons why it should not be indulged.

1. Revenge is barbarous. This passion is found most vigorous in the rudest condition of mankind. It is the son of the forest, whose wigwam is 'mid the den of wild beasts, who cries out, as he plunges his hatchet in the brains of his victim, "Revenge is sweet." It is in the higest walks of civilized society that man bends over his prostrate enemy with bowels of compassion, and as he binds up his bleeding wounds, exclaims, "Forgiveness, O how sweet!" The Muses whom the ancients regarded as the civilizers of mankind, viz., Eloquence, Poetry, Music, &c., have a refining, humanizing, softening influence. The Muses of Christian civilization, viz., Love, Joy, Peace, Long-Suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance, cannot breathe in an atmosphere of resentment. Just in proportion as you ascend the scale of civilization do you find revenge subsiding. Just in proportion as resentment is indulged do men plunge themselves down toward the rudest barbarity. The African who, when insulted, meekly pardoned, saying, "I write insults on the sand—favors on the marble," was far more civilized, in the true sense of the word, than his proud insulters.

2. Revenge is beneath a good heathen. It is related in classic story, that two brethren quarreled, and were reconciled. Afterward one, boasting, said, "Remember that I began the *disagreement*." The other said, "Remember that I began the reconciliation." Which, think ye, did the heathen suppose to be the better man? "May I perish," said one, "if I be not avenged of you!" "May I perish," said the other, "if I do not compel you to love me!" Heathen history has transmitted the story for the everlasting admiration of the latter. This was a maxim among the ancient Greeks: "To revenge is barbarous—to forgive divine." It is related of Lycurgus that Alcander having put out one of the eyes of that great man in a seditious tumult, was delivered to him to be punished according to the dictate of his own feelings. The magnanimous legislator, notwithstanding his avocations and designs had given to his disposition much of severity, received the youth with kindness, treated him with tenderness, forgave his offense, and, having reformed him by wise counsel and humane example, brought him into the theatre, saying, "As you well remember, I received this man from you an abuser and violent—I return him humane and well disposed." The heathen multitude were lost in admiration.

3. It mars beauty. The step loses its elasticity, the spirits their vivacity, the heart its buoyant bound, the cheek its crimson, and the whole countenance that indefinable, attractive expression which speaks a soul at ease. I have seen the lovely lass, whose lips seemed formed only for accents of peace, whose eyes seemed to be the windows of love and joy, and whose whole form one might imagine a fit tenement for Gabriel, should he become incarnate, suddenly transformed into a creature more unlovely than the swine, under the influence of such a passion.

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4. It destroys happiness. There is nothing which can do this more effectually or speedily. Burns describes the "tooth-ache" as the "hell of all diseases." This surely (revenge) is the pit of all tormenting passions. Under its influence reflection is suspended, pleasing emotions paralyzed, the senses benumbed, the heavens curtained, the earth shaded, every avenue to enjoyment closed, and reason often dethroned. If I wished to describe the bitterest cup in the well of bottomless perdition, I would write "revenge." Were I to represent the hottest flame in the furnace of Satan's soul, my brush should paint—revenge. Did I seek completely to "devilize" and damn a soul on earth, I would ask no other element than this. What is hell but the opposite of heaven? What is Satan but the opposite of God? What the torment of the lost but the opposite of the raptures of the blest? What is the element of heaven?—of God?—of heavenly rapture? Love.

5. It is inconsistent with Christianity. If you are a professor of the religion of Jesus Christ, you must be governed by the Gospel. Remember that precept which has been called the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." If you offend another, do you wish that you should never be forgiven? Do you value the means of grace? Do you love the place where God's saints assemble—the abode where God's honor dwelleth? Does not your soul at times cry out, "How lovely are thy tents, O Jacob!" "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of my God!" Has not your heart often said, "Sweet is the day of sacred rest!" and while holding communion with the Most High, and laying your sorrows at Immanuel's feet, how often have you exclaimed, "In such a frame as this my willing soul would stay!" Then do not forget that the privileges of the sanctuary are not allowed to the heart that entertains revenge or hatred. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." You have no right to mingle in the songs of Zion, to participate in her devotions, or listen to her consolations—you have no business at the mercy seat, no interest in the bleeding victim, no access at the throne, even of grace, until reconciled—you have no right so much as to offer a broken heart to your God. Back from the altar—back, back from the sanctuary—back, back, back from the presence of a pardoning God. Go find and forgive thy brother, then come and offer thy gift. Would you cease to pray? Would you pray for eternal damnation? But one of these things you must do if you are revengeful. If any would pray he must pray after the model of our Lord's Prayer. One of its petitions is, "Forgive my trespasses as I forgive those that trespass against me;" but you do not forgive; therefore, your prayer is that you may never be forgiven. What a fearful attitude for a man to assume—pray that eternal woe may be his portion! Suppose you should cease to pray, would the case be different? Jesus has said, "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." This principle of the Divine government is forcibly illustrated in the parable recorded Matthew xxviii.

Have you ever felt the weight of your sins? You have sinned against an infinite God, violated an infinite law. Your transgressions will influence the universe, perhaps for ever. You have incurred an infinite punishment; and while under condemnation, you have been pardoned. Can you ever think of entertaining revenge for a trifling offense committed by a fellow mortal. Look at the example of God. It is the highest privilege and noblest perfection of a mortal to imitate the Almighty. Though he is holy and just, and hath a right to inflict summary punishment upon the wicked, yet he bears long with them, sending his rain and sunshine upon the just and upon the unjust. Look at the example of Jesus. When reviled, he reviled not again. Though God incarnate, he suffered himself to be hunted as a partridge upon the mountains. When requested by his disciples to bring fire out of heaven to consume his enemies, how beautiful and instructive his reproof! "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." When he might have summoned legions of angels to guard him, "he is led as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. In the very agonies of a cruel death, aggravated by the reproaches of those for whom he died, he spends his last breath in prayer for his murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." If ye have not the spirit of Christ, ye are none of his. O, be ye followers of him, as dear children—"Be ye kind, tender-hearted, forbearing, and forgiving one another, as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Recollect that you must die. Perhaps the destroyer may come suddenly, and afford you no opportunity to seek the friends with whom you are at variance, to effect a reconciliation. How would you like to die with resentment in your heart? Could you rejoice in passing over Jordan—would you be prepared to sing with the blest, or swell the carols of angels?

Remember that your friends must die. How would you feel at the funeral of a dear friend, from whom, in some unlucky hour, you had become alienated, should he die prior to a reconciliation? A. and B. were dear friends. They disagreed, and for months were at variance; at length they were reconciled, and loved each other more fervently. B. suddenly expired, and A. accidentally visited the family of B. on the day of his interment. As he stood by the coffin of the deceased, surrounded by the widow and children, O how he sighed and wept! But his tears were tears of joy. "O how glad am I," said he, "that we were reconciled!" Woman, have you a dear friend whom you have not forgiven? Hasten to a reconciliation, lest she die suddenly, and you weep tears of unavailing sorrow at her grave.

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Allow me, before I close this paper, to give some general directions for avoiding offense.

1. Do not make a friend an offender for a word. How often do we speak inadvertently! It cannot be expected that every one should, at all times, exercise the caution and prudence of a philosopher. Should we do so, how much would the pleasure of social intercourse be abridged!

2. Make allowances for peculiarities, for education, and for surrounding circumstances. Amid the cares, and duties, and anxieties of busy life, how many causes of irritation hourly arise! How often, when the wife is indulging in resentment for an unkind expression which her husband made in a moment of anxiety, would she weep with pity, could she read the cares which oppress his heart, as he labors with intense anxiety to provide for those he loves!

3. Consider how many benefits you have received from those whom you regard with animosity. Perhaps she who has offended you has watched your pillow in the hour of sickness, night after night, listening to your whispers, administering to your necessities, bearing with your peevishness, and praying for your recovery. Perhaps the very book you hold in your hand is a token of her friendship—the very dress you wear the gift of her affection. And are favors to be forgotten, while offenses are treasured up? Is gratitude to be excluded that *revenge* may become a guest? For years, it may be, you have lived on terms of intimacy, cultivating friendship with mutual offices of good will; and shall one offense be the grave of all your attachment? Are you related by ties of blood, and do you yet despise each other? Let not this day's sun go down upon your wrath. It was an admirable practice of the ancient Jew never to lie down upon his pillow without forgiving all his foes.

4. Consider well your own faults and infirmities. It was a quaint but admirable conceit of an ancient genius, that every man carries a wallet upon his shoulders, and that into the pocket before him he puts the faults of his neighbor—into that behind he puts his own; so that the former are objects of contemplation *always*—the latter *never*. It generally happens that they who are most prone to take offense, and least disposed to forgive it, are not very mindful of the feelings of others. Should the measure which they mete be measured to them again, they would have but few friends.

> "O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us,"

we should find, perhaps, as much occasion to ask forgiveness as to forgive.

5. Never take an offense unless you are certain it is intended. We should put the most favorable construction upon every action and expression, viewing all things in the light of that charity "which vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up," &c. If we do this, we shall find but few offenses. We frequently convert innocent, well meant remarks into offenses, by the manner in which we notice them. Apollodorus, about to retire from the court of Augustus, said, "Remember, Cæsar, that when you are angry, you do not speak, nor do any thing, until you have distinctly repeated to yourself the letters of the alphabet." This is an admirable direction. I have heard of a Turkish prince, who, when tempted to be angry, repeated, deliberately, the Lord's Prayer. Much may be done to regulate the temper by repeated and persevering efforts at self-control. I know it is difficult to overcome the proud heart, and Solomon says that he who achieves this work is greater than the conqueror of a city. Yet we should not be discouraged from the attempt by its difficulty. A physiognomist once pronounced Socrates the "most brutal, drunken, and licentious old man he had ever seen." The pupils of the philosopher, knowing him to be the reverse of all this, insulted the physiognomist; but Socrates, interposing, said, "The man's principles *may* be correct, for such *were* my propensities, but I have overcome them by my philosophy."

St. Paul, in his convicted state, cried, "For the good that I would I do not, but the evil that I would not that I do." "I find, then, a law, that when I would do good evil is present with me." "But I see another law in my members, warring against the law in my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members." What the apostle could not do we may despair of accomplishing. Let us go, then, to the cross of Christ, and crying out in the bitterness of our souls, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" we shall have reason, with rapture, to exclaim, "We thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." E. T.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her occupations, her amusements, every thing on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided—the sister to whom she had dared to impart the every embryo thought and feeling—the brother who was by turns the counselor and the counseled—and the younger children, to whom she has been the mother and the playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke; every former tie is loosened; the spring of every hope and action is to be changed; and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation to the happiness to come. Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet makes no effort to supply their place; for on him be the responsibility of her errors—on him who first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her to the wily temptations of a sinful world.

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Original.

SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITURES OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The study of the human heart must necessarily be a subject of deep interest to woman. Destined to play an equal part with man, though a less conspicuous one, on the great theatre of probationary existence, she naturally turns with eagerness to whatever can aid her in the fulfillment of her arduous duties, or shed light on the pathway before her. Hence she peruses with avidity all those works which are professedly written for her instruction; and is proportionably disappointed if she find not in them the moral or mental aliment her spirit needs. Disposed, from her very constitution, to be guided less by the deductions of her mind than the impulses of her heart, she is more affected by what is striking than what is logical, and example has greater influence with her than precept. Though far from incapable of appreciating the beautiful and the good in the abstract, her imagination and her hopes are ever busy in the pursuit of the embodiment of her radiant conceptions, that she may love and imitate what she pictures and admires. Her meditations are generally so interwoven with her feelings, that sentiments rather than opinions actuate her, and she rarely brings her intellect to bear intently upon a subject that does not first excite her emotions. Thus events teach her more effectually than labored disquisitions, and illustrations impress her more powerfully than many arguments. The Scriptures of divine truth appear peculiarly fitted to engage her attention and admonish her heart; there is so much simplicity in their narrations—so much sentiment in their ethics. Scarcely a doctrine is presented to the faith, or a command to the observance, that is not touchingly and distinctively exemplified to the sight. Woman, especially in the several eras of Bible history, is depicted to the view the living representation of the virtues or the follies, and, we may add, the misfortunes of her age, and her portrait is drawn so truthfully and yet so happily that the female reader of the present day immediately recognizes it as a resemblance. She discerns through the long series of successive generations as they rise before her the same common features—the individuality of character still descriptive of her sex, though modified and varied by the perpetually changing circumstances which called for peculiar developments. She feels, while she regards the pictures, that the artist did not exaggerate, and is thus prepared to sympathize with the emotions and motives of the actors in those gone-by scenes, and condemn or approve them intuitively by an instinctive appeal to her own bosom. To bring those Scriptural portraitures more particularly before the mind, and recommend them to the attention of the young readers of the Ladies' Repository, is the object of these sketches. Experience teaches us that our improvement is not always in proportion to our knowledge, but to the incorporation of that knowledge with our thoughts and feelings. Truths may be often and ably presented, yet fail to be personally appropriated by the hearer, when some new mode of introducing them may imprint them vividly upon the mind. The first portrait we offer for examination is that of

EVE.

Brief as is the record of the mother of our race, it has lent its coloring and its impress to every successive page of human life. Few as are its details, each after history, chronicled by man, has been but a commentary upon them. Simple as the narration, and casual as the events appear, they contain the elements of all thought—feeling—action. They excited not earth alone through every trembling fibre, but hell and heaven gave back pulsation. Well, then, may *this* portrait interest us. Eve is first presented to our view encircled by whatever can attract the heart and charm the imagination. Fresh from the hand of her Creator, with all her faculties in free and lofty exercise, and yet unbreathed upon by sin, she is introduced to the undisputed lord of a new and perfect world, as his companion, friend, and wife. Without borrowing one ray from the light of Milton's imagination, with the simple and emphatic Scripture narrative only before us, what reflections must crowd in upon the soul necessarily connected with the subject! We behold Adam walking the flower-decked aisles of paradise, gazing on its magnificent scenery, and giving names to the living tenants of his fair domain. We learn, from the significant phrase which closes his survey, that he sought sympathy among them, and found it not. Man is sensible of a *want*, even in that beautiful Eden, and a feeling of solitariness seems to have arisen in his bosom, permitted by God, to enhance his gratitude for his purposed gift. "*But for Adam, there was not found a help-meet for him.*" Immediately after this discovery we see him losing the remembrance of his loneliness in a deep sleep, during which his munificent Creator prepares for him the companionship he needed. How blissful must have been the hour of his awaking, and how sweet the song of grateful acknowledgment which floated through the bowers of paradise! Very expressive are the words of their marriage covenant: "*Therefore shall a man cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh.*" Did the recollection of that engagement come upon Adam in the moment of his temptation, and urge him to his fall? Alas! for such return for his Maker's kindness!

The next aspect in which Eve appears before us would make us tremble for her, even if we were unacquainted with her history. The scene opens with the announcement of the subtilty of the serpent, and yet represents the woman in conversation with him. We might imagine many circumstances which would account for this strange colloquy; but none which would excuse its continuance when once rebellion against her Creator had been suggested. The Bible is silent relative to her motives, and an attempt to conjecture them would be as vain as unprofitable. She appears to have pondered the tempter's words after he left her; and her consequent examination of the tree, which she seems

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never hitherto to have noticed particularly, manifest a suspicion of the truth of God. Governed less by her reason than her senses, she determined that the qualities of the fruit rendered it desirable; and apparently without one doubt of the justness of her conclusions, eat of it, and induced her husband to do so likewise. We have no account of the arguments she used to persuade him; for convinced he certainly was not. This we learn from the comment of St. Paul on the relation. He informs us that the woman only was deceived. The man appears to have been influenced entirely by her entreaty and example. When the wisdom they had so rashly and wickedly sought revealed to them their guilt, the remorse and sorrow of the woman must have been keenly aggravated by the consciousness that she had led her husband into crime. The sacred pages, however, give no response to our inquiries on this subject. They tell us of her fall, and leave imagination to depict her penitence. We are indeed informed of her acknowledgment of her fault; and clear and unextenuated is that acknowledgment: "*The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.*" There is no attempt to follow the precedent of her husband, who, in the confession of his guilt, ungenerously reproaches his Creator as its cause, while he accuses his wife as the instigator of his trangression. She seeks not to prove him equally culpable with herself by the just retort, "Thou shouldst have counseled otherwise," but in that hour of terror and hopelessness is *true to her sex.* Then was the curse pronounced which has been fearfully accomplished through every succeeding period of time. Yet was it, even in the moment of its utterance, when the creatures of his hand had just provoked the wrath of God, softened and gilded by the promise of its future repeal.

How consoling and refreshing must those precious words, "*The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head,*" have been to the crushed and sorrowing heart of her who had been "first in the transgression" which was to shed its baleful blight over the destinies of yet unborn generations! She seems to have cherished the hope of their speedy fulfillment, as we learn from the exulting exclamation with which she clasped to her bosom the first-born son: "I have gotten a man from the Lord!" or, as it has been rendered, "I have the man Jehovah!" We may easily conceive her spirit lightened of its wearisome burden, as she pictured the triumph of Cain over his hereditary foe, and the deliverance of the fair world, of which he was the rightful inheritor, from its desolating curse. With what anxiety must she have watched his approach to manhood, and striven to instill into his breast love and obedience to his God. But, alas! soon must she have perceived her delusion, and been compelled not only to weep over the disappointment of her earnest hope, but the effects of her own guilt in the depravity of her offspring. This we infer from the name bestowed upon her second son—Abel, or vanity. The bright anticipations of the mother had indeed been vanity; and that word well implies the hopelessness that succeeded. Yet we may believe that as Abel grew into promising manhood, and exhibited evidences of that faith which even then was casting a faint light over the road to man's forfeited paradise, the hopes of the mother re-bloomed and clustered round him as the world's redeemer. But ere long she weeps upon his bloody grave. Cain is his murderer, and himself becomes a vagabond over a land which was his by inheritance.

The intelligence of the birth of Seth, with the reason of his name, closes the annals of our far-famed ancestress. "God," said she, "hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel, whom Cain slew." Whether she still indulged the belief that one of her immediate descendants was to be the Messiah, or repeated disappointment had taught her the fallacy of her expectations, we cannot determine with certainty from the passage quoted above. Either may be inferred. I have thought it not unworthy of notice that while we have no intimation of the nature of Adam's thoughts and feelings after his expulsion from Eden, we are made quite familiar with Eve's from her own expressions. Of her death we have no account. We will close this sketch with an attempt to shadow forth her emotions as she passed the portals of paradise.

Farewell, ye blissful bow'rs!
Alas, alas, that I must say farewell,
And breathe no more your atmosphere of flow'rs,
Nor 'midst your glories dwell!

O, I would linger here
On your green threshold, if I might no more,
'Till death, my portion now, should come to bear
Me to his viewless shore!

But wherefore? what would I,
A fallen spirit, 'midst so pure a scene?
What should they do whose lot it is *to die*,
Where only *life* hath been?

Farewell, ye crystal streams,
Whose murm'ring oft hath lull'd me to my rest!
O, let your music sometimes haunt my dreams,
And soothe my aching breast!

Ye groves, within whose shade
I lov'd to walk in tranquil happiness,
My step shall ne'er again your calm invade—
Your dew-gem'd green-sward press!

I go, a world accurs'd
By mine own act, in bitterness to tread;
But o'er that thought—the darkest, saddest, worst—
Mercy hath balsam shed!

Hush, then, my grief-torn heart,
Thy throbbings wild—thine agony subdue—
In faith and hope, if not in peace, depart—
Ye blissful bowers, adieu!

SPARE MINUTES.

Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that—"Sands make the mountain, moments make the year." Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden.

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Original.

"BE YE ALSO READY."

BY MISS DE FOREST.

"Art thou ready, careless sinner,
Should the summons come to-day,
Thrilling through the vaulted heaven,
That dread mandate to obey?
Could'st thou meet the king Messiah,
With thy guilt upon thy brow?
Or, 'not ready, not yet ready,'
Would'st thou murmur then as now?"

"Gentle maiden, in thy beauty
Brilliant as the rosy day,
Could'st thou calmly hear the spoiler
Bid thy beauty pass away?
Ever smiling—care beguiling—
Life to thee a vernal bloom—
Pleasure-seeking—laughter-loving—
Say, what think'st thou of the tomb?"

"Crested warrior—haughty conqu'ror—
Glorying in orphan's tears—
Death is waiting for his guerdon:
Give thou up thy long arrears."
Visions bright of earthly glory
Gleam before his ravished eye;
"*Untold wealth* for one short hour!"
Hear the dying warrior cry.

"Pale-brow'd student, idolizing
What shall perish with thine age,
Soar aloft, and seal thy mem'ry
On a more enduring page."
"Ah!" methinks I hear thee whisper,
"Life to me is wondrous fair—
Beautiful, and bright, and glorious
Is the heritage I share."

"Miser, with thy care-worn visage,
Pallid cheek, and wither'd brow,
Earth too long hath claim'd thy worship:
Tell me, art thou ready now?"
"Richly-laden barks appearing—
Harvests whit'ning to the eye—
I would fill another coffer
Ere I lay me down to die."

Lo! the beggar on his pallet,
Cloth'd with rags and writh'd with pain:
"Say, poor suff'rer, art thou willing
An eternal life to gain?"
List his answer: "Life eternal!
Ah, what is it but a name?
Give me food, relief, and raiment—
These the blessings I would claim."

"Art thou ready, weeping mourner,
Weari'd with the woes of life?
Leaning on the precious promise,
Wilt thou brave the unequal strife?"

"No! no! no! my heart is breaking
With its longing to be free,
Yet I fear, lest in yon heaven
There should be no room for me."

"Anxious father, sadly harass'd
For the food thy children need,
There is One who oft hath promis'd
All the fatherless to feed:
Trust them to his kind protection—
Wing thy flight from earth away."
"No! O, no! I cannot leave them—
Yet a little longer stay."

"Mother, with yon shining cherubs
Lo, thy lost ones may be found!
Break, O, break the ties which bind thee
To this sin-enchanted ground."
"My departed ones are blessed,
But the living claim my care;
Not yet ready! King of terrors,
Hear a mother's earnest prayer!"

"Hoary age, thy head is silver'd
With the frosts of many years;
Surely, surely, thou art ready
To forsake this vale of tears.
Borne on angel wings to heaven,
There thy weari'd feet may rest,
And thine aged head be pillow'd
Sweetly on thy Savior's breast."

No! this heart to earth is clinging
With a never-yielding grasp;
Yet shall Death, with mighty power,
Every golden link unclasp.
Nought cares he for youth or beauty—
Warrior's meed, or love, or fame—
Trembling age, or infant weakness—
Place or power—worth or name.

But, alas! how few are ready
When the hours of trial come,
Though, perchance, they're sent in mercy
To convey the wand'rer home.
Love and honor, fame and beauty,
Sin and sorrow, all combine
To decoy the thoughtless spirit
From all influence divine.

Yet there is a balm in Gilead
For this fever of the soul:
O, there is a blest Physician,
Who can make the wounded whole!
He can give the faith triumphant,
Which for him counts all but loss—
He can raise the fallen spirit,
Through the power of the cross.

"Faithful Christian—heaven's witness—
For thy God what sayest thou?
Could'st thou raise a song of triumph,
Should the summons meet thee now?"

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"I have fought the trying conflict—
I through grace have kept the faith!
Harps of gold and *crowns of glory*
Welcome in the hour of death."

O, how rich the grace which conquers
Earth-born hope, or slavish fear;
And in hour of dark temptation
Brings the Savior's presence near!
"Ye who would be fully ready,
When the message comes for you,
Trust in Him who died for sinners—
Ye shall find his promise true."

Original.

TO MY MOTHER.

I LOVE the land that gave me birth,
The fires that warm my native hearth,
The fields where childhood's sunny hours—
'Mid rip'ning fruits and opening flowers—
Breath'd pleasure in the floating air;
Nor thought of pain, nor dream'd of care.
I love the home of infancy,
Virginia's charming scenery,
The sand-banks of my native shore,
The whistling winds, the ocean's roar,
The storm careering fearfully,
The snow-capp'd surges, wild and free.
I love the friends of early years,
Who kindly wip'd my infant tears,
The humble church, without a spire,
Where blazed devotion's hallowed fire,
The ministers of sacred truth,
Who chid the wanderings of my youth.
I love them all—(God bless my home!)—
And shall where'er my steps may roam.
But, mother, when compared with thee,
To me they're less than vanity;
Next to the God she loves so well,
My mother in my heart shall dwell.

To guard my unprotected hours,
To strew my every path with flowers,
To make my childhood's sky grow bright,
To quell my fears, was thy delight;
And with a love almost divine,
Thine eyes grew dim in watching mine.

My mother, in my boyish dreams,
When fancy ruled her magic realms,
I gathered wealth, that thy free hand
Might scatter blessings through the land—
I climbed Parnassian hills for fame
To give thy house a deathless name—
I sought for honor's thorny road,
And mingled with the giddy crowd;
And when the rosy wreath was gain'd,
Though toil and blood its leaves had stain'd,
Delighted at thy feet I'd bow,
And with it deck thy honored brow.

Those dreams have pass'd, and hopes of heaven
To nobler themes my thoughts have given.
Wealth's golden stores may ne'er be mine,
Nor fame my humble name enshrine—
The pathway of humility
Must lead my footsteps to the sky.
But, mother, when my wand'rings end,
Where tall archangels lowly bend,
Joyful their sovereign Lord to own,
And worship him who fills the throne,
Should Jesus deign to smile on me,
My thoughts shall fondly turn to thee;
And should a heavenly harp be mine,
A crown of righteousness divine,
A mansion in the land of love,
A home in that bright world above,
'Twill sweeten all the joys of heaven
To know they're to my mother given.

D. W.

THIRD HYMN OF SYNESIUS.

AWAKE, my soul, invade the dazzling height
Of sacred song, and drink the stream of light:
Each dark unruly passion charm to rest,
And fan the flame that purifies the breast.
A wreath the king of gods may deign to wear,
I humbly weave: to his pure shrine I bear
A sacrifice unstain'd by crimson dews,
A free libation of the heav'nly muse.
Borne on the wave, or pillow'd on the shore,
Expos'd to winds that rage, to seas that roar;
Or safe, and shelter'd in my quiet home,
Or when o'er mountains drear and wild I roam;
Or when my liberated feet may gain
Their native realm, yon fair and blooming plain;
In life, in death, in rapture, or in woe,
For thee, blest Lord, the note of praise shall flow.
Allur'd by tranquil night's congenial calm,
For thee I frame the sweet poetic charm.
When orient roses wreathe the purple morn;
When noontide splendors all the heav'n adorn;
When placid ev'ning spreads her gentle wing;
I wake for thee the full-resounding string.
Yon stars, that glow with everlasting youth,
The moon, who walks in light, attests my truth;
And mighty Sol, who leads the radiant choir,
And fills the saintly breast with hallow'd fire.

HEAVEN IS LOVE.

THE ransom'd spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies:

But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, Holy Love!

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Original.

CHARACTER OF DANIEL.

BY. G. WATERMAN, JR.

Few men are distinguished for many traits of superiority. Alexander could conquer a world, but could not govern himself, much less his subjects. Napoleon was unsurpassed in military tactics; but in that only he excelled his compeers. Homer was renowned only for poetic powers, Demosthenes for his eloquence, Aristotle for his metaphysical subtilties, Newton for his powers of analysis, Mozart for those of music, and Burritt for his extensive acquaintance with different languages.

There are, however, a few—although but very few—whose names stand emblazoned on the historic page as either possessing a universal genius, or at least as having made attainments varied as well as rare. Such men were Luther, and Paul, and David—men who appear as stars of the first magnitude in the great constellation of human excellence. Of this class no one is more worthy of study and imitation than the Chaldean statesman and prophet, Daniel. In whatever point of view we consider his character, it stands out in bold relief, unsurpassed in symmetry and beauty by any of the fair group which surrounds it.

Daniel was a Hebrew noble. In his early youth the royal city of his nation was besieged and taken by the invading armies of the King of Babylon. The reigning monarch, Jehoiakim, together with all the members of the royal family were taken prisoners, and many of them carried into Babylon. Among these were Daniel and his three friends. At the age of eighteen he was brought into the royal household of the King of Babylon, and, after a preparation of three years' duration, was advanced to the dignity of courtier of that mighty realm. For more than seventy years, and under no less than seven different monarchs, was he employed in the most honorable, and, at the same time, most arduous and difficult affairs of state.

In contemplating his character, we shall view him in his relations to the *state*, to *society*, and to *God*; or, in other words, as a *statesman*, a *civilian*, and a *Christian*.

In a good statesman we expect to find *high intelligence* combined with *fearlessness* in the execution of duty, and *unimpeachable political integrity*. It is not necessary to stop here in order to show the relations which these several elements of character bear to each other and to the complex whole, or the necessity of their existence in the formation of a thorough statesman. Such a discussion might not be deemed appropriate in a work like the Repository. I shall simply attempt to show that, as a statesman, Daniel possessed these several attributes of character, which fitted him for the discharge of the highest functions of government.

Of the intellectual character of Daniel we are assured from the fact that, although but a youth of eighteen, he was comprehended under those who were "skillful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as had ability in them to stand in the King's presence." This was only preparatory to a much higher course of instruction. For during the three years of their noviciate, they were taught "the learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans." Among these Hebrew youths Daniel and his three friends were pre-eminent. The course of strict regimen which they pursued gave them clear heads and vigorous intellects. Unlike their companions, they lost no time in reveling and dissipation; and consequently their minds were never unhinged by protracted sensual excitements and pleasures. These two causes would of themselves be sufficient to account for the superiority of Daniel and his friends. But in addition to these they were assisted by wisdom from on high. "As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom." And the testimony of the King himself, upon the thorough examination of them at the close of their noviciate, was, that none was found like them. "And in all matters of wisdom and understanding that the King inquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm." These magicians and astrologers were the most enlightened and scientific men of that age. They devoted themselves exclusively to the cultivation of the sciences; and their renown as men of letters stands emblazoned upon the historic page of high antiquity. Yet Daniel surpasses them all; and at the age of twenty-one was found ten times better in all subjects requiring wisdom and understanding than any member of this learned body.

But besides this direct testimony we have much of an indirect character, which we shall notice hereafter.

The honest *fearlessness* of character, as manifested in the execution of duty, is that which first attracts our observation, and which strikes the mind of every attentive reader with feelings of admiration and awe. When the haughty and disappointed monarch, in the height of his rage and vexation, had commanded all the wise men to be destroyed, because they could not show him a dream which had escaped his own memory, Daniel did not hesitate to tell him that he had commanded a thing of them which none but the God of heaven could perform. On another occasion, having interpreted a vision which foreshadowed approaching calamity to the King, he stands up before that most powerful and wicked monarch, and admonishes him of his guilt and danger, and advises an immediate reformation. "Wherefore, O King, let my counsel be acceptable unto thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it may be the lengthening of thy tranquility." Nebuchadnezzar was an ambitious prince, filled with arrogance and self-conceit. The incurring of his displeasure was death. The rank of the victim was of no consideration. His courtiers and advisers must be slain because they cannot perform impossibilities, and gratify his peevish and superstitious disposition. Even the first officers of the royal city must be cast into a

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fiery furnace, heated to a seven-fold intensity, because they would not gratify his vanity. Yet before this same passionate and excitable man dares a Hebrew captive stand up and reprove him for his sins, and advise a reformation. He feared not to do his duty even at the imminent peril of his life.

But a more forcible illustration of this trait of character occurs under the dissolute reign of Nebuchadnezzar's grand-son, Belshazzar. This weak and effeminate prince was wholly under the control of his passions. Pleasure was the only object of his pursuit. And although, in name, the monarch of one of the mightiest empires of antiquity, it was but in name; for the whole government was in the hands of his queen mother, Nitocris. Banquetings and revelry was the order of the day, or rather night, at the court. On one occasion a more splendid feast than usual was to be prepared. It was to be given to a thousand of the chief officers of the government, and was intended as a full display of the regal splendor of that most luxurious of the oriental courts. All business was suspended, and every thing which could add amusement and interest to the scene, or gratify the vanity and sensuality of a voluptuous prince, was present. It is night. The day has passed amid scenes of debauchery. Inflamed by wine, the King, to humor his guests, please his own vanity, and insult the Jews, has sent to the tower for the golden vessels of the Lord's house, that he and his princes may drink therefrom. They are filled. The King is almost deified by the fawning but semi-intoxicated sycophants who surround him. And he, almost persuaded by their flatteries into the belief of his own divinity, receives their adulations and praises. Every voice pours forth its fulsome panegyric, and the walls of the canopied court re-echo the eulogistic strain. But what has caused so sudden a change? Why does the flattered monarch and his pampered admirers stand still, stricken with terror and awe? A naked hand has traced in mystic characters the devoted monarch's doom. But who shall read that unknown inscription? The magicians and astrologers are called in vain. In the consternation, the queen mother appears, and bidding her effeminate son fear not, advises Daniel to be called. But what a contrast does he present in his appearance and address to that of the sickly sycophants who but a few moments before had filled the King's ears with his own praises! He first alludes to the former judgments upon the King's ancestral family, particularly upon his grand-father for his wickedness. "And thou, his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thyself, although thou knewest all this, but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou and thy lords, thy wives and thy concubines have drunk wine in them: and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." What a stern rebuke is here administered! When all around, including the queen mother, were seeking to soothe the anguished spirit of the King, and to allay his fears, Daniel fearlessly declares the guilt of the King, and the swift impending ruin of himself and kingdom, and that, too, in the presence both of his family and courtiers. Such an act of fearlessness in the discharge of duty stands unrivaled on the pages of history. And the argument is fair, and the inference perfectly legitimate, that he who could manifest such fearlessness under circumstances to every susceptible mind so trying, would exhibit the same trait of character in circumstances demanding less sacrifice of feeling and accompanied by less danger.

To these attributes of a true statesman was superadded an *unimpeachable political integrity.*

The testimony of friends on such a point might perhaps be called in question. We all know the blinding character of prejudice when exerted for or against any one. An over-weening confidence and affection might also bias the judgment of friends, and, to some extent, invalidate their testimony. But surely there is no danger of this kind to be apprehended from enemies. They cannot be charged with making too favorable a decision, especially when their interests as well as their feelings are on the opposite side. Yet such is the testimony which we have concerning the political integrity of Daniel. His honor and dignity, and continual preferment had excited the envy and malignant passions of many of the court. Hatred and determined opposition were the natural consequences; and his removal from the high station which he occupied was resolved upon. But how could this be accomplished? He was high in the favor of the King. Their only hope, therefore, was in impeachment. To ground an impeachment his conduct was eagerly watched by the keen eye of jealousy. But their eyes grew weary with watching, while hope deferred made the heart sick. They then reviewed his conduct. For more than sixty years he had been connected with the administration of the government, and for many years, and under more than one monarch, had been the prime minister of state. But what was the result of all their scrutiny into past and present conduct? "They could find none occasion nor fault: forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him. Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." What must have been the probity and political integrity of that man whose personal and political enemies could find no fault in him? Verily, he must have been unsurpassed and even unequaled in this respect by any who have succeeded him, or political defamation and detraction were then unknown!

Thus much for the positive and direct testimony concerning Daniel as a statesman. But there is a great amount of incidental and indirect evidence of his qualifications furnished by his history. Had he not possessed, to an eminent degree, all the essential attributes of a perfect statesman, he could not have maintained the high station at court which he occupied under so many different sovereigns. His advancement

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commenced under Nebuchodonosor II., the Nebuchadnezzar of Scripture. He continued in power under Evil Merodach, the profligate son and successor of Nebuchadnezzar. As the sacred historian informs us, at the first promotion of Daniel, that "he continued even unto the first year of King Cyrus," it is certain that he was engaged at court under the two next succeeding monarchs, Neriglissor and Laborasoarchod, both of whom, and especially the latter, were most vicious and abandoned princes. Of the latter the historian remarks that, "being born with the most vicious inclinations, he indulged them without restraint when he came to the crown, as if he had been invested with sovereign power only to have the privilege of committing with impunity the most infamous and barbarous actions." Under his successor, Labynitus, or Belshazzar, an effeminate and dissolute prince, Daniel was promoted to be third ruler of the kingdom. During the reign of this prince, the affairs of the government were wholly under the control of Nitocris, an ambitious woman, but one possessed of a strong mind. This accounts for the fact, that Daniel, although an officer in the government, was comparatively unknown, or at least forgotten by this pleasure-loving monarch. And here we have an indirect but strong argument in favor of Daniel's ability and faithfulness as a statesman. While the pleasure-seeking companions of the King were spending their whole time in dissipation and luxury, he was engaged in directing the affairs of the empire; and so faithful was he in the discharge of his duty, that he never found time for indulgence in those scenes of amusement and pleasure in which the King spent his whole time, regardless of the welfare of the empire. As the latter never troubled himself about state affairs, and the former never frequented those places and scenes which would unfit him for the proper discharge of his duties, the natural consequence was that they were personally unknown to each other, and that when Daniel was brought into the banqueting court to interpret the mysterious inscription upon the wall, the queen mother was compelled to introduce him anew to the sovereign!

With the death of Belshazzar ended the Babylonian empire; but not the prosperity of Daniel. Under the Median prince, Darius, he was advanced to still higher honors, which he continued to enjoy under the estimable Cyrus even to the day of his death. Now had he not been, in every respect, fitted—eminently fitted—for the station which he occupied, we cannot conceive it possible that he should have maintained it, and even been advanced from one post of honor and dignity to another, under so many different princes, of such different characters, and even to have withstood the shock of a complete overthrow of the government and the establishment of a foreign prince. The decided preference given to him by the Median King over all the other courtiers, strongly shows that his talents and fidelity were well known and appreciated, even at a foreign court.

(*To be concluded.*)

A FAMILY SCENE.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined."—*Pope.*

I HAPPENED not long since to call at a certain neighbor's for the purpose of friendly conversation, when on a sudden half a dozen boys and girls pushed into the room, and, with a boisterous sound of words and laughter, confused and almost drowned our conversation. The father reddened with seeming resentment, and said, in a soft tone, "Don't, my children, be noisy." He might as well have been silent; for they have been too long acquainted with this irresolute and unsteady government, to pay the least attention to what was said. They continued their noise till one, a little out of breath, drew off from the rest, to listen to a story his father was relating. Presently he cried out, "Father, you don't tell that story right." "But do you not know, my son, it is not good manners to interrupt your father when talking?" "But I say, father, you don't tell that story as I heard it." His father was silent, and his son went on with the story; the old man was as tame as a whipped spaniel till it was finished. He then said, "Come, my son, come, my son, fetch some wood and put it on the fire." "Can't, father: let Sam go; great lazy boy, he han't done nothing to-day." "Yes, I have done more than you have, too: you may go; father told you first." "Don't say so, Sammy; come, John, you are father's best boy: run and bring some wood." "Yes, I am always the best boy when there is any thing to do: have to do every thing under the sun. Great lazy Kate stays in the house, and can't do nothing: let her go." In the end, the father went and got it himself. In his absence, as one was sitting down in his chair, another pulled the chair away, and let him fall to the floor. He scrambled up in a rage, and fell upon his brother with his fist and teeth, and began to cry, "Father, John is biting and striking me." "Well, Sam pulled the chair away, and almost killed me." "Kate has got a pin and pricks me," screamed another. "He pinched me first," said Kate. "Give me my thing here," bawled the fifth. "I won't; 'tisn't yours; it's mine: you said I might have it." "L-a, my son, do give it to him." "I won't." And away it went into the fire.

Dinner was soon ready, and another scene of irregularities now opened. The children scampered and huddled round the table, and each began to help himself before the duties of the table were attended to. They cut and slashed, crowded and differed, till the pie was brought to the table, when one called out with authority, "Mother, give me a great piece." "Sam (said another) has got a piece as big again as I have;" and away went his piece upon the floor. "O my dear," said the mother, "that is naughty; shouldn't do so: don't cry, my dear, and I will give you a great piece. I believe," said the mother, "the children always act worse when we have company, than at any other time. They act worse than I ever knew them."

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Original.

CALORIC AS AN AGENT.*

BY J. M. ARMSTRONG.

The motions of the magnetic needle are another mystery which has been considered inexplicable. But this, also, may be traced to the agency of caloric. It is a species of attraction. We introduce caloric, and lo! the mystery vanishes. It is truly said that all mysteries are perfectly simple when once the key to their solution has been obtained.

Let us inquire whether there is not a current of this fluid constantly flowing in the direction to which the magnetic needle points. One of the properties of caloric is to seek an equilibrium. An interchange of caloric is said to be constantly going on at all possible temperatures. The interchange is mutual; but a cold body will receive a much greater quantity from a warm one than the warm will from the cold. Thus, the tendency of all bodies is to become of an equal temperature. Now, every school-boy knows that the equatorial regions of the earth are much warmer than the polar regions; and the obvious conclusion is, that a current of caloric is constantly flowing from the hot regions to the poles. This must take place independently of the heated atmosphere which is known to flow to the poles, since the exchange of caloric between bodies is independent of the medium in which it takes place. Now, the magnetic needle possesses the peculiar property of being affected by these polar currents; and, being balanced on a pivot, it is easily turned in the direction of the current. The caloric which affects the magnet must be in the form of electricity. It is in this way alone that we can account for the fact, that there are but three of the metals capable of becoming permanently magnetic, which are iron, nickel, and cobalt—these possessing, in an eminent degree, the property of conducting this modification of caloric.

There are other principles, or circumstances, in operation by which an electrical current might be created. The earth may operate some how on the principle of a Voltaic battery, or pile, there being a much greater quantity of decomposition constantly going on in the torrid zone than in the polar regions. Thus one would be positively and the other negatively electrified; and in this case a current would be created. Electricity and caloric we take to be only different modes of exciting caloric. This is proven by several facts. When a number of small plates of zinc and copper are employed in the formation of a Voltaic battery, electricity is generated; but when their numbers are diminished, and the plates enlarged, heat is evolved.

And, again, in the conversion of water into vapor, it is well known that it combines with a large portion of caloric. The vapor thus formed rises and becomes clouds; and when it is condensed into water again, in the formation of rain, its caloric is frequently given off in the form of electricity. It would be unreasonable to suppose that the caloric is decomposed when it reached the regions of clouds; besides, caloric is a simple essence, and therefore incapable of decomposition.

Let us follow this idea a little further, and see how it becomes electricity. Caloric is a very elastic substance, a large quantity of which can be compressed into a small space. When the vapory clouds are condensed into mist or rain, its caloric is liberated from its combined state, but retained in a compressed state. When the quantity becomes so great that the clouds are incapable of retaining it any longer, it perforates the air, and the effect is seen in vivid streams of lightning, producing thunder.

A very simple and easy experiment will satisfy every one of the correctness of this theory, as well as illustrate the nature of electricity. Take a piece of sealing-wax, or any other non-conductor, and it will be discovered that it cannot be heated by friction, whilst a good conductor, a piece of metal for instance, can be very easily heated in this way. Now, the only difference is this—the metal being a good conductor liberates the caloric as fast as it is disengaged, and becomes sensible. The sealing-wax retains it in a compressed state, until some conducting substance is brought within its influence, when the whole of the caloric thus retained is liberated at once in the form of electricity.

This theory accounts very satisfactorily why thunder and lightning are never produced in very cold weather. The circumjacent atmosphere being so cold, or being deprived of a quantity of caloric below its natural capacity, the caloric passes into it as fast as it is liberated from the vapory clouds, and it is thus prevented from accumulating in this compressed state.

From these facts we infer that electricity is but a modification of caloric. The only difference is in the mode of disengaging it from matter. If it is rendered free as fast as it is disengaged, it is in the form of heat; but if any quantity is set at liberty together, it exhibits itself in the form of electricity.

In the remarks we have just submitted we plainly see the universal agency of caloric. To the power of this agent we can assign no bounds. It is by *it* that the great I Am "taketh up the islands in his fingers as a very little thing." He commands, and it is done. The elements obey him. When its power is permitted to exert itself in the bowels of the earth, it groans and quakes. It is the agent by which this world is one day to be destroyed. Yea, under the guidance of the Eternal Reason, it becomes the grand agent by which worlds are created and destroyed. It moves and guides the planetary worlds in their orbits. And if we follow it beyond the confines of our system of worlds into the regions of space, there we behold the Almighty employing it in the creation and destruction of suns, with all their retinue of worlds. During the last century thirteen stars have disappeared, and ten new ones appeared in different parts of the heavens. In the time of Tycho Brahe, a great conflagration must have taken place in the constellation Cassiopeia. A star became

* Concluded from page 167.

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so brilliant that it could be seen at noon-day, when its great brilliancy began to diminish, and, without moving from its place, became utterly extinct.

It will be noticed that we have confined our remarks to the operations and effects of caloric on inorganic matter; that of organic would form a subject still more interesting, but of which we shall not now speak. We do not suppose that our opinions and deductions are entirely free from error, although generally deduced from facts, as we are not in possession of suitable apparatus to institute, in every case, the necessary experiments. It cannot, however, be successfully controverted, that the several facts and principles to which we have adverted, exert an influence some how in the manner we have attempted to explain. We have long been dissatisfied with the prevailing theories of the day. They have become too complicated. There are too many agents employed; whereas, the greatest possible simplicity characterizes all the operations of nature. We are very confident that if the principles we have hinted at were carried out in all their bearings, they would lead to the discovery of the true theory of the universe.

There can be no doubt that science is destined, ere long, to undergo a complete revolution; and we are sustained in this opinion by eminent philosophers, who have not only predicted it, but intimated the direction whence it is to be brought about. It was the opinion of Sir Humphrey Davy, that "the slow and silent operations of electricity on the surface of the earth would be found intimately and importantly connected with the order and economy of nature." Dr. Priestly says that "electricity seems to be an inlet into the internal structure of bodies, on which all their sensible properties depend;" and in the prophetic train of mind in which he seemed to indulge, he adds, "Therefore, by pursuing this new light, the bounds of natural science may possibly be extended beyond what we now can conceive. New worlds may be opened to our view by a new set of philosophers, in quite a new field of speculation."

The foregoing remarks were not penned in a spirit of wanton innovation, but with a sincere desire to benefit science, however feeble our exertions may be. As an inquirer after truth, we can truly adopt the words of the poet, who said—

"Where can I journey to your secret spring,
Eternal nature? Onward still I press—
Follow thy windings still, yet sigh for more."

WHO IS POOR?

What man is poor? Not he whose brow
Is wet with Heaven's own dew,
Who breathes to God a heartfelt vow,
Whose pledge is strong and true;—
The morning calls his active feet
To no enchanting dome,
But evening and the twilight sweet
Shall light his pathway home.

Original.

DEATH.

BY JOHN T. BRAME.

"And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see. And I looked, and behold, a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death."
"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death."

I.

Stern monarch of the dreadful realms of shade!
We sing thy gloomy triumphs, ere we're laid,
Still victims, in thy prison-house of clay—
We the frail tenants of a fleeting day.
We hail thee, tyrant of the terrored tomb,
Our enemy and messenger of doom;
We feel our weakness, and we own thy power,
Which bows the noblest form, and smites the fairest flower!

II.

Man starts into existence, plays awhile
In life's short scene, deep-versed in every wile;
And while he vainly to his strength doth trust,
Unwept, unhonored, sinks to native dust.
The king, the slave, the base-born, and the great,
Yield, undistinguished, to the nod of fate;
The victor chains the conquer'd to his car,
And him in turn enslaved, triumphant Death doth bear.

III.

The innocent, the joyous, playful boy,
Whose only thought is for some pleasing toy,
Whose thoughtless mind ne'er had a bad design,
And ne'er to vicious pathways did incline,
By Death is taken from his harmless mirth,
And lives no more upon this joyless earth;
And ere he's wafted to his native skies,
But blooms awhile in beauty, pines away, and dies.

IV.

The youth, just enter'd on earth's toilsome ways,
Seeking for pleasure, or for wealth, or praise—
Sure of success—in expectation high—
Preparing to live long, but not to die,
And madly wasting life's important hour
In useless wanderings from flower to flower,
Is snatched by Death from his ambitious way—
Hope's fairy prospects vanish, and her dreams decay!

V.

And man, proud man, undaunted, strong, and brave,
In life's last hour his might is nought to save,
Broken and shatter'd by disease and pain,
Like the frail bark upon the raging main,
He's tost, the sport of the unpitying storm,
And finds no timely aid, no helping arm;
And while the waves their burden onward urge,
He sinks to rise no more beneath th' engulfing surge.

VI.

The old, oppress'd with weight of griefs and years,
Find no kind shelter from Death's fatal snares;

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For hoary-headed wisdom he doth feel
No reverence: beneath his iron heel,
Like helpless infancy, old age doth yield—
Its hoarded treasures can afford no shield—
The lessons of experience nought avail:
Like the strong trunk, it falls before the rushing gale.

VII.

Death knows no grade among the sons of earth—
Respects no rank of affluence, fame, or birth—
No gold can bribe him to an hour's delay—
No bulwarks check him in his furious way.
He sits upon the throne of royal state,
And reigns supreme, in mansions of the great;
The humblest cottage knows his presence well—
The city and the waste, the mountain and the dell.

VIII.

Although ambition's star allures to fame,
And points its votary to the conqueror's claim,
Like the unstable light, which oft at eve
Its dwelling in the deep morass doth leave,
And dances, fitful, o'er the dusky heath,
Its radiance deceives, and leads to death.
To him earth's mightiest warriors must yield,
Though crowned with glory's plume on the ensanguined field.

IX.

Behold the hectic cheek and nerveless arm,
The faltering footstep, and the wasted form
Of nobly-gifted genius! Such an one
I knew—in mind's bright hemisphere a sun—
A generous heart was his—his manly breast
High honor led—our tear-drops speak the rest!
Beneath the valley-clod, in slumber deep,
The sons of science and of song, forgotten, sleep!

X.

And cannot moral worth ward off this blow,
Thou heartless rioter in human woe?
And dost thou quench those orbs benign, whose light,
Borrow'd from heav'n, illumes the cheerless night,
Which sin's dark pinion sheds upon the world?
The Christian dies; but when the dart is hurled
That bows his mortal form, thy power is o'er,
O, Death! thy malice cannot reach the heav'nly shore!

XI.

How vast thy triumphs, monarch of the grave!
How numerous thy weapons—ocean wave,
Tempest and famine, pestilence and fire,
And man himself—all engines of thine ire!
What countless tenants in thy chambers crowd!
O'er many a brilliant eye hath past thy cloud;
How many a form of beauty thou hast crushed,
And many a winning voice in the tombs stillness hushed!

XII.

But Death himself shall die! The final day
Of earth and time shall witness his decay—
His pallid victims from their sleep shall wake,
And his wide kingdom to its centre shake—
Each dusty dungeon shall unfold its doors;
The ocean-buried, line the ocean shores;
And none of all his trophies shall remain,
To grace his silent court, and mark his gloomy reign!

THE LAST SONG.

My early hopes are fled,
My days on earth are past,
My grave is round me spread,
My hour is overcast.
I look to heav'n, and kneel,
To know what is to be;
I turn to earth, and feel
It is no place for me.

For I am now alone,
I wither as the weed,
And in my breast is sown
A deep and deadly seed.
O, O! it does, alas,
My spirit doubly bow,
To think on what I was,
And feel what I am now.

No friendly hand appears,
No cottage and no home,
I die, but shed no tears,
The worst, the worst is come.
I know and feel my doom,
Far from a human race,
The desert is my tomb,
And heav'n my dwelling place.

Away, away, away,
Upon an angel's wing;
The night is chang'd to day,
The halleluiahs ring:
Then vanish all regret,
I see the heav'nly clime,
For life and death have met
Eternity and time.

THE DYING BELIEVER.

Come, stingless Death, heave o'er; lo, here's my pass,
In bloody characters, by his hand who was,
And is, and shall be. Jordan, cut thy stream,
Make channels dry; I bear my Father's name
Stampt on my brow. I'm ravish'd with my crown,
It shines so bright. Down with all glory, down,
That worlds can give. I see the pearly port,
The golden street, where blessed souls resort,
The tree of life, floods gushing from the throne,
Call me to joys; begone, short woes, begone;
I liv'd to die, but now I die to live;
I do enjoy more than I did believe;
The promise—me, into possession sends,
Faith in fruition, hope in glory ends.

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Original.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. DUMONT.

In a certain valley, overshadowed by the wing of peace, and bestrewn with gifts that attested one of nature's most prodigal moods, the inhabitants had to busy themselves only in the various devices, by which enjoyment is diversified—inventions, to which, in the absence of all need, man is still driven to charm his soul to quiet. And among these devices they made themselves gardens of pleasure, and called upon genius, and taste, and fancy, to direct and assist in their embellishment. Whatever, from the wide fields of fiction and enchantment, or from the exhaustless resources of art, could delight the sense, or minister to the soul's capabilities of enjoyment, was brought thither. Invention was wearied in striving to give *them* variety as well as beauty, and industry was overwrought in laboring to bring them to perfection. Flowers and fruits of intoxicating sweets were trailed over their bowers, and a dreamy and delicious langor was sent through all their shades. Rich shadows lay upon their walks, and mellowed the golden light that streamed through the foliage—fountains sparkled in their recesses, and the fall of cascades came lullingly upon the charmed ear. The young, the gentle, and the lovely, to whom these gardens were especially consecrated, rambled through them with a bewildering delight, yielding themselves up unresistingly to the seductive sorcery of the influences of the place.

But the dwellers of that valley, who were watchful observers of all the diagnostics of human weakness, and who were familiar with the arcana of natural science, became aware that these influences exercised no healthy spell. They found, by analysis, that the waters that so sparkled to the eye were possessed of no power of refreshing, or of quenching the heart's thirst—that the odor of those gorgeous flowers, though ravishing to the sense, was blent with miasma and stupefying vapors; and the fruits so lovely to the eye and pleasant to the taste, were imbued with a slow and insidious poison, which, to those who fed often thereon, resulted not only in an utter prostration of their strength, but a morbid lothing of all that gave health or vitality. And they who marked the feebleness of others but to pity and support it, looked upon the fair crowds that resorted to these deleterious shades, with an earnest and sorrowing interest. And they said, "Let us plant for them yet another garden; in which there shall not be a single plant or shrub that will not sustain and invigorate. They who are charmed *here* to repose, need exercise rather than slumber—they are to be nurtured for other realms! How is it that we leave them thus, where the faculties we should seek to strengthen are drugged to utter inaction? Let us prepare for them other and healthier bowers. There are shades that send up no dank vapors—there are trailing vines, and goodly and umbrageous trees, whose fruits possess no poison. These let us plant. There are waters, not only bright and sweet to the taste, but full of strength and of healing. We will dig deep for these, and they who draw from *our* pure, cool wells, shall be indeed and essentially refreshed." The suggestion was not lost. The garden was forthwith laid out. From the east and the west, the north and the south, plants and "trees bearing fruit" were brought hither, and all were of sustenance or of healing. Its paths were cleared and its gates flung invitingly open. Pure and bracing was the breath exhaled from its bowers; and they who entered and ate of its fruits, found themselves soothed without stupefaction, and strengthened without excitement. But, alas! of the throngs that had pressed to the gardens of pleasure, how small was the number that was drawn hence to this place of health! Those who had resorted *there* so rarely as to be little enfeebled by their influences, or whose stronger taste had become sated with their sweets, turned hither with delight; but the young, the gay, the sickly, the feverish and thirsting crowd gave but a glance at its quiet and somewhat grave shades, and hurried past to their wonted and favorite haunts. They who had labored in the new garden, and who looked with an eye of tenderness upon those for whom it had been prepared, mused upon the cause. And they remembered that gayety, to the heart of youth, is as the warm sunlight to the butterfly, and that they turn with instinctive revolt from the shades where no summer beams play. And they said, "The boughs which bear our precious fruits fling too heavy a shadow for the eye of youth, or the nerve of the feeble. They should have been checkered with plants of lighter form and hue. The wells we have dug are too deep for the feeble or the indifferent to draw up their waters. Neither do these wake their thirst. It is the stream that gushes musically over the rocks—not the founts that lie so still and deep—that arrests the careless, and bids them pause and taste. Would we draw *these* within the influences of our medicinal shades, we must accord something of indulgence to the eye and the fancy. Our founts *must all be pure;* but we will lead some of those summer streamlets hither whose sparkling and not unhealthy draughts may be tasted without too great an effort. Among our rich and strengthening vines and fruit trees we will plant some simple shrubs bearing blossoms, such as the young eye loves to look upon, rather than fruit. What though in themselves they be of little worth? See only that they are innoxious, and they shall not be valueless. They shall lighten the depth of foliage that wears so repellant a solemnity to the pleasure-loving eye, and lure within the circle of our healthful walks some who would never otherwise be drawn from the Upas bowers of our rival gardens."

"There is a moral to all human tales;" and what is the moral of this our little allegory? Simply that, in like manner, we would draw the young, the uncultivated, and the volatile, within the influence of the Repository—we would lure to its pages the eye in whose depths the world of thought has not yet been stirred—

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that turns for all its interests to the unintellectual paths of life, or, to the cloud-land of imagination. How shall we effect our purpose? What shall we bring for the gay, the thoughtless, the pleasure-seeking, the sensitive, the dreamy, and the romantic? How are *these* to be lured to the grounds consecrated to their nurture? Our range is circumscribed by the law of moral health, which the founders of these grounds have established as the rule of their arrangement. We may not go into the fields of *fiction;* for our offering is to be *innocious.* However varied, or whencesoever the draughts we bring, their founts must be *one*—their sweets must be of truth, their glitter of reality. We may not mock those who taste with ideal claims upon their interest. Tell us, then, our young, or gay, or sentimental reader, how are we to interest you? You have found a luxury morbid though it be in laughing over the pictured and labored scenes of humor, or still more in weeping over those of perhaps guilty passion. The sweeping chords of romance stir all your treasures of feeling—awake all your capabilities of intense emotion! And this is luxury! But has real existence no tones of sufficient power to call them forth? Is there nothing in breathing, acting, feeling, suffering humanity to thrill the deep places of your sympathy? The ear whose fine sense has been quickened by cultivation rather than deadened or perverted by fictitious sounds, will turn with interest to the great mass of actual human being—it will listen for the "still sad music of humanity." The world is not *all* vulgar rush, and din, and coarseness, and heartless jargon. Through all its common-place sounds there comes to the *waiting* ear an undertone, breathing of tenderness, and trust, and love, and joy, and hope, and sorrow, and suffering, and all that make up the material of the novelist—not as coming fitfully from theatrical halls, or the bowers of romance, but like the sound of a living stream, to be heard ever, ever by the heart that listens, and feels its burden. But *thou,* young creature, whose soul is full of colored dreams and fond imaginings, tender though thy real nature may be, and full of sympathy, thou hast yet no ear for this—it wakes no echoes in thy heart. When life—as assuredly it will—shall have corrected the hallucinations of thy fancy—when its teachings shall have shown thee how bitter may be its ordinary sufferings, and haply, how pure its real happiness—when thou hast learned there are interests in its common paths deeper than all thy busy fancies contemplated, then the voice of wide humanity, with its many tones, shall come with interest to thy ear. Thou shalt then understand its language; for thy own heart will have become a faithful interpreter, and thy quickened sense will gather sounds thou canst not now hear. But in anticipation of this, which we foretell with more than sybilline authority, wilt thou not go out with us and look for a half hour upon life, even now, under the chance aspects which the palpable world around us may afford? Trust us, it shall not be wholly bootless. What though we call thee from Elysian rambles? So much the better thou shouldst bear *us* company. We call thee from haunts that are sapping thy mind's strength—we are drawing thine eye from colors whose glare is weakening its vision. In some sort, too, it shall afford thee hints preparatory to that practical teaching of which we have spoken, and which is generally of harsh administering, and often of most anguished endurance. We would fain amuse thee as a weaning child; but the toys of the infant must be so chosen as to be safe in their handling, and leading to no future disquiet.

And now where shall we turn our steps to look our half hour upon the stir and action of life's drama? The city spreads before us a world at once. Shall we enter it—the crowded, bustling, jostling, hurrying mart, with its mighty mass of being, swaying to and fro with conflicting interests, like a forest with adverse winds? We may gaze upon its throngs long and earnestly; but we strive vainly to fix upon a single point. They sweep past us like river waves—identity mocks our grasp, as in the pageant of a dream—we feel only as we gaze that *we* are alone. Ah, well-a-day! we must change our stand. Our city *environs* will afford more favorable prospect—we may there possibly individualize. The *dramatis personæ* pass before us with better distinctness. Yet, no! we eschew the city altogether—it is a most unsatisfactory point of observation. Its faces are all masked with the immobility acquired in constant contact with the throng. We would look into the *heart* when we go out, "a chiel among our fellows, taking notes." The country, then, with its pure, delicious atmosphere—its fields of verdure and of bloom—its homes of independence, and abundance, and love, and trust, and quiet? No! not now there. We would hie thither when we would babble of the sentiment that is felt in the wary shadow of the leaf, and the odors of the twilight hour—when we would seek the *repose* of life; but now we would look upon its front and action. We have come forth to be amused—inferentially, we hope, instructed, (for what of life hath not its moral?) We must seek yet another position. And what, then, of the village? Ah, yes, the village! where we shall feel ourselves a part and parcel of those about us, and shall have a sense of the individuality of being rather than of its mass. That is our true arena, with enough of action for interest, and of simplicity for truth—pleasant little communities, growing up like green islands in the sea through our whole happy land, dotting the margins of our rivers with points of light and cheerfulness, and carrying life and its energies into the heart of our wide forests. And here we have *one* for which we ourselves have some especial preferences; and so—as there is some alloy of selfish feeling in the spring of all human movement, albeit it may seem of *purest gold*—here we will settle us—to observe or moralize as best we may; for in default of incident, we may not chase but eke out our time with our own reflections. But we despair not here of discovering manifestations of character and feeling; nor shall these be less impressive that they are gathered from the humblest actors that meet our gaze. Meanwhile, let us look if *our village* has aught in its

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outward aspect to distinguish it from the hundreds that might have claimed our regard. It hath certainly something of the picturesque, if not of the distinctive—the undulating circle of hills, almost embosoming it, with the ancient trees upon their still wooded summits, and which are thrown into broad relief against the sky—the deep ravines between them, from which clouds of mist are at this moment wreathing in graceful folds, and which mark the channel of sundry streamlets, that are seeking out their way somewhat noisily, with their little tribute, to the far-off sea. Then there is its broad square of tufted green-award, and the *planted* shade-trees, which spring hath just touched, as with a pencil, into the brightest of verdure; and above all, here is our own Ohio—la belle riviere—associated with a thousand romantic legends and thrilling recollections, sweeping its mighty volume by it, and bearing away from it, in many a shape and fashion, the trust of its merchant citizen. Various crafts, from the feathery skiff to the deeply laden flat-boat, are floating from their moorings, at its landing; and in these latter, how many and deep are the hopes invested! They are frieghted for our southern emporium. Some of them have completed their loading. And here, amid the rough call of rugged and exciting labor, and the ungentle slang of river craft, the voice of nature may be heard in her very tenderest and most hallowed moods. Not one of these boats but bears from the bosom of some family, for what, to the heart of love, seems a long period, son, brother, father, or husband. And the domestic affections, which in their wonted flow seek the sheltering concealment of the home sanctuary, now, in the hour of separation, forget their shrinking reserve, and all regardless of the vulgar gaze, hover to the last moment around the beloved adventurer. Two of these boats seem upon the point of departure. "A hand" is standing ready to slip the moorings; but one of them yet waits the presence of one of its owners, a brother of the young man now standing in the prow, and whose singularly open and manly brow, had we no other data of speculation, would afford us most pleasant conclusions. A shade of thoughtfulness has settled upon it, for all is now ready, and the call to action no longer interferes with the mind's engrossment of whatever image or train of images the heart has in its keeping. But for the brief space we have previously observed him, he seemed instinct with spirit and energy—not the mere flingings off of the superabundant tides of animal life, but the quiet out-going of character. He is young—we should deem not more than one or two and twenty. Yet his eye, in its quick and comprehensive glance over the various arrangements of his floating store-house, evidences both forecast and decision. And our favorable augury of his success is nothing owing to the reply of one at our elbow, to some misgiving spirit, who is croaking of bad markets and the lateness of the season: "Never fear, I tell you, for the boys; they know how to coax sunshine out of a rainy day." But the brother included in this assuring reference is now at hand, and we are gratified at seeing in face, air, and manner, the same indications of character as in him we have so satisfactorily studied. But he comes not alone. He is accompanied by those who give a new interest to the scene—two fair young sisters, who are clinging to him with an intensity of fondness and an earnestness of grief rendering them all unconscious of the pertinacious impertinence of our gaze, together with the mother, who, among the other particulars which we have managed to elicit, we have learned, is their only parent—a pale woman, something past the middle age, and with features of thought and meaning. And now we have the key to the early and distinct formation of character which mark the bearing and countenance of her boys; for not a particle of maternal weakness can we detect in that grave and quiet face or manner. She has been their sole guide and counselor, and she hath trained them as she has now disciplined herself—by moral power. All about her is calmness and settled feeling. She glances at their little *final* arrangements, and her serious smile betokens satisfaction and approval. She speaks to them of the probability of their detention by slow sales till the approach of the sickly season of the south may require personal caution. She has looked the danger in the face that she might counsel accordingly. She points them, in a cheerful voice, to the last minute, and fond provisions of a mother's love, for their individual comforts. And all this is done as quietly as if there were no effort in those tones. Yet is theirs an enterprise to stir a mother's fears. It is their first adventure, and their little all, embracing but a narrow competence, is staked upon the precarious result.

But we have as yet taken but little note of those belonging to the boat "along-side;" and now these others have afforded us so much of interest, we will observe them somewhat more closely. The owner is a young man, also, with a dark but handsome and frank countenance, and that high freedom of limb and muscle bespeaking familiarity with action and emprise. This is not his first *trip down the river;* but even this circumstance seems scarcely to account for the perfect nonchalance, the unconcern, the entire want of any interest beyond the "bound and circumference" of the craft he manages so adroitly, which mark his whole appearance. But a bright, girlish form, though with a babe upon her fair breast, appears from the interior of the boat; and we smile at the instant and pleasant solution of our marvel. His young wife accompanies him! and to him, at least, no world is left behind. Yet what an enterprise for the delicate and inexperienced mother! She has never been beyond the bounds of her native village—she is all unacquainted with peril or difficulty. Yet now, with her maternal responsibilities new upon her, she is about to become at least a *passive* sharer in the rugged accommodation, the incidental exigences, and rough encounter of a river trading voyage. Yet who that looks upon her exceedingly sunny face can for an instant doubt her perfect happiness! It seems matter of unqualified *mystification* to a sturdy ferryman in the scow that is just landing; and he expresses his surprise, half soliloquizing, half addressed to some

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one beside him, in a phraseology peculiar to his caste, "Now that takes my eye, to see that little skeery woman a-starting to Orleans! Why I tuk her wunst across the river here when a bit of a gale come up; and she'd no more blood in her face than the white caps popping about us." But were our honest ferryman something better versed in the mysteries of woman's heart, and had he marked the glance of fond and all-confiding reliance with which that young wife looked upon her husband, we should probably have lost his most characteristic remark.

And now our boats are at last unmoored. The young men, with many a whispered promise of speedy return, and of many a gift, brought from the pleasant south, have kissed the tears from the cheeks of their sisters, and received the kiss and blessing of their mother. Her voice has not yet faltered—its tones are full of encouraging assurance. Were she of Spartan lineage she could do no more. The boats are rounding out into the current—the men are at their oars—the "little skeery woman" is standing smiling in the prow; and, though she presses her baby to her bosom somewhat more closely, as she looks upon the glittering waves beneath her, yet doth she dream of no possible danger for herself from which the arm of her husband may not shield her. We might smile at her weakness, yet in it we behold the law of her nature; and in view of its merciful amelioration of her woman's lot, we regard this unquestioning reliance as of something holy.

And now they reach the current—they are floating rapidly on—they are melting into indistinctness. The mother has gazed upon them till her eye has grown dim. She turns slowly and in silence away—she draws her daughters with her, and ascends the bank. But tears, big tears, are now flooding her pale and worn face—she fears no longer to unman her boys. Nature at last asserts her supremacy, and her tribute may be withheld no longer. She hath sunk on the bank, and folding her weeping girls to her bosom, gives way to the long suppressed passion of a mother's tears. Yet we fear not for her. She who, from principle, hath at need held her feelings in so strong control, hath her help from above; and we doubt not that she will rise from that brief prostration tranqualized by prayer, and faith, and the full committal of her beloved ones to *Him* who shall hold them in the hollow of his hand.

But are there none but scenes of parting sorrow here to wake our interest? Does not the returning steamer, bearing back to the broken circle of home the object of nightly prayer, and of daily, hourly watchfulness, also touch our shore? And how many a rapturous welcome, how many a silent but "full-of-soul" embrace may be then witnessed! How often, among the crowds that from the various interests of labor, business, amusement, and curiosity, are scattered along the shore, may some lingerer be distinguished, whose eye, averted from all within its immediate vicinity, is bent with a fixed gaze upon the wave in the far distance, straining with trembling, perhaps vain expectancy, to catch the first approach of the boat in which the heart's best hopes are centred. There is a young woman at this moment standing upon the verge of the water. A moment or two since we saw her emerging from a miserable dwelling near us, bearing a bucket on her arm; but we noticed that her step was languid, and her look as of one debilitated by long illness, and we felt that necessity had driven her to an exertion to which she was unequal. But she is now standing absorbed in some interest that makes all else forgotten. The bucket of water, which she seemed to lift with painful effort from the wave, is standing beside her, and her eye is upon the distant stretch of the descending river. Her dress betokens poverty; and now, that we look upon her face with more scrutiny, though much changed since we last beheld it, we recognize her. We know something, too, of her little history. She is the wife of a young man who left here some four months since as a boat "hand;" and we recollect, for we ourself witnessed, the simple pathos of their separation. They had married very young—little more than children—and had begun life with literally nothing but their hands. But they were full of hope and the joy of health. To her the tie that had given her one whereon to lean was especially a bond of flowers. Her childhood had been spent in the most abject poverty—her riper years in servitude—and now a *home*—a home where the voice of too often dissatisfied exaction would no longer direct her labors—was to her, however humble, a place of rest—of untried delight. Love, too, was in their hearts—young, warm, trusting love, and what was there for them to fear? So hope whispered. A few months in the dream of happiness passed, and reality began her bitter course of lessons. The autumn fever, so frequently prevailing in our western country, prostrated him for many weeks; and when he arose, the incubus of debts necessarily incurred in their progress was upon his efforts. The *pressure of the times* had narrowed the field of labor, and to go down the river as a "hand" was the only resource left him. He must leave his young wife, now a mother, alone and destitute; but the elastic spring of her woman's heart made of this but a light matter. She could surely manage to get along the few months he would be gone—*she* could get labor in a variety of ways. What though his own heart echoed but faintly the springing hopes of hers? Necessity overruled him, and the young mother turned back from the shore, where she long watched the receding oar at which he labored, to wrestle as she best might for her bread. But disease was now in her veins, also. The exposure to which she had been subjected during his illness, and her great efforts to procure him comforts, had told upon her nature. Chills and fevers settled upon her system; and little was she able, during their brief remittance, to labor for supplies for the winter that gathered around her. Still she struggled on; and so cheerful was her temperament, so averse was she to complaint, that few of her neighbors were aware of her lapsing health and strength. Ah, how little note does the vulgar eye ever

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take of the silent tokens of uncomplaining suffering! "She is a hardy little soul," said one in our hearing; "I often see her gathering driftwood from the river, when the shore is lined with ice." But had he marked the heaviness of her eye or palor of her lip and cheek—had he followed her to her humble shelter, and watched the convulsive shudder of her frame, as she bent, perhaps a half hour after, in strong ague, over that wet fuel—had he marked the anguish of her eye, as it turned upon her child, whose wants she might not relieve—but it needs not to elaborate the picture! Disguise poverty as we will by the cold interpretations of philosophy, or in the glittering frost-work of the poet, it is still, in the language of one who applied the term to a different draught of suffering, it is yet a bitter drug. Poor thing! How would our own heart thrill if the boat, for which her sunken eye is fixed upon that vacant stretch of wave, were indeed visible! Yet *must* her husband arrive within a few hours. Letters from his employer have advised *his* family of their being on the way; and we take comfort to ourselves in the assurance. Yet hath she stood here too long. The paroxysm of a *chill* is upon her, and is shaking her whole frame. She looks as if her very heart were yielding to its icy curdle. How ghastly is the expression of her purple lip, as, turning with an eye of anguish from the river, she lifts it wistfully, as feeling herself unable to reach it, though so near to the house that affords her its poor shelter! A ragged boy, who we learn is her brother, has been playing near her, and we are glad to see him by her side, as with deep shiver she slowly reaches and enters it.

But a sudden revulsion of interest withdraws our gaze—a steamboat is in very earnest at hand. The jar of its mighty impulse, as it ploughs its path of strength against the current, is felt through the whole village. It is already within our view. How, with the speed of the leviathan, it comes over the waters! What a pageant it affords, with its rushing wheel ploughing our quiet river into turbulence and foam—its crowded deck—its volume of smoke! What an array of life—of action—of power! But now it nears our shore. There are deeper interests in it than as a *pageant*. A crowd of our village citizens are springing down the bank. It is the boat so anxiously expected! It bears back to *our village*, from an absence of months, more than one of its native and familiar citizens. Whose blood so sluggish as not to be something quickened? Hats are waving, and signals are interchanged. A person is standing in the guard whom all seem to recognize with pleasure. It is the well known trader whose letters have advised of their approach. He is in all the flush of health and successful enterprise. Neighbors and friends crowd the wharf to greet him. At a little distance his family are gathered in a group, passive, and silent with deep gladness. Hath the scene no shadow? Upon the deck some two or three of those who accompanied him as "hands" are recognized; but where is the young husband? Our heart has turned again from the more cheerful interests of the scene to *her* within that wretched dwelling. Where is he whose presence we trust will soon restore life and health to the youthful sufferer? The ragged boy we have noticed is suddenly in advance of the crowd. He is the first to greet the citizen, who steps with such buoyant spring upon the shore. Why does *he* falter? Why that sudden shade upon his animated countenance? But he has at last answered the queries of the boy, and has passed on. He is surrounded by his family—he has forgotten the mournful intelligence he has given. But it has been caught by more than one ear—it passes through the crowd. The young man is dead! He has died upon the passage, and they have given him a grave upon the shores of the Mississippi! A thrilling shriek breaks upon the ear—it comes from that hut of sorrow! The boy has broken from those who would have compassionately detained him, and burst upon his sister, now feverishly slumbering upon her pallet, with the deadly stroke. And that scream of woe is followed by another, and yet another, curdling our heart with their prolonged agony, as if the poor sufferer would pour out her life in the succession of those wailing shrieks.

And this is reality! This, young sentimentalist, who hast accompanied us thus far, is a scene of common, real life. Hast thou no feeling to bestow upon its actors? We have given it no coloring to cheat thee of thy sympathies—we have thrown no fictitious spell over thy senses. The obscure and nameless sufferer we have brought before thee yet lives and suffers. Wouldst thou linger with us yet longer? But our half hour is elapsed. We claim for ourself no further courtesy. But for thine own sake, now that thou hast entered our sober garden, hasten not carelessly from its shades. Taste of its more *precious* fruits, and of those fountains of higher and holier truth which have been prepared for thee by skillful and *hallowed* hands.

TO-MORROW.

Who can tell how much is embraced in this expression? Though but a few hours intervene between it and us—though it will soon commence its course—who is there that can read its single page and pronounce the character of its events?

To-morrow! Those who are now gay may be sad; those who are now walking the avenues of pleasure, led by the hand of hope, may be subjects of intense sorrow—prosperity may be changed into adversity; those who are now on the mountain summit may be in the valley; that rosy cheek may be overspread with paleness, the strong step may falter, death may have overtaken us. To-morrow! It may entirely change the course of our lives, it may form a new era in our existence. What we fear may not happen.

To-morrow! Away with anxiety. Let us lean on Providence. There is a being to whom all the distinctions of time are the same, and who is able to dispose every thing for our wise employment.

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Original.

THE DUELIST'S GRAVE.

That I might escape from the noise, tumult, and the thousand nothingnesses that so continually call the attention in the midst of a city, I took little Adelia by the hand and turned my steps toward the grave-yard in its suburbs. The sun was declining, and the gentle breezes played delightfully around me. The foot-path was so shaded as to be almost impervious to the sight, and the soft green of the high grass grateful to the eye, and soothing to the mind. My little companion said, "I love to go to the grave-yard. My mamma and little brothers are there, and I sometimes gather flowers by their graves." We soon entered this habitation of the human family, where all distinctions are lost, all contentions cease, and where the king and the beggar has each his allotted six feet of territory. My feelings were chastened, but not saddened—a world of thought seemed rushing to my brain. No scene more powerfully than this impresses the truth of the Scripture observation, that Deity "maketh darkness his pavilion." Here was the grave of worth and intelligence, cut off in the midst of life, of usefulness, and fair fame. The next stone recorded the lovely maiden, rudely severed in the first blush of innocence and beauty, while surrounded by all the romance of life, and breathing an atmosphere where she knew not that a pestilential vapor could arrive; but the grim tyrant gathereth his harvest at all seasons—the ripe grain, the tender flower, and the worthless and poisonous weed, all, all, alike fall under his sweeping scythe. I passed on; but my eye was soon arrested, and my mind agitated by reading the name of one I had known in early life—a name characterized by genius of the first order, and by feelings so undisciplined that every thing with him was a passion. His education had not been systematic; and because his feelings were uncontrolled, he thought them uncontrollable. He was generous, noble, unsuspecting, and rated the world by his own high standard; but finding it fall short, lamentably short, of this high estimate, he became suspicious, and unjust, even toward his best friends. One of these, to whom he was bound by every tie of affection and worth, incurred the suspicion of having behaved dishonorably toward him, and in a moment of rashness, and in despite of the prohibition of that Being who, in his calmer moments, he invariably and meekly obeyed, he *challenged him!* His friend sought an explanation, and endeavored to reason him out of his error; but he would not listen. They met—they fought, and this friend fell, the victim of his madness! Reason and feeling instantaneously returned, but only to point the scorpion sting to his own bosom. He felt himself a *murderer*, and reason deserted her throne. He became the inhabitant of a mad-house—at times a perfect maniac, at others a melancholy enthusiast. But the frail bodily tenement could not long support this conflict of the soul, and his eye was soon closed on all this side the grave. His dust was resting there, but his deeds are to be retributed with those of the myriads that have gone before him. H.

A MORNING IN THE NURSERY.

My morning is to be spent with Willy. In his dimpled beauty he is playing about me, and his semblance of innocence is so sweet, that for a moment I almost forget that his heart is desperately wicked. But who has spent a morning in the nursery without sunshine and shade—nay more than that, without witnessing those risings and developments of evil passions which, if uncontrolled, lead man to slay his brother? though we can hardly realize, when the little bird-like voice is caroling about us, that pent within that breast is a "cage of unclean birds."

My little Willy, now nestling by my side with playful confidence, and then happy with his playthings, betokens a sunny morning. But ere long a wish arises to touch some forbidden object, and while he knows how wrong is the disobedience, he still yields to the temptation, and smarts under the correction. He surely will not go astray again! and yet but a little while passes and his heart is so fully set to do evil, and his mind so dexterous in devising ways to accomplish its end, that at length he looks coaxingly at his mother, and with a winning smile he commits the same disobedience.

The lesson shall not be lost—for how like a child of God, who sins and then weeps over his sin, and seems to feel its heinousness, till a stronger temptation arises, and then, alas, often smiling at his former scruples, and treating it as a light matter, he sins more unrestrainedly against his heavenly Father. But my little boy once more leaves my side, and wanders to another part of the room with a vexed and pouting air. Another law of his mother's he is about to break. But why is the little head so often turned to look again and again on her countenance? It is to gather some assurance, if possible, from its expression, to transgress, or see perhaps how far the forbidding look or threat betoken severity of punishment. At length his love and fear arrest him, and he turns to some other toy to tune his voice in glee.

Again—how like a child of God about to deviate from the path of duty and tempted to stray—he is yet impelled by his love to the commands of his heavenly Father, and the voice of his conscience, to resort to the word of God to find some sanction there—then, restless and unquiet, he looks upward and beholds a frowning Parent. At length he banishes that which would have been as a "cloud between the mental eye of faith and things unseen," and with hearty obedience to God's will he now walks in the clear sunshine, and in the light of his Father's countenance, and sings his praises. Like the little child, he would now draw near his parent and know no will but his.

So my morning has not been spent in vain—for the waywardness of my boy has shown me a faint emblem of the waywardness of myself—but like as a "father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—*Mother's Magazine.*

Many are taught with the briars and thorns of affliction that would not learn otherwise.

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Original.

AMIABILITY.*

The two persons referred to at the close of a former number were friends. From childhood they had been intimately associated. Their schools, their circle of acquaintances, and their course of life, were the same. In age they differed less than a twelve-month. They were, too, what is called cousins. And if the degree of consanguinity—their parents being just within the verge of traceable relationship—did not warrant the term, their intimacy, their faithfulness, and their continued good will for each other *did*. And so it wore on from childhood to adolescence.

In the web of life in which most young persons expatiate their new sensibilities, there may be much that is fallacious, without themselves being aware or conscious that it is so. As it regards either the domestic or the social life, the prescribed routine of reciprocal duties being observed, and the noticeable treacheries avoided, the young girl believes herself correct, and, by her own standard, she is so. But what, in the heyday of her career, shall save her from many an oversight—from many commitments of the feelings of others—from encroachments on their privileges—from usurpation of their rights in friendship or in—love? The reader answers that a refined sensibility shall do this—a good heart—a sense of truth—a sagacious and penetrating mind! But no, no, no! the character at this date of life is merged in one confluent selfishness—no matter what the sensibilities may be—but so much deeper is the involvement, the sagacity acts not except in an occasional glinting upon the aggressions of another; and the heart—the heart—is overburdened with its own susceptibilities of *self!*

So, then, the morning of life, with its innocence, its aspiration, its hope, and all its "blushing honors full upon it," has no resource from error, from impropriety, from injustice? Yes, it *has*—the simplest and the safest—a *bidable, amiable temper*—the *religion of life*—shall save it from error, and from woe! But it is not for the young girl herself to know this at once, but for her parent—her care-taker. But if she have been well trained and fashioned she will even now be in the right way. Now one of our young cousins *had* had this advantage and the other *had not*.

Sarah D. was the elder of the two by the small difference which I have mentioned; and in very early childhood she had at first taken her cousin by the hand at school in that sort of patronizing way which a child possessing certain traits is often seen to afford to another so very little *smaller* than herself that it stirs the merriment of the grown up looker on to see. Yet though the two may be very nearly equal in size and age, yet the act is always significant of a difference somewhere, and that difference is found in character. The helper is always more capable—the helped more docile than the other. And, in this case, so endearing was the dependence that Annie, the little protege, in process of time, was advanced to the post of friend and confidant to her protector. I do not retrace all the habits and leadings of their juvenile days. It was made evident in many ways that nature had wrought a great difference in their temperament and tendencies, as well as in their persons; yet none so great as that judicious training to both should not have rendered them equally happy, or, I should rather say, have left each equally content with her appropriate portion of enjoyment.

In personal advantages they might be deemed equal, according to the taste of the beholder. Annie possessed the more regular features and the finer coloring, whilst Sarah had decidedly a more engaging presence, and a more attractive frankness of look and eye. Yet Annie, ever timid, had, when known, a sweetness that was irresistible. She possessed also a good mind. If its range was not large, it had yet no tendency to betray the judgment or to depart from the proprieties of common sense. The mind of her friend was decidedly superior in its natural capacity of perception and of acquirement. I have mentioned her frankness. Its concomitant generosity had its seat in and emanated from her heart. And had she been well trained, that is, vigilantly looked to, restricted, and governed, in those years when the character, like the physical constitution, is forming itself, what a noble, what a valuable, what a happy woman had she become!

The circumstances which led to her opposite fate would, at a cursory glance, seem, in some measure, to explain, or to extenuate the peccant folly of those who controlled it; but a more sufficient reflection should convince us that the events and happenings of life are only fortunate or unfortunate, according to the use we make of them. Trials are not, perhaps, intended as punishments, and are not such, unless our own impatience reject the mission, and pervert the benefit. Hence, we see not only the piety but the wisdom of a resigned spirit.

Sarah was the eldest surviving child of five, each of which her parents had buried before they had attained the age of seven years. And this series of bereavements had seemed rather to admonish them not to withhold any indulgence within their power to bestow than to serve as a warning to prepare this surviving child for the early death which they so naturally apprehended for her. But amidst caresses, and the idolizing indulgences of her friends, enough almost to produce the event they deprecated, she continued to grow and thrive. And she had arrived to the age of twelve years when her fond mother was taken away from her by a sudden fever—having never to realize that shock which her own distrust had shaped out and ever threatened upon her. Sarah, with the animated affection of her nature, grieved excessively for her mother. Yet she was by no means aware of what vast importance this event should prove to her. She missed her mother's endearments and her society—she felt the loneliness of her home, and for a short time she sought to soothe her father's grief. But a short season, and she

* Continued from page 158.

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dried her tears; and her buoyant spirit rejoiced in the elasticity of its rebound, and reaching forth to the opening future, her character, without either weakness or faithlessness, covered the past from her view, and contemplated its own career of action and of enjoyment. This state of feeling was perhaps not surprising, considering her relative condition, and her precise age. Had she been a little older, she had had a sense of the want of her mother as adviser and friend—had she been a little younger her grief had been unalleviated by the anticipation of coming events. She was an only daughter, without an elder sister to admonish, or perchance to dictate, or to prescribe duties to her in a less gentle way than had the buried mother; besides her character was all left, as it were, to expatiate on *self*. She had been so indulged, so excused, and subjected to so little requirement that she had no sense of change in its dependences of duty or of performance.

Let many an orphan, the senior of her young brothers and sisters, console herself that the duties which have devolved upon her, if well and patiently performed, are salutary not to her character alone, but that their performance will eventuate to her benefit and advantage of life and position, as well as of heart and mind. Who does not contemplate such performances with respect?—who so dull as not to note the sacrifice?—who so insensible as not to value the devotion and the grace? And that man loves "wisely," and *not* "too well," who chooses such an one. His esteem and his discretion are, at the same time, guaranty of his own merit. But Sarah was exonorated the duty, and debarred the advantage. Her two infant brothers were still in the nursery, with the attached dependant who had superintended them from their birth. She also managed the house. There was property enough in this family, if not to be called a very large fortune, yet enough, with the liberal spirit of its owner, to supply every indulgence and every luxury to his household. The property was safe, too. Mr. D. had, from some peculiar circumstances of his affairs, retired permanently from business; and his property was vested in two valuable estates, one of which he occupied, and the other, being extensive warehouses, was rendered available by leases. And a very handsome moneyed property was vested in insurances, which at that date were *sure*.

But for all these advantages of fortune and of circumstance she who was most considered in them, now that she had attained the age of womanhood and reflection, was not happy. We have seen that she possessed some noble natural dispositions; but these had been nullified and overruled, as it were, by the mismanagement of her training. The absence of religion, more than the doating fondness of her parents, was the ground of this mistake; for in a nature like hers, though misjudged indulgence should warp its generosity and its goodness, yet at some date of life, after unhappiness had supervened, she would not, with her perspicacity, have failed to find, that that was her resource and her comfort, had it stood a fair chance with the liveliness of any other perception. And this surely had been the case, had there been any leading of that principal in its *vitality* instilled into her by precept, or embodied in the habits of her life; but there was none. True, she had been taught a verbal respect for the name of religion, and a formal and mechanical observance for some of its *rites* rather than of its duties. This were not enough in any case, and still less in a character where all other sentiments were so conscious and so strong.

After the death of her mother, the bereaved state of her father's feelings had tended still further to her injury. She was indulged not only in every possible wish, but her very caprices were regarded by this affectionate but weak parent as matters of imperative necessity. It is not surprising, then, that, despite her faithful and affectionate tendencies, she came, in no long time, to be but a petulent and spoilt child. And her father, amongst others, had soon himself to experience the inconvenience of his mistaken fondness. It was upon the intimation of his being about to take a new wife that her arbitrary will was first arraigned in opposition to him. Though she did not attempt the contumacy of remonstrance, yet she moped and wept, and declared to her friends that *she* "could not forget her mother if her father could." Yet, in this movement, there had been no indecorous haste—indeed, the husband had evinced both feeling and memory for the dead. He had not merely conformed himself to a "twelve-month and a day"—once in every season, wherein to remember his lost companion, had not sufficed his heart; and three full years had elapsed before he could wean himself from a sorrow so dear. Under all the circumstances of the case, the loneliness of his house, and the reflection that when she should pass out of it, as she probably would, to the house of another, she would leave no other daughter to supply her place, made Sarah's rebellion against this step peculiarly improper. But she had been so nurtured in selfishness that she could not at once see aright. She had the unkindness toward her father to appear at his wedding indulging in tears and sobs. And when the lady was actually introduced to the house, she received her almost with an air of defiance, and persisted in sulks and sullens even beyond the time when the amiable and conciliating temper of her mother-in-law had won upon her heart and confidence.

How, not only graceless but *unwise*, was this conduct! It was a departure from the frankness of her own spirit! Let each one cherish, in particular, *her own virtues*—the good tendencies of her own disposition; for if she do not, besides placing herself below the scale of comparative respectability, she is abetting the arch enemy who would rob her, and she is trampling on the Holy Spirit which should save her.

Sarah had indeed compunctious visitings of conscience, which, however, in the absence of all rebuke, were soon smothered under the smooth aspect of the outward surface. She went on her way unnoticed and uncorrected in specific instances, yet becoming less and

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less a favorite in society. But a change was taking place within; and she perceived that she was not happy, nor *satisfied with herself*. Her father was less doatingly fond of her—her opposition had produced the natural effect to wean, in some measure, his love from her. In this state of affairs Sarah had become more than reconciled to her new mother, who wisely never interfered with one whom she could not hope to change; but she was rather a medium of entreaty between her and her father for any extra instance of gratification or expense. Upon one occasion, when Sarah desired to join a party in an expensive excursion, the mother-in-law urged the proposal upon the father with the kindest good nature, and the permission was granted accordingly. A lady observed, "That was being very kind of your mother." Sarah answered, "Yes, and she does more than that for me every day; for I often have my way when she ought to have hers; but she found me a spoilt pet, and she makes the best of it; for you know," said she, with a sort of burlesquing air, "she was a lady that stepped in the way." She did not think how alienating is a sarcasm of this sort, but, as usual, indulged her splenetic humor, showing all the while a discrimination of circumstances that proved her capable of better things.

Some few persons are so situated that they suppose they are to have their own way, that is, to indulge in their own *will*, in despite of the convenience or the feelings of all the rest of the world. And this was the unfortunate case with Sarah. The train of circumstances seemed perfectly natural that led to this habit of acting; and they were so far natural, that each succeeding step was the consequence of a former one, after the first fatal error of letting her have her own way in opposition to reason and propriety. Hence the wisdom of the French adage, "C'est le premier pas qui conte;" that is, "The first step is every thing." Many a young companion looked on and deemed Sarah the happiest of their circle, in being allowed to do just as she pleased. But—but! the revulsion is as terrible as the shock. And a strong will indulged is as sure to hurt its owner *most of all*, as that it exists, and that its owner is most of all in fault. And *this life*, unless the life be suddenly cut short, commonly witnesses the reaction. The page of history abounds with this practical truism. The tyrant imposes, oppresses, and exceeds; but at last the aggressing principle of his own spirit is that by which is wrought out the woe, and the downfall, and the destruction of *self!* But this great principle of natural ethics is less and less observed as the circle narrows. In domestic life it is but little noticed; yet that, the nursery of all character, is, in its multitudinous instances, the most rife with its being. It is not as often that females, as those of the other sex, are the subjects of this sinister advantage. With men the collision of the world sooner wears off the points and prominences of the offense.

Poor Sarah! she was unfortunate in having no sisters to divide with and share her privileges. For some years she had been, as it were, sole in her home; and now, in her relations with society, what seemed to her only ease, was often encroachment: so that, being admired by many for her high gifts, her beauty, and her gracefulness, she was yet but little loved. Since she had lost the hilarity of her spirit there was, in the unrebuked pride of her character, a sort of repulsion, a taste of fear, as it were, to those who would approach her nearly. And she wondered to see many, her cousin Annie amongst others, more sought and better loved than herself. She was a little impatient of this, and in her intercourse with gentlemen she was so sedulous to guard this secret of her mortification that her very pique betrayed her. A young lady should, in reality, never allow a gentleman the advantage of believing that she wishes him to offer her more attention than he is naturally inclined to do; for the gentlemen have the play in their own hands, and with the complacency of power they have not always its possible magnanimity. A lady should be watchful that she is treated at all times with equal consideration—not, of all things, being the subject of a capricious regard. And this she should best constrain by the dignity and the equanimity of her own conduct. She must be trusting and candid, and not too watchful of offense. She must not, with hasty passion, resent every little omission of deference, nor wince at the occasional preference of another. Let her govern her own feelings, nor appear, at every little instance, like the porcupine, salient in every point, and ruffled in every feather. Keeping her own feelings calm, she can study the character of another, and not commit her own regards where she sees less sensibility or less delicacy than characterizes real attachment. And let a young lady resolve, of all things, never, never to entertain a stronger interest for a gentleman than he evinces for her. Always to follow this rule perhaps calls for more discretion than commonly accompanies early life. But let her course be simple—let her guard her own conduct and keep free from the offenses which she deprecates. Let her not be too vivacious in manner and in talk; for it is often such young ladies, half in jest and half in earnest, that are played upon as the dupes of a fictitious sentiment. If a young lady have brothers, let her conduct to the other sex be still more guarded than if she have not; and, betwixt lover and brother, let her not refer her little vexations from one to the other, but for ever look down that "point of honor" to which an honorable man finds it unnecessary to refer himself.

(*To be continued.*)

We submit to the society of those that can inform us, but we seek the society of those whom we can inform. And persons of genius ought not to be chagrined if they see themselves neglected. For when we communicate knowledge we are raised in our own estimation, but when we receive it, we are lowered. That, therefore, which has been observed of treason, may be said of talent, we love instruction, but hate the instructor, and use the light, but abuse the lantern.

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Original.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

"FROM MY NOTE-BOOK."

MR. HAMLINE,—Every one almost who undertakes a journey of any distance now-a-days, must give to the world the result in the form of "incidents of travel," or "journal of a tour," or something of the kind. Now, although my aspirations after literary fame are not sufficient to induce me to follow the multitude, yet, to fulfill your request, it will be necessary to tread in the footsteps of illustrious predecessors, whose note-books have been drawn upon very extensively for the amusement and gratification of the public taste. In presenting, therefore, *these* SKETCHES BY THE WAY, I shall not confine myself to any particular subject, but relate such incidents as may be interesting in the order in which they occurred.

On Monday morning, May 8, I left the Cincinnati wharf for Pittsburg. Those who have ever traveled on steamboats know something of the bustle and confusion which are the inseparable attendants of leaving such a port as Cincinnati. By dinner-time, however, every thing had settled down calmly, and I had some opportunity of making observations upon my fellow passengers. But before entering upon any description, I must introduce our worthy captain to your readers—a short, thick made man, with a fine, open countenance, sparkling eye, and plenty of good humor playing around his lips, or beaming from his little black eye. He is so business-like in his manner, and withal so accommodating and pleasing in his deportment, that I anticipate an agreeable time with him. But who is that elderly, sedate-looking gentleman with whom he stands talking? He is a clergyman, on his way to some ecclesiastical meeting in the east. His looks betray affliction; yes, he mourns the recent loss of the companion of his joys and sorrows. He does not murmur or repine, yet he feels deeply the chastening rod of his heavenly Father. That lady in black, to whom he has just gone to communicate some information, is a participator in his sorrows. The one mourns over the loss of a wife, the other a sister. How many are dressed in black! Another clergyman, also, on board is conveying his motherless daughter to her distant friends. What sad inroads in the domestic circle does Death make! Alas, thou destroyer, when wilt thou be satisfied?

How happily situated we are! I find we have some five or six ministers on board, and quite a number of pious persons, both male and female. Almost every denomination of evangelical Christians has its representatives. How the spirit of Christianity unites individuals together! Here we are, strangers to one another, from different parts of the country, adhering to different creeds, and called by different names, and yet there is a unity of feeling which begets confidence and attachment almost immediately. The orientals have an idea that when two persons are mutually attached to each other, there is an unseen influence which draws them toward each other, although they may not be aware of each other's presence. It would seem that this is true with reference to Christians—at least on board our boat. They seem drawn unconsciously together, and soon find the way to each other's hearts. There may, however, be some reason for this in the present instance other than the one suggested; for the lower end of the cabin is occupied by a French opera company from New Orleans, most of whom cannot speak one word of English. How these Frenchmen love claret! and the women, too! They drink it for coffee in the morning, for water at dinner, for tea at supper, and for variety throughout the day! I have seen one man drink two ample glasses *full* for dinner! They seem as fond of cards as claret. The consequence is, we have card-playing and drinking all the time. Fortunately, they are consigned to the lower part of the cabin, and the social hall. But the card-playing is not confined to the cabin. The deck passengers, in imitation of their "*superiors*," are engaged in the same delightful and edifying amusement. One group of them are playing on the guards just below our state-room. One of the ladies, ever intent on doing good, has dropped some religious tracts in their midst, which some of the "lookers on" are reading with avidity. But the performers seem unmindful of it. What infatuation possesses the guilty sons of men! P. S. The card-playing below was not resumed the next day. How much good one Christian may do, especially a lady, whose heart is in the cause of her Redeemer. Pious females may often do that which men cannot.

To those who have traveled the route from Cincinnati to Pittsburg—and who has not?—any attempt to describe the country would be devoid almost entirely of interest. Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from making a few allusions to it occasionally.

A short distance above Gallipolis we entered upon the coal region. This is marked by the very bold character of the shore, and the immense piles of rock, apparently ferruginous sandstone, projecting out from the hills sometimes to the height of fifty to sixty feet perpendicularly, and giving the shores, in many places, the appearance of great grandeur and sublimity. The coal here is found in small veins, running horizontally into the heart of the hills, and is excavated by digging horizontal shafts some five or six feet square, and using small rail-way cars, which penetrate to a great distance into the hills. These coal shafts, or "port-holes," present often times a very singular appearance from the river.

Passed Marietta about 10 o'clock, Tuesday evening. Could distinguish but little of the place. Perceived, however, that the inhabitants generally retire early. How the society of large cities become enervated by the practice of bad habits!

In the afternoon we stopped a short time at Steubenville. This is one of the most beautiful towns on the Ohio. Its chief attraction, however, consists in its literary character. The Rev. C. C. Beattie's female sem-

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inary is located here—an institution second to none in the western country. The buildings of the seminary present a very imposing appearance to the traveler ascending the river. They consist principally of a spacious central building with two large wings, and a good chapel-like hall, used for recitation rooms, &c. Situated as they are, upon a gentle rise, with a green lawn and shade trees in front, they afford a prospect both beautiful and picturesque.

Near Pittsburg the scenery, which upon the banks of the river is generally very bold, changes to that of extreme beauty. The various country residences, situated upon gentle undulations of land, and ornamented with shade and fruit trees of every description, and the grounds around them most tastefully laid out and decorated, present a fine object of study for the painter, and admiration to the lover of the beautiful.

But see! what a smoke! No wonder that the Iron City is called a city of smoke. It is so literally. Buildings all smoked up—every body's face smutty—no *white* handkerchiefs in the place but ours, and fear they will not be so by dinner-time—streets narrow, rough, and irregular, yet full of people noted for industry and enterprise. Yes, Pittsburg is a dingy place; but one of the most important in the United States. She has been very truly called the Birmingham of the west. Few contain so much intelligence and morality as Pittsburg. No city of its size, probably, in the Union, presents such an orderly, quiet appearance, on the Sabbath as she does—I speak now of that part not immediately contiguous to the steamboat landing—and few are more noted for their intelligence, hospitality, and benevolence, than her inhabitants. There are many objects of general interest to the traveler passing through Pittsburg. Among these are the glass-works, the bridges and aqueduct over the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, the new court-house, &c., &c. Our limits will not, however, permit us here to notice them more particularly.

The scenery between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, via Johnstown and Harrisburg, is one vast chain of beauty. The lover of nature and the beautiful may find all that the imagination could conceive or the heart desire between these two points. There is the wild and romantic, the beautiful bordering on the sublime, and the mild and quiet beauty—towering and rocky mountains, and green and gentle undulations—some of these presenting the appearance of a map with green fields, and a proper proportion of ploughed grounds—trees of different colored foliage, from the light maple to the dark cedar and pine—the whole dotted with houses, and relieved by gentle hills rising in the distance, and covered with a still greater variety of scenery. The valleys through which the Conamaugh and Juniata rivers flow may well defy the world to produce scenery more picturesque and beautiful.

We spent the Sabbath at Huntingdon, a small place on the canal, about thirty-eight miles from the foot of the mountains on the eastern side. Our company consisted of eleven, four of whom were preachers of the Gospel. This place is well situated for those who love the Sabbath. It is strictly a religious place. They have enjoyed here a precious revival during the past winter. About 100 have been added to the Presbyterian Church, and a like number to the Methodist. The subjects of this revival were principally heads of families, and what is remarkable a large majority were males. Two of our company preached here on the Sabbath morning and evening, and all visited and addressed the Sabbath school in the afternoon.

For some notices of the "City of Brotherly Love," and its institutions, I must defer yourself and readers until some other opportunity, as my sheet is full.

Yours, &c., G. W.

Original.

TRUTH.

What is truth? It is an emanation from God, more pure, more holy, than any earthly attribute—a ray of light from the all-seeing Eye that pervades whatever would be hidden. Are your deeds dark and your professions fair? One touch of this power, like Ithuriel's spear, will show them in their native deformity. Art and all the united agents of evil vanish at this touch. Truth, all glowing and radiant, shrinks not herself from investigation, but looks with a steady eye and bosom bare on the concentrated rays of the noon-day sun which can neither dazzle or discover aught in her which the Deity does not pronounce "good." Well may she be personified as an angel; for what earthly is so fair? She is arrayed in robes as dazzlingly white as were those of our Savior at the transfiguration—her eye the eagle—her emblem the dove—her motto Justice—her attendants are the Virtues and the Graces—and her occupation to confound the powers of evil—to raise the oppressed—to be the vicegerent of God upon earth.

H.

Original.

WASHINGTON.

BY JOHN T. BRAME.

Unroll the scroll of history, and mark
The mighty and the noble ones whose claim
To fadeless laurels and immortal fame
Lives on her pictured page—the bright, the dark,
The hated, and the loved! The taper's spark
Their glory is; but thine, O Washington,
The dazzling brilliance of the full-orbed sun!
Time's swelling billows ne'er can wreck the bark
That bears the burden of thine honors down
To distant ages; while the still, cold ground,
Doth keep thy holy dust—thy mortal part—
Death cannot rob thee of thy peerless crown,
And at thy fame can hurl no fatal dart,
Thou first in war and peace, and in thy country's heart!

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Original.

LINES TO MY SISTER.

My heart is with thee ever! when evening cometh down,
And putteth on her twilight robe, and wears her starry crown—
While sitting 'neath the eglantine that climbs the cottage eaves,
The woodlark chants her gentle song, and stirs the darkling leaves,
I think of thee, and wonder if the flowers where thou art now
Are springing up beneath thy feet, or waving o'er thy brow!

My heart is with thee ever! when breaks the glorious morn,
And nature cometh from her rest, as if but newly born,
All crown'd with sweetly scented flowers, and dress'd in May day sheen,
Prepared to reign till evening comes a truly radiant queen;
Then, as I ask for heavenly grace to keep me thro' the day,
I beg for light to shine on thee—upon thy weary way!

My heart is ever with thee! and when our little band
Is gather'd on the Sabbath day, and hand is press'd in hand,
We miss thee from thy steady place; and as we raise our hymn,
And ask for blessings on thy head, our eyes with tears grow dim—
We wish that every Sabbath day may be to thee a rest
From all the weary cares of life by which thou art oppress'd!

My heart is with thee ever! but thoughts come up to-day
Of times ere we began to try, alone, the world's highway;
For life has been the same to each—for *each* has tried alone
The boasted friendship of the world, and found it lov'd its own—
Its *own*—the selfish and the proud, who teach their lips to praise
The very things their hearts condemn, when lit by truth's bright rays;
But that is nought—let us hold fast the grace already given,
And when our exile here expires, we'll meet again in heaven!

S. J. Howe.

MORTALITY.

Ah! who can say the tear was vain
That erewhile dimm'd the Persian's eye?
Couldst thou the feeling drop restrain?
He wept that all who liv'd must die.

Yes; all who grac'd the tented shore,
And all who dar'd the foemen brave,
Must sleep, alas! to wake no more
Within the lowly, lonely grave.

The many-gleaming dew of morn
Falls twinkling from the pearly spray,
Nor long survives the tepid dawn
Of him who rules the sultry day.

The fervid spark of pleasing youth
That gilds with joy life's wasting fire,
Repeats the melancholy truth—
It blushes only to expire!

The rosy hue of jocund health
Is fickle as the winter's sun
That rises, darkens, shines by stealth,
And sinks ere half his race be run.

The noble soul, the generous heart,
Where dwells the kindred glow of love,
May part to meet—*must* meet to part,
Till wafted to the realms above.

Nor can the tinge of 'witching bloom
That smiles on beauty's vernal cheek,
Again the sullen eye relume,
Again the spell that holds it break.

Nor can Golconda's valued gems
E'er purchase back the breath that's fled,
Nor genial virtue's fairest beams
Re-animate the listless dead!

And even now some moldering form
Commingles with its native dust;
Some vital stream that late was warm
Proclaims the Persian's tear-drop just.

HEART-FELT THOUGHTS.

Just as the body must endure its pain,
Which pierces, tortures, and returns again;
So every heart must bear its sorrows keen,
Sigh without notice, and oft throb between:
So every bosom, when contentment leaves,
Must bear the burdens which deep sorrow weaves.
Unknown to all, the heart must feel its stings,
While every moment added torture brings;
It knows, alas! it knows alone the pain,
Which feels to flow through every rended vein:
The rays of pity may their influence shed,
Refulgent shine, and all their kindness spread;
Tears may roll down the deeply furrow'd cheek,
Wishing to give that sweet relief it seeks;
The heart may pity to the last degree,
And sweet compassion sparkle pure and free;
The glow of friendship may impart its spell,
Give charms and pleasures which no tongue can tell;
Diffuse its radiance o'er the grief-torn breast,
That radiance which gives life itself a zest:
But all's in vain—the troubled heart remains
A victim still to deeper-piercing pains!

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Original.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.*

BY THE EDITOR.

The sermon being closed, the mourners were called, and a great multitude came forward again for prayer. The presiding elder, "father S.," turned to Mr. L., and said, "Come, my friend, go with me to that vacant place at the altar, and let us kneel together before God."

L. "Excuse me, Mr. S.; I am a hardened sinner, and dare not approach a place so sacred while my heart is unmoved."

S. "That, sir, is Satan's device. He would rob you of God's pardoning mercy. If your heart is hard, you should go to the altar to get it softened. The more obdurate it is, the more you need the prayers of God's people, and the more prompt you should be to assume the attitude in which you may enjoy them."

L. "Surely, Mr. S., you would not have me assume the *posture* without the *spirit* of mourning."

S. "Surely I would if you cannot otherwise assume it. Do you not *wish* to mourn?"

L. "I suppose not, or I *should* mourn."

S. "And do you always, then, feel as you wish to feel?"

L. "In religion I suppose I do. That is the view I have taken of religion when skepticism has not prevailed over belief. I have heard it said that '*every man has just as much religion as he desires.*' Is it not true?"

S. "No, sir. The habitual state of a devout heart is that of desire; and one of the most conclusive indirect evidences of a gracious state, is a thirsting after God and his salvation."

L. "But if God does not satisfy holy desires is he not tyrannical, and a violater of his promise?"

S. "What promise?"

L. "'He that hungers and thirsts after righteousness shall be filled.'"

S. "Mr. L., excuse me to-day from all doctrinal and metaphysical discussions. I urge upon you a simple effort to seek religion, assuring you, from God, 'they that seek shall find.' My duty toward you now lies in a narrow compass. Will you go with me and kneel down at the altar?"

L. "I repeat, sir, that to do it would be hypocrisy. Sinful as I am, I should fear to desecrate that altar by approaching it without tempers befitting such a posture. I have no just conceptions of my depravity, no proper desires for renovation, and to do what would indicate such desires, would be adding deceit to insensibility."

S. "What do you mean by *proper* desires for renovation?"

L. "I mean a desire for renovation for its own sake, not for its resulting benefits."

S. "Will you never seek religion until you can do it without regard to its benefits?"

L. "Indeed, sir, to tell the truth, I know not what I shall do. But I confess that I am all wrong, or these people are not right. I cannot, however, go with you to the altar—I am selfish, and my nature seems worse than common natures. If I wish for religion it is merely as a step to heaven—mark that—as a mere step to heaven. I have no love for religion's self. I want not its purity, but its peace—not its sore travail of duties and self-denials, but its escape from the maelstroom of perdition to the beatific rest."

How common is this error on the part of the converted as well as the unconverted. It is cardinal in some systems of theology. Is not religion a unit? Ought we, as Solomon the woman's child, to divide and then embrace it? Should we crave a part and not all? Must we, sinners, attain a benevolence so refined that we shall covet merely conflicts and crosses, and have no regard to crowns? Surely it is not damning to "have respect unto the recompense of reward." Moses was commended for the wisdom of a choice induced by this very motive. Was the apostle heretical in the commendation? Even the immaculate Jesus endured the cross for "the joy that was set before him"—an example which is urged on our diligent imitation. As to Mr. L.'s proposition, that "every man has as much religion as he desires," in one sense it is true. Such desire is itself a religious affection, produced by the Holy Spirit. It follows that, metaphysically, a man has as much religion—that is, in *this form*—as he has religious desire. But it is not true that other religious affections, as faith, love, meekness, peace, and joy, are equal to a pious man's desires for those graces. Mr. L. did not perceive that the very words he repeated, "they that hunger and thirst shall be filled," imply craving or desire as a condition of the promised beatitude. He forgot the publican, too, who certainly had not all the religion he desired when he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He should have reflected that prayer itself is chiefly an expression of desire, and that if we have all the religion we crave there can be no occasion to supplicate.

Mr. L. did not approach the altar. He remained at the meeting until its close; and his mind grew more and more perplexed. His rest was broken, and he seemed care-worn. To all who knew him there were in his countenance unequivocal tokens of deep inward disquiet. When he returned, his wife met him at the door; but her eye no sooner fell upon his features, as she was advancing with great cordiality to welcome him, than she uttered an exclamation of concern, and said, "Husband, what ails you? Surely, you have been sick." On his assuring her that he was well, she exchanged her look of alarm for an expression of humor, and said, "Then you must have got the power?" The reply was embarrassed and in a manner so serious that both soon fell into a grave and silent frame, attended with reflections on the part of Mrs. L. which were probably more or less connected with the religious habits of her after life. She now rests in the bosom of her Father and our Father—of her God and our God!

* Continued from page 133.

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What influence the circumstances of that hour may have had on her final destiny it is not in the order of the narrative to inquire.

For the two following months Mr. L.'s mind was in a restless state. He proved the truth of that saying, "There is no rest to the wicked;" and of that also, "The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." Yet, unhappy as he was under the lashings of a guilty conscience, he did not seek religion. He declined a course which would have brought not only peace to his heart, but would probably have saved him from the sorest outward calamities. These became necessary to render effectual the grace which had roused him from his slumbers. Indeed, so far was he from heartily crying to the Lord, that he sinned more greedily than ever, which is probably one instance among many of the great vigilance with which Satan watches and counteracts the operations of God's Spirit on the heart. The city is never so well sentineled and guarded as when it is besieged by the foe.

At two o'clock on the morning of September 10, 1828, Mr. and Mrs. L., might have been seen in earnest consultation over the sick cradle of their only child. She was two years and a half old, and of such a mold that not only her partial parents thought well of her, but strangers noticed her for a "lovely child, who would not live to grow up." Little Jane P. had been sick four days with *cholera infantum*, and her attending physician had not succeeded in checking the malignant symptoms of the disorder. She had grown worse through the night just mentioned, and the parents had become much alarmed. "Suppose, husband, we send for Dr. D.," said Mrs. L.; "he is highly spoken of, and is as near as any physician."

L. "I have no objection. But I assure you there is no hope. I believe that the child will die, and I have felt so from the beginning. It is a deeply wrought impression in my bosom that she will be taken from us on *my account*."

Mrs. L. "How on your account, my dear?"

L. "I cannot explain. If I live you shall hereafter know. But at present I will call James and request him to go for Dr. D."

James was called. He was a pious young man, just from college, and deeply affected by the approaching calamity which he believed impended over Mr. and Mrs. L. He rose and came in haste to the sick-room, where he listened attentively to the request of his friends, and hurried to execute their wishes. In due time he returned, and was soon followed by Dr. D., who, after carefully examining the child's symptoms, retired to give his views to the attending physician. During their consultation Mr. L. appeared anxious and agitated. He walked rapidly back and forth in the sick-room with his eye constantly turned to the cradle, over which the sorrowing mother bent in fondest solicitude. Of a sudden the child drew up her limbs and exclaimed, "I fall! I fall!" Mr. L. paused. The unsuspecting mother pressed her child's forehead, and said soothingly, "No, my baby shall not fall," repeating it till the little one was quieted. But it was the quiet of a moment. She was again spasmodically affected in the same manner, but more violently, and at the same instant her features collapsed, and the seal of death was upon her sharpened countenance. Mr. L. rushed to the door to call the physicians; and then first his wife saw the truth. She sprang wildly up, and exclaimed, "My baby will die." The little one caught the words from her mother's lips, and said, "Baby die! baby die!" and with her faltering tongue and fainting voice repeated it until she became insensible. The doctors hurried in and exclaimed, "She is gone." Death soon finished his work, and in a few moments this budding flower was blooming fadelessly in the garden above.

She was an idol. The mother's love and the father's ambition had little regard to any other object beyond the family circle. The incidents of her death, as here related, may seem trivial to the reader; but they are mentioned because they are among the means by which God rendered his grace effectual to the conversion of souls.

When this child was taken ill Mr. L.'s feelings foreboded its death. The augury was not so much of the imagination as of the conscience. That faithful monitor whispered, "For two long months has the Holy Ghost convicted thee of sin. That time thou hast spent in striving with thy Maker—in grieving the blessed Spirit. Hadst thou yielded and turned to the Lord it should have been well with thee. But thou wouldst not turn. Since thou wilt not be drawn by mercy thou shalt be tried by judgments. God shall second the workings of his Spirit by the severe chastisements of his rod."

Thus did an inward voice seem to prophecy in the ear of one who had slighted the grace of God and disregarded the gentler discipline of love. This was no new method on God's part. He makes his providence as well as his word the minister of grace, adapting it with infinite skill to the moral states of men. How many are now groaning under the strokes of his rod because they would not yield to the drawings of his Spirit! Mr. L. never doubted, in after life, whether the loss of his child was not a divine method of deepening in his heart the conviction that God had taken him in hand, to save him, if grace and providence might do it, from the perdition to which his steps were so rapidly tending.

There is much in this history of God's providence and grace to remind one of those sentiments which are as true as they are poetical—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

(*To be continued.*)

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Original.

THE RESURRECTION.

A DREAM.

I had retired to rest. I thought of friends
Which, one by one, had closed their eyes in death,
And felt myself alone, bereft, and sad;
But did not mourn as those who have no hope;
For they had died in peace with earth and heav'n,
And shouted triumph as they passed away.
That shout seemed still to vibrate on my ear,
And faith leaned on the Savior's soothing words—
"I am the resurrection and the life."
Joy thrilled through all my soul; for ardent prayer
Raised my affections to the mercy seat—
I firmly hoped that we should meet again
Where sorrows end.
At length my rapture ceased.
The thought intruded on my harrowed soul,
What if the dead rise not! 'Twas agony.
I knew it false; yet still it would return,
'Till, wearied nature overcome, at last
I slept. A dream ensued; for what can chain
The deathless *mind?* A bright intelligence,
All light and glory, bade me follow him.
He led me through a rugged, narrow way,
'Tween mountains piled on mountains, whose proud height,
Riven by the swift lightnings' furious blast,
Seemed toppling from their cloud-capt altitude,
Threat'ning to fill the deep defile below.
On either side, coiled on the shelving rocks,
Lay serpents, darting out their forked tongues,
And hissing. Here the adder lay, and there
The viper, scorpion, and basilisk.
On each projecting crag sat birds of prey—
The vulture here, and there the cormorant.
Owls hooted from their dusky hiding place,
Whilst eagles, screaming, flew from crag to crag,
Casting their flitting shadows o'er our path.
The wolf prolong'd his howl—the lion roared,
And all the rav'nous beasts of earth were there.
Seized with alarm, my guide addressed me thus:
"*This is the path where th' redeem'd shall walk,*
And nothing harm them."
Soon we reached a stream.
Beyond I saw a wide extended plain,
With human forms silent in death, and wrapp'd
In winding sheets white as the virgin snow.
Here lay the infant in its mother's arms,
And those who, ere they closed their eyes on time,
Had seen the seasons in succession roll.
From lisping childhood up to manhood's prime
Lay multitudes, that none could number them.
I asked my guide why Death should riot thus—
What caused this fell destruction of mankind?
He answered with a voice of thunder tones,
"'*Twas sin;*" and from the river's hollow banks,
Loud Echo still repeated, "*It was sin.*"
Till every mountain peak had found a tongue,
Reverberating, "*Sin!*"
I saw the sun
Turn pale, as if 'twere sick'ning to behold
The woes of earth. And as his beams grew faint,
Larger than she was wont the moon appeared,
And seeming, as it were, a globe of blood.
My guide had disappeared. I stood alone,
Where silence reigned, and myriads slept in death:
When lo! I saw all o'er th' extended plain
A sudden moving of the winding sheets,
Like the white crests of ocean's waves, when storms
Are sweeping o'er the bosom of the deep.
A flood of light came pouring from the heavens,
Compared to which ten thousand suns had been
As nothing—less than nothing in its blaze.
Now, quick'ning into life, the dead arose,
Casting aside th' habiliments they wore,
Exchanged for robes of immortality;
While youth and beauty beamed in every face,
And shouts of *glory* burst from every tongue.

M. B.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

While some in heathen lands proclaim
Glad tidings through Immanuel's name,
We the same message would impart
To the untutor'd youthful heart.

We long to see the rising race
Become the subjects of his grace,
And not a single child remain
Who has not heard of Jesus' name.

O make us earnest and sincere
When with our children we appear;
And grant that we at length may meet
In heaven above, around thy seat.

Then will our grateful thanks ascend
To Him who was the children's friend,
And in his presence we shall spend
A sabbath that shall never end.

SONNET.

Say, what is heaven? A place of pure delight,
Of perfect joy, of harmony, of peace;
Where angels tune their harps, and never cease
The universal chorus: clothed in light,
They fly thro' ether in unbounded space,
And wait with outstretch'd wing before the throne
Of the Almighty, Great, Eternal One.
There sorrow never finds a resting place,
Nor yet the ills that mortals feel below;
Nor death is there: the stream of time shall flow,
And injure none, and none shall know decay;
No night is there, but one unclouded day
Shall shed its lustre, when this mighty world,
And sun, and stars, are into ruin hurl'd.

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NOTICES.

JOURNAL OF DISASTERS IN AFFGHANISTAN, 1841-2. *By Lady Sale. Harper & Brothers. New York.* 1843.—Lady Sale, a masculine observer and reporter of the events which transpired in the late Affghan war, shows little partiality to the British officers engaged in that tragic scene. She speaks of the Affghans as fine soldiers, and of their treatment of the female prisoners—among whom was herself—as honorable. Lady Sale describes the various scenes of assault, conquest, and defeat graphically; and those who love the records of bloodshed will read the Journal with interest. Such scenes are horrible in real life, and to delight in their description is somewhat brutal. We advise our fair readers to be satisfied with this notice, and one or two extracts, as follows. The first sets forth a militant wife's sympathies for her wounded husband.

"It was Lawrence who came to tell me of Sale's wound; he is always kind and friendly, though he has now been twice the herald of ill news. It struck me as probable that the suwars would take Sturt to his own house; and as he and my daughter were staying with me, there would not even be a bed to place him on there. I therefore determined not to lose time by waiting till the bearers could get my palkee (a palanquin) ready, but took my chuttah (umbrella or parasol) and walked off as fast as I could toward Sturt's house. I fortunately met Major Thain, (aid-de-camp to General Elphinstone,) for soon I saw a crowd of about fifty suwars in his compound. Thain ran on, and told the bearers to bring him on to my house. I cannot describe how shocked I felt when I saw poor Sturt; for Lawrence, fearing to alarm us, had said he was only slightly wounded. He had been stabbed deeply in the shoulder and side, and on the face, (the latter wound striking on the bone, just missed the temple:) he was covered with blood issuing from his mouth, and was unable to articulate. From the wounds in the face and shoulder, the nerves were affected; the mouth would not open, the tongue was swollen and paralyzed, and he was ghastly and faint from loss of blood. He could not lie down, from the blood choking him, and had to sit up in the palkee as best he might, without a pillow to lean against. With some difficulty and great pain he was supported up stairs, and laid on his bed, when Dr. Harcourt dressed his wounds, which having been inflicted about ten o'clock, now, at one, were cold and stiff with clotted blood. The tongue was paralyzed, and the nerves of the throat affected, so that he could neither swallow nor articulate; and the choking sensation of the blood in his throat was most painful to witness. He was better toward evening; and by his wife's unremitting attention in assisting him to get rid of the clotted blood from his mouth by incessant applications of warm wet cloths, he was by eleven at night able to utter a tolerably articulate sound. With what joy did we hear him faintly utter *bet-ter;* and he really seemed to enjoy a tea-spoonfull of water, which we got into his mouth by a drop or two at a time, painful as it was to him to swallow it."

The second extract runs thus:

"A woman's vengeance is said to be fearful; but nothing can satisfy mine against Akbar, Sultan, Jan, and Mohammed Shah Khan. Still I say that Akbar, having, for his own political purposes, done as he said he would do—that is, destroyed our army—letting only one man escape to tell the tale, as Dr. Bryden did—and having got the families into his possession—I say, having done this, he has, ever since we have been in his hands, treated us well—that is, honor has been respected. It is true that we have not common comforts; but what we denominate such are unknown to Affghan females—they always sleep on the floor, sit on the floor, &c.—hardships to us. We have bought common charpoys at two rupees each; that is, a bed formed by four poles and ropes tied across and across them. Had we tables and chairs, we have not space for them; so many inhabit the same apartment. Individually I have no right to complain on this subject; as Lady MacNaghten, Mrs. Mainwaring, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Sturt, and I, occupy the same apartment. Captain Boyd makes his bed on the landing-place of the stairs, or on the roof of the house; so that we have no *man*-kind among us except the Boyds' two little boys, and Mrs. Mainwaring's baby. This little fellow was born just before the insurrection broke out in Cabul, (in October:) his father had gone with Sale's brigade, and we always call him Jung-i-Bahadur.

"After so long enduring the misery of having gentlemen night and day associated with us, we have found this a great relief.

"The Wuzeer gives us rations of meat, rice, ottah, ghee, and oil, and lately, fruit. At first our food was dressed for us; but it was so greasy and disgusting, that we asked leave to cook for ourselves. That again was a matter of taste; one person likes what another does not. By us a strong cup of coffee is considered a luxury; while an Affghan the other day, who had some given to him, (he had never tasted any before,) pronounced it bitter and detestable.

"It is true, we have been taken about the country, exposed to heat, cold, rain, &c.; but so were their own women. It was, and is, very disagreeable; but still we are, *de facto*, prisoners, notwithstanding Akbar still persists in calling us—honored guests; and, as captives, I say, we are well treated. He has given us common coarse chints, and coarse longcloth, too, wherewith to clothe ourselves—I must not use the word dress; and making up these articles has given us occupation, increased by having to work with raw cotton, which we have to twist into thread for ourselves. We suffered more from uncleanness than any thing else. It was above ten days after our departure from Cabul before I had the opportunity to change my clothes, or even to take them off and put them on again, and wash myself; and fortunate were those who did not possess much live stock. It was not until after our arrival here (at Spewakee, near Cabul) that we completely got rid of *lice*, which we denominated infantry: the fleas we call light cavalry."

On sale by Wright & Swormstedt.

NEWBURY BIBLICAL MAGAZINE. *Edited by Prof. W. M. Willett. Newbury, Vt. Vol. I, No. I.*—This is the first issue of the forthcoming periodical which was noticed in a former number of the Repository. Its apperance is neat, and indeed elegant. It is an octavo of 48 pages, single column, large and clear type, and fair paper. Its aim will be best understood by an extract from its "Introductory."

"The chief object of its establishment is to subserve the same end, and to promote the same cause as the Biblical Institute, of which it is intended to serve as the official organ. The principal aim of both is one and the same. We print our periodical, we erect 'our holy and beautiful house,' to advance the glory of God, and the good of man. We present no new theory in morals or religion to awaken curiosity, or captivate attention. The faith which works by love and purifies the heart, is, in our opinion, the most important agent in the reformation of society. It is the possession of this divine principle which makes men good and happy. And as 'all inspiration' is designed to elevate the moral, social, and intellectual condition of man; and the Bible contains the writings of those men who 'spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' this Magazine, and the Biblical school of this place, have both been undertaken to promote, in their several spheres and ways, a love for this sacred book, a knowledge of its general literature, a more thorough and accurate examination of its invaluable contents."

The articles in the specimen number are as follows:

"Job and his Times. Life in God—poetry, from the German of Mahlman. The Ministerial Office. Napoleon Crossing the Red Sea—from Alison's History, with remarks. The Huguenots; or the Protestant Religion in France. The Hellenic Dialect. Rev. William Ross. Bishop George. Critical Notices. Miscellaneous Items. Appendix."

In regard to the publication of this Magazine, considering, on the one hand, the talent enlisted to conduct it, and the prospect of its contributing both strength and ornament to the literary edifices which Methodism is now rearing side by side with the temples of her religion, we feel like bidding its worthy editor and his collaborators, its "associate" committee, and its patrons, "go on and prosper." But, on the other hand, when we remember the slender patronage bestowed upon our excellent Review, and the evidence which this fact affords of the difficulty of sustaining Biblical monthlies or quarterlies, we are in a strait betwixt two. It is published bi-monthly at $1.00 a year.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

NEW YORK ANNIVERSARIES.—The benevolent societies of the country held their anniversaries in the month of May in the city of New York—the *American Seamen's Friend Society* on Monday, the 8th. An address was delivered by a Welsh sailor. He closed his interesting speech thus:

"You will observe, my Christian friends, that when I started on the stormy ocean I was but a youth. I was the only son of a widowed mother—her only hope in her old age; but before I was sixteen years old I ran away from my apprenticeship, and went on board a man-of-war, and it was a great number of years before ever any body laid eyes on me that ever knew any thing about any body that cared for me afore. May be there's some widowed mother here to-night who has a son on the ocean; and if there's one thought in her heart above another now it's about him that is away. Let me say to such that her son may now, if he will, go on board a temperance ship and sign the pledge of total abstinence. This thought must be cheering to such a mother. But in my day, when I began to plough the ocean as a common sailor, no man was thought to be a sailor till he could get drunk. The first thing I observed was that all the old sailors got drunk, chewed tobacco, and swore continually; and I thought that if I could do all these I should be a sailor right off. Here you see, shipmates, what example is in society; and I rejoice as one of the Managers of the Sailor's Temperance Society, that to my knowledge over 13,000 seamen now belong to that society, and instead of singing the drunkard's songs, they sing the praises of God in his sanctuary. This rejoices me—and I am glad to see the seamen coming out and no longer drinking in liquor as the ox drinks in water.

"But as much time has already been occupied, I cannot tell you all I would like to say. Sometimes I am asked, 'Why, what are sailors to me?' I'll tell you what they are to you: they bring you the products of every country—the riches of every clime. They brave the sea—they endure every hardship for you. And this is not all; they are the ones who defend your nation. What would you do if it were not for them? They are the bond of union with every part of the world. Nor do they stop here. The sailor carries the Gospel to every nation under heaven. Pray, then, for the poor sailor! I rejoice that I see so many Christian friends engaged in rescuing the sailor from the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell. To live a drunkard is horrid; but to die a drunkard—to go into the presence of God and hear him say, 'Depart, ye drunkards, from me'—language would fail to describe the scene, and I leave you to fill up the horrid picture.

"For myself, what time and talents I have, and whatever of life is yet left to me, shall be cheerfully devoted to the great and mighty work: for I know that 'greater is he that is for us than all they that are against us'—and with these remarks I close. (Loud and repeated cheers.)"

A collection was here taken up by the sailors for the benefit of the society.

Mr. Wycoff introduced his address as follows:

"The sea—the sea! the ever moving, yet unmoved sea—the boiling, booming, dashing, dreadful, glorious sea! Great highway of the living—mighty cemetery of the dead! that remarkable play-ground which God has given to the leviathan—and whose broad bosom he has given to the sailor to make his way thereon! The house of the sea—the house of the sea—foundationless, trackless, printless, beautiful, the sporting ground of the unharnessed whale or dolphin—and yet moving at the touch of Zephyr, or of that engine walking upon the water with its revolving feet, while the laboring power pants and its red nostril shoots forth flame even like the war horse in the midst of battle! And then the maid of the sea! Aye, the maid of the sea! How has the naturalist longed to discover her home and nature! How has the world run mad to see her face and scan her features! How has Poetry belabored poor Fancy to describe her ocean-cave of shells—her hair of cerulean hue and her neck of snowy pearl—while the common multitude has been gulled by manufactured leather, called a mermaid!

"But the man of the sea! O! the man of the sea! he is a reality—a unique, a peculiar reality—bold, fearless, generous, forgiving, noble—the benefits he confers can never be forgotten till the rock that received him from shipwreck is itself forgotten. Ye landsmen and landswomen here present—remember that for you are gathered the products of every clime by the man of the sea; will you not, then, breathe to heaven a prayer in his behalf? Will you not exert yourselves to elevate the man of the sea till he becomes the proper representative of your honor, and purity, and piety, and benevolence, over all the world?"

The *American Temperance Union* held its seventh anniversary in the Tabernacle. The Report of the executive committee was presented by Rev. John Marsh. During the year there have been circulated 7000 Journals, 25,000 Youth's Advocates, 20,000 Almanacs, and 5,000 Hymn-books, with a large number of Dr. Sewall's plates. Among the addresses was one by Dr. Beecher, of Cincinnati, a veteran in this cause, who said:

"As far back as 1812 God put it into my heart to feel for the woes of the drunkard, and for the welfare of the nation. Every body, old and young, male and female, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, then was in the habit of drinking. In 1811 I attended an ordination, and there was the side-board covered with bottles and decanters, and all kinds of spirituous liquors. Soon after I attended another, and witnessed the same exhibition. I then took a solemn oath to God that I would never attend another ordination, where the table of the grog-shop, with its slops and sugar, was exhibited close beside the altar of the Most High. The next year I attended the General Association of Connecticut; and I inquired of them what could be done to put a stop to the fearful progress of intemperance. A committee was appointed and brought in a report, in which they stated that they had given the subject their most prayerful attention; that they were well aware of the fearful ravages of this evil, but they had made calm inquiry, and found that nothing could be done. I immediately rose and moved that a committee be appointed to report upon the spot a plan to arrest this deadly evil—which was adopted, in which the General Association of Connecticut recommended the *total disuse* of ardent spirits. It went like an electric shock through the land; and from that time to this the temperance wave has rolled over all the land. It is now, therefore, nearly forty years that I have been permitted to plead the cause of temperance. As I look around upon this audience and remember that the gentlemen who introduced me to you called me 'father,' I begin to be somewhat alarmed, for I certainly never expected in my day to have such a family of children! (Laughter.) But I understand that you don't expect any division of my patrimony—but only ask my blessing. Well, my children, God bless you! And may he, through the blood of Christ, make you perfect and abounding in all good works. Let me say to every one of you, never violate your pledge of total abstinence. Touch not, taste not, handle not; and when death shall close the scene, may you all be received into the glorious kingdom of God above!"

The *American Bible Society* celebrated its twenty-seventh anniversary on the 18th, at ten o'clock, A. M. This spacious building was crowded with a deeply affected audience. Joseph Hyde, Esq., presented the Treasurer's Report. The receipts amount to $126,448 77, being $7,908 31 less than those of the preceding year. This diminution is attributable in part to the greater amount of legacies the former year, an item of income always liable to great fluctuation. The diminution of the ordinary income is but $3,000, and this occurred the first half of the year. The receipts of the last half year have been greater than those of the same period last year, by $4,000.

Rev. Dr. Brigham presented the Report of the Board of Managers. It pays a deserved and honorable tribute to the memories of Hon. Peter A. Jay, Hon. Francis S. Key, Cornelius Heyes, Esq., and others connected with the society, who have died during the year. Of the Life Directors, 26 have been added during the year, and 449 life members. There have been organized during the year 59 new auxiliaries. There have been printed of English Bibles, 92,000; English Testaments, 120,000; French, do., 8,000; German, do., 4,000; modern Greek, do., 4,000. This does not include what has been printed abroad at the society's expense.

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The whole number of Bibles and Testaments issued in the course of the year has been 215,605 in nineteen different tongues, making a total of 3,068,370 since the organization of the society. These books have gone mostly, not to the rich and well supplied, but to the needy throughout our states and territories—to seamen, boatmen, emigrants—to prisons, hospitals, &c.—most of which cases would not have been met but for this organization. One hundred and sixty copies of rare Bibles and other works have been added to the library during the year. Thirteen agents have been employed during the entire year. Grants of books have been made for Texas, Canada, Hayti, Cuba, Honduras, Rio Grande, Buenos Ayres, and Santa Cruz. To the latter place have been sent 500 Bibles and 1000 Testaments, at the request of Rev. Dr. M'Elroy, of New York. These books are for young slaves in part, who are required by law to attend school for four years from the fifth year, and in part for adults who attend Sunday schools.

English Bibles have been sent on request to Lodiana, North India, and to Ceylon, South India, for the use of native pupils, who have learned, or are learning, the English tongue. The grants of money have amounted in all to about $18,000; namely, to the Levant, including Greece, Syria, &c., $5,000; France and Switzerland, $700; Russia, $1,000; Madeira, $500; Ceylon, $2,000; Northern India, $3,000; Madras, $3,000, &c.

Dr. Vermilye, of New York, addressed the audience with good effect. He said the principal object of the society, as he understood it, was to circulate the word of God throughout the world without any sectarian purpose whatever. Christians of different denominations, he thanked God, could heartily unite in this great work. And one important fact he thought deserved especial notice. It was the unanimity with which the received English version of the Bible had been adopted and circulated. He had a strong dislike, he must confess, to new versions of the Holy Scriptures; and he was clearly of the opinion that the Christian world never could be brought to receive any other version with any thing like the unanimity which had attended the circulation of that in general use. It was another interesting fact that the Bible had been distributed throughout the heathen nation almost wholly in the English language. It seems as if the providence of God had consecrated that tongue by making it the great instrument in the conversion of the world. And what an honor is this! What a glorious distinction is thus conferred upon the Anglo-Saxon tongue, that it should be made by Christ the chief instrument of the diffusion of his holy Gospel. And now that the two great nations, Great Britain and America, had entered into what he hoped might prove an indissoluble bond of union, may we not, with yet higher faith, trust that upon the two nations thus united God has placed the duty and the glorious privilege of evangelizing the world by the circulation of his blessed word? The whole world has reason to be profoundly thankful for the harmony that has thus been insured between the two great powers. It was confessed that there had been danger of a fatal rupture between them—that the *ultimo ratio regum* would be appealed to, to decide their differences. It was a glorious feature of the age that the appeal had thus been changed and the principles of Christian justice and moderation been allowed to sway the destinies of those two nations. And, said Dr. V., profound as is my respect for the peerless majesty of intellect, the glowing and zealous patriotism which shared in that negociation, I yet give the credit for its successful achievement mainly and primarily to the influence of the Bible upon the people of both these powers. * * * * *

The diffusion of the English Bible is beyond all doubt the great means to which we are to look for the ushering in of that day to which all Christians look. And we trust that the time shall ere long come when that same Bible shall be received as the law of nations—when around its truths all nations shall meet, and all questions of division shall be forgotten in the majesty of truth. The Bible shall produce these effects. All else will be found to be but the single bell or pomegranate upon the breast of the priest, which, though they may faintly reflect the light that shines upon them, are, after all, only the outward dress of the man that bears them.

The *American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions* had an interesting celebration in the Tabernacle. Mr. Frelinghuysen presided. From the report read by Dr. Armstrong we gather that the Board have 26 missions at 87 stations, with 133 missionaries and 117 native helpers; making a total of 469 missionary laborers. They have 17 printing establishments, and works have been printed in 32 languages spoken by more than 450,000,000 of people. They have 618 free schools, instructing 28,000 pupils, and eight seminaries with 1,100 pupils, and 90 churches, including 23,000 members.

Many of the missions are prosperous. A brief notice of their condition and prospects affords great encouragement to prosecute the blessed enterprise in which the Board is engaged. It is stated that in Constantinople books are in greater demand than ever before; and the Jews are less intolerant toward their converted brethren. In Syria, operations have been considerably embarrassed by the unsettled state of the country. Some of the missionaries have been discouraged by the civil wars prevailing, and are returning; others see, amid all the turmoil, that the way of the Lord is preparing, and are encouraged to hold on and vigorously prosecute the work.

There is evidently a more easy access to the Maronites than has ever been enjoyed before, and the demand for the Gospel increases. The mission to Nestoria has been one of uninterrupted prosperity. The Christians are treated with uniform kindness. They have 42 schools in 36 villages, and have among their converts 23 bishops. In their schools are 763 pupils, besides 81 in their private seminaries. Mr. Perkins, accompanied by Mar Yohannan and a reinforcement to the mission, took his departure for Nestoria this spring. All things seem ripe for renewed activity. The missions among the Mahrattas have received new vigor. A great revival has been experienced there; the cases of conversion are very decided, though not yet very numerous; and a profound impression has been made upon the great body of the people. But the missionaries find their numbers too small for efficient exertion, and a reinforcement is greatly needed. The mission in Tamul is exceedingly prosperous. From Singapore and Siam no intelligence of importance has been received. A wide and effectual door has been opened for missions in China; and it is hoped that the Church will avail itself of the opportunity thus proffered. Buildings are being erected at Hong Kong for permanent missions in China; and letters from that country speak most encouragingly of the tone prevailing among the people.

The mission in West Africa has been removed during the year from Cape Palmas. The whole aspect of the missions among the aboriginals of our own continent has been highly encouraging. Among the tribes west of the Mississippi the prospect has not been so promising for many years. Among the Choctaws great additions are needed. A strong desire has grown up among them for the education of their children. Among the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, the mission is in a most flourishing condition. At the Sandwich Islands, where, twenty-three years ago, the people were a race of dark, obscure, miserable savages, without decent clothing, comfortable habitations, or any of the domestic virtues, the success has been most wonderful.

The last year has witnessed the reception of an ambassador from that people by our own government and that of Great Britain, and the recognition of the independence of the Hawaiian Islands. In those islands there are 21 churches with 19,000 members, of whom 2,443 have been received during the present year. Nine houses of worship have been erected, six of them of substantial stone. Three hundred and thirteen common schools have been established at which attend 15,558 scholars; 26 books have been printed in the native language, of which 120,000 copies have been printed, and more than 13,000,000 of pages—8,000,000 of which have been paid for by the American Tract and British Societies. The average attendance upon all the places of worship is 2,300, and the whole number of members of the Church from the first is 25,434. Such were the reports made in May, 1842, and accounts of powerful revivals have since been received.

Twenty new missionaries have been appointed, and an

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equal number have returned, through failing health; eighteen have embarked for foreign lands, and seven have visited their native country and returned, while twelve have permanently remained, and nine have been removed by death.

We regret to learn that there is a diminution of the receipts of the Board for the last year. The Report says: "The receipts for the last nine months of the financial year, from August 1, 1842, to April 30, 1843, have been $161,230—less by $37,520 than the appropriations for the same period, and less by $93,159 than the receipts of the former year for the same period. This falling off, if not arrested, must prove fatal to the operations of the Board." May God avert so great a calamity!

The anniversary of the *Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church* was held in the Greene-street church, New York, on Monday evening, May 22d. Bishop Morris presided. Addresses were delivered by President Olin, of Middletown—by Dr. Richmond, lately from Oregon—by Dr. Bangs, and by Rev. Mr. Carson, from Ireland. Rev. C. Pitman, one of the Corresponding Secretaries, read the Report. The meeting was adjourned to Wednesday evening, when the Rev. J. Lindsey took the chair, and the public addresses were delivered by President Emory, of Carlisle, and Rev. S. Chase, of the Liberia annual conference. The meeting is spoken of as one of unusual interest—the "best" extant. The addresses will be reported hereafter.

The General Assemblies—Old and New School—of the Presbyterian Church, sat in Philadelphia, in the month of May. As far as their proceedings are reported at this date, June 12, they have been harmonious. The ecclesiastical bodies which have held their great convocations this year, have, on the whole, carried themselves with a good degree of Christian integrity, meekness, and discretion. The Lord is blessing the Church. May the Church greatly prosper under his blessing!

Pre-millenial Advent.—This subject has recently received quite too much *popular* attention for the good of the Church. It should be examined by her ministers, and might not unprofitably occupy a small share of public regard without serious detriment to religion; but while the excitement is at its present undue height, we regret to see the following notice in a respectable Presbyterian paper:

"*To Millenarians.*—Among those who now advocate the doctrine of Christ's personal and pre-millenial advent are to be found some of the most talented and respectable ministers of the age, and the doctrine, true or false, through their advocacy, is rapidly becoming popular. Many able lectures have recently been delivered in this city on this subject. We are requested to say by a Kentucky preacher, (Presbyterian,) that he will oppose, in an *oral discussion*, the doctrines of the pre-millenial advent and personal reign of Christ on earth, against any respectable minister who is willing to defend that doctrine. Let both sides of the question be heard, and let the people weigh the arguments, consider, and decide. The preliminaries may be settled by a correspondence through this paper."

Surely no gentleman acquainted with the causes and the progress of error, could expect to arrest what he deems error by the measure here proposed.

Lebanon Female Seminary.—This promising school has been in operation only one term. It is now accommodated with a good new building, built by brother Baker at his own expense. The prospects of the school are good. It ought to prosper; and if the finest location in Ohio, the talents, accomplishments, and experience of its amiable principal, and the determination, on her part, to enlist all her energies in the cause of female education, can insure success, it may be confidently looked for in behalf of this seminary.

We cannot forbear to remind our brethren in the ministry that we owe much to Mrs. Baker (formerly Miss Marsh) for her pioneer zeal in the cause of high school instruction. She came to Ohio when our conference was doing little for the cultivation of the female mind. She effected much. An argument in favor of the enterprise, composed by her, was brought into conference, and read to that body. Worthington owes its existence to efforts which had a vital connection with her movements. Now, settled amongst us, with an amiable family, which will render her more efficient than ever as a teacher, what should hinder her success? Let her be sustained by the kind offices of preachers and people. The terms are most reasonable.

Winter Session.—Reading, Writing, Orthography, Intellectual Arithmetic, Elements of Geography, per quarter, $3.00; A continuation of the same, with either or any of the English branches taught there, per quarter, $5.00; The French Language, per quarter, $4.00; Drawing and Painting, per quarter, $4.00.

Board can be procured in private families for from $1.00 to $1.50 per week. A few young ladies would be accommodated in the family of the principal; and every attention will be bestowed, conducive to comfort—intellectual and moral improvement.

The year is divided into two sessions of twenty-two weeks each, and each session divided into two quarters of eleven weeks each. The winter session will commence on Thursday, the 5th of October next.

English Society.—Lord Ashley thus reveals the moral condition of Manchester in a speech before the Commons: Pawnbrokers, 129; Beer houses, 769; Public houses, 498; Indecent houses, (lowest class,) 472; More private class, 223; Street walkers, 762; Resident thieves by profession, 212; Houses for stolen goods, 63; Thieves' houses, 103. What a picture is this! The wretches who contribute to swell this list of sin and shame were once children uninitiated in crime. How many mothers are now rearing candidates for the prison and the gollows! Can they do nothing to avert the coming evil? Let them apply with all diligence to the great Parent for wisdom and patience to discharge their duties. Let them, as they press their babes to their hearts, raise their desires in supplication to God, that he will be pleased, of his infinite mercy, to send his Holy Spirit to sanctify the objects of their parental solicitude. He has promised that he will pour his Spirit upon the seed and his blessing upon the offspring of his children. Why do not parents plead that promise? It is their privilege to do it.

Dancing.—An overture on the subject of dancing was reported to the late New School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. It elicited discussion from the ablest members, among whom were Dr. Duffield, of Detroit, and Dr. Dickinson. Mr. Duffield said "no sin was more ensnaring and bewitching than dancing; and besides, there are denominations who make it a business to entice our members into circles where they are taught that it is very uncourteous and impolite to decline dancing, and are thus persuaded to violate a good conscience; and afterward a clamor is raised, and a sympathy is expressed in favor of the delinquents, and thus they are persuaded to abandon a Church which is unnecessarily severe." The committee on this subject reported, and the report, after discussion, was adopted. It resolved that this fashionable amusement is so utterly unscriptural, and so exclusively that of the world, "which lieth in wickedness," and wholly incompatible with the spirit of Christ, and with purity of heart, as to render it entirely improper and injurious for professing Christians, either to partake in it, or to qualify their children for the art, by teaching it to them; and also to call for the faithful exercise of discipline when any Church members have become guilty.

Female Missionaries.—A new order of things is likely to prevail in regard to the employment of females in the great work of evangelizing the world. They are to be employed formally as a distinct and efficient class of Christian missionaries. In Prussia, by the permission of the government, a society of ladies has been formed under the patronage of Madame Eichhorn, wife of the minister of public instruction, the object of which is to send young women to Syria and the East Indies, to assist in propagating Christianity among their own sex.

To Readers.—The beautiful "Lines to my Sister" will, we are sure, unlock the springs of feeling in the reader's heart. They are poetical. What adds interest to the production, is, that the gifted writer is, we are informed, a convert from Romanism, a devoted Christian, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We solicit frequent contributions.

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST, 1843.

Original.

THE FRENCH SLIPPER.

Why is it that in these days of moral and social reform, when the public eye seems scanning, and the public lecturer declaiming upon every other subject of the least possible interest to the happiness of mankind, we hear so little said upon one head of vital importance? Why is it that *fashion*, and even the abuse of fashion, is still undisciplined, and still trenches beyond its own domain of frivolity and folly—innovating even upon the precincts of health and of life itself? To be sure, there has been much said upon a few branches of this subject, such as dressing and tight-lacing. A Mussey, with his eloquence and his diagrams, has warned many of the suicidal effects of the corset system and its unnatural duresse. But with the exception of these admonitions, the young female has been left to her own devices and her own imprudence; and amidst the frosts of winter, and the damps of spring, the devotee of fashion may be seen walking the streets with no more substantial covering for her feet than the silken hose and the Parisian sole—affording scarce greater protection than the stocking itself; and this notwithstanding the many instances in which such exposure annually results in early death, or what is more lamentable, in a broken constitution. The mischief is attributed to the mutability of our climate, instead of the neglect of parents, and to the immutability of the laws of nature acting upon the exposed subject.

Whilst my pen is tracing these lines memory is Daguerreotyping a scene of early life, illustrative of such exposure. The instance occurred in my native city, and under my own observation; and it left a very salutary influence upon both the mothers and daughters of that day.

I had just finished my education, and joyfully escaped from the confinement of the school-room, and become a candidate for a place in society, when I received my first ball ticket! How well do I remember the palpitating delight of that hour. My whole being was aroused, and mind, heart, and hands diligently employed for the anticipated enjoyment. Even my feet had their practicing task; yet all—all was done with a cheerfulness and alacrity that would shame the miscalled *enthusiasm* of many a Christian in a much better cause; for, alas!

> "Our souls how heavily they go
> To reach immortal joys."

The night appointed for the ball arrived at last; and, as happy as mere animal delight can make a mortal, I was ushered into the dancing hall, where mirth and music, light and laughter were blending their charms to take captive the young heart. And just as I was concluding that the scene was truly magical—that there was nothing of novelty or brilliance wanting to give it interest, there was a momentary hush, and a dashing young officer was seen handing into the room two young ladies. They were dressed in the highest fashion, and with a taste that would have admitted them to *Almack's*. They were sisters, and strangers in our city. They were both pretty, and seemed perfectly at home, though unknown to all present. The elder was, to my eyes, the most fascinating creature I had ever beheld. She moved like a grace, she danced like a sylph, and proved quite the Cinderella of the evening. Like Cinderella, too, she had the most *fairy feet* that were ever seen; and to me they seemed sporting the identical glass slippers of the legend. I even indulged in a sort of fanciful superstition on the subject until I learned that they were of nothing more brittle than kid leather covered with silver leaf, and that they were *not* laced on with a "thread of *glass*," but with a cord covered with silver spangles. O that the deceptions of this life were confined to its vanities, and were never found mingled with high and holy things! Yet we may be comforted—"the unseen world will not deceive us."

This was the first, and to me the happiest ball on the record of my memory. In all after scenes of this kind there was always felt to be an undefined *want*, to mar perfect enjoyment. I grew critical, and found that the heart and the manners were sometimes adorned for display as well as the person, and that, on closer inspection, even these gems of fashion were not genuine *brilliants*, which emit their sparkle from *within*, but only rose *diamonds*, that send their rays from the *surface*. They were daughters of a distinguished officer of the United States Army, who, having buried his wife before the girls arrived at womanhood, had placed them at a fashionable "finishing school" in New York city. Here they were taught all the graces of the modern fine lady. Each word and each look was a study—every motion and every limb was *educated*, but the intellect and the soul left fallow. Here, too, it was instilled into their minds, that it was a mark of the greatest vulgarity for a "*lady*" to wear any thing but a Parisian slipper! Alas, how much of suffering did this one lesson occasion them all in after years! I have never since seen a graduate from one of these heartless artificial seminaries (and I always know them by some mark that they bear about them) but these lines of Milton will present themselves to my mind—

> "Of *outward* ornament, elaborate—
> Of *inward*, less exact."

Another lesson learned here, too, was that there could be no happiness in life *without* riches; and as our young ladies had no fortunes of their own, they had never dreamed of marrying where "wealth was not."

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And it so happened that, at an age when most girls are either married or engaged, they were both *unappropriated*. Their beautiful feet and beautiful French slippers were still seen in every fashionable promenade, unheeding of the cold or moisture of the footing, "the observed of all observers." For a brief space I had heard nothing of them, but subsequently learned that Agnes was soon to be married to a rich foreigner. And, as her health was not good, accompanied by her sister, they were to travel on the continent of Europe. Matters were in this train when I went to make a visit to a friend in the interior of New York. But soon I heard that she was not destined to enjoy the wealth and splendor she had in perspective. Her constitution suddenly gave way just as she was preparing for her bridal; and she fell into a rapid decline, and was soon called, unprepared as she was, into eternity.

A few months only had passed, and I was returning to my native city by the way of Long Island Sound. The evening was beautifully bright, and most of the passengers were assembled on the deck, and were reading

"The Gospel of the stars,
Great nature's holy writ."

As we approached the town of N——, where we were to land some of our passengers, we observed we were preceded into the harbor by a small steamer; and when we stopped at the landing our boat and theirs were side by side. We now heard a wail of grief from the small boat—the convulsive female sob mingled with the agonized groan of the strong man; and we soon learned that the family of Agnes Hastings were conveying her corpse to her native place for burial. She had fallen a victim to the "French Slipper." Those fairy feet, which had ever been the admiration of the coxcomb, and the envy of the belle, had wandered far and wide through all the mazes of sin and folly since they were last here, and had finally led her the downward path to death.

On learning these particulars my mind wandered back to the ball-room where she had first broke like a meteor upon my sight. A short space only had intervened; but how much of life does a few years sometimes embody! I was then like a butterfly upon the summer air, with every artery filled with the tide of gladness—now I had become a changed being. The realities of life oppressed, and its shadows rested upon me; and I wondered if *all* who had formed that once gay throng were so changed. After Agnes had been laid in her early grave, the father and daughter returned a stricken pair to their bereaved home. They were a deeply attached family; and though they had disregarded the things of God, and loved not his laws, they loved each other. But Agnes had not died in vain—Elizabeth's heart had been reached. She yielded at once to the influences of the Spirit. She no longer trusted to idols of clay, but turned to the living and true Source, and sought consolation where it is only to be found. And by giving her heart to God, she learned that affliction,

"Like the plants which throw
Their fragrance round the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe."

She no longer feasted with the world, but sought companionship with the children of piety. Her father frowned not on this change, though he would have been better pleased to have seen her cheerful and happy in the enjoyment of this world. He was an officer of high rank, had been in action, and seen much of death; but this experience had left no salutary influence upon his heart—he was not contemplative, and cared not to look beyond the vail. When his daughter died he deeply deplored her loss, yet spent not a reflection upon the subject of her unfitness for death. But not so with Elizabeth—it engrossed all her newly awakened thoughts, and was for awhile a stumbling-block in her way to resignation; and it was not until she had attained to that degree of grace that could say, "Thy will, not mine, be done," that she recovered her cheerfulness. She then went on her way rejoicing.

Five more years had passed away, mingling its bitter and its sweet in the cup of mortals, when a large steamer, with colors at half mast, might be seen making its way into N——. As it approached the harbor, the band struck up with muffled drums, playing the Dead March—"They take him to his long home." Save these solemn sounds, all was quiet; no wail of woe, as before, burst from within; for one of those voices was hushed for ever, and God had spoken "peace be still!" to the other. General Hastings was dead; and poor Elizabeth was left the sole survivor of her household. But in this dispensation the angels of affliction and mercy had traveled together—he had died a *Christian*. Elizabeth's quiet, consistent, and cheerful submission to all the varying circumstances of life (so different from her former course) had been silent preaching to his soul, and had had ten-fold more influence with him than if she had attempted his conversion by argument or expostulation. How great is the responsibility of woman as a moral agent! In every sphere of her life she is equally responsible. From her a word fitly spoken, like the small pebble from the sling of David, though weak the arm and feeble the agent, may perchance sink into the heart, and overcome some Goliah of unbelief. General Hastings had become no half Christian—he thought if religion was *any* thing at all, it was every thing; and he plainly saw it had been every thing to his daughter. One conflict more awaited him before he could subscribe to its requirements. He was not willing to believe that Agnes was a lost spirit. He thought himself and "Madame," of the "finishing school," were alone accountable for her doom. "My dear father," Elizabeth would say, "we are commanded to leave the 'secret things with God,' and strive ourselves to 'enter into the strait gate.' I have laid down this burden, and feel much happier in having done so. Although he 'maketh darkness his pavilion,' we know that 'righteousness and judgment are the foundations of his throne.'" After a few more buffetings with the arch enemy, he gave up his rebellion, and cordially embraced the pure Gospel doctrines.

The hand of disease had long been upon him. His health continued gradually to decline till he was finally

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laid upon his dying bed. Elizabeth watched over him like a ministering angel; and though he lingered long on the banks of Jordan, his faith and trust sustained him; and when he passed through its dark waters, his Redeemer was with him. His last look was toward Elizabeth; and it was observed after death that a smile lingered upon his features, seeming to give assurance of the peacefulness of his spirit in death. He was buried with military honors, and was deeply lamented by his brother officers. The monument to his memory says he was a brave soldier, and lived for his country; but to Elizabeth it was the greater source of gratitude and rejoicing that he died a "soldier of the cross."

C. A.

Original.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.*

BY THE EDITOR.

When the first notes of grief yielded to the necessary preparations for laying out the dead, Mr. L. retired to a wood near at hand. A dyke, whose well trodden summit formed a pleasant pathway along the edge of the wood, afforded him a convenient and secluded walk. Here he moved backward and forward, sometimes giving loud vent to his emotions, and at others silently reproaching himself for having provoked this severe chastisement of Providence. "And now," said he, "what have I left? Should God come down again in his wrath, what could he lay his hand upon?" The query hurried his thoughts to the fireside. "Ah!" said he to himself, "Heaven can strike *one heavier* blow. And it will come, unless I turn. There is no way of escape but by repentance. God has now only plucked the fruit; or rather, has broken off a twig. If he comes again in judgment he will cut down the tree." For full two hours he ruminated thus, and then seriously set himself to the task of forming a *purpose* to seek God.

But he encountered many obstacles. First it was suggested, "Is there such a thing as experimental religion? What evidence can convince me? The lives of its confessors are often unsatisfactory. Its comforts do not seem to check their pursuit of the world. They suffer chastisement like other men, and their outward crosses harrass their minds. They feel sorrow, and often murmur under it." But then it occurred to him that there is a difference. "If many professors are carnal, a few are heavenly minded. If some pursue the world, others are contented without it. If many murmur under chastisement, a few are meekly submissive to a very hard lot. If some live careless of the duties, and neglectful of the privileges of religion, others die with composure, and in expiring whispers ascribe praise to Jesus. Here are two classes of witnesses. If I must reject one as unworthy, can that affect the competency or credibility of the other class? Certainly not. And there are enough of these to prove what they affirm."

But "there are disputes amongst Christians themselves. They cannot, as witnesses, agree together. The sharp conflicts of centuries have destroyed the force of their testimony." In reply to this objection it occurred to him that "these disputes are mostly concerning doctrines. They regard the speculations of theology, not the experience of the heart. In this last particular almost all who know Christ experimentally seem to be agreed. If they do not see they feel alike. This is all that the case demands."

But, as to doctrinal disputes, "suppose they are right who affirm the unconditional election and reprobation of different portions of our race—then what good will it do to seek religion? Must I trouble myself to do what God's decree secures at all events, or to *be* what his purpose is sure to make me?" Thus did one difficulty succeed another in his mind, till, weary of such debates, Mr. L. said, "I know not how these things may be; but one thing I know—I am miserable; and no earthly good can bring relief. Some say seek religion. I will try. May be there is no such thing; but possibly there is. Perhaps God's decree will prevent my obtaining it; but possibly it will not. How can I know until I try? I'll commence now, and if I find religion a reality, it will be all clear gain. If I find nothing, I shall be just where I am—no worse if no better off. As there is nothing, therefore, to lose, and may be something to gain, I will make the experiment, and abide the result."

Fortifying his mind in this purpose, he turned to what he considered the *regular business* of seeking religion. He went at it as to a "job" which was to be accomplished by daily toil, and which was to bring to his heart and conscience, its slowly ripening results. He thought to get better by degrees, until the sense of guilt should be lost in the growing innocency of his life, and his vicious tempers should be displaced by the forming habits of virtue. In executing this enterprise he began to pray and read the Scriptures, morning, noon, and night, devoting from twenty to forty minutes at each period to these services. The remainder of the day was spent seriously, but in no ways religiously, the intention being merely to avoid whatever might counteract the saving tendency of his regular devotions.

To trace the changes of the mind in a course of legal efforts to attain salvation is very difficult. One reason is, that it must be the work of memory. The legalist is not aware, at the time, that he is aiming to be saved by works. Against this he hears much from the pulpit, and reads much in the Bible. He intends to be saved by grace, yet, blinded by Satan, and ignorant of himself, he directly "goes about to establish his own righteousness."

Mr. L., like most others, may have speculated right; but he practiced wrong. He had no feeling apprehension of his real condition, nor of the death-like struggle by which he must enter in at the strait gate of faith.

* Continued from page 219.

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But his darkened understanding was gradually enlightened by the Spirit, and he came to new discoveries of his own lost state. God helped him from the beginning, though he knew it not. Blessed be his name, he helps all who are willing to receive his aid; that is, all who have a lively, active willingness, manifested by crying unto him for succor. It matters little whether such have right or wrong views, or commence seeking religion in a right or wrong way. Christ is their prophet, as well as priest, and when he sees a soul reaching after him, whether in this or that direction, he will have compassion. It is a part of his blessed work to instruct them "who are out of the way." If one sincerely purposes to pursue life, Jesus does not withhold his aid until that soul has found the path. He visits it in its remotest wanderings, draws it from the wilderness of its errors, and guides it into the way of peace. In it is fulfilled that gracious promise, "Seek and ye shall find."

Though Mr. L.'s efforts to pray, as to any merit or efficacy of their own, were, as Brainard says, "like paddling in the water," yet they were used by the Holy Spirit to convict him of sin, and to show him his utter helplessness. He soon came to see his heart in a light exceedingly repulsive; for the more he affected to pray, the more violently his feelings declined the service, till even the form was an unendurable penance. He felt that there were in him no elements of devotion, that he could not tolerate the presence of God, and could not long support even the effort to commune with him. Then came the law with its incorrigible precept, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Mr. L. saw that the "commandment was holy, just, and good;" but he more and more despaired of obeying it.

For three weeks he continued, much to the disquiet of his conscience, to perform the ceremonies of closet worship; but he found that he "was nothing bettered, and rather grew worse." It seemed to him that each successive day increased the hardness of his heart. Sometimes, greatly discouraged, he forbore the attempt to pray, and indeed began to feel a strong disposition to give up all, and to conclude that there was no such thing as experimental religion.

In this state of mind he was sitting one day with Mrs. L., engaged in nothing very serious or profitable, when Mrs. Moffit came in, and seating herself near to both of them, remained a few minutes silent, but evidently anxious and unhappy.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Moffit?" said Mr. L.

Mrs. M. "I am concerned, sir, at your condition."

L. "Why so, Mrs. M.? I am trying to seek the kingdom of God?"

Mrs. M. "Yes, Mr. L., so I understand; but, from all I can learn, you seek in such a manner that you will never obtain."

L. "Please explain."

Mrs. M. "You spend half an hour or so, two or three times a day, in your closet. The rest of your time, if I understand, you give up to miscellaneous reading and conversation. Now, sir, can a man accomplish any great worldly thing by devoting to it an hour or so each day? Suppose you had studied the languages an hour a day in your boyhood, or had read law at that rate when a student, what would have been the result?"

L. "Why, Mrs. M., you know we are not to be saved by works. Would you have me drudge all day at my devotions? for, unwilling as I am to confess, or even to *know* it, I find that all my efforts to pray are mere drudgery, affording me neither peace nor hope."

Mrs. M. "I fear, Mr. L., that you labor under a great mistake. You say we are not saved by works. Now this is both true and false. It is false in the sense just now suggested by you, and it is false in any sense which lends the least countenance to inaction or supineness in the pursuit of religion."

L. "Please, then, Mrs. M., to tell me how it is *true*."

Mrs. M. "It is true only in the sense of denying *merit* to our works. We *are* saved by works not at all meritorious in the sight of God. This is the true relation of works to human salvation, if I can understand the Bible."

L. "This is a new idea. I suppose, then, I am to work just as though I could purchase salvation."

Mrs. M. "Yes, and feel just as though your works were of themselves mere sin and death; for this is true."

L. "Then you would have me read and pray more."

Mrs. M. "Yes; I would say do nothing else. Throw away every thing, law books, newspapers, history, poetry, conversation, and, if possible, the very memory of your afflictions—forget your child and her grave, in the all-absorbing efforts of your soul to find Jesus. In a word, no longer *seek* but '*strive* to enter in at the strait gate.' O, sir, it is rather insulting than honoring God to profess an intention to serve him, and then show so little regard for his favor as to pursue it with less zeal and diligence than you would the veriest trifle on earth."

L. "Mrs. M., I am convinced of my error. I have insulted God, and by my conduct shown small regard for his favor. But I will do differently. I will, from this moment, do nothing but implore his mercy."

Mrs. M. wept during this conversation, and Mrs. L. avouched a cordial concurrence in all she had said. From that hour Mr. L. threw aside every thing else, and gave himself wholly to the pursuit of religion. For two days he was much of the time alone upon his knees; but, alas! it grew darker and darker. A thick mist seemed to be gathering around him, rendering the objects of moral vision less and less distinct, while hope grew fainter and fainter, till he seemed to be entering the regions of despair. All this time Mr. L. had no special fears of hell, and no painful conviction of guilt. His mind did not dwell on his past life. He wondered at this. He looked for no other conviction than that of past sinfulness; and when he was unable to realize how wicked he had been, and felt no dread of hell to take hold of him, he of course judged himself to be stupid, and waited and prayed for conviction. Yet he afterward perceived that all this time he was deeply

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convicted; for though conviction is of sin, yet it may be of its defilement rather than of its guilt—and as dwelling now in the heart rather than as heretofore acted in the life. Thus it was with Mr. L. He had a painful sense of alienation from God in his affections. He felt his obligations to love God, and was conscious that he did not, nay, *could* not love him—that all the moral relishes of his soul averted from the Creator, and cleaved to the creature. Prayer did not improve his heart, and draw him nearer to God, but served rather to stir up his enmity, and repel him from his Maker. As tasting an unpalatable dish serves to nauseate, and render the article more disgusting, so every struggle to approach near to God revealed more clearly his disrelish of such communion.

Can there be a worse condition—a spirit with God's likeness, formed to inhabit God's eternity, made to be blessed in God's society, and constitutionally incapacitated for all other happiness, so blasted by the power of sin as to have lost the fruition of God past human recovery? Yes, painful as is such a state (and how vain all attempts to describe it!) there is a *worse* condition; namely, that which embraces all this evil, and superadds the close of probation, and the full horrors of retributive wrath. From such a consummation of evils, blessed Jesus, deliver us!

For months after it passed by, the fifth day of October, 1828, was called, in some places, "the rainy Sabbath." One lengthened *shower* lasted from morning till night. But, for far weightier reasons, it was to Mr. L. the day of days. He rose in the morning with a heavy heart, and hastily adopting his apparel for the day, turned aside to prayer. No sooner was he upon his knees than the heavens were as brass, his own heart like adamant, and his tongue, for very shame, refused to utter words which he was aware must be, not a feigned but an unfeeling expression of desires which he had not, but only sought to have. After bowing in silence for some minutes, he arose, changed his posture, kneeled again, felt the same stupidity, and still rose without uttering a word, or indulging even a whisper. With little variation he spent the morning in these silent kneelings and risings. He was unable to speak the words of prayer, because he was sensible that such words would not be the outflow of desire. When upon his feet it seemed to him that by moving to such or such a place, his heart would melt, and he should feel devotion. But on kneeling in that spot the same stupidity and hardness prevented him.

There was to be preaching within a mile; and the carriage being at the door, Mr. L. requested his friends to accompany Mrs. L. in it to church. He chose his way on foot, with an umbrella over his head; and entering a grove of thick trees which skirted the roadside, he repeated his efforts to approach God in prayer. The rain was falling almost in torrents, the hollow places of the surface were full of water, and only on the elevated spots of earth could he kneel without partial submersion. But he bowed down before God, first in one place, then in another, saying nothing, and feeling more and more, at each failing effort, that he was full of sin, and the lost victim of spiritual death—"without God, and *without hope*." These unsuccessful attempts at devotion detained him in the grove till he was quite wet, and until he was sure that the public services must have commenced. More hopeless than ever, he walked on toward the sanctuary. The congregation was small, and the preacher, fully informed as to Mr. L.'s state, and deeply interested in its results, ministered especially to him. He preached Christ crucified in a plain and practical manner, which seemed to touch every heart but one. He for whom it was most especially intended felt nothing of its force and power. His heart, like clay in the sunshine, grew harder and harder under the outbeamings of the cross. The sermon was closed, and while the congregation kneeled in prayer, Mr. L. *stood* by a window gazing at the clouds as they moved in heavy masses toward the northwest. Just then a flock of birds sped along their aerial pathway, sporting on the wing, and careless of the future. Quick as thought, Mr. L. mentally exclaimed, "Would to God I were one of your company, to meet death and its everlasting oblivion before night-fall, at the hand of the fowler!"

The disease of the soul was forming a crisis; for with a despair, not absolute but fearful, there was just then intermingling an obstinacy of spirit which draws the soul nearest to perdition, and which must be met by sudden relief, or must terminate in the settled purpose of impenitency. Nothing shows such spiteful opposition to God as the indurating power of the cross. It indicates the last and ripest stage of enmity to Jehovah.

Mr. L. returned as he went, pausing in the grove, and lingering under the broad expanse of almost every tree which seemed to afford the promise of a shelter from the storm. Long after the family were at home, he reached the rear of the house, and entering by a back door, softly stole up into the garret, and there gave himself to the saddest, nay, the most agonizing reflections of his whole life.

"And this," said he to himself, "is seeking religion. And this agony, which no demon could endure, I am to receive as an illustration of God's mercy. He says, 'Seek and ye shall find.' Indeed I *have* found—what? a heart incapable of loving God—fierce in its enmity toward my Maker—uncontrollable by any power of mine, and equally so by any aid vouchsafed me from above." Then it occurred to him, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be *anathema maranatha*." "Well," he exclaimed, "I love not Christ. My heart is as empty of all such love as a deserted, falling mansion is of elegant furniture. I cannot love him. And I shall be cursed, nay, am cursed—cursed by the Father—cursed by the Son—cursed by the Holy Ghost! And is there a worse hell?"

As he uttered the closing sentences in an agitated frame, he raised his voice, and was overheard by Mrs. L., who hurried up stairs, and interrupted his painful soliloquy. Wet and cold as he was, he followed her

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with some hesitation to the chamber, and seated himself by the fire. In a few minutes Mrs. Moffit announced that the preacher was below, and was about to have prayers, inviting Mr. and Mrs. L. to join in the devotions. "Excuse me," said Mr. L.; "to me prayer is useless, and I must give up." Mrs. M. burst into a flood of tears, and retired. "Husband," said Mrs. L., "let us go down." Partly relenting, and moved by his wife's entreaties, he yielded, and joined the praying circle. Probably for three weeks he had not knelt in a more careless frame. Indeed, he thought he had determined to relinquish this "vain struggle." He might not have done so; for such were his views of himself, and of the wickedness of his heart, that possibly his conscience would have refused repose in spite of his resolve. But this result was waived by an unexpected occurrence. In the progress of the prayer, under some common devotional expressions, a softening influence suddenly touched his heart. It was not overwhelming but gentle—a small rivulet in the desert of his heart—a distilling dew on the parched waste of its affections. Yet it was refreshing. Hope in an instant recovered its lost dominion, and Mr. L. said within himself, "Perhaps I am not lost. I will go to meeting once more, and make another effort to find a reconciled God." He accordingly went that very evening to a prayer meeting. It was a small assembly of twelve praying souls, met to plead in Christ's name. The minister was there; and having prescribed a hymn, he said, "If our afflicted friends," meaning Mr. and Mrs. L., "will come forward and kneel down, we will all pray for them." It was the first proposition that had been made of the kind, and probably Mr. L. had never, until then, been in a state of mind to act upon it. But the words were no sooner uttered than he hastened forward and fell upon his knees.

Earnest pleading in his behalf now arose from as many believing hearts as were in that little assembly. The voluntary outward humiliation of Mr. L. as a "mourner" greatly moved them. Their strong desires in his behalf were unrestrainable, and in a few minutes every tongue seemed to be employed in loud invocations for God's mercy upon him. The tears of the writer now flow unchecked, as he enters on the description of a scene which, though in its prominent features, it is not rare amongst consistent Methodists, yet is so touching to the heart of piety that its frequent recurrence cannot rob it of its interest. As the songs and beatitudes of heaven are ever new, so shall the tears and the groans—the supplications, conversions and shouts of these altar scenes never become tame or unaffecting to those whose eyes have been opened to discern their deep import.

Such a scene, a few weeks previous, would have been unspeakably disgusting to Mr. L. He would have discerned in it the tokens of a phrenzy as irrational and degrading as the wildest excesses of bacchanalian indulgence. Instead of which, he now felt like turning to one and another and beseeching each in turn to *plead more earnestly.*

Soon after this outburst of feeling occurred, Mr. L. began to say in an undertone, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated it continually, but with great deliberation—feeling, in some degree, and increasingly as he reiterated it, the pressure of truth upon his conscience, and its quickenings in his heart. In a word, he felt as he never had before, and hope produced a struggle in him. He thought it possible that God would save him, and that the finger of his power was now gently rousing his soul to life.

Amidst these incipient struggles, he was most unexpectedly disquieted by a change in his bodily state. He began to feel a sense of numbness, first in his feet. It gradually spread upward, till his limbs seemed almost paralyzed. He sought in several ways to escape the sensation, or the *fancy;* for he could scarcely determine whether it were this or that. Not used to kneeling, he deemed that it might result from his posture, and by moving this way and that around the chair on which he leaned, he hoped to recover. But the embarrassment increased. His attention was now diverted from his moral to his physical state. "Is it possible," thought he, "that I am going to 'have the power!'" The concern, or rather alarm, that now arose in his mind checked his cry for mercy; and in a few minutes his numbness, his struggles, and his tenderness of spirit gave place to his usual obduracy, and he found himself stupid, impenitent, unconscious of inward contrition, and insensible of bodily ailment.

And now, having lost what he coveted, as well as escaped what he eschewed, he felt keen regret. "Better," thought he, "that I should have endured an outward than have retained this inward paralysis. My body has escaped at the expense of the soul. I should have forgotten the former in my struggles for the latter." He felt assured that his mental and moral exercises for some minutes had been perfectly new to him, and that they had in them a higher promise than any former states of mind. He recollected that, among other reflections which had doubtless contributed to his present obduracy, was the dread that he might be prostrated by the power of the Spirit, and some of his ungodly acquaintances come in and gaze upon him. This he feared was a suggestion of the devil, or at least the apprehension of pride, and well calculated to grieve the Spirit and drive Him from the heart.

There is a quick and subtle sympathy in religion. It is spiritual, can approach all hearts, and is wont to move them in the same direction, as the waves of the sea are moved in succession toward or from the shore. How often, in love feast, does the whole mass of mind remain slumbering and motionless up to a given moment, and then, like forest leaves under the rising breeze, awake to the touches of the life-inspiring Spirit! Blessed be God, for the gift of the Spirit, through our Lord Jesus Christ! What to us were the incarnation, the atonement, and all the opened avenues from earth to heaven, without the Holy Spirit to rouse our sensualized affections, and draw us toward our home!

(*To be concluded.*)

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Original.

SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITURES OF WOMAN.*

BY MRS. L. P. MORGAN.

SARAH.

The name of the patriarch Abraham has been handed down through the archives of successive generations linked with the appellation, "Father of the faithful." And justly is he entitled to such a distinction, passing amidst scenes of darkness and error, surrounded by idolators, yet preserving his faith untarnished, and keeping his hopes fixed on the one true God. As we peruse his history our thoughts naturally advert to his wife, Sarah, the constant companion of all his joys and sorrows throughout his changeful pilgrimage, and pause to contemplate her character. Nor do we find it void either of interest or individuality. As the mother of the most remarkable race that ever trod this peopled world, she may well claim a place in the annals of female biography. The apostle Peter has bestowed on her the highest eulogium possible, when in addressing the Christian women throughout the various provinces his precepts traversed, he recommends her example to their imitation, and concludes his encomium of her thus: "Whose daughters ye are as long as ye do well." Little could Sarah have imagined in her apparently unimportant and isolated journeyings through a stranger land, that her footsteps would be tracked by the historian, and her faith and conjugal obedience recorded as a model for succeeding generations of her own sex. Still less could she have conceived that, nearly two thousand years after she had been laid to rest in her rocky sepulchre, one of her remote descendants, proud of his illustrious ancestress, would rescue her portrait from oblivion, and present it, retouched with its pristine beauty, to the gaze of the Jewish females. The two most prominent features of her character appear to have been her faith in God and her obedience as a wife. Paul commends her for the one, Peter extols her for the other; and even without such commentaries they are sufficiently evident in her history furnished us by the Hebrew lawgiver.

She is first introduced to us in her bridal hour: "Abram and Nahor took them wives; and the name of Abram's wife was Sarai." She was afterward called Sarah, as a pledge that she should be the mother of a royal line. She accompanied her husband from the land of her nativity, and we read of no repining word at the sacrifice of home and kindred, although they journeyed in darkness, "not knowing whither they went," guided only by the dim glimmering of an obscure promise. At this late period, when Christianity has poured such a flood of light upon our paths, we can scarcely appreciate, as it deserves, the faith which preserved its lustre amidst the gloom and ambiguity of the patriarchal dispensation. The acquiescence of Sarah in all the wishes of her husband, much as we approve it in the abstract, in two instances was excessive. When the untoward circumstances by which they were encircled drove them to seek a temporary refuge in Egypt and Gerar, she yielded to his solicitations, and practiced a deception which was peculiarly revolting to an ingenuous and delicate woman, obliging her to receive attentions which ought to be tendered to the unmarried only. Wisdom should have induced her to suggest to Abraham the impropriety of his proposal, and her piety should have sought to strengthen his. But her anxiety to dispel his uneasiness, together with her habitual submission to his will, seemed to have triumphed over every other consideration. Even while we blame them both for the weakness of their trust in God, we are prepared to sympathize in the motive urged by Abraham to insure the compliance of Sarah, and her instant acquiescence. Rightly had he read the heart of woman when he employed it! "Say, I pray thee, that thou art my sister; *that it may be well with me for thy sake; and my soul shall live because of thee.*" I can imagine the perplexed and terrified wife in the dwelling of the several kings, composing and encouraging her troubled spirit by the remembrance of these words. The consciousness that her husband, at least, was safe, must have been some alleviation to her apprehensions in the danger which surrounded her. But she was not forsaken of the God in whom she confided; and although the event proved that the weakness of their faith alone caused their peril, I doubt not that very faith, imperfect as it was, occasioned their preservation. Most worthy of admiration is the delicate reproof given by the heathen king to Sarah, and indirectly to Abraham also, for their unjustifiable dissimulation, "Behold he is to thee a covering of the eyes to all that are with thee, and to all others." Many a wife of succeeding ages, whose vanity subjected her to particular attentions, for which she could not plead the excuse of Sarah, might have learned wisdom from the rebuke of the monarch of Gerar.

There is much in the subsequent history of Sarah to call forth our approbation, although there are some acts we ought to condemn. Her indistinct apprehension of the assurance that Abraham should be a "father of many nations," must have suggested to her the expedient for which we blame her, while we equally censure the concurrence of her husband with her proposal; yet we instinctively sympathize with the vexation and unhappiness in which her imprudence resulted, and regard Abraham as a pattern of consideration and conjugal tenderness in his earnest desire to alleviate the misery her own folly had created. And even where "we deemed her judgment erroneous, and her consequent conduct faulty, we may discern evidences of her piety, however defective, in some respects. She appeals to God as her judge and rightful governor, and manifests at all times an unmurmuring submission to his will; and when, after many years of vague expectation, the promise, which she as well as her lord seems to have but darkly understood, was clearly revealed in the gift of a son, how readily and

* Continued from page 197.

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gratefully does she acknowledge the real Donor of her happiness: "God hath made me to laugh, so that all who hear shall laugh with me." I have sometimes thought that the very minuteness of Scriptural history was an attestation of its truth. Its occasional brief and touching details appear to be their own vouchers for their genuineness. What woman's heart does not respond to the emotions of Sarah, when, on the day she had made a "great feast" for her beloved Isaac, she saw "the son of her Egyptain handmaid mocking?" We do not justify her anger, nor deem the annoyance of sufficient moment, philosophically considered, to have embittered her enjoyment. We only feel that the effect was true to nature.

It is generally supposed by commentators on the subject that Sarah was not informed of the purposed sacrifice of Isaac until after the transaction on the mount, as the anguish of the mother might have triumphed over the submission of the patriarch to the Divine command. The surmise is plausible, for the whole history of Abraham evinces his regard for her feelings; yet I have sometimes imagined her acquainted with the mandate of God to her husband, and his intended fulfillment of it, and pictured her during the sorrowful six days of his mysterious journey, supplicating Heaven for a repeal of the apparently harsh behest. How often must she have wandered beyond the precincts of her tented home, with her straining eyes turned toward the distant summit of Moriah, sometimes shuddering lest the curling smoke which rose from the funeral pile of her only child should meet her agonized gaze; and then, encouraged by a scarcely defined hope of his safe return, almost believing that she distinguished his beloved form in the misty perspective. St. Paul tells us (Heb. xi, 11) that Isaac was given as the reward of her faith in the promise of Jehovah, and we may therefore conceive some rays of that faith were still shining amidst the darkness and perplexity that environed her, and cheering her solitary and anxious watching. Perhaps, with Abraham, she believed that God was able to raise him up again from his bloody tomb; and surely such a trust, under such heart-rending circumstances, justly entitled her to the commendations of the apostle.

There is another distinction attached to the history of Sarah. She is the only female whose age is recorded in the Old Testament, and was the first of her race who entered into possession of the promised inheritance, although the heritage allotted her was a grave. As if to furnish a firmer foundation for the faith of her future posterity, she was permitted to incorporate her dust with the soil of which they were to be the proprietory lords, while yet the promised millions of her offspring had no representative but Isaac. Who does not sympathize with her bereaved husband as he mourns for the tried friend of so many checkered years in an alien land, and asks a burial place for her beloved remains? And how courteous and Christian-like is the reply of the heathens whom he addressed! Methinks it was a fine comment on his upright walk among them. We learn from the beautiful and significant language of Scripture that Isaac's grief for his mother's loss was worthy of her love, for his marriage only supplied the void in his heart: "And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife; and Isaac was (thus) comforted after his mother's death." A lengthened detail of all his words and actions could not have portrayed his grief more touchingly. As the funeral procession rises before my imagination, bearing this mother of unborn nations to her quiet resting place, let us chaunt her elegy, as a fitting conclusion to her annals:

Room, for that sad and stranger band,
That unpretending throng—
Not marshal'd to invade your land—
Your heritage to wrong,—
Your vineyards or your forests spoil,
Or devastate your fertile soil.

They come with slow and solemn tread,
No sign of war they bear,
But grief sincere hath bow'd each head,
And hearts are raised in prayer,—
Ye sons of Canaan, grant them room,
The boon they ask is fraught with gloom.

Death is among them—see, they bring
The shrouded form of one,
Round whom two warm hearts fondly cling,
Her husband and her son,
A "princess" though her name imports,
She asks no homage from your courts.

The mother of a royal race,
As yet existing not,
She comes to seek a burying place,
A lonely, quiet spot,
Within the land one day to be,
The home of her posterity.

But not for "charity's dear sake,"
Shall she the gift obtain,
Her husband must the purchase make,—
What should his love restrain?
For her as alms he would not crave,
The all he now can give—a grave.

Then room for her—amidst your tombs
A burial place prepare—
The mother of your future lords
Now asks admittance there,
Perchance, her dust may blessings win
The land too long defil'd by sin.

A CAUTION.

I would caution mothers against the foolish ambition of trying to make prodigies of their children, and against the vanity of so exaggerating their smart speeches and exploits as to make them appear to be prodigies. I would not be so rigid as to prohibit mothers from speaking of their own dear offspring, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak; but I may advise you not to make your children the everlasting theme of your conversation, morning, noon, and night. Rest assured, that other people do not take as much interest in the subject as you do. And while I commend those mothers who are diligent in the instruction of their children, I would say, be thankful that they have common sense.—*Dr. A. Alexander.*

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Original.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.*

HISTORY OF "OUR VILLAGE."

In our last month's look upon life's real stage afforded ought of interest to our young reader, she will, perhaps, vouchsafe us a second glance upon its scenes. The actors will be no longer the same. Like the figures of the magic-lantern, they have passed from the view, and others, and yet others, claiming in turn a brief tribute of notice, have taken their place. Our especial instincts have taken us to the precise point of observation we last occupied—the same green, tufted bank where the shriek of the young wife came upon our ear. The village is again spread out before us, which, but for loitering so long upon that bank, we had purposed to ramble through. And now we may fulfill our purpose; for the shore offers little at this time to claim our interest. The river—the ever glorious river—is stretching its interminable mirror, rich with the reflection of spring's abundant garniture, away upon our vision; and, would we indulge the dreamy reveries with which we have sometimes gazed into its glassy depths, a multitude of busy forms might perhaps arrest and hold us in durance. But such is not our purpose. We have come forth eschewing the world of shadows, and seeking interests of a *weightier* and less "questionable" shape. To us even nature herself, in all her lovely forms, and with all her ministries of power, has less of interest than *one human face;* for *those* shall pass away—the green earth, with her mountains and floods, the skies, with their gorgeous drapery and their burning fires, shall pass as a scroll; but that human face, no matter how common—how unattractive—how debased even—yet it speaks of eternity. And though the soul struggles but feebly and darkly with the immense conception of that imperishable nature, of which those lineaments are the seal and token, yet have they *thence* a power over it—an ever operative and still existing claim upon its interest, which nothing else in the whole universe of matter may assert. Man meets his fellow man hourly, perhaps momently, upon some of the paths of life, and still he looks in the *stranger's* face with an inquiring earnestness—a strange observance—which, but for that *power*, would be wholly inexplicable.

But our shore is not quite deserted, though we are thus running into the speculative mood we are so prone to indulge in. That single passenger in that single skiff, shooting so like an arrow across the stream, is beyond our ken. But here is a group of uproarious urchins to claim our notice, laughing, shouting, and dabbling in the wave. Nor can we pass them without a moment's pause, unconscious as they seem of our observance. We can never look upon children without a feeling that grows into melancholy—from the fair waxen form upon whose softly closed eye the mother's turns with so watchful a tenderness, to the sturdy boy who has either furtively or by sufferance escaped her gentle surveillance. Yet might the latter seem little calculated to awaken such a mood. The merry rebel! who looks the very impersonation of mischief and frolic. Of such are these before us—the little miscreants!—upon whose rosy faces the broad laugh gives such rich effect—or perhaps it is *vice versa*—to the dirt that, 'mid "moving accidents by field and flood," they have contrived to accumulate upon them. Little do they care for our gaze, as we watch their feats of prowess; but smile though we may—and most infectious is that gleeful laugh that breaks ever and anon like a gush of spring music from some effervescent spirit—yet is a feeling widely apart from mirth, and which we would gladly suppress, stirred deeply within us. Young wrestlers! growing up for the future arena of life's *strong* struggle! How *should* we look upon them and not give up our whole soul to the surging floods of thought that come upon us! Those fresh, and pleasant, and happy faces! upon which that laugh shall become less and less gladsome till the heart's free gushings shall have passed for ever from its sound as has already faded from the face the tenderer smile of infant trust and joy—over whose glance, too, where every thought is now mirrored like gems flashing up through clear waters, a *mask* shall be drawn—all insufficient though it shall be to vail the harsh lines of thought, and passion, and suffering that may be traced there beneath it. Alas! alas! But why linger here? or rather, why turn our glance so fearfully toward their unvailed future? A better trust should be ours—a single thought should chide our solicitude to peace. They are thine, almighty Father! and shall we not trust thy own to thy keeping?

But our village. How quiet it lies beneath the softening and brightening touches of sunlight and shade! It has enough of stir to tell of all life's busy and cheering impulses; but to one accustomed to the condensed mass of action presented by the city, its aspect is that of perfect repose. One would deem that sorrow and suffering had never found entrance there—so calm—so pure—so cheerful, seems the atmosphere hovering over it. But man is still the same in the simple village as in the crowded city. Everywhere the law of change and the subjection to stern and mysterious influences mark his existence. We once beheld it a wide scene of suffering unto agony—a place of terror, and despair, and death. The streets where the quick tread of industry and the impulsive call to action may now be heard on every hand of us, were then as silent as the grave. Scarce a vestige of life was to be seen, except when the slow opening of a door revealed some worn face, wan and haggard with watching—or yet more appallingly marked with the deep ghastliness of recent disease—looking out despairingly and wistfully into the hoary and tainted air, or perhaps emerging into it with a group of some four or five to follow the ill-supported coffin, in which, husband or wife, parent or child, was borne to the fast-peopling place of the dead.

* Continued from page 210.

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Such is a portion of the early history of this now peaceful and happy village—scenes with which we were ourself familiar. We traversed its streets while yet the shadows of the forest tree lay heavily upon them, and we tell no gossip's traditionary tale. *Thirty years since!* Why that to the young—though to the actors in those scenes they are but as things of yesterday—yet to the young and the romantic it is already of the far past. Hope we, then, *their* interest in the annals of that date, plain and prosaic though much of them be. Well do we remember when, to our own young fancy, *thirty years since* imbued all things with that mist that gives a character of romance to the most common events. The aspects of time to the young and old are, in their relative proportion, though reversed in the order of their change, like the noontide and evening shadows. To us the rise and growth of our village is a reality whose somewhat harsh coloring is little mellowed by the lapse of years; but we can hardly forbear smiling at the illusions it once presented. A new town in the far west—the land of all the habitable globe "the pride!" and this the fairest—the very fairest portion of that land—situated upon the border of the river of rivers—embracing all felicitous "combinations of circumstance"—impressed with indubitable marks of nature's particular favoritism. Brighter suns and fairer moons than ever shed their light elsewhere rose upon it—purer skies o'ercanopied—softer winds fanned it. Such was our *town* as we first beheld it—a diagraphic square of lines and angles—in the newspaper of the day. And, albeit, the world *is* infinitely wiser than of yore—yet were there hearts, even at that late date, just as needful of hope, as willing to believe, and as prompt to act, as when the slumberer of the olden world smiled upon his pillow over "bright glimpses" of El Dorado. And so the *new* adventurer embarked for the *new city;* and the freighted broadhorn is floating quietly onward—its passengers nothing doubting the realization of their dreams. And now, as our boat rounds one of those fairy isles that lift up their green heads from our river, we at length fairly behold it—or rather its site; for as yet it is only a *deep brown forest.* The town! how ludicrous the term! We gaze upon the location before us, and think sympathetically of the *well known* little boy who could not see the town for the houses—though *our* perplexity has certainly a different source. Not a house is to be seen—nothing but the gray old woods, that had "stood and perpetuated themselves from century to century." But, courage, our messmates! That lumbering and ponderous fall gives "heavy and startling note of preparation." A giant tree, with all its arms of pride, is lying prostrate—and now another—and yet another, frightening the echoes from all attempt at imitation; while, like a merry interlude, the click of a dozen axes, as if in rivalry, fills up the pauses. Woe for the towering forest! woe for the silence of its ancient shades! How irreverently are its honors scattered to the dust! how rudely are the vulgar ministers of *sound* breaking into its depths! But the laborers are looking cheerily up to the broad patches of blue sky; and the sun, that has hitherto been seen but as a vailed god through those cloistered shades, is breaking in, full and gloriously, through a dozen openings. The checkered-off domains are speedily appropriated—lines and limits are drawn, and specific rights duly designated. The clink of the hammer, and the forced rush of the saw, come next upon our ear, and cabins are going up with no tardy operation. The infant community is gathering from the north and the south, the east and west, and it seems instinct and absolutely breathing with impulse. If there are any in it who have hitherto been the victims of mishap and disappointment—the bankrupts of fortune—hope has raised its altar anew in their hearts. Every man is the lord of his own tiny domain, and (let the man of princely acres smile if he will) in the honest pride of that thought, many a nature, that had sunk under the paralysis of disastrous effort, is re-energized to exertion. The little spot of earth, with its newly erected cabin, is made a holy place; for it has become a *home;* and on every hand there seems a strife who first shall have that spot prepared to receive the pleasant and patient trust of the gardener's seed; for it is yet the early spring time, and many a "pale spring flower" is taken up from its wild bed by some young votary of taste to re-plant in the rude domestic garden. The twinkle of the fire-fly is lost in the myriad sparkles that go up at evening from the ruddy fires of the log-heap; and round these many a group of happy children is gathered at the merry twilight, "piling on" the withered vegetation and the dry faggot, and shouting with joy as the leaping flame flings its glare upon their elfin forms.

Meanwhile we were not without interests beyond the little sphere of our new being. We were not a people altogether isolated and cut off from the larger world. The wilderness was about us, but not *wholly* around. The natural thoroughfare between our embryo state and her older sisters was sweeping evermore past us, and it bore us frequent and exciting tidings—news from kindred hearths—from political halls, and the marts of commerce. It brought us, too, frequent accessions to our numbers; and such accessions formed a pleasant era in our history. It is in such communities that the social nature has its freest play. The simplicity of their condition communicates itself to the character. The heart seems restored to its original freshness. The superincumbrances acquired amid the conventional formalities and cold refinements of a more artificial state of society are thrown off. The avenues of feeling are left unchoked. The bandages that have stopped the circulation of its warm currents are loosened, and the rich tides flow out again. So it was with the denizens of our forest town. Distrust had no place among us. The new-comer was hailed and welcomed with a familiar kindness—an immediate and kind of family adoption by one and all. And how lively was the interest—or perhaps curiosity, we will not pause to analyze the term—with which we marked the newly arrived emigrant, striving at the first glance

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to read the whole history and character. But though all were welcomed, all were not equally satisfactory in this study. Some repelled—others, independent of our relative position, afforded interest only as unique modifications of humanity. Some there were to whom our affections went out with a ready and instinctive embrace; and *their* faces, though many of them are dust, rise still upon our memory just as we then saw them—trustful—open—beaming. But none were so repulsive or so common place but their arrival was a source of excitement; for it extended the narrow limits of our social world, and at least afforded matter of pleasant speculation as to the amount that each one would be likely to contribute to our fund of social enjoyment.

The steamboat was then a rare pageant upon western waters; but the flat-boat, gliding so noiselessly adown the current, was an object of almost equal interest. The approach of the humble and quiet ark was hailed with quickened pulses, and earnestly did we watch its course, from the moment it appeared, a speck upon the wave, till it had either brought its freight to our shore, or dwindled again to a speck in the receding distance. How busy memory becomes as we recall these scenes! how officiously she spreads before us the simple picture! Every minute point, every faint shade is touched into life and freshness.

We stand again upon the bank we so recently left; but we are now surrounded by primitive wildness. How wide upon the stream lie the shadows of the forest, that upon the opposite shore reaches the very margin of the wave, deep, dead, unbroken! How darkly it stretches away in the distance—an immensity of solitude! But our foreground hath objects of life; and we forget the glooms and the grandeur of the wilderness. We are watching the boats that are descending the stream—we have no eye for objects of mere visual interest. Here is one at hand that has been heralded by some half-dozen "out riders"—a store-boat! laden with fancy merchandise—an exciting array of red, and green, and yellow, now quiet for the hearts of the demoiselles both of our town and our backwoods. Why, look! the stirring rumor has been out upon the wings of the wind. They are already hurrying, in not silent groups down the bank—the young—the fair—the guileless hearted. Beshrew the heart that would scorn their simple vanity! May every little purse (and well we ken they are light enough) prove sufficient for the favorite want! for hardly have its contents been earned, and carefully have they been treasured, doubtless for such destination. But another boat has landed—it is moored to one of the sycamores that flings its white arms like gigantic spectres over the stream. It seems stirring with life. A dozen forms are crowding forward—they spring on shore—they look round them with the most animated interest. Why, what is this? Such a *troop* of young and smiling faces! They are but one family! A father and mother scarcely past the meridian of life, with their eleven children, from the ages of six to twenty-four, all in the very flush and fullness of health and action—most of them, too, of exceeding loveliness. They bring with them comparative wealth. Their boat is heavily freighted. Every thing about them evidences habits of industry—of business—of energy. There is that in their manner not to be mistaken—the very earnestness of their glance, as they look about them, bespeaks character and purpose. What an accession to our incipient community! Yet does the first words of the father, as our citizens welcome him to our shore, stir a feeling of still deeper interest. He asks anxiously what are the religious privileges of our place—has it a people devoted to the Lord! Alas, for the negative that is given! But so it shall not remain. Our emigrant is a humble laborer in the cause of our Lord and Master. He has been a class-leader, and a devoted one for many years. He is not one to remain inactive in his present sphere. He passes on to the cabin erected for his reception; but already has he spoken of a meeting for prayer beneath its roof. Peace be to that dwelling! From that lowly sanctuary the voice of prayer shall not go up vainly. The few who will gather there for worship shall become many; and the corner-stone shall be laid of a church that, though it shall come through much tribulation, shall finally triumph in the fullness and power of faith.

But here is a boat that has been floating from its moorings some days. It contains a family, too—a young husband and wife. They have availed themselves of its shelter till the cabin that is being prepared for them shall be in readiness. They are standing in the prow, and looking out upon the wild scenery before them in rather a musing mood. We have managed to gather some items of their history, and our interest in them has a touch of sadness, as what we have gathered of them has of romance. They turned from the hymeneal altar to seek a home amid our wilds. They are indeed *strangers* in our forest land. Their views of life, their habitudes, their tastes, have all been formed amid the widely different influences of the eastern states. They know little of rude companionship or rugged encounter. They have brought no wealth; for their little all has been lost in a voyage of singular peril and disaster. We "cannot choose," but fear for them; and fain would we gather from the study of their lineaments somewhat to re-assure us. They have not renounced the land of their fathers, "the scenes of their childhood," without many a dream of promise, many a glowing vision of the future, that will be scarcely realized. And how shall those young hearts suffer as their eager aspirations meet the bitter chill of disappointment! The husband, it is true, should be strong to endure; and now, that we mark his countenance particularly, we are inclined to think our misgivings for *him* are altogether idle. His face is difficult of study. His nature—it may be cold or deep—the indices are not always to be distinguished. There is nothing in face or manner to afford us access to its real character; but the surface, at least, is unexcitable; and from the stern compressure of his lip we cannot be mistaken in deeming him one but little likely to indulge in day dreams—able, at all events, to repudiate

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them at will, and to meet, without any wreck of feeling, whatever of difficulty or trial he may be called upon to encounter. But so we read not of the wife. On that young face—young to extreme girlishness, and common place, too, in all its features—there is yet something to move a fear of her special appointment to suffering. It is not the expression of *sentiment*, for that is not there. The face has not a shade of the *pensive*. Neither eye nor lip has any thing of possible association with the *melancholy* of romance. It is simply a face of health, freshness, and hope. The manner, too, is in perfect keeping with it—not exactly perhaps a *dash of the romp*, but indicating a spirit particularly untamed and gleeful, subject to impulsive outbreaks, and by no means duly regardful of all staid and seemly observances. Her eye, which has been busy with the scenery of shore and river, is now turned to her husband, and some sudden thought has wakened her merriment. How gleeful is that laugh—how full of heart! Scarcely is it checked by the rebuking glance of her graver husband—rebuking even in its want of sympathy. Yet all this to the contrary notwithstanding, accustomed as we are to read *life* rather than romance, there is something in her look and manner that bespeak unwonted capacity to *feel*, and therefore to suffer. True, our "reading" is assisted by various other data of conclusion; but so our interpretation is not at fault it does not matter. We are assured that this buoyancy of temperament belongs but to the surface of her character. Her manner hath its shiftings, and through these we catch occasional glimpses of an under current that is flowing strongly and deeply beneath it. We learn that her life has been spent in a singularly rigid seclusion; and the tendency to sentiment, to which such seclusion is calculated to give rise, has been probably overruled by complexional elasticity. But with this there was a tendency to strong feeling—an undue ardor of character that her position was also calculated to foster. And it has been fostered to enthusiasm. The bias of her mind, which might or might not (for it is difficult sometimes to determine between original bent and that of early circumstances) have been slightly imaginative, has been borne out to excess. She knows nothing of the world—its wearing cares or oppressive responsibilities. Her companionship has been with books, birds, and flowers. Among the latter she has dissipated the overflowings of her joyous nature. From the former she has gathered aliment for her ever busy and vagrant thought, and learned to create images, upon which, from the want of tangible purpose, she has poured out the fervors of her character. Over these has she thought and pondered till they have become realities—bright—glittering—Eden-like. The sunshine of her spirit has imparted to them its own glow, and they have not a shade of sombre coloring. The *west* has been to her a land of romance. She has dreamed, not of its privations, its difficulties, its rugged hardships, its want of the refinements and elegances of life, but of its primeval forests, its mighty rivers, its broad and green savannas, its summer skies, streamered over with gold and crimson—all of the wild, the imposing, the gorgeous, and the picturesque. What to her have been the dangers and disasters of the journey hither! What marvel they have left no trace upon her brow, now that they are past! Life is before her, new, fresh, untried; and through the mist of uncertainty that lies upon it her fancy shapes out forms of strange and surpassing beauty. Ah! pity for the dreamer! Yet it is high time she awaken. That undisciplined heart is yet to have its *schooling*. Her morning is lapsing fast. Let her wake to the lessons that her immortal nature needeth.

(*To be continued.*)

Original.

THE ADMONITION.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

We love this world; but list! a voice
From heav'n is heard in accents soft—
"Why will ye make so poor a choice?
Children, why will ye stray so oft?
Why wander from your Father's face,
When all without is dark and drear?
Why leave your soul's best resting place,
When heav'nly hope alone is here?
Fond mother, mourning o'er the bier
Of him thou didst so dearly love,
O! hush the murmur, dry the tear,
And listen to the voice above.
My Spirit many a year hath sought
To bring that father's heart to bow;
Still he refused and yielded not.
Will he refuse it longer now?
Will he another idol seek,
To save him in his hour of need?
Bid him beware! His God doth speak.
He leans upon a broken reed.
Thou orphan'd one, who late hath stood
Beside thine earthly father's grave,
Wilt thou not hear the word of God,
Bidding thee trust his power to save?
His arm will shield when danger's near—
Uphold thee in thy deep distress,
And in the hour of doubt and fear,
Will not forsake the fatherless.
Sister bereav'd, O do not mourn!
You've lov'd too well earth's wayward track;
Your Maker calls, and will you spurn
The hand that's stretch'd to guide you back?
Go bend the knee, and breathe the sigh—
No longer turn from melting grace.
God's mercy will be ever nigh
To those who early seek his face.
Fly from the world! 'Tis false as fair:
Its golden pleasures soon will rust.
The cup is sweet; but death is there,
And Heav'n alone deserves your trust."

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MOUNT SINAI.

BY DR. OLIN.

March 14.—Our first enterprise was the ascent of Mount Sinai. The fatigues of our journey through the wilderness had prepared our party for sound repose, which was protracted by some of them to a rather late hour this morning. Established habit and the inspiring scenes with which I was surrounded did not permit me to sleep after the first dawn of day; but nothing was to be done till a late hour, except to gaze upon the lofty peaks of the mountains, which almost overhang the monastery. About 10 o'clock we left our gloomy cells, not by the window through which our ascent had been achieved, but by a low arched passage, almost perfectly dark, and barely wide enough to allow of our egress without particular inconvenience. It is secured with iron doors, scarcely four feet in height. After feeling our way with our heads bowed low toward the earth, to avoid a contact with the top of the passage, the distance of, perhaps, fifty yards, we found ourselves in the garden of the convent. Compared with all I had seen during this journey, it was a paradise indeed. The industry of man has here achieved a complete victory over the sterility of nature. Tall cypresses, olives, pomegranates, apricots, almond, pear, fig, apple, and other fruit trees, many of them now in full bloom, presented a scene of luxuriant beauty peculiarly grateful to the eye after its long and painful familiarity with bare rocks, and arid, gloomy wastes of sand.

Visitors have free use of this entrance during the day, and by it ladies are admitted into the convent. From the garden we passed through an open gate, kept by a porter, to the narrow, rocky slope that lies between the convent and the mountain. We then proceeded southward for a quarter of an hour, when we arrived at the bottom of a narrow, steep ravine, which leads up toward the top of Sinai. The ascent is difficult and extremely laborious. Rough masses of granite have been arranged into a kind of stairs a great part of the way; but many of them are now displaced, and no skill seems to have been used in choosing the most eligible route, or in obviating the natural difficulties of the ascent. The ravine is choked up by rolling stones and many huge masses of rock, which have been arrested in their descent from the higher regions of the mountain. Frequent detours are necessary to pass around projecting points in the rock, and at the end of more than an hour we found ourselves but half way up the toilsome steep.

Several objects of interest occur on the way to invite momentary repose and lighten the toils of the ascent. Beautiful fountains burst out of the rock, and form a sparkling torrent, which runs along the bottom of the ravine, sinking sometimes under the shelving rocks and immense accumulations, and again re-appearing. We often had recourse to its cool, clear waters to quench our thirst, which was provoked by extreme toil and the rays of the sun, that exerted great power in this deep glen, though we shivered with cold before reaching the summit of the mountain. We were first stopped by our guide, a monk from the convent, to examine a fountain which springs up in a deep grot formed by an overhanging mass of granite. He assigned to it a miraculous origin in connection with a holy shoemaker, concerning whom he related a silly story. A little farther on is a small chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, built of rough, unhewn stones, and destitute of all elegance or ornament. It stands upon a spot where the Holy Mother appeared to the monks when, in a fit of despondency, they were preparing to desert the sacred precincts about Mount Sinai. She encouraged them to remain, promising exemption from the plague and from vermin in all future time—a pledge which they affirm she has fully redeemed. The promise, I suppose, did not extend to visitors, at least the latter clause of it.

Another laborious effort along the steep path, which was here overhung by tall cliffs, brought us to a small gateway, to which the projecting points of rock at this place narrowed the ravine. Here, as we were told, a porter was formerly stationed, to whom a permission from the controlling authority of the establishment was delivered by those who wished to ascend to the top of Sinai. This precaution was probably suggested by the danger of the times, and is now neglected when no longer necessary. In a few minutes more we reached another gate, similar to the first, and built for a similar purpose, where a second permission was required, an excess of caution which shows the fears of the monks no less than the actual perils of the times. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the view enjoyed by the spectator on this part of the route, especially when he turns and looks down upon the yawning gulf he has left behind him. Before him opens an unexpected scene of loveliness. There is a deep valley, bounded on the right and left by tall, bare cliffs. A magnificent and graceful cypress, which rises near its centre, invites the weary pilgrim to repose in its shade, and a well of excellent water offers him its welcome refreshment. Favored by the congenial moisture of this elevated region, small plots of grass flourish with a luxuriance unknown in the valleys below. Our guide here kindled a fire, and urged us to partake of a cup of coffee. He consented, however, to carry his apparatus and provisions to the summit of the mountain, whither we were anxious to proceed without farther delay.

At a little distance beyond this delicious resting place is a small chapel, rudely constructed, like all the edifices on the Holy Mount, and dedicated to the prophet Elias. Here, according to the tradition, that wonderful man had the memorable interview with the Almighty, after his flight from the persecuting rage of Jezebel. It is certain that Mount Horeb afforded a refuge to the prophet, but that this is the precise spot where he heard the still small voice which followed the thunder and the earthquake, can hardly be known with certainty. Our credulous guide, who takes the most

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marvelous account for the true, showed us the cavern where the prophet slept, and even the tomb where he was buried. A coarse, heavy portrait which hangs in this chapel passes for that of Elijah.

The top of the mountain still rose high above us, and the undiminished toil of the ascent was compensated by the increasing sublimity of the view. The atmosphere was now chilly, and the rocks, down which the water of a small rivulet trickled, were covered with ice. In two hours and a quarter from the commencement of the ascent, not including stops, we had reached the summit of Sinai.

Two small buildings nearly cover the level in which the mountain terminates, the one a Christian chapel, the other a mosque. The first edifice covers, according to the teaching of the monks, the spot where the Almighty dictated the law to Moses. Just by, we were shown a grotto where the prophet was sheltered while the glory of God passed by, and from which he was indulged with such a view of the Divine presence as is allowed to a mortal. Our guide crept under the shelving rock, and put himself in the attitude of Moses, whom he represented as peeping through a small hole. In the same place and posture he was when he wrote the law as it was dictated to him by the Almighty. It was painful to listen to tales of credulity and fiction uttered in such a place.

The view from the top of Sinai is said to be greatly surpassed by that from Mount St. Catherine, which lies a short distance to the southwest. From its greater elevation, a wider field is spread out before the spectator, and a greater number of interesting objects embraced. It is destitute, however, of sacred associations, and my strength was too heavily tasked in exploring places of easier access and at least equal interest, to allow me the gratification of making the ascent. As I do not propose, then, to look from St. Catherine, I may reasonably despair of enjoying another view embracing such a range of grand and impressive objects as that from the summit of Sinai. The region through which our route had lain for several days was spread out like a map before the eye, and the long ranges of limestone mountains, and the sandy valleys between them, were seen with great distinctness. The view toward the west and northwest is less extensive. The higher summits of St. Catherine conceal the Red Sea and Suez, which are visible from its top. These remote objects, however, are not those in which I was most deeply interested. My gaze was fixed upon a field of perhaps thirty or forty miles in diameter, filled with mountains very similar, in their structure and appearance, to Sinai, and embraced under that general name. I have seen nothing like them elsewhere, and I quite despair of conveying an adequate idea of them by description. The pencil in a skillful hand might be more successful. There is nothing deserving the name of a chain or range of mountains. No one appears to be more than from five to eight miles in length, and nearly all of them are much shorter. With a general and remarkable similarity in form and aspect, they are independent and distinct masses, separated by deep, narrow valleys, which are sometimes visible, but generally concealed from the eye of the spectator on the top of Sinai, the highest point, with, I believe, two exceptions, in the entire group. This circumstance often gives a cluster of separate mountains the appearance of being one vast pile, surmounted by a number of lofty pinnacles. These summits, observed more carefully, or from other positions, are discovered to be the combs of short, but distinct ridges, divided into a number of tall, slender peaks by deep ravines, which are formed by the dissolution of perpendicular strata of porphyry interposed between the more solid masses of granite. They remind one of the slender, lofty towers that rise at regular intervals upon the walls of a Saracenic fortress.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

A HOUSEHOLD in which family prayer is devoutly attended to, conjoined with the reading of the Scriptures, is a school of religious instruction. The whole contents of the sacred volume are in due course laid open before its members. They are continually reminded of their relation to God and the Redeemer, of their sins, and their wants, and of the method they must take to procure pardon for the one and the relief of the other. Every day they are receiving "line upon line, and precept upon precept." A fresh accession is continually making to their stock of knowledge; new truths are gradually opened to their view, and the impressions of old truths revived. A judicious parent will naturally notice the most striking incidents in his family in his devotional addresses; such as the sickness, or death, or removal for a longer or shorter time, of the members of which it is composed. His addresses will be varied according to circumstances. Has a pleasing event spread joy and cheerfulness through the household? it will be noticed with becoming expressions of fervent gratitude. Has some calamity overwhelmed the domestic circle? it will give occasion to an acknowledgment of the Divine equity; the justice of God's proceedings will be vindicated, and grace implored, through the blood of the Redeemer, to sustain and sanctify the stroke.

When the most powerful feelings and the most interesting circumstances are thus connected with religion, it is not unreasonable to hope that, through Divine grace, some lasting and useful impressions will be made.—*Robert Hall.*

THE dying words of an aged man of God when he waved his withered, death-struck arm, and exclaimed, "*the best of all is, God is with us,*" I feel in my very soul. That mighty Being, who heaped up these craggy rocks, and reared these stupendous mountains, and poured these streams in all directions, and scattered immortal beings throughout these deserts, is present, and accompanies the sound of the Gospel with converting, sanctifying power.—*Judson.*

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Original.

AMIABILITY.*

But we have wandered from our two young ladies. Annie found herself much happier in her home of restricted means, affording but bare gentility, than her friend was in hers, of affluence and splendor. She had a sister older than herself. She had not, therefore, so early been sole mistress of the parlor. She had also a brother and two sisters treading pretty closely on her steps, demanding some sisterly attentions and some sacrifices. Although there was no want, and no apprehension of want, in the family, yet there was a call for economical arrangements which, without anxiety, yet demanded sobriety of reflection and of views. And all these circumstances, with the discreet guidance of her parents, had tended to confirm the character of Annie in humility and gentleness. The two cousins, as we have told, were confidential friends. Sarah at her first entering society felt as if the whole world were at her option in a choice for life. It not unfrequently happened that the gentlemen who had been first attracted by Sarah's superior traits, finished by becoming the lover of her more gentle friend. And this was commonly acquiesced in by Sarah, from indifference on her own part to the delinquent. Although she was too honorable to play the coquette, yet she acquiesced in a weakness unworthy of her understanding—that is, she was not willing to have it said, in girl's parlance, that "she had no beau." Reflect how many annoying, vexatious, and long enduring evils have resulted from this very cause. Sarah, from her position, and from other causes, had now suitors, if not lovers. And though her manners toward them were scrupulously guarded, yet she would be seen so frequently attended by the same gentleman that report would imply and would circulate the news of an *engagement* where none existed or was intended by the lady. And the proposal of the gentleman, which Sarah was wont to declare was made "in spite of her teeth," being rejected, he would take the airs of an injured person, and not always rest in resentment alone. Sarah, on these occasions, would generally observe, "I declare, he does not in reality care more for me than I do for him;" adding, "It is only my father's property that he looks at in the case." Instances of this kind having occurred several times, there was a sort of majority against her; and when a gentleman approached in whom she became really interested, they caballed against her, dissuading him from addressing her. And notwithstanding his awakened feelings, his want of confidence in her integrity of heart kept him upon the reserve rather longer than she thought respectful toward herself, and she broke forth in invective in his presence against "coxcombs and danglers," which, though not personally addressed, so effectually whipped him over the shoulder of another, that his love was instantly sunk in astonishment; and he felt a conviction of safety in never having committed himself by a proposal to one of so unbridled temper. And he observed to a friend who bantered him upon being "thrown out," that it was not so; but that he found the lady so dexterous in wielding that weapon which he "feared more than sword or fire," that he made good his retreat, and was happy in doing so.

Poor Sarah! this was the revulsion, and not the only revulsion of her selfish arrogance. And after she got to hear through a friend that her lover's procrastinating diffidence had originated in the malicious representations of her rejected suitors, she experienced a keen regret that she had let her habitual impatience overmaster her propriety. She felt, also, the mortification of having committed a coarse, unfeminine act, and one that degraded her in the eyes of a man whom she respected, and could have loved. She had, alas! very little reference to her higher responsibilities for all her acts and all her misdeeds.

She now secluded herself from society, and wept in secret, appearing only for such brief intervals as she could mask her face in smiles before the public. Her friend, witnessing her extreme distress, would fain have negotiated an explanation. But this the fierce pride of Sarah rejected as a concession, as an "avowal," said she, "of a love which has never been solicited."

"If not 'solicited,' it has been 'sought,'" said Annie. "The verbal expression is all that has been withheld."

"Withheld! and shall a gentleman dare to manage in that way with me!" said the exasperated Sarah.

"Indeed there was no 'management' about it," said the kind mediatrix; "Edward loved you so well that, with his timidity of character, he became still more irresolute lest by some mistimed declaration he should lose you. I *know* this."

"You *knew* it, did you, and did not tell me?" and the volume of tears about to deluge her face was arrested by her anger. She added fiercely, "*Why* did you not tell me?"

"Dear Sarah, *my* dear Sarah," replied Annie in humblest tone, "you know I would do much—any thing I could to serve you."

"But *that* you could not do," said Sarah suspiciously.

"O! O! Sarah, how far am I from duplicity with any one! Indeed, I have too much religion to be deceitful, or a double dealer; though I have not half as much as I ought to have." After the pause of a moment she added, "But it is best for me to tell you *why* I did not inform you; and I will, Sarah, if you will forgive me. There was no treachery, no want of friendship, but, on the contrary, I sought your good in the thing. Will you promise not to be alienated from me," said Annie, kissing her, "if I tell you?"

"Yes, I promise it, dear Annie," said Sarah, pressing her friend's hand firmly and significantly. Poor girl! in her distracted state she had no softness and no caresses left, but amidst her wretchedness there arose an impulse of principle which she made an effort to retain; and she added, "I believe you, Annie, tell me all."

"There is not much to tell," said Annie. "It was only that I had a misgiving that you and Edward were

* Concluded from page 214.

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not destined, that is to say, not calculated to be happy together; and in a matter which should involve the whole life of both, I feared that I had no right to aid or to abet, as I promise you that I never lifted a finger or breathed a syllable to hinder or divide you."

Annie had made more effort than usual; and now, in her sympathy, as she finished, she looked very pale, and appeared somewhat spent. After a moment she gathered her voice, and added, "It was my *religious belief*, Sarah, that the matter ought to be left to take its own natural course, and that that course would be best for all parties."

Sarah, for one instant, had cast a bitter and derisive look upon her; but as she proceeded, her fine sense of truth constrained her, and after she had finished, she turned full upon her, and said calmly and distinctly, "You did right, Annie! It *is* best." She then burst into tears, and wept irrepressibly and sadly for a great many minutes.

After sometime Annie said, "But, Sarah, after I saw how deeply unhappy you were, I would have brought you and Edward together again, thinking that your uncommon regard would incite you to compliance and conformity. And this must convince you how much I have considered you throughout."

Poor, petted, humored Sarah! this was a revulsion indeed! Had there been any thing in the indulgence of her infancy, or of her childhood, or of her whole life put together, that could compensate her present suffering, had the *choice been her own*, she would have rejected the condition and the compact with scorn that would have fed the humors of her childhood at the expense of betraying her power of resistance and her possibility of happiness in other years, at that date of life when the passions have developed themselves, and rendered self-control, so essential to respectability and to peace, impossible, if abetted by the opposite habit of the whole by-gone life. Sarah wept by turns until exhausted, and then hushed rather than soothed; and then, deeply humbled, she sat revolving that she was indeed unsuited to Edward—unfit to be the companion of a pious and amiable man; and if not of an amiable, conciliating one, still less might she agree with one of harsh, imperious temper, like her own! And interrupting her friend's endeavor at consolation, she said, "It is all up, and for ever. I must live my life alone! I am unfit to marry any one! But what I am, that I have been made by those who reared me, and taught me, heart, and mind, and body, and soul, and disposition, to believe that every thing must bend before, and be submitted to my will. Yet they loved me! O, that they had hated me! Yes, they loved me, but they loved not God, nor his precept! Neither have *I* loved God; for there is a golden rule of *obedience* in the child as well as of faithfulness in the parent. Obedience!" said she, after a moment's reflection, "I never disobeyed my parents; for no obedience was ever prescribed to me. But it is God that I have offended. I have now arrived at years to know it. All my earthly ties have crumbled into dust of the earth—for they were of that only—and O may God take the better part of my being, and yet restore me and save me for ever!"

The anguish of her mind, with alternations of deep melancholy, affected her health. Yet it was not so much disappointed regard as it was self-abasement, and a lothing of all she had ever cared for. And she said to her friend, "I once thought this world was made for me; for all the world seemed at my command. But now I have nothing, at least nothing in the world, that I care for—nothing but your regard," said she, smiling pensively.

"That," said Annie, "is because you are capable of enjoying a better world than this; and your enthusiasm hindered you from seeing any other than that which you had in possession."

It was a few months after this that she one day said abruptly to her friend, "Annie, why should you not marry Edward? I think you are well suited to each other."

"I did not know," said Annie, "that you knew he had proposed for me." Sarah was startled and fluttered. "I did not intend you ever should know it," continued Annie; "I refused him!"

Sarah made a strong effort, the strongest of her life, and said, "Hear me, Annie. I did not know that he had proposed, but thought it probable that he would. I solemnly declare that nothing on earth should tempt *me* to marry him, should he propose it. It took no time to wean him from me, which shows at once the want of congeniality betwixt us. I was to blame, and not he, in the rupture which divided us; and I already perceive that he is not the sort of character, though an excellent one, that I should continue to admire before all others. Yet I have the greatest esteem for him—so great, that I sincerely and heartily plead his cause with my dear Annie," said she, kissing her affectionately.

Annie certainly looked the more interested of the two, and Sarah continued, "How kind it was of you, and how disinterested, to act thus; for I know you refused Edward on my account; and I know you could like him, for you are just alike."

"Thank you," said Annie, smiling.

"But how," said Sarah, "could your parents consent that you should forego so excellent an offer—so rich, too, as Mr. C. is—and you unprovided for?"

"I was determined," said Annie, "not to afflict you any more in the affair, and I did not let my parents know of the proposal, lest it should occasion them regret."

"Noble Annie!" said Sarah, "I could not have acted half as well; but I think you have no right longer to refuse. I think 'these matters should take their own natural course, and it will turn out best for all parties;' and 'it is my *religious belief*,' that you have no *right* to reject the good which Providence throws in your way."

"Nor will I refuse it any longer," said Annie, "since I believe you are perfectly in earnest in all that you say."

From this date Sarah, with characteristic strength of mind, passed an act of oblivion over all the passages of her life wherein Edward and she had been associa-

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ted. And at the wedding of her friend, she appeared with so free and unconstrained a satisfaction, that others forgot it also.

They have now been married more than half a dozen years. Sarah herself will probably never marry, though she has long ago ceased to regret the specific instance which so shocked and interrupted her at the time of its occurrence; for *Time*, though he wrests much away from us, yet has "healing in his wings." And her sensibilities, which had been laid waste, are beginning to garner themselves in, and a deep-seated philosophy, with a strong spice of romance, added to her natural goodness of heart, which is also recovering itself, and her intellectuality, altogether render her a far more interesting as well as valuable character than she ever was before in her life.

But what of that! is she not an *old maid*, her bloom somewhat impaired, and arrived at the age of nearly thirty years? My young female friends do nothing but pity her, whilst those of the other sex allow her no quarter. Edward himself has hardly got to rights with her; yet notwithstanding he does not distrust her friendship for him or his, but he can't always understand her, they are so different; but Annie knows her thoroughly, and always defends her.

She still has her little humors. It was only the other day, when Edward brought in some lozenges and sirups for his children, that Sarah laughed out and said, "I declare, you remind me of a couple of young birds tending a family—first one flutters away hither and thither, till he fetches a grub in his mouth for one of the young ones; and then, may be, he watches the nest whilst the hen-bird is off. Off for a short time, and here she comes with another grub in *her* mouth for another of the young ones, and so on to the end of the chapter," said she, laughing with a half sad, half splenetic mirthfulness.

The fond young mother smiled; but the father did not like her wit, even upon his happiness; and when next alone with Annie, he said, "Did you mark that? how ill-natured, and how envious!" "O, no!" said Annie, "not ill-natured, though a little petulant, and not envious, for her heart is truly great."

"O, nobody like her, Annie, with her 'birds and her grubs.' For my part, I was a good mind to tell her that whilst *we* are associated in the humanities of life, in our covered and sheltered 'nest,' as she calls it, rearing our children, what is she?—I had a good mind to tell her that she was like some lone bird of the ocean, blown about by every wind, and continually finding the wave she lights on shifting from under her feet; yet on it goes, screeching to the storm, wending its way to more utter loneliness, seeking for rest, and finding none."

"O, Edward! Edward! I am glad you *didn't* tell her; for though—poor thing!—though she laughs often, yet she *is* just like that." And the fond mother, ministering to husband and to children, amidst her cares and her joys, yet found a moment to drop a gentle tear to the fate of her less happy friend. My story's told. It cannot fail to point its moral.

HYMN.

Why those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship—
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us thro' the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

Though the shore we hope to land on,
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste—
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last!
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

O! what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more.
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

A FATHER'S GRAVE.

Not all the charms by kindly nature spread,
The bird's sweet carol, yellow harvest's pride,
Can draw me from the narrow turf-crown'd bed
Which serves a father's lov'd remains to hide.

Unheeded glide the silent hours away,
Unseen each stranger gazing passes by;
Day's monarch disappears, and ev'ning gray
Comes, and proclaims eternity more nigh.

Blest shade! thy earth-bound child still hover near,
Teach her, like thee, in virtue's paths to tread;
Till she (no more a weary wand'rer here)
Who living mourns thee now, shall join thee dead.

A PIOUS WISH.

When opening day salutes my eyes,
O may my thoughts ascend above;
Thy favors may I always prize,
And still devoutly seek thy love.

As day prolongs the welcome light,
Or hastens onward to a close;
So may my soul increase in might,
And only in her God repose.

So when the night of death draws near,
And life is but a glimm'ring ray;
Great helper of my soul, appear,
And bless me with eternal day.

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THE REST OF THE GRAVE.

"THEM that sleep in Jesus!" How pleasing this description of the rest of the saints after death! Our needful slumbers are often broken by pain of body, or mental anguish, delayed by the calls of duty, or interrupted by noise and tumult. In the grave disease shall afflict the righteous no more—grief shall no more sit brooding upon the care-worn visage—laborious toil shall no more summon us from needful repose—noise and tumult shall be hushed for ever in the stillness of the tomb—"they rest from their labors."

But what is it that gives its chief interest and charm to the above description of the state of separate spirits? Is it mere rest—a mere freedom from labor, pain, and tumultuous excitement—an idle repose? This were only negative. The mind revolts at the idea, horror-stricken. Then there are other and pleasing associations brought to the mind by the words of the apostle. All shall slumber in the grave, but the Christian only shall sleep "*in Jesus.*" O, how delightful to dwell upon the expression, "In Jesus!" To be "in Christ" is descriptive of the Christian's highest attainable felicity in the present world. But the union here is marred by natural frailty, and interrupted by a thousand external circumstances. What, then, shall be the felicity of the child of God when frailty, infirmity, and external hindrances shall be done away, and that union shall become perfect and eternal? Shall we desire any other passage to the land of our final rest than through the gates of the tomb? Shall we desire to enter heaven by any other way? No! the thought of the grave is sweet!

"Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom."

The lot of Enoch or Elijah is not to be envied.

"Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?"

"O, 'tis a glorious boon to die!" Death loses his sting—mortality its terrors—the last enemy is "destroyed"—"swallowed up in victory," and a smile is enkindled upon the very "aspect of woe."

Hark! the death-knell sounds. It echoes among the mountains and vales. Though almost a thousand miles twice told are in the distance, still its solemn peals fall loudly on my ear. My friend has fallen—loved—valued—he whose warm grasp was among the last I felt in the land of my home—sinking, even then, beneath the invasions of disease, but with a visage lighted up with the calm cheerfulness of aroused victory. Yes, he has fallen. His erect and manly presence has faded away. That intellectual and speaking countenance no longer attracts the notice of the minister of the sanctuary, marking a deep interest in the teachings of God's house. That calm and cheerful voice no more shall greet the bereaved members of that family circle.

But "he sleeps in Jesus." Friends have consigned him to the narrow house, and wept over his grave. His remains repose near those of other friends, dear and valued, in that sequestered spot where the gently flowing stream traces its winding course through the vale. They, too, "sleep in Jesus." Sleep on, thou sainted one, till "the voice of the archangel and the trump of God" shall re-animate thy slumbering dust!

Such may not be my lot. I may fall in a distant land. The forsaken quarters of the garrison may be my dying chamber. My few associates in labor may deposit my remains hard by the spot where the rudest paling marks the place of "the soldiers' graves," or in the unbroken depths of the forest, disturbed only by the tread of the red man, who, as he passes along the bank of the river of the southwest, may point to "the white man's grave." The voice may slowly re-echo back, over mountain, and hill, and dale, "He is no more." I, too, if faithful unto death, shall "sleep in Jesus." The precious assurances of the word of God tell me that I shall. The blessed Spirit that, in hours of solitude and reflection, is present with me, and, unworthy as I am, attests my pardon and acceptance—repeats and strengthens the assurance. And some of the incipient triumphs of a victory already partially won, through faith in the atonement, fully confirm and perfect the assurance. With my friend I shall "sleep," and with him shall "rise again;" "for if we believe that Christ died and rose again, even so also them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him."

It is often the lot of merit to be unknown and unprized. True worth is modest and retiring. And especially is this so when connected in the same person with a feeble constitution, which disqualifies the possessor for acting a prominent part upon the great stage of life. In such cases merit is to be sought out; but when sought and found, it shines with double lustre, from the circumstances in which it appears. There are those moving through the streets of our cities, unseen, unknown, or living in the sequestered parts of our land, unprized, unvalued, whose mental powers and varied acquirements would command universal respect—whose piety would shed a brilliant lustre, as "a city set upon a hill," and whose courteous deportment, and manly, dignified bearing, would grace any circle of society.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

Such was my friend, the report of whose decease has given rise to these reflections, and to whose memory, remote as I am, I cannot forbear this passing tribute. He was known to a few, and by that few loved and honored; and he has gone to that land where merit will be fully appreciated—intention taken for action, and the benevolence of the heart for operative charity—where unexecuted purposes of good, prevented by the providence of God, will meet the "well done!" of the Judge—

"Where all arrears of labor shall be paid—
Each well meant toil rewarded."

W. H. G.

Fort Coffie, Choctaw Nation, June 3, 1843.

IF reproof is intended to have any effect, it must be accompanied with the indications of a friendly mind.

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PARENTAL TRAVAIL FOR SOULS.

How seldom do we rise up to that degree of earnestness in prayer for our children which is contemplated in the promises of God! There it is described as *travailing in birth for them—as groanings which cannot be uttered.* And who ever heard of such a spirit of prayer being exercised by parents in behalf of their children, without their prayers being answered? Who ever went to Jesus with the spirit of the Syrophenician woman, with a request in behalf of the soul of son or daughter, and that request was not granted? There is an interesting passage in the life of the late venerable Dr. Griffin, which very strikingly and forcibly illustrates this subject. He says he lay for several successive nights deprived of sleep, in the utmost mental anguish in behalf of his two daughters, neither of whom was known to feel any religious anxiety. But, one morning, after the night of the severest struggles of soul with him, they both came to him in the deepest concern for their souls; and soon they were both rejoicing in hope. I have recently, also, learned a similar fact respecting a distinguished living minister. He was in the place where his son was at college, when there was a revival there. He came one morning into the room where several clergymen were assembled, with the deepest anxiety depicted in his countenance, and with great earnestness entreated them to pray for his son, for he believed him to be in such a state of mind that the case must *then be decided with him.* Awful thought! Christian parent, when will the eternal destiny of your children be decided? May it not even now be the crisis with some of them, and you not know it? The case of this man's son *was decided then*—he surrendered himself to God, and consecrated himself to his service, and he is now a devoted minister of Jesus Christ, and president of one of our colleges.—*Mother's Magazine.*

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

He who has entered upon a holy life, and is fixed in his purpose to live to God, is scrupulous in the examination of all his thoughts, as well as all his ways. Indeed, it is to the interior of the soul his attention is first directed. And while he finds there a consciousness that his heart is wholly given up to God, and all his delight in his will, he is pained to find at times a wandering mind, an inability to control perfectly his thoughts. This at first view seems to him inconsistent with the demands of God upon him, and he is in danger of becoming discouraged on this account, and of giving over the struggle to be holy. It is desirable, therefore, in a calm hour to take a rational and consistent view of our mental structure, and to know what is and what is not possible for us in this respect. Such, I apprehend, is the nature of our minds, that it is not possible for us to control perfectly our thoughts, and subject them to rule. For instance: we go to church to worship God; on our way thither, or while there, we see some individual who awakens in our mind a train of thought quite contrary to the object we have in view, namely, the spiritual worship of God. We retire to the secret place for prayer, and expect to enjoy a season of close communion with the Father of our spirits; and while there, without any external object to embarrass us, some point in relation to our worldly business comes up before our minds, which disturbs our communion with God.

Since universal experience corroborates this fact in relation to the mind, that *our thoughts are not wholly subject to our control,* it becomes our duty to inquire, not how we shall alter the structure of our minds, but how we shall prevent unnecessary distractions, and how conduct ourselves when they unavoidably occur. There is one great centre to which the sanctified heart invariably turns, true as the needle to the pole, namely, to God. If its attention is necessarily called away, it soon gets back again to God; there is its home, its rest. Nevertheless, even such a heart is liable to distractions. To avoid these, we must watch the entrance of wandering thoughts into our minds; be careful what thoughts we suffer to lodge there; what trains of thought we pursue and follow out. We must *watch* and *pray* against wandering thoughts, and endeavor to bring every thought into captivity, into subjection to Christ. No doubt if we would pray in faith each day to have our hearts and minds kept through Christ Jesus, we should find ourselves in a great measure preserved from painful distractions. Still, when these distractions do occur, we must not increase the evil by suffering our minds to become still farther disquieted and disheartened on account of them. Let the thought come, and let it go, and our great object be still pursued. Let us never be disheartened, while resolutely and steadily aiming at the glory of God, whatever impediments we may find or think we find in the way.—*Guide to Christian Perfection.*

THE SIGN.

Worn and footsore was the prophet
When he reached the holy hill;
"God has left the earth," he murmured,
"Here his presence lingers still.
Hear me, guider of my fathers,
Lo, an humble heart is mine;
By thy mercy I beseech thee,
Grant thy servant but a sign?"
Bowing then his head he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air.
But the tuft of moss before him,
Opened while he waited yet,
And from out the rock's hard bosom
Sprang a tender violet.
"God! I thank thee," said the prophet,
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy."

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LOOKING TO JESUS.

Look unto Jesus, and you will see the everlasting Son of the everlasting Father; "the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person," divesting himself of his equality with God, and appearing upon earth in the likeness of men.

Look unto him, and you will behold him exposed to all the infirmities which befall the meanest and most despised among the sons of men: submitting to poverty, want, and weakness; to contempt and derision; to oppression and persecution; from the moment of his birth in a stable to that when he expired upon the cross.

Look unto him, at that season in particular which preceded and terminated in his death, and you will see almost all the miseries which human nature can feel, heaped together upon his head; for "never was sorrow like to that sorrow wherewith the Lord afflicted him in the day of his fierce anger;" whether in the exquisite pains and tortures which were inflicted upon his body, or in the unknown fears and anguish, which agitated and depressed his soul.

Look unto him; and amidst these unexampled sufferings, you will nevertheless behold him "enduring the cross, despising the shame:" amidst the exceeding great sorrow which weighed down his soul, yielding himself with devout resignation to his Father's will: amidst the agony of his torments, and under the most painful sense of his forsaken condition, still "holding fast by God," and "commending his Spirit" to his almighty protection: and amidst the storm of malice which was showered upon him, still pleading the cause and imploring the forgiveness of his murderers.

Look unto him; and at the same time call to mind, that the motive of this amazing humiliation was love, free love for us; that the cause for which he suffered, was not in himself, but in us; that to save us from the terrible wages of sin; to reinstate us in the favor of God; to deliver us from the wrath to come, and to purchase eternal redemption for us, and as the consequence of redemption from sin, eternal happiness in heaven—such were the reasons, for which our blessed Lord submitted to his great and unexampled sufferings. "He, who knew no sin, was made sin for us;" he humbled himself, to suffer that punishment which nothing but sin could deserve, that "we might be made the righteousness of God in him." When we were exposed to eternal misery, he shed his precious blood as the price of our redemption, and became the atonement and "propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world." When we lay under the sentence of everlasting death, he placed himself as it were in our stead, and "tasted death for every man," that we might have life through his blood. When we were aliens and enemies to God, he made reconciliation for us, and established a new covenant between God and us; by which God hath graciously promised for the sake of the meritorious sacrifice of his Son, to forgive the sins of all those who repent and believe the Gospel, and to make them partakers of everlasting life and inheritors of his glory.

Thus looking unto Jesus, who "endured the cross, despising the shame;" and thus regarding him as "the author and finisher of our faith," as justifying those who believe in him now, and as promising to glorify them hereafter; what more animating motive can we require to "lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and to run with patience the race which is set before us?"

And first with respect to our sins, however closely they may beset us; however dear they may be to us; though they may be incorporated, as it were, into our substance, and made a part of ourselves, beloved and cherished as "a right hand or a right eye;" the prospect of our blessed Savior, bleeding upon the cross, and the reflection upon the cause for which he bled, should make us lothe and detest them. If we have any sympathy with him in his sufferings, if we feel any share, however small, of the affliction which he endured, and of the contempt and malice which assailed him; that feeling must undoubtedly be mingled with indignation toward his persecutors. Do we then feel displeasure and abhorrence toward those instruments, by which our blessed Lord was exposed to such misery and torment? Do we abhor Judas, who betrayed him; the Jewish priests, who accused; Pilate, who condemned; the multitude, who mocked and reviled him? Do we detest their deeds, and execrate their memories? And shall we not at the same time detest and execrate our own sins, which were the real primary cause of that torture and disgrace? He was delivered for our offenses: he that knew no sin was made sin for us: our iniquities betrayed, accused, and condemned him: our iniquities raised those hands, that smote him; hardened those hearts, that scorned him; and sharpened those tongues, that reviled him, and that spear, by which he was pierced. "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." And can we do otherwise than detest our transgressions? Can we do otherwise than abhor our iniquities? Shall we not turn again, and repent, and be converted?

Or if indignation against the causes of our Savior's sufferings will not work upon us to the hatred and forsaking of sin; can we behold the spectacle of Christ hanging upon the cross, and reflect that it was out of pure love to us, that he so suffered, and not feel our hearts warmed with sentiments of gratitude and love! But to persevere in sin and disobedience is to slight and despise and reject our blessed Lord, who suffered and died that he might destroy sin. And can we be content to disregard the love, and to slight the kindness of Christ? Can we be content to despise and reject him who laid down his life, and suffered the greatest misery for our sakes? Can we, after having been thus kindly and affectionately treated by him, make him a return by "crucifying to ourselves the Son of God afresh, and putting him to an open shame?" which we always do, when we who call ourselves Christians bring by our wickedness discredit upon the religion which we profess. Can we without horror "tread under foot the Son of God, and count the blood of the

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covenant an unholy thing?" which we do, when we habitually refuse to renew our covenant with God, and to partake in the blood of Christ, administered at the holy communion? Nay, rather, shall we not take that, and every other method, of "letting our light shine before men"—of showing our obedience, and therein our affection and gratitude for him, who for our sakes "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross"—who for our sakes "endured the cross, despising the shame?"

Or if such considerations as these will not melt us into sorrow for our sins, and induce us to repent and forsake them; surely when we look unto Jesus Christ, that Lamb of God, offering himself to the Father without spot for our redemption, we must tremble to think upon the heinousness of our guilt; and upon the anger and impartial justice of God manifested in the crucifixion—anger so severe, and justice so inflexible and impartial, that the death of the Son of God alone was sufficient to appease and propitiate them. If the dread of earthly laws prevent us from doing evil to men—if the execution of those laws, in the death of an ordinary criminal, strike us with fear and reverence—if the very pomp and ceremony which precede or accompany such an execution cannot be beheld even by the innocent without certain awful and gloomy sensations, what should be our horror and dismay at this unparalleled monument of divine vengeance? with what alarming feelings and forebodings should not the sinner contemplate this singular instance of God's justice and abomination of sin? At the sacrifice of this victim, this spotless offering for our sins, nature itself was agitated and disturbed. There was darkness over the whole land. The sun was darkened; and the vail of the temple was rent in twain; and the earth did quake; and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies which slept arose. And can we think upon these stupendous miracles without thinking upon the power which produced them, and upon the justice which rendered necessary the sacrifice and death of him in evidence of whom they were produced? Whilst all nature is in confusion, and "the very foundations of the earth are out of course," shall man alone be an unconcerned spectator of the scene, thoughtless and careless whether he arouse that justice and power against himself? Whilst the very bodies of the saints are called from their houses of corruption to testify to the Lord of life, shall the soul of the sinner alone pass by the way, or carelessly look on, as if it were nothing to him? These inanimate objects indeed have neither speech nor language for the fleshly ear; but to the ear of faith, the darkened sun and the quaking earth, the rending rocks and the opening graves, announce the wages of sin; yea, the very blood of Christ, like "the blood of Abel, crieth" aloud "from the ground," and bids the listening sinner, as Christ himself bade the daughters of Jerusalem, "weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children;" for "behold, the days are coming in which they shall hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and shall say to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

Such motives for forsaking our sins arise from the spectacle of Christ crucified: and to those who do forsake them, his blood through faith in his blood will be effectual for their propitiation. "He gave himself a ransom for all," as St. Paul saith. Then, again, as St. Peter tells us, "he suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps." And to this also the apostle directs our thoughts in the text, where he admonishes us to "run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith;" and to the same effect in the following verse, "consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds."

Let us then, secondly, look unto him as the perfect model for our lives. For, indeed, as the Church under the law needed not, so neither doth the Church under the Gospel need, any other precept than that which was given to Moses for the offering of the tabernacle; "look that thou do after the pattern, which was showed thee in the mount;" such a pattern was showed to the Jews in Mount Sinai, where Moses was instructed in the rites of the old covenant; and such an one is showed to us Christians, in Mount Calvary, where Christ set his seal to the new.

Were all human wisdom and philosophy lost, whatever is really valuable in them might be found there: were every teacher of virtue silent, even Moses himself as well as others, Christ alone would suffice to teach every virtue requisite for man. He teaches them to us not only by his precepts, but knowing that instruction is conveyed in a more lively and impressive manner by the eye than by the ear, he teaches us also by his example: and more especially in this spectacle, which we are now contemplating upon the cross, we may behold every virtue embodied as it were in his person, and visibly exhibited before us.

Look unto him; and there you will behold Faith, still clinging to God, notwithstanding his apparent desertion, and addressing him by an appellation nevertheless denoting confidence, "My God, my God." You will behold Patience, "enduring the cross;" Humility, "despising the shame;" and Perseverance, not only beginning, but "finishing our faith," the work of our salvation. Above all you will behold unexampled Love, the main spring and principle, the crown and consummation of all. "Behold what manner of love he hath here bestowed on us!" "Greater love than this hath no man," that a man lay down his life in any way: equal love hath no man to this, that a man lay down his life in the midst of such torment and disgrace: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends:" equal love hath no man, that a man lay down his life for his enemies: look unto it and consider it; examine it in all its parts; survey it in all its bearings; measure it in its "breadth

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and length and depth and height;" that so ye may be able to "comprehend" it as far as is possible, and "to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

But wherefore, and to what purpose are our eyes directed to this pattern of excellence, if it be not that we may adopt it for our imitation? that we may be taught by it, not to be "wearied and faint in our minds;" but that we may "run the race that is set before us," supported by those virtues which distinguished our Savior's passion—by faith, who "knoweth whom she hath believed, and is persuaded that he is able to keep that which she hath committed unto him against that day"—by patience, who "counts it all joy to fall into divers temptations," and "reckons that the sufferings of this world are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us"—by humility, that "doeth nothing through strife or vain-glory, but in lowliness of mind esteemeth others better than herself"—by perseverance, that is, "not weary in well-doing;" and above all by love, unbounded, unfailing, universal love—love for "God who was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself;" and love for our brethren, yea for the whole race of mankind—partakers with us of one sinful nature, and inheritors of the same redemption.

Thus "laying aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us," and thus "running the race which is set before us, with faith," with patience, with humility, with perseverance, and with love, let us "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." For the cross of Christ is not that which terminates the prospect—the pains that he endured, the shame that he despised, are not the whole of the sight, which is presented to our eyes. Let us look unto him once more; and our eyes will be captivated with a very different object, while beyond the cross they catch a glimpse of that state of exaltation where "he now sitteth at the right hand of the throne of God." His heaviness is now turned into joy—his pain into rest—his shame into glory. He, to whom the multitude preferred a thief and murderer, is now "raised far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." He, for whom Pilate could discover no fitter appellation than "behold the man!" is now worshiped by the spirits of just men made perfect as their Lord and their God. He, whose superscription the Jewish priests condemned, and denied his right to the title of "King of the Jews," hath now "upon his vesture and upon his thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords." He, who was "despised and rejected of men," and became "obedient to the death of the cross," is now exalted to the "right hand of power," and sitteth upon the throne of God.

There he sitteth; and as from the cross of his shame so also from "the throne of his glory" he calleth us to look unto him. On the former he appears as "the author," on the latter as "the finisher" of our faith: on the former he sets us an example that we should "follow his steps;" and from the latter he represents himself as "the exceeding great reward" of those who shall follow him; whilst to him that overcometh he will give a crown of life, that he will receive him into the fullness of his joy, and that he will grant him to sit with him in his throne, even as he also overcame, and is made partaker of the throne of his Father.

And what more can we need to make us persevere in the course of Christian holiness? Are we sensible to the feelings of gratitude? Behold the love of Christ in laying down his life for our sakes! Are we indignant at the sight of suffering innocence? He died for our sins. Are we capable of fear? "Knowing the terrors of the Lord," and the punishment he denounces against the wicked, "we persuade men." Are we alive to a noble emulation? The example of Christ is before us, which we cannot reach indeed, but to which we may continually draw nearer. Are we to be animated by hope? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

May it please our almighty and most merciful Father, who supplies us with such powerful motives for exertion, to give us grace to act as they impell us! May it please him to give such efficacy to these our contemplations on the death of Christ, that we may be inspired with godly fortitude to renounce our sins and to follow his holy steps! that when it shall be his good will to remove us hence, we may depart in peace; and that "when Christ who is our life shall appear, then we may also appear with him in glory!"—*Bishop Mant.*

MENAGERIE OF THE SOUL.

WHAT! will you say, have I beasts within me? Yes, you have beasts, and a vast number of them. What is deceit, when it lies hid in a cunning mind? Is it not a fox? Is not the man who is furiously bent upon calumny a scorpion? Is not the person who is eagerly set on resentment and revenge a most venemous viper? What do you think of a venemous man, is he not a ravenous wolf? Nay, there is no wild beast but is found within us. And do you consider yourself as lord and prince of the wild beasts—you who command those that are without, though you never think of subduing or setting bounds to those that are within you? What advantage have you by your reason, which enables you to overcome lions, if, after, you yourselves are overcome by anger? To what purpose do you rule over the birds, and catch them with gins, if you yourselves, with the inconstancy of a bird, are hurried hither and thither, and, sometimes flying high, are ensnared by pride, sometimes brought down, caught by pleasure? But—as it is shameful for him who rules over nations to be a slave at home—will it not be, in like manner, disgraceful for you, who exercise dominion over the beasts that are without you, to be subject to many that roar in your distempered mind?—*Leighton.*

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BIGELOW AND STRANGE.

My Dear Augusta,—Your kind and interesting favor of April ought to have been answered long ago; but to me, also, "the spirit of procrastination" is often present, and to this *I* add a spirit of irresolution to perform what I most strongly purpose. Well would it be if this annoying influence extended only to my correspondence with friends on earth. Strange to tell, it often checks my fervor in devotion; nay, even induces delay when the hour returns for sacred closet communion with my heavenly Friend!

Unlike you, I am a Methodist, by education, and from choice, as well as from principle. Among my earliest recollections is the introduction of Methodism into my native place. The circumstances attending this event are more indelibly impressed upon my memory in consequence of the universal opposition and reproach with which it was met. It might then be truly said, "As for this sect, it is everywhere spoken against." Their preaching was attended with the power of God, and many a stricken sinner fled to the fountain of life, and was healed. My mother, though she had long been a sincere Christian, saw that they had blessings to which she was a stranger. She sought and found, among them, as she expressed it, "the power of the Holy Ghost." To her understanding, the fact that many of them were poor, and that they were a persecuted people, by no means diminished the evidence that they were, in a peculiar sense, the people of God. She attached herself to them, regardless of honor or dishonor, and taught her children unflinchingly to follow her example. And the longer I enjoy the privileges of Methodism, the more—a great deal—are they endeared to me; and the more intimately I become acquainted with its doctrines and usages, the more excellent do they appear. Truly do you remark, "There can be no higher order of Christian than a consistent, self-denying Methodist." O, that I were such an one!

I, too, have known comparatively little of religious joy; and what wonder, since I am conscious that the world has had a large share in my regards! If "in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, I had had my conversation in the world"—if "I had known none but Christ and him crucified," I should doubtless have known, also, what is meant by "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Is it not reasonable that our heavenly Father should bestow his choicest gifts upon his most devoted children?—that he should commune most intimately with those who commune least with the world?

To rejoice, or to glory in tribulation, does not, I presume, imply that chastisement is, in itself, joyous. "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart." See the good affected for us by tribulation! "We reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us;" for "our light affliction, which is for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Mark the great mercy of affliction! By the blessing of the Holy Spirit it operates for us what could not in any other way be accomplished. So the most nauseous and painful remedies are necessary to remove deep-seated and inveterate diseases; and amputation, to remove fatal gangrenes.

But did you ever think of the peculiar beauty of this sentiment of St. Paul: "Most gladly will I therefore glory in mine infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me?" This seems to imply more than a *mere restoration* to a state of spiritual health. The former is as though a rich man had his limb broken, and simply restored again. True, he is restored to health, but is neither richer nor happier than he was before. The latter is as though a beggar suffered the same affliction at the king's gate, and by it was introduced to the king's sympathies and friendship, and upon his recovery made prime minister. O, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ! What wonder that the apostle adds: "Therefore, I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak then am I strong. The more I suffer in the flesh, the more I enjoy of his fullness in the spirit." This is glorying in the true sense. O, that you and I may know, from heartfelt experience, what is this blissful union with the Savior—this holy devotion, so superior to all the circumstances of earth—this rejoicing to be dismissed from its highest honors and choicest pleasures, that we may have the honor that cometh from God, and the rapture of basking in his ineffable smile—that we may have the power to welcome whatever event may turn out to us, knowing that "all things shall work for our good," bringing us nearer and nearer to the great and glorious Centre.

I never saw the illustrious Summerfield. He was a star of great beauty as well as brilliancy, and seemed to throw off his rays with such rapidity as to exhaust their very source. But, no! it was not exhausted—Summerfield now adorns a higher sphere. Others may have lingered longer to gild the night, but none ever described a more shining course.

Bigelow, of Ohio, was also consumed of his own ardors. He had none of Summerfield's grace of manner; but he spake with "words that burned," and with a spirit that was resistless. What a mind was his! But, seldom was so precious a jewel deposited in so plain a casket. My imagination compares him to St. Paul. I know not what was the thorn in the flesh—some have suggested that it was his diminutive personal appearance. If so, the apostle must have been a Bigelow; or rather, to preserve the proper order of the comparison, Bigelow was a Paul. I wish you could have seen and heard our "backwoods" orator. Accustomed as you are to elegance in the pulpit, you would have smiled to see it occupied by a man of low, irregular figure—brown and sunburnt complexion—a mouth considerably toward one side of his face—of extremely rustic attire, and a manner as unpolished as his person.

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But your disposition to smile would soon have given place to veneration for God's gifted messenger; then, perchance, your tears would have coursed in rapid succession at his pathetic appeals in behalf of the Man of sorrows—the sinner's Friend; then you would have been overwhelmed by the weight of argument brought to bear upon the truths of the Gospel; and, finally, you would have retired quite transformed in all the desires and purposes of your heart.

You will better appreciate the character of Bigelow, and his power in the pulpit, from the following facts. A very eminent member of the bar (an Episcopalian) once said, "I never hear Bigelow preach without going away resolved to be a better man." A Presbyterian minister, once the moderator of the General Assembly, remarked at his funeral, "It can be said of few men without profanity, but it may safely be averred of Bigelow, as of his Lord and Master, that 'he went about doing good.'" When he felt that life was ebbing to its finish, though he feared not death, yet he longed to live that he might still proclaim the love of Christ to perishing sinners; but his work was accomplished, and he was taken to his reward.

Every body in the west is familiar with the name of Strange—in all but spirit an exact contrast to Bigelow. He was tall, his person remarkably commanding, and his gestures graceful. What gave him the appearance of great delicacy was that his complexion was exceedingly fair, and his hair black and glossy as the raven. His eye was dark and piercing, but expressed the serenity of the Christian. His voice, of which he seemed to have perfect control, was capable of every variety of inflexion, from the highest and shrillest tones to those of the softest and richest melody. His eloquence was often overwhelming, holding his audience at will, and even raising them *en masse* from their seats. When I saw him in the pulpit I was always reminded of an ethereal being. He, too, was called at midday, "to rest from his labors." My heart is moved as I recall the solemn sermons and pious visits of these men of God. They were among the first heralds of the cross that I had the honor of entertaining at my dwelling after my settlement in the west. In the family circle they were equally agreeable. Neither ever indulged in a spirit of levity, such as is sometimes found in ministers of the Gospel, greatly to the injury of their flocks. Once only in my acquaintance with Bigelow did I hear him make a remark which could have excited the least humor. His host took the liberty pleasantly to mention to him his crooked face. He smiled and observed, "Once when I was preaching a man in the assembly cried out, 'Bless God for what came out of one corner of that man's mouth!'" But even this was spoken with a gravity that showed the saint not to be off his guard. Strange's countenance was serious even to solemnity; but his manner of speaking sometimes savored of pleasantry. I recollect, at a camp meeting, he was called to instruct a man whose convictions of sin seemed insupportable. Strange beheld him a moment, struggling as in the agonies of death, and then said, with a voice and manner that spoke every thing the sinner needs to hear, "Why, my friend, it takes us so long to get ready, that is all—the Lord is always ready." He used to advert to his want of early culture in this way: "I was brought up in the woods among the bears, and am allied to them." But he keenly felt his deficiences in this respect; and on one occasion, riding with a friend, who, being fond of the classical use of language, mentioned the root of some word, S. checked him by saying, "Ah, brother, it is too cold to dig roots to-day." But I am unable to describe these men as some gifted pen should have described them for the benefit of their successors. So I drop the theme.

The drawling length of my epistle is a poor atonement for delay; but may I not hope to hear from you again through the Repository?

I have just received sad news. The Rev. Mr. Beecher—son of the venerable Dr. Beecher, the apostle of temperance in our country—a man eminently pious, eminently devoted to his work, and eminently useful, was settled in Chillicothe. Mr. B. had a fine garden, which was annoyed by birds. He went out in the morning with a double-barreled gun to destroy them—shot once and killed some birds, and, as was supposed, was attempting to blow into the gun, when the other barrel discharged its contents into his mouth. A messenger sent to summon him to breakfast, found only his lifeless body stretched in its own gore. But he was a holy man of God. Perhaps the very moment the summons came he was wishing to depart and be with Christ. He is, in the language of the apostle, absent from the body, and present with the Lord. When we die, my dear friend, should it be just as suddenly and unexpectedly, may our spirits, winged with love, soar to the everlasting Father, Son, and Spirit—Fountain of our being, our purity, and our bliss—through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Yours, &c., GERTRUDE.

PURSUIT OF SALVATION.

THE pursuit of salvation is the only enterprise in which no one fails from weakness, none from an invincible ignorance of futurity, none from the sudden vicissitudes of fortune, against which there exists no effectual security, none from those occasional eclipses of knowledge and fits of inadvertence to which the most acute and wakeful intellect is exposed. How suitable is it to the character of the Being who reveals himself by the name of *Love*, to render the object which is alone worthy of being aspired to with ardor, the only one to which all may, without presumption, aspire; and while he conceals thrones and sceptres in the shadow of his hand, and bestows them where he pleases, with a mysterious and uncontrollable sovereignty, on opening the springs of eternal felicity, to proclaim to the utmost bounds of the earth, *Let him that is athirst come: and whomsoever will, let him partake of the water of life freely.—Robert Hall.*

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THE JUVENILE EXCURSION.

The question is frequently asked, whether, at any period of our existence, we have experienced unalloyed happiness? and the reply has almost universally been, never. Yet I can recollect a period of my life when, for the term of *three weeks*, it seemed to me that my enjoyments and my satisfactions were unbounded and complete.

I was then betwixt eight and nine years of age. It was in the month of September, that delightful ruralising season in New England, that our family had retreated from the city to a farm about twenty miles in the interior. And this spot I recollected well, with all the fondness with which our early haunts have been impressed upon us. I could just remember that we had spent a season there once before, and had left the place when I was about five years of age. There were many causes which rendered the present excursion particularly grateful to my feelings and disposition. In the first place, a visit was a great indulgence to me. I had been kept constantly at school, and the long hot summer had, in a measure, taken effect upon my habitually low health. Add to this, a frightful epidemic had raged in town for the eight or ten weeks preceding; and it was by way of recruiting our health that the present visit (including the whole of our white family) had been arranged. The young who are allowed to take an excursion every few weeks will not be able to appreciate the zest of my enjoyment. The rebound of the strong bow can only illustrate the bouyancy of my spirits. I can never forget my sense of delight in all the circumstances, though I hardly expect to be able to communicate it in the relation. My juvenile reader will wonder how the common places of a rural sojourn could afford such impressions; and it was only, perhaps, because to me they were not common places that it was so. It is only to those who retain a taste for simplicity that my assiduous jottings down of these events, keeping them sufficiently simple, and just in the order in which they occurred, can be at all interesting.

I remember all the preparations and circumstances of the journey. We were early astir on that eventful morning; even the mysterious getting up before day light was fully confirmed, was delightful. A pure, breezy, exhilerating morn it was. The house hummed like a bee-hive; children, white and black, "chock full" of happiness sounded the note of preparation in every note of the gamut. The putting on of some coarse ginghams and stout shoes to rusticate in was the next indication; and the breakfast, served at a side table, and discussed in haste, was "so good," though of just what we usually had on any other morning. There was packing and assorting, and fetching of parcels and baskets and boxes, &c., &c., and all sorts of confusion. There was no soberness and no walking; every motion was a hop, skip, or a jump, with sometimes a trip up, the admiration of all the rest. All was hilarity, expectation and impatience; and my mother, after all her callings to order, was quite outdone; and finally, stamping a foot, she said, "Now, children, if you don't behave, you shan't one of you go, after all!" This denouncement was followed by a general lull at the immenseness of the threat, and *that* was succeeded by an obstreperous burst of laughter at the excellence of the joke, "as if we were going to believe that." A portion of furniture was carried out for our use. Although there was a tenant in the house we resorted to, yet, in those days, plain people had nothing superfluous, and very little that was supernumerary about them. I recollect how convenient every article looked when there, though never noticed at home; and I experienced that sort of sense of snugness that one feels in contemplating Robin Crusoe's house-keeping devices. (Maybe some of my delight originated in the development of observation and attention, and fitness, &c., &c. Yet, however that might be, I was myself not conscious of it at the time, nor of any abstract reasonings, as my reader may well suppose.) My mother had not been too provident, for the family at the farm had been accustomed to "make out" with just what "would do;" and any thing, they thought, would do at a pinch. The evening we arrived there their candle on the supper table was placed in a long-necked bottle, by way of candlestick; and when their son, a lad of twelve years, first saw a snuffers belonging to my mother, he caught it off the table, and said, "Look here, dad, is a little gun." This poor boy had never visited a town in his life. This region was not intersected by any navigable water; and in those days railroads were not, and few persons in that neighborhood had probably ever seen a boat of any description; and these people knew still less of books than they did of things. Of the diversities of character they were equally ignorant; yet they abided pertinaciously in their one view, rejecting improvement, and narrowing all others to their own pattern standard of self. However, it suited the convenience of farmer Ballow to be tolerably obliging at this time to my mother as their landlady, especially as she was careful not to make any extra requirements, and she also paid them well for whatever she received from them.

But of our journey. The senior members of the family rode in a coach, or as it was there called, a "coachee," or little coach. One of my brothers rode a pony, and another young brother rode an old farm-horse. He was "to ride and tye" with a black woman of the family, but stipulated with my mother to have "both ends of the road" in leaving town and in arriving at the farm, or "else," he said, "he must walk all the way;" to which our mother agreed. And what a profound secret this was amongst us all! Brother S. to "ride and tye!" Besides all these, three of the young children, including myself, with two little blacks, went in the large road wagon which conveyed our furniture. We had also a yellow girl, fifteen years of age, for our attendant. The "teamster," as the wagoner is there called, was a jocose sort of person, and humored all our little pretenses, without any very great sacrifice

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of truth or temper on his own part. We youngsters had our own ideas of dignity, and sat under closed curtains, conceiving we should be indelibly disgraced to be seen riding in "the cart;" so we had given our injunctions to Dexter not to betray us. Every now and then some one on the road, which was an unfrequented one, would cry out, "What have you there friend?" Dexter would answer in a loud, clear voice, "Only a load of goods belonging to the widow H." At which, like the "Miss Hamborough," we would almost "split our sides with laughing;" and, though this was repeated half a dozen times in course of the day, still it was a fresh joke every time, we being in excellent humor to receive it. Dexter had his part of it too—his back being toward us, he would each time give a knowing wink to the way-farer, and they would have their laugh too. This information we got from the intelligent Lima, as she afterward related the progress of the day to our mother.

This great journey of twenty miles took us from morning until late in the afternoon—so our pace may be judged of. The day was very warm for the season, and Dexter would often rest his "cattle" in a bit of woods, which we frequently arrived at on our sequestered road. His team consisted of two steers and two colts, and I believe he was breaking both pair, for he observed that "the steers would not go at all, if the colts did'nt drag them on;" but "the colts," he said, "would carry us to Gil Kicker, if the steers did'nt keep them back." And then we all laughed again.

We had, among other things, taken along a basket of eatables with us, and stopped only for dinner. I remember the dinner well—never was any thing so good—bacon and eggs fried, with some bread and cheese, and baked apples and milk, by way of dessert. And then the circumstances so uncommon—we travelers, eating at a public house. In short, the craving appetite of change and novelty was gratified, and every thing was agreeable. The wit of Lima, if not Attic, was at least much better relished than if it had been. One instance I recollect in particular. There had been large store of provisions prepared for us and put into the wagon, but, children-like, we were not content until we had devoured the whole; and Lima, who presided over the basket, observed, as she took out the last biscuit, "Mistress told me to take good care of the basket, and I can't let any of you eat *that*." Was ever wit like Lima's wit, thought we—the inuendo so delicately expressed too. Just as the sun was dropping below the horizon we arrived at the farm-house. The farmer's children, tidy and clean in home-spun, and barefooted, were arrayed at the door to greet us; their hair, I recollect, was braided into two or three cues each, which ungraceful fashion was then confined to those who adopted it for convenience only. These children stared at us, and said, "How d'ye," but looked shy. But no need of that—under present excitement our politeness hardly exceeded theirs. But a sudden damp was thrown over our joy; for, on entering, we observed that our mother was in tears. With ready sympathy we claimed to know the cause, and she reminded us that when last here our dear father was of the company; and she finished by saying, "But in this world we shall see him no more; yet we will none of us ever forget him." Our young hearts were sincere in the tears that we gave to this thought; but in a few moments, and with childish unconcern, we had returned to the joy of the things about us.

We were now ushered into my mother's chief apartment. It was pretty large, and was to serve for eating room, bed-room, and parlor. I soon retired to rest, but could hardly get asleep for looking through the yet uncurtained window to see the distant hills, the meadows and the fields by moonlight; all remembered, with a sort of misty joy, as having been loved of yore, long, long ago. And then the anticipation for the morrow; how early we would all get up, and how we would bound over the hills! After the fatigues of the day I slept soundly, whilst asleep, but yet remember to have started several times with a sort of dreamy perception of the element of happiness by which I was surrounded. By the rising of the September sun we had all taken our breakfast, and were away to the woods; and who can tell the rapture of the stroll! The day was our own; nothing was required of us; no tasks, no school-going, no home duties, no restriction of any sort. Lima was sent with us, and we were told that our dinner would be served at noon—an implied permission that we might wander until then. We were only told to keep our bonnets on, and not to go too far. The air was fresh and bracing, the sky was clear, and as the bright sun glinted on the spider lines, still covered with dew, across our path, every step was a delight. The birds were twitt'ring their morning notes, expressive of innocence, of liveliness, and joy; and now and then, from some distant brake, or from the top of some tall old tree, there would be sounded a solitary, long, wild utterance, which seemed to embody the ideal of wildness and seclusion, and long distance from town, which rendered it doubly delicious to me. This neighborhood was very thinly settled, which allowed of our extending our walks to long distances without being subject to observation or publicity; and before our recess was out, we had visited almost every hill, glade, nook and corner of its domain. Sometimes we would stroll amongst the rocks overgrown with vines and trees—a scene of broken and confused variety. Sometimes we descended to a little gurgling river, whose pebbly bottom was seen through the clearness of the water, and following its meanderings, we would pluck the big "Indian pink," and other wild flowers on its borders. Sometimes we would climb the "ridge hill," and seek the deep, deep vale, or bottom ground, entirely covered with the plantain; and the unshorn grove threw its shadows, either by reflection or refraction, in a sort of perpendicular way, at almost any height of sun. This seemed a mysterious haunt. I can now recall the undefined perception, as I saw the plantain leaves throwing their distinct and shuddering shadows upon the solemn spot. Of course it was the breeze

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that stirred them; but Lima had not left us without superstitious hints suited to every shadowy spot. The orchards on the place claimed our particular regards; the trees being fancifully named for any peculiarity. There was "fair-face" and "sour mouth"—there was "blush cheek" and "gnorly head," and "old Mrs. Sweeting," an especial favorite. Once we were allowed to visit the cider press, and witness the wealth of the year. Toward the latter part of our sojourn the chestnut season came on, and we all vied with each other to see which should secure the greatest store of them; we would watch under the trees, and scramble about whenever the wind, which was now occasionally pretty brisk, should dislodge the burrs; and these we learned to handle like youthful Spartans, unknowing of their sting. The "shell bark," a rich species of walnut, and the "hog walnut," and the black butternut, were all found out by us and hoarded. It was not so much covetousness, as it was competition and cleverness, with a mixture of childish greediness, that instigated us. When our mother came to observe this, she said to us one evening, "You have had enough of this, you are getting too wild; to-morrow you must not go out at all, but stay at home and I shall fit some work for you." This we felt would be right and proper, and we submitted with a pretty good grace. The next day we were surprised to see our mother take two or three of our dresses, which were very little worn, and deliberately cut them up. Now, she had always inculcated upon us never to be wasteful; and as we looked with gaping wonder upon her "remorseless coolness" she thought us worthy of an explanation, and said, "In my haste I forgot to bring work along for you, but it is much better for me to sacrifice a few gowns than for you to lose your habits of the needle." She cut them into pretty small pieces, and sewing on two or three hours every day, we made a couple of cradle covers, which, before we left, our mother permitted us to present in our own names, one to the farmer's wife, and the other to the wife of a neighbor; and the whole performance, we being the actors, was instructive to us. It helped to form our habits with the needle; a matter of no small consequence to girls who may be thrown upon their own resources in after life. And who may not?

One little drawback I remember, though it had no necessary connection with the case. Whilst we sat at work one day I recollect the comments of the farmer's wife and an acquaintance of hers upon our respective merits as needle-women; and how fast our needles did ply as they talked in an under tone about us. But presently the stranger called me to her, and said, "I allow that this thimble is silver." I don't know what possessed me, but I instantly replied, taking up the drawling tone of the speaker, "I allow it *is*," and all the rest of the children laughed. Upon which my mother fetched me a smart box on the ear, and taking me by the hand she led me determinately into a little pantry, and shutting the door, she "pulled the bobbin." So I was a prisoner in "short order."

(To be concluded.)

HOW TO REPROVE A CHILD.

A child quarrels with her younger brother at play. The mother interposes to quiet the contention, and then leaves them with a sorrowful countenance, which tells them that she is dipleased, but without any direct reproof. The day passes away; the child forgets the occurrence, and supposes the parent has forgotten it.

When evening approaches, and the calm and still hour which precedes the time of rest has arrived, and all the excitements of the day are allayed, and the mother, alone with her child, is about to leave it for the night,—she says in a serious, but kind and gentle tone, "My child, do you remember that you were angry with your little brother to-day, and that you struck him?" The sin thus called to the recollection, will come up distinctly to view, and the fact that the mother remembered it so many hours, invests the transaction with an importance in the mind of the child, which no language could attach to it. The time and the circumstances too, in which it is recalled, open the whole heart to the impression which the parent desires to make. "God saw you do this, my child," continues the mother, in a kind but serious tone, "and he is much displeased with you. How can you go to sleep to-night, without asking him to forgive you?"

There are few young children who will not be affected by such an appeal as this,—who will not feel sincerely sorry for the wrong—be ready to ask God's forgiveness, and to resolve to do so no more. If it appears that these feelings exist, let the mother express them, in a short and very simple address to God. She may then close the interview by saying, "Now my child, God has heard our prayer. He knows whether you have *felt* what I have been saying. If you have, he has forgiven you, and he will love you, and take care of you to-night, just as if you had not done wrong." A watchful parent will soon find, after such a lesson as this, an opportunity to convince the child, that to make good resolutions is not an infallible preservative from sin. Another and another transgression will soon occur, and the pupil may be taught, by pointing to its own experience, that its own daily sins call for daily penitence and prayer.—*Abbott.*

BEAUTY.

Let me see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment—of an eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips that speak no guile; let me see in her a kind, benevolent disposition, a heart that can sympathize with distress; and I will never ask for the beauty that dwells in ruby lips, or the flowing tresses, or snowy hands, or the forty other et ceteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. Those fade when touched by the hand of time, but these ever enduring qualities of the heart will outlive the reign of those, and grow brighter and brighter, and fresher and fresher, as the ages of eternity roll away.

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Original.

THE POET'S DEATH.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Reclining on the flower-enameled floor
Of nature's gorgeous fane, a poet lay
Alone with God and Death!
The occident,
Mantled with clouds of all most lovely hues,
Purple, and amethyst, and wavy gold,
Reflected to his gaze the splendor caught
From many a "heavenly vision;" and he gazed
Upon its beauty, till the burning stars
Shone through its parting folds, and seemed to him
Bright heralds, winging to assign his soul
Its place among the eternal!
Solemn thoughts
Of life, and death, and immortality,
Floated, enrobed in majesty sublime,
Through the deep springs of being; not in fear
Did he await his change, but with a trust
Firm and unwavering, e'en as one of old,
Who walked with God, and was no more on earth;
For he had kept the "whiteness of his soul,"
And moved through time as stars revolve through heaven,
And strove with noble deeds and thrilling strains
To teach and guide the living soul of man
In heaven's eternal order, truth, and love!

Yet grief and loneliness had been his lot,
Each blossomed hope was blighted in its bloom,
And he had pined beneath the load of life,
And panted for the unattained, and longed
To lay aside his frail and earthly garb,
For a bright, starry crown, and snowy robes
Of pure, unfading beauty.
'Mid the leaves,
The spirits of the evening wind awake
Their sweetly mournful strain, and thus, to him,
Each low and plaintive whisper seemed to say—

Thy life is swiftly waning,
O lonely, lonely heart!
And not with mournful plaining
Shouldst thou from time depart.
Thy beauty gave no gladness,
In vain thy love gushed forth—
Thy lot hath all been sadness,
Alone in this cold earth.

The streamlet gladly springeth
To the bosom of the main—
The freed bird sweetly singeth
At the breaking of its chain;
And now thy earthly mission
Is well and nobly done,
While in the realms elysian
Bright dawns thy being's sun.
While dawns the heavenly splendor,
While earthly scenes grow dim,
In breathings sweet and tender
Pour forth thy dying hymn,
Till its glad echo bleudeth
With the eternal song,
As thy free soul ascendeth
To join the angel throng!

The trembling of the weak and fragile form,
And the wild lightning of the azure eye,
Bore token that the mighty spell of song
Was laid upon his soul.
The myriad tones
Which thrill the earth, and air, and ocean main,
And e'en the spirit of the mighty, all
Transfigured, rose before him, and his voice
Swell'd out in mystic intonations, till
The olden mountains answered, and the air
Was laden with its melody; and this
Was that high priest of nature's dying hymn—

Awake, my lyre! give forth thy tones in cadence wildly sweet—
Once only o'er thy quivering strings may these wan fingers sweep.
Pour forth thy strains exultingly, O glad, yet trembling heart!
Ascending with thy melody shalt thou from time depart;
'Mid heavenly splendors will thy wing, thy starry wing, be furled—
An angel in the fadeless spring of the immortal world!

O, glorious is the arch of heaven where myriad systems roll;
But brighter far the radiance given to light the poet's soul.
Through all time's dim and waning night thy love hath round me shone,
And gladdened by its holy light, one prayer hath been my song;
And if the world my melody hath heard in glad amaze,
To thee, O Father! unto thee, the glory and the praise!
Thou hast the mighty Minstrel been!—my heart the sounding lyre,
Which, when thy fingers swept its strings, gave forth its tones of fire!

I bless thee for the glory thou hast round my being shed;
For thou hast made each path to glow with blossoms at my tread,
And thou hast giv'n each faithful friend an emblem meet of thee,
Whose love may never know an end save with eternity!

I bless thy name, that not in vain each trembling strain hath rung,
But thrilled through that majestic fane, the living soul of man!

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And cheered the lone and desolate, bow'd beneath the weight of woe,
With tidings of a happier clime, where living waters flow,
And bid them breast, with tireless wing, the storm of grief and wrong,
And in the spirit's nobleness be earnest and be strong,
And whispered to the mourning ones, with hearts by anguish riven,
The loved, departed, wait for thee in their bright homes in heaven.

And now I bless thee, O my God! with my expiring breath,
That thou hast taken from my soul the bitterness of death,
And lit with thy dear smile of love the pathway of the tomb,
And drawn aside the vails which hide the upper Eden's bloom,
And sent the white-robed seraphim, to take me by the hand,
And gently lead me to my home in that most lovely land.
Lo! the eternal day-spring dawns—angelic anthems swell—
Now welcome heaven—and, mournful earth, farewell—a last farewell!

With the last dying cadence of his strain,
The poet's soul ascended to the clime
Of never-ending melody.
No more
Will sorrow's tones inspire each thrilling lay;
For now all tears are from his starry eyes
Wiped by the great Deliverer! gloom, and fear,
And sorrow, all have fled—no shroud-like cloud
Darkens the heaven of his raptured breast.
The dearly-loved, lamented ones of earth,
Attired in immortality, again
Are folded to his bosom, in the cool
And fadeless groves of living asphodel;
Where living waters glide in peaceful flow,
Their many mansions gracefully arise.
And now the glory of the Godhead bathes
His soul in light, and loveliness, and love.
And he hath joined the choir of seraphim,
And chants the lays which they alone may sing,
Who sweep their lyres before the great white throne!

THE BIBLE.

Here is the spring where waters flow,
To quench our heat of sin;
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,
To lead our lives therein.
Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
Where men's devices fail;
Here is the bread that feeds the life,
That death cannot assail.

TRUE PIETY.

A pious man, a devotee,
His evening prayers had said;
His Bible lay upon his knee,
And in it he had read,
"Christ had no place wherein to lay his head."
"O, Jesus! had I lived," he cried,
"But in that barbarous age,
I would have wandered at thy side,
Thy sorrows to assuage,
And in the work of love and truth engage.

"My house, it should have been thy home;
My money have been thine;
When thou abroad wast forced to roam,
I would have spent my time
In aiding thee; thy work should have been mine."
A low faint rap upon the door,
Disturbed his train of thought;
There stood a man, whose garments poor
In many a patch were wrought;
And for a piece of bread he humbly sought.

"Get thee to work," the saint now cried,
"And earn enough to eat."
"I'm sick and faint," the man replied,
"And bleeding are my feet;
My fire has been the sun, my bed the street."
"Away, thou wretch, nor longer dare
Approach a man like me;
Thy very words pollute the air,
Thy face ne'er let me see;
"Thanks, Father, I am holier than he."

The devotee then closed the door—
He sought his downy bed—
A dream crept over him once more,
And Jesus came, and said,
"What gavest thou to him who asked for bread?
"Empty thou turn'dst him from the spot;
Thy works do not agree,
For as to *him* thou didst it not,
Thou didst it not to *me*.
O, strive, henceforth a better man to be."

Before his Savior's piercing eye,
He gladly would have fled;
But whither from him could he fly?
He lay upon his bed
So self-condemned, he dare not raise his head.
And with the morning's breaking light
He rose an humbled man,
And in the path of new-found right,
His works of love began;
To feed the poor, to tend the sick he ran.

How many are there who would give
Their *life* to please the Lord,
Who daily 'mid the suffering live,
Nor think they can afford
A piece of bread, a garment, a kind word!

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NOTICES.

TRAVELS IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA, AND THE HOLY LAND. *By the Rev. Stephen Olin, D. D., President of the Wesleyan University. With twelve illustrations on steel. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1843.—This book blends, in a high degree, all the characteristics of excellence which can attach to a mere human composition. It conducts the reader over those portions of the globe which are hallowed by the most solemn associations of religion; and it does this in a style so appropriate, and by sketches so felicitous, that unless he be free from all the appetencies of taste, he will read on and on until he finishes the record. It is certainly the best furnished book of Oriental travels extant, if we except Robinson's, with which it will compare to good advantage, notwithstanding the author's valetudinarian habit while upon his journey. Having spoken of the author's health, we will add a word more concerning him. Dr. Olin is a Methodist preacher, and seems to carry with him the spirit of the *holy ministry* and of the *blessed itinerancy*. This is his highest praise. All we shall say of his respectability and honors is trifling in comparison with this. But the Church has not seen fit to permit him to occupy the highest and most honorable sphere of toil, namely, a circuit, or a missionary field. She has plucked him from this highest eminence, and depressed him to the sphere of the presidency of a university. First she placed him at the head of Randolph Macon, in Virginia. This station he was compelled to resign for the want of health. After some years he became president of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, which is his present field of toil. He has had the grace to submit to his allotments, and execute the wishes of the Church in these subordinate appointments. We have been told, as to his history, that he is a graduate of the Vermont University, at Burlington—a place corner-wise in location, and almost out of the country; yet one that has at times contained talent enough in its professors to render it central in the regards of all Americans.

The first we knew of Dr. Olin as a writer was from reading the entertaining "inaugural," which he delivered, if we recollect, at his induction to the presidency of Randolph Macon. Since then we have read every paragraph that has fallen in our way from his pen, and with a deepening interest all the way along. But he is still living, and we will say no more in this style.

This tour in Europe, Africa and Asia, was undertaken for his health, soon after his resigning the presidency of Randolph Macon. Diseased as he was we expected no notes of his travels, except in brief paragraphs which might reach his brethren in private letters, if he should live long enough to write a few, which we deemed doubtful. We thought it an instance of intrepid enterprise that he should go abroad, to say nothing of manual effort to climb high mountains, slide down precipices, crawl through apertures some rods long, which would just admit his body, and, in a word, do and suffer all that the heartiest and stoutest yeoman could have done and endured in the way of bodily exertion and exposure; and, as the fruit of toils to which his physical energies were so very inadequate, two large octavo volumes, filled with the most judicious notes of travel ever delivered from the press. We do not hesitate to affirm that, all the circumstances considered, the production of these volumes is *unprecedented*. They are not only an evidence of singular learning and genius, but a monument of such persevering enterprise as we have no instance of within our recollection.

Having rambled on in this style of remark, prompted by feeling, but led also by a just appreciation of facts, we cannot speak at length as we would concerning the character of the book. We will observe, however, that it is *biblical*, and will deeply interest, and greatly profit the student of God's book. We may speak of it again; but have only space remaining to add a short extract, which, with other specimens, will show our readers who are about to purchase it (as we trust all will) what they may expect. We will select a passage which, from its sacred associations will, we are sure, affect the pious heart:—

"In my return to the city I stopped in the garden of Gethsemane. It occupies a level space between the brook Cedron and the foot of the Mount of Olives. It is about fifty paces square, and is inclosed by a wall of no great height, formed of rough, loose stones. Eight very ancient olive trees now occupy this inclosure, some of which are of very large size, and all exhibit symptoms of decay that denote their great age. This garden belongs to one of the monastic establishments, and considerable care is taken to preserve the trees from destruction. Several young trees have been planted to supply the place of those which have disappeared.

"There can be no reasonable doubt, I think, that this is the real garden of Gethsemane. It was probably once more extensive than at present, but it must have occupied this situation. The nature of the ground sufficiently determines the route which must always have been pursued in passing from the Temple to the Mount of Olives. The path now used has every appearance of great antiquity, and this is the only place where the descent to the channel of Cedron could be effected with any tolerable convenience. No one who examines the situation of the Temple, and the nature of the ground between this part of the city and the Mount of Olives, can hesitate to believe that the grand approach to the sacred edifice, and the great thoroughfare from the whole region around Olivet, and farther east, must have passed along the road now in use, and through the gate on or near the spot now occupied by that of St. Stephen. The garden was on this route, beyond Cedron, and adjoining the Mount of Olives. 'Christ went forth with his disciples over Cedron, where there was a garden.' After the institution of the eucharist, he went into the Mount of Olives, and there 'to a place called Gethsemane,' where he was arrested by the Jewish police. Gethsemane, like Olivet itself, is a sacred locality, which is well established upon evidence independent of monastic traditions. The ignorant monks fully believe that the old olive trees are a part of those which gave shelter to Christ and his followers. They are certainly of great antiquity, and they exhibit a remarkable instance of the tenacity of life which this tree possesses, perhaps beyond any other. The trunks of a number of them have decayed to the extent of several feet above the root, with which the branches are connected only by some thin, dry splinters, coated on the outer surface with the bark. Higher up the trunks become solid, and the branches appear healthful and vigorous. The trees are guarded with religious respect, and strangers with difficulty obtain permission to cut off even a dry limb for a memorial of their visit to this deeply interesting place.

"It was in this garden that 'Jesus entered, and his disciples; and Judas also, which betrayed him, knew the place, for Jesus oft-times resorted thither with his disciples,' John xviii, 1, 2. Here it was that, withdrawing a stone's cast from his disciples, 'He kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And, being in agony, he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground,' Luke xxii, 41–44. It was a dark and awful scene, still covered with mystery, and full of unfathomable import. The gloomy but befitting theatre of this sublime transaction impresses itself upon the imagination in characters not to be effaced. It was very near one of the most thronged and busy parts of Jerusalem, and yet lay so low in the valley of Jehoshaphat that not a sound from the busy hum of life could have reached its profound depth. On the west the city walls and the high battlements of the Temple almost overhang the garden, while on the east the still loftier heights of Olivet cast their dark shade over the scene of the Divine agony. The rapidly descending channel of Cedron passes by to the south, and soon enters between the almost perpendicular cliffs, which were already fashioned into monuments for the dead. The seclusion from the world, of whose sins the blessed Jesus was now enduring the burden, was complete, and Judas had well chosen the spot for the perpetration of his dark crime."

LIFE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. *By Rev. J. Williams. A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is No. 7 of the Family Library in its new and cheap form; namely, at 25 cents per volume. Every child is familar with the name of "Alex-

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ander the Great." This is a carefully written history of his birth, education, vices, exploits, wine-bibbing and death. The history is, however, sufficiently favorable to the reputation of the hero on the latter point.

On sale at the Methodist Book Concern.

M'Culloch's Universal Gazetteer. *No.* 1. *Harper & Brothers.*—This is in the form of Brande's Encyclopædia. It is intended chiefly for reference, and will be a work of great value for that purpose. Its extent may be better understood from the fact that this number of 112 large octavo pages, in very small type, double column, does not pass more than half through the letter A. The work will be published in two volumes, and accompanied with seven large maps. This is the best opportunity that can possibly present itself to procure, on terms surprisingly low, one of the best gazetteers ever issued from the press. It should be remembered that the price is only 25 cents per number of 112 pages.

On sale at the Methodist Book Concern.

Sacred Melodies and Spiritual Songs, *for Social, Prayer, and Camp Meetings. Improved Edition, with a Supplement. By A. W. Musgrove. Cincinnati: John B. Peat.* 1843.—Fidelity to our own conscience obliges us to say, in the first place, that we go against all substitutes for the old Methodist Hymn Book. We heartily wish, all things considered, that the Methodists had never seen any other collection of hymns, or used any other melodies. It is pure bathos to yield our excellent Church hymns for any other spiritual songs extant. When families, praying circles, classes, or love feasts use any others it is a clear loss, and a heavy draw-back on deep devotion.

Having satisfied our conscience by entering this protest, we now proceed, in justice to Mr. Musgrove, to say this collection of spiritual songs is far superior to those which have heretofore been in use amongst us. If the members of the Church must (and it seems they will) use other "melodies" than those contained in our Hymn Book, we cordially recommend this. The Supplement contains fifty-seven hymns, the most of them strangers to us.

Conquest and Self-conquest; *Or, Which Makes the Hero? New York: Harper & Brothers.* 216 *pp.*, 12*mo.*—This is a charming fiction. There is a subduing charm in the character of Frederick Stanley, who is here presented as an example of the utility and beauty of self-control. Arthur Macon, who represents the opposite feature, or illustrates the inconveniences and hazards attendant on the want of self-government, has also a character spiced with some excellent tempers and habits, serving more fully to show how vain is the possession of some of the choicest virtues, unless there be symmetry of character. Were not this book a fiction, we would zealously recommend it to our readers. And, at any rate, whoever proposes to purchase a novel let this be it. Its aim is utility, and it blends entertainment with admonition, in a very unusual degree.

On sale at the Methodist Book Concern.

The Mayflower; *Or, Sketches of Scenes and Characters among the Descendants of the Pilgrims. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This too is a work of the imagination. Mrs. Stowe has used her pen with magic effect in conjuring up from the shadowy regions of the past, these New England "Scenes and Characters." Had this book the sobriety of truth, it would merit the regards of the nation, and might rank with its minor classics, for the felicity of its descriptions, and the frequent useful lessons which it inculcates. We regret that Mrs. Stowe's book is not a *substantial* article. It has many hues of beauty, if they did but ornament a solid. We trust her next manufacture may have a woof and web of truth, so that the colors of the fabric will never fade.

By these remarks we do not intend the least disparagement of the book as a literary production. In this respect it merits great praise. Some of the sketches, as, "*Let every man mind his own business,*" and "*So many calls,*" are almost inimitable. They indicate a most inventive mind, a great command of language, and are unexceptionable, we should rather say excellent, in their morals. To be sure, and do the writer justice, we will insert one of them in our September number.

On sale at the Methodist Book Concern.

The Days of Queen Mary. *With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1843.—This comes at the low price of twenty-five cents. This is a closely printed octavo of nearly 300 pages, in good type, on fair paper. It is no fiction, but its facts are of more interest, as recorded on these pages, than the fictitious incidents of the best written novels. It delineates, with great fidelity and minuteness, the character of the persecutors, Mary, the queen, and Bonnor, her liege ecclesiastic, of bloody memories. We would give an extract, that the reader may "taste the book," but every portion of it is of so deep a religious interest that we know not where to select. The martyrdom of one Rawlins, a poor fisherman, (to say nothing at present of godly-martyred bishops, &c.,) is related as follows:—

"As he was led to the stake, he saw his wife and children stand weeping. The sight of those who were near and dear to him moved him. 'Ah, flesh!' exclaimed he, smiting his breast, 'wouldst thou hinder me—wouldst thou fain prevail? By God's grace, thou shalt not have the victory.' While the smith was fastening him to the stake, he said, 'I pray you, good friend, knock in the chain fast, for it may be the flesh will strive mightily; but O God, of thy great mercy, give me strength and patience.' He also spoke to a person named Dane, who related these particulars, saying that he felt a great struggle between the flesh and the Spirit, and entreated, if he began to waver, he would hold up his finger, 'and then,' said he, 'I trust I shall remember myself.'

"With much cheerfulness he assisted in disposing the fagots and straw. A priest stood upon a stage to address the assembled crowd. It was market-day; Rawlins settled himself, and attended to the discourse, till the priest inveighed against all who opposed the Romish doctrine of the real presence. The martyr then rebuked him, saying, 'Did not Christ say, Do this *in remembrance* of me?' The aptness of the quotation silenced the priest, and orders were given to kindle the fire. This was done, and Rawlins bathed his hands in the flame till they were consumed; when, his legs also being burned away, his body fell over the chain into the fire. His sufferings were long and severe; but he bore them patiently, exclaiming, with a loud voice, 'O Lord, receive my soul! O Lord, receive my spirit!'"

From the following passage it seems that Protestantism was far enough from that murderous spirit which characterized the Romish Church in these days, as its exemplary leniency in the period of its domination, is urged as an argument to cease these persecutions:—

"After the burning of Bishop Farrar, the executions ceased for a few weeks. The cause is not stated; it might arise from the great sensation excited throughout the kingdom by these bloody scenes; or, from its being Easter, the persecutors might suspend their proceedings, lest they should interfere with the idolatrous ceremonies practiced at that period in the Romish Church. We may, therefore, here notice a petition, drawn up and printed by the exiles, which they sent over about this time. It was addressed to the queen. They cautioned her against being carried away by a blind and furious zeal to persecute the Church of Christ, and reminded her of the manner in which Cranmer had preserved her life during her father's reign. They quoted many passages from the writings of Gardiner and his associates, in which the Romish prelates had spoken in the strongest terms against the supremacy of the Pope and the lawfulness of her mother's marriage; thus showing that they were men who sought only to promote their own interests. They also reminded her that, during the reign of Edward, none of the Romanists had suffered the treatment now experienced by the Protestants. They then addressed the nobility, gentry, and the people in general, setting forth the dangers to which the nation was now exposed, both in a spiritual and temporal point of view; exhorting them to repent, and humble themselves for the sins which had brought these sore afflictions upon the nation; and, lastly, urged them to intercede with the queen, that

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she might stop these deeds of cruelty, or at least allow her Protestant subjects to leave the kingdom."

On sale at the Methodist Book Concern.

AN EXAMINATION OF TRACTS FOR THE TIMES. *No. I. "Who are the Methodists?" No. 2. "The Methodist Church; What is it? By Rev. E. Pilcher, of the Michigan conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.*—The amiable author of this pamphlet does a good service to Christ and his Church, in his well timed rebuke of the ignorance or the arrogancy with which certain *clergymen* in Michigan claim to hold the keys of St. Peter, and bind and loose all things on earth and in heaven.

CLAIMS OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY; *Addressed to Christians in the West. By Rev. C. Elliott.* 1843.—This paper was prepared by Dr. Elliott at the formal request of the Ohio annual conference. It is well adapted to forward the holy aims of the Bible Society. It is re-published in a very neat pamphlet of 36 octavo pages. We urge our readers to procure and peruse it.

SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS are in a course of re-publication by the Harpers in the same form, and at the same price as the Encyclopædia. It has reached its sixth number. The skill and power of this well known writer was only equalled by his indifference to the moral influence of his charmed pen.

BRANDE'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA continues to reach us, and has progressed to the middle of the alphabet. It is a valuable work for reference, and of inestimable worth in families.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE is now romantically interesting in its truthful delineations of events which have transpired since 1800, embracing the bold career of Napoleon, and the successes of Lord Wellington.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE ADVENT.—If the statements below are to be strictly relied upon, Mr. Miller's expectations are fulfilled. We do not recollect that he has ever affirmed much in regard to the *locus in quo;* or the place in which the Savior would first make his appearance. The Roman Catholics are in one respect good witnesses in regard to the advent. They have not expected it. That they, therefore, should so unequivocally announce its occurrence seems unaccountable, unless it be true. If they have committed no error, we should expect the sign of Christ's coming soon to be revealed in every hemisphere. The Scripture statement is that his coming shall be like the lightning shining from the east even unto the west. The statement, as we find it, is said to be copied from the *Univers*, and is as follows:—

"During the last fortnight accounts the most delightful to the Christian world have been prevalent in Paris. From letters written by persons of the highest character, which we have had under our own inspection, we learn that authentic accounts have been received in the capital of Christianity from the Catholic missionaries in China, announcing that the Chinese emperor will, for the future, permit missionaries free entrance, and right of traveling without obstacle through his dominions; not content with this concession, the emperor himself has solicited that new and more numerous missionaries should be sent out. It is certain that the Propaganda has already appointed forty religious, amongst whom are many Jesuits, whose names are announced to the mission. The departure of these missionaries for China will be immediate.

"These accounts from China attest facts of another description, and which, to Christians, will explain those we have above announced. The silence we have preserved during the last fortnight will be a guaranty to our readers that if we speak out to-day, it is on testimony the most weighty and worthy of belief. A letter which we received yesterday from Rome contains the following: '*Authentic letters from the Chinese missionaries confirm the astounding miracle of the apparition of our Lord in the presence of a vast number of the faithful and unbelievers.*'"

As far as we can learn the religious papers of the Roman Catholic Church in Europe and America, express full confidence in this intelligence. The "*Univers*" states that it has received other details. Many other periodicals speak of this *theophania* in terms of bold confidence as a miracle wrought for the promotion of the true faith. No doubt there is either a mistake *in fact*, or *the advent* has taken place, and will soon be made manifest to the world.

A GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH was recently dedicated in Second-street, New York. Bishop Morris preached the sermon. We rejoice in the success of the New York mission. Methodism lives its infancy over again amongst the Germans. We may see amongst them—what was so interesting in the days of our fathers—the advance of a heaven-sustained Church against the most formidable opposition which Satan can devise and the world can practice against it. "Fear not little flock, it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," is the promise wherewith she may comfort herself.

FATHER MATTHEW of Ireland, is expected to visit the United States. Should he succeed in introducing total abstinence amongst the Irish Catholics of this country it would be a "profitable voyage."

QUEEN OF THE WEST.—A citizen calculates that Cincinnati, with its suburbs, contains a population of 63,000. It is, probably, an over-estimate. Leave off 8000, and we have 55,000 in a city 60 years old. One half of these have been added in about 10 years.

FIFTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OAKLAND FEMALE SEMINARY, *for the year ending July 27*, 1843. Teachers: Rev. Joseph M'D. Mathews, Principal; Miss Ann E. Shields, Principal of the Primary Department, &c.; Miss Joann Wallin, Teacher of Rhetoric, Botany, French, &c., &c.; Mrs. M. C. M'Reynolds, Teacher of Instrumental Music; Miss S. W. Horn, Teacher of Ornamental and Needle-Work; Miss Sariah R. Wilson, Miss Mary J. Muntz, Miss Susannah E. Ayes, Miss Hannah Thompson, Assistant Pupils. The whole number of pupils who have attended this institution is 90. This school is under the patronage of the Ohio annual conference; and the well known excellent character of the Principal, and the judicious selection which he has always made of Assistants, ought to secure the Seminary a most ample support. Its location is in a town remarkable for good society, salubrity, variety of scenery, and, in a word, every thing convenient and attractive.

CANTON FEMALE SEMINARY.—We are pleased to find, from the inspection of its annual catalogue, that the Pittsburg conference has succeeded in rearing up, through the agency and fidelity of its Principals, Mr. and Mrs. Goshorn, a flourishing institution of a high order in the beautiful town of Canton. That is an important point to be occupied by such a seminary.

A STATEMENT OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION.—This pamphlet, of twelve octavo pages, expounding the principles of the "union," was composed by Wm. H. Channing of New York, who, heretofore, for a year or more, occupied the Unitarian pulpit of this city. The document is one of the most curious extant. Nothing in connection with Mormonism and its alledged revelations is more remarkable. It is the production of a mind enriched with native talent, and graced with ample literary attainments. We cannot pretend to account for the extreme hallucinations of such a mind.

CAN IT BE TRUE?—If the following representation be correct, the west is in a more deplorable state than we supposed. We think it erroneous. We trust it will be corrected. We receive the statement from an eastern paper:—

"1,400,000 *Children.*—It was stated on the platform at the late anniversary of the American Sunday School Union, that there were 1,400,000 children in the Valley of the Mississippi, for whom no provision for Sunday school instruction is now made. It is almost incredible, and yet it cannot be gainsayed. Among them may be future presidents, and future congressmen. Who knows! and who shall rear and teach them? Shall Protestants, or shall Antichrist, with all its enticing, yet withering forms and ceremonies. If the former, our country is safe. If the latter, we shall soon have to sing a dirge over all our religious charities, our religion, and our liberty."

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1843.

Original.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.*

BY THE EDITOR.

How aptly is a change of heart denominated regeneration. It is birth-like in many ways. It involves struggles not only in the convicted, but also on the part of the Church; for it is God's usual method to rouse her to the most earnest efforts of faith, and cause her enkindled charity to flow forth in strong supplications. The Holy Spirit moves the Church to "travail," and "bring forth."

But amidst these struggles, there are pauses in which both the Church, and her infant children under their quickenings to newness of life, relapse into inactivity. This is seen in revivals where the struggles at the altar sometimes become feeble, and coldness, like a death power, comes over the warm affections of devotion. God knows the reason, but gives us no account of it. Still, we know that he orders all things well in the kingdoms of both nature and grace, between which we may often discern striking and instructive analogies. In the case before us, it is so ordered that in the kingdom of nature the struggles of the first, and in the kingdom of grace the agonies of the second birth, should be prolonged by mysterious delays and intermissions. It was partly in reference to this point that we spoke of a "quick and subtil sympathy in religion."

Soon after Mr. L. had ceased to struggle, the same spirit of stupidity seemed to fall on all around him, and at last an awkward stillness succeeded to so many and loud prayers in his behalf. All, one by one, arose from their knees, and an hour or more passed in formal devotions, after the manner of a cold Methodist prayer meeting. Mr. L. was invited to rise. Unused as he was to kneeling, his posture was painful, but he resolved to atone for his prideful apprehensions that some gentlemen might come in, by remaining on his knees the live-long night, hoping thereby to recover the strong feelings which he had lost. A young man, now in heaven, came at length and kneeled by his side, and whispered, "Mr. L., I fear you are not anxious enough for salvation." "No, sir," said Mr. L., "I am not anxious at all." "I feel," said the other, "that if you do not embrace religion to-night, you never will." "So I think," said Mr. L. The young man paused a little, and then exclaimed, "I cannot give you up;" and turning aside commenced praying aloud. He had uttered but a few words when a divine influence was shed upon the little assembly. Again all fell upon their knees, and in a few minutes every voice was once more pleading in prayer. Mr. L. felt the descending power. For a minute or two he retained his kneeling posture, but his desires for salvation grew more and more vehement, till at last, forgetful of every thing but the wants of a soul making its last effort for eternal life, with one unrestrained outcry for mercy, he threw himself on the floor.

Mrs. L. flew to him in great consternation, and others gathered round, ready, if there were need or opportunity, to do what might be done to soften the features of a scene so bold and rugged. But God was also there, and Mr. L. had nought to do with any other. He did not know, until afterward informed, that his wife had hung over him so long in silent agony.

The witnesses say that for one hour and a half Mr. L. continued in this prone posture. Such was the violence of his struggle for salvation that his hands and arms were in constant agitation, reaching up with violent efforts, as if to grasp something above him and beyond his reach. His states of mind, during this struggle, were as follows: Always, till that evening, when he attempted to pray, it seemed to him that no one heard him. He *felt* like an atheist, though he *thought* as a believer. When he threw himself on the floor the movement was induced by a sudden consciousness that Jesus was near and listening to his prayer. As he fell backward, with his face toward the ceiling, Christ seemed to be just above him. He felt that he could almost reach him, and the unwearied motion of his hands was sympathetic with the struggles of the heart to lay hold on him. The time that he lay prostrate in this manner was spent, with two or three momentary interruptions, in exclaiming, with the utmost effort of his voice, "Come Jesus!" or, "Help me, Jesus!" without any important variations of language. The interruptions were as follows: In the midst of his struggles it came suddenly to his mind, as though whispered by the lips of the Savior, "Will you now give up your child?" And instantly his whole heart, with a new, strange outflow of consenting emotions, said, "Yes! yes! I do! I do!" After a little time it was again suggested, "Can you now forgive your enemies?" And in the same full, hearty manner, he exclaimed, "Yes!" feeling, at the moment, that he would fain have all his worst enemies in his arms at once, that he might press them to his bosom. After a little it was again suggested, "Can you now give up *yourself* and all you have for ever to Christ, to do with you and with it as shall please him?" and again, with an unspeakable fullness and freeness, his heart replied, "Yes, all—all—I give up all for ever!"

The experienced Christian will doubtless perceive that this was, with Mr. L., the beginning of a new and heavenly life. Such a yielding up of all things is

* Concluded from page 230.

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never accomplished by the unregenerate heart. Just then, when he felt so full and spontaneous a flowing of his affections in the unaccustomed channels of resignation and charity, the regenerating work was wrought. But Mr. L. knew it not. He never once suspected it. He returned again, therefore, from these specific exercises of submission, self-consecration, and charity, to pleading with Jesus. This he continued until, his strength gradually failing, he could no more than whisper, and at last, from physical exhaustion, became silent.

There is a difference. Conversion is one thing, and its evidence or the inward witness of it another. They are not necessarily simultaneous. Mr. L., now regenerated by the Holy Ghost, thought his quiet state one of perfect stupidity. He said to himself, "'Tis done! This was my last effort, and Christ, who came so near, has left me for ever." "How do you feel now?" said a venerable saint, since glorified. "Stupid—stupid!" said Mr. L. "Ah!" said she, "you'll feel better to-morrow." She understood better than the new-born disciple what were the symptoms of commencing life.

Mr. L. was returned to his lodginge. It was late; but he said to his wife before they retired, "Let us once more try to pray." So soon as they were kneeled down, a gentle melting came upon his soul, which quite took him by surprise. "Possibly," thought he, "all is not lost. There may be hope that I shall yet obtain religion." Musing in this wise, he laid down and slept.

In the morning he arose without the sense of any peculiar tenderness, and, as soon as he was dressed, desired Mrs. L. to leave him alone. As she retired, he turned toward the table on which the Bible lay. The sight of this book caused his heart to throb with unexpected emotions. He stepped quickly across the room, opened the book, and his eye first lighted on these words, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me," John xiv, 1. His whole soul seemed, in a moment, absorbed in meditating the force of this language. "Why am I troubled?" thought he. "Does not *Jesus* utter these words? Why did I not think and feel that it was his own language addressed to a wretch like me? Yes, I believe in God, the Creator, the Judge, the Avenger; and my heart is 'troubled.'" Why have I not believed, also, in Jesus, the Savior, the bearer of my sin and punishment, and thus eased my troubled conscience." While he thus mused on the words of his Lord, they seemed to go down into the very depths of his soul, and spread through all its parched wastes.

He laid the Bible open on the side of the bed, dropped on his knees, still pondering the words which had so deeply affected him. In the midst of these exercises it occurred to him—"pray." Raising his eyes upward to do so, Jesus again seemed, as on the previous evening, to be just above him. He *saw* nothing at this or any other time, but was conscious rather of the presence of the Savior. His first words were, "Jesus, I cannot let thee go!" These he deliberately repeated; and, in the meantime, a struggle within corresponded with these outward expressions. He was like a man who, fallen in deep waters, seizes with thumb and finger the edge of a plank. Afraid to let go, in order to attempt a firmer hold, and unable, without great effort, to retain his present grasp, he can do no more than exert all his energies to hold on. So with Mr. L. A little faith had grasped the Savior slightly, as it were by the hem of the garment, and the struggle was to retain that slender hold. Each repetition of the words seemed to increase his confidence and bring the Savior nearer to him, until at last he changed the former language for this, "Jesus, thou canst not cast me off!" This he also repeated slowly, feeling, as he did so, that Christ approached nearer and nearer, until at last he seemed to come down into his soul, and in all the fullness of his presence take up his abode within.

All was now changed. Mr. L. exclaimed, "O, Jesus, thou art *within* me!" and that Scripture was borne to his heart, "Christ in you the hope of glory." He continued but a moment on his knees, for a divine power seemed to raise him on his feet. He hurried this way and that through the chamber, looking at his hands, and pressing his own flesh, as though he would be convinced that he was himself and not another. Jesus had so fully possessed his whole soul, that he seemed to have lost his own being, and to have become merged or swallowed up in Christ. He was born again. He knew it. As the living are conscious of life, so Mr. L. was conscious that he had been raised to newness of life. O, how he exulted in the fullness of this life! What weeks and months of holy rapture he enjoyed; and how replete with "joy unspeakable and full of glory" are his days and nights, as he still presses onward to the higher beatific state!

Some circumstances in the narrative of Mr. L.'s conversion may be profitably re-considered. "The Metaphysician," was chosen as a heading to this article, not merely because Mr. L. was foolishly speculating when the Holy Spirit first visited his heart, but because the progress of his soul through the "strait gate" is marked by some peculiar exercises. He had often made specific efforts to resign his child, and to forgive his enemies, with an utter inability to accomplish either. The reader has seen that a specific impression was made upon his mind in the midst of his agonies in regard to those particular points. He had been exceedingly tried in regard to that faith which justifies the soul. He could not conceive how this "saving faith," as it was called, differed from the speculative admission of the truth of Christianity. He was sorely puzzled at the distinction made between them. He was in a state of mind on this point which would at the time have rendered the views of Mr. Campbell grateful to his mental appetite. But his struggles at the bed-side, on the morning of his deliverance, perfectly satisfied him that faith embraces the affections—that "with *the heart* man believeth unto righteousness." Nor has he, from that day to this, been in any doubt or trouble on this perplexing subject—perplexing to all who have not experienced faith, but to none else.

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Mr. L. had wondered also, as well he might, how the Christian could distinguish the impulses of nature from those of grace; but his experience satisfied him on this point. To a skeptical, educated friend, who called on him a few days after his conversion, and suggested this very difficulty, he said, "Suppose you were to visit a young man who had never seen the sun, but in the confinement of a dungeon, by lamp light, had been educated, and instructed in natural philosophy; and he should ask you to explain to him the difference between solar light and candle light—could you do it?" After a considerable pause, he answered, "No." "So," said Mr. L., "I cannot explain to you the difference between natural and religious sensibility, but I can *feel* the difference."

Another difficulty with Mr. L., akin to this last was, how can the Christian know he is converted? And this was a more serious question, from the fact that he had once honestly hoped he was pious, and found out that it was wholly a mistake. Besides which, many professing Christians, and whole denominations of them deny that it is our privilege to be assured of our conversion, and that we must be satisfied with probability, or in the language of their creed, with a hope. Whereas, the Methodists teach that it is our privilege and duty to feel assured that our sins are pardoned. Mr. L. now understood that the convert may "know the things which are freely given to him of God." He felt in himself that he possessed a new life; and could no more doubt it than he could his own physical being. As he knew that he had five senses—that he had hands, feet, memory, and imagination—in a word, as he knew with the utmost certainty that he was a living man and not a dead carcass, even so, by spiritual consciousness, or by what the apostle calls the "Spirit bearing witness," he knew that his soul was raised up from its death in trespasses and in sins, to a new and glorious life.

Of one other thing Mr. L. was convinced, namely, that many make a profession of religion who know nothing of its power. Such are they who taught by the erring, look not for certainty in experience, and of course rest in uncertainty. Such are they who take the fifty-first psalm to be expressive of Christian experience, and of course mistake conviction of sin for a state of justification. Such persons should consider that there are peace and joy in religion; and that to mourn over sin is not the only habit of a truly regenerated heart.

Mr. L. had often heard the pious speak extravagantly, as he supposed, of the superior comforts of religion. He had felt a strong prejudice against such language as this, "I have enjoyed more happiness in one day since I was converted, than in my whole life before." This he thought impossible; he supposed that the speaker was merely zealous for his party, and anxious to vindicate the wisdom of his own conduct, and therefore set himself to exaggerate the good which he had chosen. Now he found to his surprise and delight, that such language was so far from all extravagance, that it fell quite below the truth, and that in reference to all such accounts of religious enjoyment, he could say "the half was not told me." His own mind could not by any effort, invent a method to express his own inward comforts. He was like a youth brought up in the meanest, filthiest cottage, and familiar only with the rudest modes of vulgar life, suddenly placed upon a throne, and made to stare on all the unwonted splendors of a palace. Day after day new conceptions of the excellence and the prerogatives of his present state—of his new birth-right privileges in fruition and in prospect, ravished and almost overwhelmed him. One instance of this sort may be noticed.

For two days after his conversion, his mind was so occupied with present joys, that he had never looked forward and considered the prospect of future glory. He was passing from the house into the yard, when it occurred to him that his overflowing peace and rapture were not all the good religion proffered him—that it had not only the promise of the life that now is, but of that also which is to come. This was, at the moment, a clear addition to his gains. He burst out in hallelujahs at the sudden recollection that, in addition to the heaven now within him, and which seemed more than he well knew what to do with, there was another more glorious and eternal heaven beyond him. We mention this circumstance for this among other reasons—it shows that religious joy is not constituted of mere hope. It has present as well as future beatitudes.

Lastly. Mr. L. was convinced that to know any thing satisfactorily of religion we must *experience* it. To speculate upon it is like laboring to ascertain the flavor of fruit without tasting it. If all the infidels in the world would consider the doctrines of religion, especially that of the new birth, as the diagram, and experience as the demonstration, they might soon "know of the doctrine, whether it be of heaven or of men." They are, therefore, inexcusable. Infidelity is willful, because a sure test is proposed which the skeptic will not employ to satisfy himself of the falseness or the reality of religion. If an apple were presented him with the assertion that it is sweet, how should he determine whether it is so or not? By tasting it. Let him treat religion thus.

A. and B. are chemists. A. meets B. and informs him that he has experimented thus and thus, with such and such results. B. is incredulous. A. says to him, "Do not contradict me. I ask you to take nothing upon trust. Go to your laboratory, and test the matter according to the usages and rules of our science. But do not alledge theory against experiment."

So Christians may challenge their adversaries. Thus we do appeal to them. We do not claim that our testimony shall be conclusive in settling these disputed points. We only ask that it be regarded so far as to lead them to seek the higher and indisputable evidence. The enunciation is from millions of witnesses, that there is in religion a new birth—a new life. Let them "seek, and they shall know whether the testimony be true." If we refuse to seek, in the great day of trial we must "be without excuse."

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Original.

THE MORALIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

My friend P. is not only a lover of truth, and remarkable for caution in all his statements, but his manner is so grave and sincere, that it affects the heart to hear from his lips a narrative like the following, which he just now gave to me, and which I write down as a warning to all whom it may concern. I cannot be sure to recollect his very words, but I will adhere to the facts.

"In 18—, when I traveled —— circuit, I was invited to visit Mr. M., who was confined to his room with a disease which he and his friends expected would terminate his life. I called as invited. He was not far from sixty years of age. He had never professed religion, but was remarkable for the uprightness of his conduct, having always sustained an irreproachable character, and was, moreover, proverbially charitable, traveling far beyond the boundaries of justice to do the poor and needy good. But somehow Satan devised to make the very ornaments of his character, as a citizen, a great hindrance to him in regard to religion.

"When I had exchanged with him the usual salutations, he stated that he had called on me for religious instruction—that, assured of the approach of death, and of the necessity of a preparation, he desired to learn what he must do to make ready for so great a change.

"I endeavored to unfold to him the truths of the Gospel, explaining, as well as I was able, its doctrines of human sinfulness, of the atonement, of the saving offices of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit's agency in preparing us for heaven. In the midst of my conversation he now and then referred to the great regularity of his life, and to his equity and charity toward his fellow men. This he did in a manner so self-complacent that I saw danger lurking in it. His wife, too, was not unapprehensive, and said to him, 'Yes, but you know we are all sinners, and need a Savior —to which he assented; but evidently without any feeling sense of his guilt and depravity.

"I found that his exact morality had long been his boast—that he had been in the habit of watching closely the deportment of professors, and had often spoken of their failings as a reproach to religion, comparing his own exemplary rectitude with what he deemed to be their glaring delinquencies.

"A second interview resulted like the first. At one time Mr. M. would confess himself a sinner and in great need of a Savior; then, again, he would reach after his good works, and covertly congratulate himself that he was so much more upright than his neighbors.

"After an absence of some days, I saw him again. He was now almost gone. He said that he could live but a little while, and requested me to stay by him till he expired. I consented. In the evening his family retired, and I endeavored once more to point him to Jesus. At first I began to hope that he had relinquished his self-righteousness, and was about to fly to the sinner's Friend. But, alas! I was soon undeceived. Again, close as he was upon the grave, he began to speak of his rectitude of life, in a manner which plainly indicated great ignorance of his own heart. In this conversation he informed me that he had more than once felt deep concern for his soul—that on one occasion he had approached the altar for prayer, and was convinced of his sinful and lost state; but that reflecting on the misconduct of professed Christians, and comparing his life with theirs, had induced him to give up the pursuit of religion and trust to his morality. Thus he had lived up to the present hour. I asked him if he now felt that he was safe? He answered in a mournful manner, 'I don't know—I do hope I shall be saved.' At this stage of our interview he felt his strength rapidly failing, and requested me to call his family. This I did. He proceeded to address a few words of advice to them, and bid each farewell. The sum of his counsel was, to be 'sober, diligent, honest, and charitable.' He spake not a word of religion, nor of Jesus. After finishing his farewell messages to his wife and children, he unexpectedly called me near him again, and said he wished to relate one circumstance which had occured sometime ago, and had rested with considerable weight on his mind. I sat down and listened, as with faint accents he spoke thus: 'I once dreamed that I was lying on this bed, and in this room. Suddenly a light blazed up at the stove; and turning my eye in that direction, I saw a person sitting by the fire, with his face concealed. While I was wondering who it could be, he turned and smiled upon me. I knew immediately that he was the Savior of the world, and was exceedingly rejoiced that he looked upon me with so much kindness. At last he reached his hands toward me, and beckoned me to him. I offered to rise and go. But as soon as I made the effort I found my self oppressed with a heavy burden of old rags, heaped upon my bosom. I began to throw off the rags as fast as I could; and when I supposed I was clear, I made another effort to rise. But I was still unable, being yet burdened with the rags. I again threw them off as fast as I could, until another effort enabled me to get partly up. I continued to throw off the rags and repeat my efforts; but I never could get fairly on my feet, the burden was still so great. Once I seemed to be almost up'—here the dying man paused—gently threw back his head on his pillow—caught for breath—added in dying cadences, which my ear just caught, 'I don't—know—whether I got—to my—Savior—or not!' and with the last whispered word his breath fled for ever."

Surely this is not the best way to die. There is no "light in the valley" to them who pass through it thus. How unlike the dying triumphs of Paul—and we may add, without the least impropriety, of Wesley, Fletcher, and M'Kendree—and, to come nearer home, of Christie, and several others of our own well known brethren! "Mother," said a young female Christian, on the near approach of death, "Mother, you have often told me that religion is good in life, and would be

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still better in death. Now I prove your language true. I feel this blessed religion to be good—*good* in death."

Taking up the Wesleyan Magazine, which reports, from month to month, the triumphs of religion over death amongst our transatlantic brethren, our eye lighted on the following, which we subjoin as a case in striking contrast with that of Mr. M. It relates to the death of Mrs. Mary, wife of James Wood, Esq., of Grove House, near Manchester, who, for almost fifty years, was an exemplary member of the Methodist Church. Rev. Mr. Taylor says of her: "My last interview with her exceeded in interest any previous one. It was on Monday before her decease. She felt that death was near, and exerted herself to deliver her dying and affectionate advice and entreaty to every member of her family. She desired, as a last act, to commemorate with us all the Savior's death. Her heart was in the service. I had never known her understanding more clear, nor had witnessed her confidence so strong. She said, 'My faith is firm. I am going to my Lord! I shall see him soon—he will receive me. All is well!'"

It is added, "Sometime before she died, one of the family said, 'Is the light too strong?' (referring to the windows,) to which she replied, 'O, no. *It is all light in the valley!* Beautiful! beautiful! No night in the temple! Happy! happy! happy!' Her strong confidence in the efficacy of the Divine atonement was most remarkable and cheering. The burden of her prayer was, that her afflictions might be sanctified to her family. 'Pray that it may be sanctified,' she repeated over and over again. Mr. Wood said, 'We are all praying that it may be sanctified;' she said, 'To all, and to me.' She added, 'I cannot speak much to you. I wish I could; but I am too near heaven to talk!'"

"Mr. Wood said, 'The Lord Jesus will not long delay his coming. He will come quickly'—to which she answered, 'Amen. Good bye!' which were her last words."

Such are the triumphs of grace. Thus the Christian dies. Thus may the *reader* die! But let us not forget that *holy living prepares for happy dying.*

"He who in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies."

IMPROVE THE MINUTES.

Few parents realize how much their children may be taught at home, by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. Let a parent make the experiment with his son of ten years old, for a single week, and only during the hours which are not spent in school. Let him make a companion of his child—converse with him familiarly—put to him questions—answer inquiries—communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation—awaken his curiosity—explain difficulties—the meaning of things and the reason of things—and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task—and he will himself be astonished at the progress which will be made.

From the Guide.

THE SPIRIT'S CHOICE.

"For it seems to me the soul is always saying, *Let me go back to my God.*"—*Student—Guide, Vol. IV, No. 40.*

Thus said *my* spirit; but I turned
And bade it follow me;
And drag the chain it spurned,
In longings to be free.

Come gather flowers, I said,
While summer sheds her bloom;
Weave garlands for thy head,
And claim from earth a boon.

"Earth has no gift for me,
The weary spirit cried—
"'Tis only to be free,
That I so long have sighed.

"Think you that I would shame
My brow with earthly flowers,
When by my birth I claim
A share in *heaven's* own bowers?

"Think you that I will stay
And furl my restless wing,
To watch life's waning day,
And 'bide what night will bring?

"No, no! let me return
To God from whom I came
I'm weary now—I spurn
The meed of earthly gain.

"With lothing and disgust,
I turn from earth away;
Let dust return to dust,
And mingle clay with clay.

"For me, I justly claim
A home among the free;
My God, from thee I came,
And would return to thee."

Go, spirit, go! I said:
Quicker than thought, she flew
Upward, and onward sped,
The vaulted ether through.

The Savior was her guide,
He beckoned her to rest;
And nestling to his side,
She hung upon his breast.

And there she closer clings,
As grows the storm more loud;
Secure from fear, she sings,
"My life is hid with God."

Trees, and flowers, and streams
Are social and benevolent; and he
Who oft communeth in their language pure,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dressed,
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

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CHARACTER OF DANIEL.*

BY G. WATERMAN, JR.

We now come to that part of our subject in which the character of Daniel is seen in his relations to society. The materials for this portion—as afforded by the Scripture narrative—are not so ample as we could wish. Yet they are sufficient to determine two or three general traits.

The first of these which we shall notice was his *modesty*. Elevation of rank usually produces haughtiness, and an overbearing disposition. And the higher the station, the more is this observable. Yet in the history of Daniel we look in vain for an exhibition of any thing of this kind. On the contrary, when brought before the King, Nebuchadnezzar, to make known his dream and the interpretation, he displays the very opposite trait of character. On that occasion he might have claimed all the wisdom of the discovery, or at least have omitted to state by what means he obtained this knowledge. He was not compelled to tell the whole truth. In fact, he does omit some things, which, however, were comparatively unessential. The King had elevated him to high rank and dignity, because he found him "ten times wiser than all the magicians and astrologers" in his empire. How auspicious the opportunity thus afforded of manifesting to the King the propriety of his selection, and even of preparing the way for immediate and still higher promotion. But what is his own declaration: "As for me, this secret is not revealed to me for any wisdom that I have more than any living, but for their sakes that shall make known the interpretation to the King, that thou mightest know the thoughts of thy heart!" How directly opposite does he act to what a worldly, ambitious, aspiring disposition would dictate! The modesty of his character forbade his taking any thing to himself, and his strict integrity forbade alike his concealing any part of the essential truth.

Another trait of character which he displayed, was his want of *susceptibility to flattery*. This arose from that humility of spirit, and thorough self-knowledge which, as a Christian, he possessed. An interesting illustration of this is found when he appeared before Nebuchadnezzar a second time as the revealer of secrets. The King's address to him on this occasion would have been sufficient to awaken the smothered fires of self-esteem, had such a thing been possible. "O, Belteshazzar, master of the magicians, because I know that the spirit of the holy gods is in thee, and that no secret troubleth thee, tell me the visions of the dream that I have seen, and the interpretation thereof." This eulogy, coming from an equal, or even an inferior, would, in most persons, have awakened emotions of self-gratulation. How much more, then, coming from such a source as it did! But was Daniel flattered by this allusion to his wisdom? Far from it. He interprets the fear-inspiring dream, and then makes use of the opportunity thus afforded to faithfully warn the King of his guilt and danger, and advise him to immediate repentance and reformation. Even when a heavenly messenger informs him that he was greatly beloved—the only effect which the annunciation seems to have produced was to increase his humility.

Another trait of his character is seen in the fact that *prosperity did not lead him to forget his friends*. No sooner had his interpretation of the King's dream caused his elevation than we find him seeking the prosperity of his companions. "Then Daniel *requested* of the King, and he set Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego over the affairs of the province of Babylon." The same disposition is seen, when, near the close of the captivity, he prays for his people, and the city of Jerusalem. The patriotic feelings of a pious Jew were resolvable into two distinct elements—the love of country and kindred, or such feelings as are denominated patriotism at the present day, and a love of the religious institutions of the country, and worship of the true God. Both of these elements of feeling are clearly discernable in the moving prayer of Daniel, as recorded in the 9th chapter. The former of these only belongs to this part of our subject. In order to perceive clearly its force, we must remember the situation of the Jews in Babylon. It was the rich who were carried away captive. The poor were left in the land to cultivate the fields and take care of the vineyards. Those who were carried away were told to build houses and plant vineyards—to enjoy all the blessings attendant upon their new location, and to seek the peace and prosperity of those among whom they dwelt. From the accounts given by Ezra and Nehemiah of the state of the Jews at the return, we should infer that they had prospered much during their captivity. Many had become wealthy; and having attained to seats of honor among the conquerors, absolutely declined returning at the expiration of the 70 years. All these things indicate that the situation of the Jews was not very unpleasant. Many in Daniel's circumstances would have ceased entirely to care for their fellow countrymen. He had attained to honor and distinction himself, and they might do the best they could; and a half-hearted wish for their prosperity would have been sufficient to dismiss the subject. But not so with him. Although they enjoyed comparative ease in the land of their captivity, yet it was not like home. Home and native land had yet charms for the Hebrew noble, which rank and influence in a foreign land could not destroy, and which nothing but a sense of duty could prevent his enjoying. But others, not similarly circumstanced, could enjoy them; and to secure such enjoyment to them was his great desire. For this he prayed. To accomplish this great end he exerted his influence with Cyrus, and the happiness of a restored people testified to his success.

But it is to the character of Daniel, as a *Christian*, that the pious mind more particularly delights to turn. For it was his religious character that molded all the

* Concluded from page 202.

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rest. And here we find a theme too great for a pen so feeble. To portray his character for piety whom God placed as second to none who have ever existed on earth may well become the powers of an angel, but is too vast a theme for mere human research. A few things, however, we may know and record; for they have been declared to us by the voice of Omniscience.

Daniel's piety shone forth conspicuously, even in his youth. Almost the first mention of him brings before our minds that conscientious character which was ever so deeply marked. As a Jew he felt constrained to obey the ceremonial law of his religion, even in a foreign land, and while a captive. His food being supplied from the royal table, he would frequently be tempted to eat that which his sense of duty forbade. To avoid such temptation, he resolved to relinquish all the dainties of the regal board, and asked only for pulse. Here was a conscientious denial of self in things allowable lest they might tempt him to violate the law of his God.

Throughout his history we find him exercising the most implicit *confidence in God*. When Arioch was commanded to destroy all the wise men of Babylon, Daniel hesitated not to commit himself before the King, simply asking time, and promising a full revelation. He knew that such knowledge could only come from God, and he felt perfectly confident that it would be revealed. In two other similar instances does he repose the same implicit confidence in the promise of Jehovah.

His *fearlessness* in the service of God was as illustrious as his confidence. When threatened with being thrown to the lions if he did not desist from his private religious duties, he was by no means intimidated. Many would have reasoned thus:—Why should I expose my life now? I can be just as religious as ever. I can pray just as much and just as often, and what difference will it make whether my windows be raised or closed? God can hear just as well. Besides, I am here in possession of wealth and influence, both with the King and over all the princes in the empire. I am the only worshiper of Jehovah here. Should I be cut off—as I most assuredly will, if I persist—I shall lose all the opportunities which I now enjoy of doing good; and all for what? for an obstinate adherence to my own way! Daniel did not reason in this way. He caused his light to *shine* before men. He feared not death; but he feared to offend his God.

Another trait of his piety was his *humility* before God. No one can read the 9th chapter of this book, which contains his supplication in behalf of his people, without being struck with the deep humility which pervades every sentence. To this may be added the fact that he constantly identified himself with the interests of God. As a Jew he mourned over the captivity of his countrymen. But that which awakened the keenest emotions of grief, was the neglect of the worship of Jehovah. For the restoration of his countrymen he longed; but the great reason was, that the worship of the sanctuary and the institutions of religion might be reinstated. So deep were his feelings that he fasted and prayed three full weeks for the fulfillment of his desires. Nor were his prayers unheard.

Such were some of the prominent traits of Daniel's piety, as they come down to us on the page of the sacred biographer. But it is to the testimony of God himself that we must look for a full approval. He does not hesitate to call him "greatly beloved." No less than three separate and distinct times is this appellation used. And at the conclusion of the whole he receives the joyful assurance that he "shall rest and stand in his lot at the end of the days." And in subsequent ages we find his name classed with Moses and Elijah, as being the most holy men who have ever existed on earth, and the most successful in pleading with God.

Such is a faint outline of the character of this illustrious man—a character which has but few if any equals and no superiors in the world's history. His character was most emphatically unique. Of all those whose lives have been the theme of the sacred penman we find some things recorded which cast a shade upon their otherwise illustrious names. Abraham was guilty of intentional deception. Moses, on one occasion at least, was rash, "and spake unadvisedly with his lips." Job, worn down by constant affliction, at last opened his mouth and cursed his day. David and Solomon were guilty of gross sins. And we might go on with the enumeration until every name nearly was recorded whose history is contained in the Bible. But in the history of Daniel we find an exception. It is believed not one word of disapproval is found concerning his conduct in any respect; nor is any thing attributed to him, either in intention or action, inconsistent with perfect rectitude. We would not, however, infer from this that Daniel's character was a *perfect* one, in the strict sense of the word; for he himself confesses his sins and transgressions. But we would infer that no great action of his life was performed without reference to the will of God; and, consequently, since the law of God was the constant rule of his life, that in all things, whether great or small, he acted consistently with the known requirements of that law, and with his professions of obedience and attachment thereto. Such, it is believed, can be said of no other whose history is furnished in the Scriptures—at least to the same extent—except the Lord Jesus Christ.

The life of Daniel illustrates two or three principles which are of vital importance.

The first of these is, that *religion is not inconsistent with a full discharge of the duties of public life; but, on the other hand, is the best preparation for those duties.* This principle the world seems to have lost sight of almost entirely. To such an extent is this true that public life and vice appear almost dissociable. A few bright exceptions there are; and it is a pleasure to record their existence. But the mass will be found to conform to the general fact just stated. Yet the opposite of this was fully illustrated in the life of the Chaldean statesman. It was religion that gave him firmness and stability of character—it was religion that cast such a halo of glory around his name as time can

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never destroy, but which shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

Another principle is, *that the essential characteristics of true religion are the same in every age and in every situation.* It exalts the humble, and brings down the pride of the great. The same general features are seen in the piety of Daniel, and that of the most illiterate servant of God. And the Hebrew noble of antiquity, and the Christian peasant of the 19th century, can sympathize with each other, both their characters being conformed to the same model.

Lastly, *that to religion may be traced all the essential differences between the characters of Daniel and of the wicked with whom he was surrounded.* Religion was the basis of his character, and its legitimate fruits were exhibited in his conduct. In them selfishness was the predominant principle, and their lives exhibited just such conduct as might be expected to proceed from such a source.

ON DRESS.

It would be idle to say to you, that dress is a matter of little importance. It is a matter that consumes time, thought, and money, from the cradle to the grave. Yes, literally to the grave; for how much inconvenient expense and degrading begging is encountered by the poor, to get the *new* cap and shroud. This tenacious love of dress is not confined to the poor, but shows itself in various particularities and vanities among the rich. We once knew an appointed funeral of a child deferred by a *mother* till a cap could be procured, plaited in a particular mode!

Can you believe dress is an unimportant matter when you often hear a person of mature years say to a child of six months, "Don't cry, baby—look what pretty new shoes baby has got!" Or to a child two or three years old, "Be a good child, and you shall have on your pretty new pink frock!" Or, "If Mary is naughty, she must not wear her new bonnet and blue bows!" Here the earliest associations of the child with dress, with its merest vanities, are as the signs of happiness, and rewards of goodness. Surely they cannot think it unimportant.

From your youth upward, you are accustomed to hear such remarks as follow: "Did you observe Mrs. M'Lean's dress last Sunday? She must have got it from France—it was something so out of the common way, I could not take my eyes off from her all church time." "I should be so happy if I could get the pattern of Anne Lisle's cape." "I wish Susan would get a new bonnet—I am tired of seeing her old one." "If I were Eliza, I never would go to church again till I had a new cloak." "Do you mean to attend the lectures?" "If I can get my new pelisse made." "I am dying for my new gown, but I am determined not to have it made till I get a pattern of the new fashioned sleeves." "Sarah wore that everlasting blue dress to the party last evening—I should not think she could enjoy herself, when all the rest of her set had new dresses." "Fanny must detest going into mourning—it is so unbecoming to her!"

I appeal to your experience, my friends, have you not heard similar things said, not one, but a hundred times in your lives? And here you see the pleasures of society, the advantage of knowledge, the duty of devotion, all are made subordinate to dress. Its vanities involve even the seriousness of mourning.

I have not exaggerated. I might be accused of exaggeration, if I were to tell much of what has fallen under my observation on this subject. A lady once said to me, she "would prefer the reputation of taste in dress to excelling in any accomplishment whatever!" This woman was a wife and mother!

I know a child who burst into tears at the *sight of* another unfortunate child rigged in French finery, and throwing herself into her mother's arms, exclaimed, "O, I never shall have such a beautiful dress as that!" Poor child! what examples must she have seen in those to whom God had committed the care of unfolding and directing her character.

You cannot believe dress unimportant, while so great a portion of young persons' lives are spent in dressing and preparing dress; remodeling old garments, and embellishing new ones.

Since, then, dress *is* important, will you not give your minds to the subject, and now, in the beginning of your career, fix certain principles, so that your dress may indicate your education.

Let us consider the *morals of dress*, never forgetting that the only sure foundation of morals is a sense of responsibility to God.

It is immoral to endanger your health by your mode of dress.

Do not let the vanity of wearing what your dressmakers will call "a neat fit," induce you to draw your corset-lace tighter than health permits. Do not quiet your consciences by saying, "I do not lace so tight as such a one," or, "my waist is smaller than such a one's, but I wear a larger belt," "if it does require some strength to hook my frock, it feels perfectly easy when it is on!" This will not do. So long as the tightness of your dress interferes with the freedom of your motions, or the development of your persons *in the slightest degree*, you are not without sin, and you will not escape its punishment. Deformities and diseases come on insensibly. The sickly, useless mother, pays dearly for the transient beauty of a small waist—the folly of her girlhood.

Health is often endangered by too light a dress. If it can be proved to a young person that flannel is important to her health, and if she still resists the obligations of duty, and acts solely with reference to appearance, she errs egregiously in dispensing with the flannel. She may have a small waist, but she loses the healthy complexion, bright eye, and elastic step. Learn to look upon health as a sign of sense and virtue, and it often does truly signify them, and then you will be more anxious to preserve it.—*Means and Ends.*

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Original.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

BY T. HARRISON.

The introduction of Christianity into the world is the most splendid and interesting event recorded in the annals of history. And what makes it pre-eminently so, is, it had the extraordinary attribute of adapting itself to every rank and condition of society. To the ignorant it spoke of wisdom, while to the philosophic it offered a better philosophy—to the vicious it recommended virtuous principles, while to the moral it exhibited a higher standard of morality—to the poor it held out the sublimest inducements for bettering their condition in life, while to the opulent it pointed to that surpassingly glorious inheritance which is "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away"—in short, under whatever circumstances it found degenerate man, it at once most nobly and efficiently met his case.

The truth of this is amply confirmed by the historical parts of the New Testament Scriptures, and the writings of the Christian fathers. To give an illustration—when St. Paul wrote his celebrated Epistle to the Hebrews, he manifested no hostility to their established religion—that splendid system of faith which had been in operation for centuries, and which had been zealously maintained by men of superior talents and commanding influence—patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings; but he simply showed that that dispensation of grace, great and glorious as it was, had been superseded by a better—by the coming of God's own Son.

Again—when the same apostle was in the enlightened city of Athens, he saw an altar with this inscription, "To the unknown God." At the earliest opportunity he turned the circumstance to advantage, and gave the Athenians a lucid and philosophical exhibition of the true character of that Being whom they ignorantly worshiped, and referred to the writings of their own illustrious sages in support of the great truths he advanced.

The last mentioned circumstance is recorded at length in the 17th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, commencing at the 16th verse. It is one of peculiar sublimity and interest, and will form the basis of our present remarks and contemplations.

St. Paul was a great and extraordinary man—one of the brightest ornaments Christianity ever had. Having naturally strong powers of mind, a vigorous intellect, and a retentive memory—and having been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, an eminent Jewish lawyer—and, above all, having been endowed, in a more than ordinary degree, with the gift of the Holy Ghost, he was eminently qualified for the sacred office of the ministry. And wherever this great and extraordinary man went, great and extraordinary displays of the Divine power were witnessed. Whether he visited populous cities, or obscure villages—whether he stood before sages and statesmen, or before individuals in the common walks of life—whether he reasoned with constituents of the Jewish polity, or with pagan devotees, he evinced a strength of argument, a depth of knowledge, and a devotedness to the interests of his cause, that reflected the highest credit on the fertility of his mind, and the benevolence of his heart; while the power of the Highest overshadowed him, and crowned his labors with the most astonishing success. And, doubtless, at the great day of accounts, thousands will stand forward, with hearts overflowing with gratitude and joy, to bless the hour when they heard this devoted minister proclaim the truth of that Gospel which was the means of their rescue from the powers of an infernal despotism, and of their elevation to the sublime splendors and enjoyments which flow from the throne of the Eternal.

From the verses preceding the narrative, it appears St. Paul was on a visit to the Churches, and that he was detained at Athens waiting the arrival of some of the brethren; and while he waited for them "his spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry"—he felt a holy indignation at a scene so offensive to God, and so degrading to man—

> "His anger burned; but anger was his praise;
> For sin the graceful indignation raised."

Hatred to sin is an attribute of the divine Being, and a leading trait in the character of angels; and, of course, it must ever be regarded as a distinguishing feature of God's true people on earth.

Perhaps it may be thought that the statement just quoted, relative to the religious condition of the Athenians is too highly colored; but, so far from this being the case, it is confirmed by the testimony of their own historians. Ælian called Athens "the altar of Greece;" and Xenophon said, "It had twice as many sacred festivals as any other city;" and Petronius observed, "It was easier to find a god there than a man." What a spectacle! Athens, one of the most celebrated cities on the face of the earth, and yet wholly given to idolatry!—abounding with sages, and statesmen, and poets, and orators, and yet wholly given to idolatry!—the seat of learning and philosophy, and the nursery of the arts and sciences, and yet wholly given to idolatry!—famous for the wisdom of its legislation and the enterprise of its inhabitants, and yet wholly given to idolatry! Much is said at the present day about the light of nature; but what advantage was the light of nature to the ancient Athenians? They contemplated the wonders and beauties of creation—they investigated the arcana of the universe—they discoursed on the elements of philosophy, fire, air, earth, and water—they talked of matter and of mind—they reasoned on cause and effect; and yet, amid the glorious blaze of all this light, they were wholly given to idolatry! If ever the light of nature was capable of teaching man the being and attributes of one supreme and unoriginated Power, surely it was capable of teaching such talented and illuminated men as the Athenians; yet it was a total failure. Amongst them Socrates stood pre-eminent, and yet the history of Greece informs us that when he was brought before the court of the Areopagites for speaking lightly of the gods of his country, he affirmed that

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he paid them homage and sacrifice according to the customs of the city. It cannot be said that he dissembled before his judges; for he afterward suffered martyrdom itself for his inflexible adherence to the cause of morality. So, then, this greatest of the great sages of antiquity, according to his own acknowledgment, was an idolater! Let the despiser of revelation take this fact and ponder it over in his mind. Surely it ought to satisfy every doubt. The experiment has been made, and made under the most favorable circumstances, and the grand result is, "The world, by wisdom, knew not God." The light of nature is indeed sublime and interesting; but man's intellectual vision has been dimmed by sin; and to him the light of nature is darkness—a darkness too awful and grand to pierce. All the light that nature ever had, and all the light that nature ever will have, is like the light of the moon—it is borrowed from a superior source. Nor from the heavens above, nor from the earth beneath, nor from the waters under the earth, is there a single ray of light perceptible, unless it be seen through the medium of revelation. Socrates, and some other of the best and purest sages of antiquity, doubtless had some faint idea of a supreme Power, whom they regarded as the Creator and Preserver of all things, which idea they had probably derived from the writings of Moses and the prophets, or traditionally from the original inhabitants of the earth; but, notwithstanding this, they all held to a plurality of gods, and were wholly given to idolatry.

St. Paul, aware of the evil tendency of paganism, and of his duty as a Christian teacher, "disputed in the synagogue with the Jews, and with the devout persons, and in the market daily with them that met him." His disputations seem to have elicited considerable attention and interest; for "certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics encountered him." The Epicureans were a sect of philosophers who maintained that matter was eternal, and that the world was formed by the fortuitous concourse of atoms—that the gods exercised no government over the world—that man's chief good consisted in sensual gratification—and that the soul perished with the body at death; while the Stoics held that there were two general substances in the universe, God and matter, and that both were eternal—that all things, even including the Deity himself, were governed by an irreversible fate—that virtue was its own sufficient reward, and vice its own sufficient punishment—and that the soul was originally a discerped part of God, which would be re-united with him when it left the body. Some of these philosophers, in encountering Paul, asked, "What will this babbler say?" And others remarked, "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods; because he preacheth unto them Jesus and the resurrection." *Jesus and the resurrection!* This is the grand doctrine against which human reason and human philosophy have ever arrayed themselves with such fierce and determined hostility. Like the Epicureans and Stoics, men may entertain the most conflicting opinions and sentiments on other points; but they can instantly lay them all aside, and forget their keenest and most inveterate animosities, to oppose the doctrine of Jesus and the resurrection. This doctrine, to the Jews, was a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ is the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

After having been encountered by the Epicureans and Stoics, they "took him, and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? for thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would know, therefore, what these things mean. (For all the Athenians and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.") The Areopagus, or the hill of Mars, was the place where the supreme court of justice was held. Whether Paul was there put on his trial, or merely brought to gratify the curiosity of the philosophers, is not certain. Probably he was put on his trial, as it was contrary to the laws of the country to introduce new deities—an offense with which they charged him. It, however, afforded him an admirable opportunity to hold forth the great truths contained in the revelation of God. Athens had become the resort of sages and students from every civilized nation on the face of the globe; and as the hearing of new things was their principal employment, of course the announcements of St. Paul would be listened to with attention and interest. Then he "stood in the midst of Mars hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious"—or, as Dr. Clarke paraphrases it, "I perceive that in all respects ye are greatly addicted to religious practices; and, as a religious people, you will candidly hear what I have got to say in behalf of that worship which I practice and recommend"—"for as I passed by and beheld your devotions I found an altar with this inscription, To the unknown God." As to the origin of this altar but little can be said. Some suppose it to have been set up by Socrates, while others think it was erected in honor of the God of the Jews, whose name was Jehovah, or the Ineffable. But whatever was its origin, still it was an altar to the unknown God. That God who sits on the throne of eternity—who sways the sceptre of universal empire and dominion, and who is "glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders," was to them an unknown God! Intensely, and with sublime emotions, did they gaze on the works of his hands, the glowing splendors of the sky, the variegated beauties of the earth, and the magnificent wonders of the sea; but the God of all these grandeurs was to them an unknown God! Frequently, and at stated periods, they paid religious homage, and offered solemn sacrifice; but that God, who is the great object of worship—who "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life," was to them an unknown God! In what a deplorably sad and awful condition were they placed! With all their

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philosophy—with all their sublime researches and investigations, they were destitute of a knowledge of the one true and living God. How striking the contrast between our situation and theirs! If we go into any part of Christendom, and ask a child but six years of age, what is God! that child will reply in language sublimer far than the proudest language philosophy ever uttered, "God is a spirit"—"God is love." O, how unspeakable is the boon of revelation!

St. Paul then proceeds to declare unto them the nature and being of that God whom they "ignorantly worshiped." In this he triumphantly meets the charge which had been brought against him of being a setter forth of strange gods—he was not introducing new deities, but simply making known unto them a God they themselves already acknowledged. How divine and elevated does the conduct of St. Paul appear on this occasion! How superior to that of Socrates! As we have before remarked, Socrates, doubtless, had some idea of a supreme Being; and yet, when placed before the same august tribunal, he admitted that he worshiped the gods of his country. But St. Paul stood forward,

> "The messenger of truth,
> The legate of the skies—his theme divine,
> His office sacred, his credentials clear,"

and with the eloquence of heaven streaming from his lips, preached unto them the unity of God, and the moral government of that God, and the dependence of the human family upon him, and his claims to their love and obedience, and their accountability to him at a future period. "God," said he, "that made the world, and all the things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." How conclusive is St. Paul's reasoning! He takes the high and common ground that there is one God, supreme, self-existent, all powerful, and omnipotent, who made and sustains all things, and who is the great Father of the numerous nations of the earth; and then he draws the grand conclusion, that this God, and this God alone, is worthy the praise and adoration of his intelligent creatures. All will admit that idolatry is wrong, essentially, eternally, and immutably wrong, and that pagan worship, whether paid to a deified hero, or to a mere inanimate image, is altogether irrational and absurd, its legitimate and only tendency being to lower the dignity of man, to arrest the progress of human improvement, and corrupt the public morals. But while these admissions are made, it should be borne in mind that idolatry may likewise exist in the heart of the professing Christian. If his affections are placed supremely on things of an earthly nature—if the attainment of honor, or the accumulation of wealth, or the enjoyment of pleasure, is the great object of his pursuit—if the charms of science, or the illuminations of philosophy occupy his undivided attention—if he love home and country, friends and kindred, more than his God, he is an idolater, and an idolater of the worst kind—he sins against light and knowledge.

> "Whatever passes as a cloud between
> The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
> Causing that brighter world to disappear,
> To seem less lovely, or to shine less clear,
> This is our world, our idol, though it bear
> Affection's impress or devotion's air."

St. Paul continues: "And the times of this ignorance God winked at." He did not favor the ancient pagans with a revelation of his will as he had done the Jews; but now the fullness of time had come, and the Gospel dispensation had burst forth in the superior splendor of its glory, and "all men everywhere were commanded to repent," more especially as "God had appointed a day in which he would judge the world in righteousness." The idea of responsibility to an omniscient Power carries along with it a tremendous weight of influence. The consideration that every human being shall be required to give an account of his thoughts, words, and deeds, is calculated to produce serious impressions on the mind, and corresponding results in the conduct. Of the certainty of a day of retribution God "hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised Christ from the dead." And that Christ did rise is confirmed by the strongest evidence. No event in history is better authenticated. On this theme, above all others, St. Paul delighted to dwell. It was not enough that he disputed with the Jews in the synagogue, and in the market with them that met him, but he must likewise proclaim the same grand truth before the illustrious court of the Areopagites. And this should be the first, and the last, and the constant theme of every Christian minister. It is all right that we should bring philosophy, and literature, and science, to illustrate and confirm the truth of Christianity, as did St. Paul in the present discourse; but still the doctrine of Jesus and the resurrection should ever be held forth as the broad and eternal basis of the entire fabric.

> "He rose! he burst the bars of death! he slew
> The ravenous foe that gorged all human race!
> O the burst gates! crushed sting! demolished throne!
> Last gasp of vanquished death! Shout earth and heaven,
> This sum of good to man, whose nature then
> Took wing and mounted with him from the tomb!
> Then, then I rose; then first humanity
> Triumphant passed the crystal ports of light,
> And seized eternal youth. E'er since 'tis blasphemous
> To call man mortal. Man's mortality
> Was then transferred to death; and heaven's duration
> Unalienably sealed to this frail frame
> This child of dust."

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When the individuals composing the court of Areopagus "heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked." They could listen respectfully to Paul's sublime statements relative to the character of a supreme Power, and the creation of the universe, and the superintending agency of Providence, and the retributions of judgment, but the doctrine of Jesus and the resurrection they treated with contempt. It was too simple and too divine for their depraved and deified intellects to receive. "And others said, we will hear thee again of this matter." They felt the force of what he said, but were not disposed to yield to the convictions of truth. That they ever did hear again of the matter is no where stated. Probably they procrastinated till it was too late—till, instead of the soft whispers of mercy, they heard the awful thunders of justice—till, instead of the sweet tones of salvation, they heard the loud wailings of the ruined and lost. "Howbeit, certain men clave unto him, and believed: among the which was Dionysius, the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." This was, no doubt, a valuable accession to the Church at Athens. Notwithstanding the opposition with which the doctrine of Jesus and the resurrection met, it mightily prevailed. It was embraced by Jews and Gentiles—by Greeks and Romans—by Scythians and barbarians. It diffused its hallowed and hallowing influences far and wide. Idolatry and superstition fell before its force—philosophy and science bowed to its majestic mien—kings became nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers; and even the august throne of the Cæsars gave it the support of imperial power. This doctrine is still spreading, covering the earth with moral loveliness and beauty, and shedding celestial radiance over the minds of millions of immortal beings; and it is destined to spread more and more, even until the entire globe shall be overpowered with the illuminations of its glory.

MODERN PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

Modern Protestant missions may be said to have begun with the English settlers in America, about the year 1620. The "pilgrim fathers," as they were called, who resided near several tribes of wild Indians, felt great pity for the dark state in which these poor people lived; and they soon began to put forth efforts that the heathen might know the only true God, and his Son Jesus Christ. The first who wholly gave himself to the conversion of the Indians, was Thomas Mayhew, the son of the governor of New England; and he was shortly followed by the Rev. John Eliot, who was called "the apostle to the Indians." It was no small task to learn the language of this people, as you may suppose, when I tell you that the word which meant "our questions," consisted of forty-two letters, and seventeen syllables, pronounced in a harsh manner, and in a way quite different to the languages of Europe. I will not attempt to pronounce it, so you may look at it as I have written it out for your inspection.

The young people were not a little entertained when Mrs. Darnley showed the paper on which was written—

"*Kummogokdonattoottammoctiteaongannunnonash.*"

You may well be surprised how any one could learn a language full of words of twenty to thirty letters in each, and that without any book to aid them. Eliot was not, however, easily daunted; by untiring industry he not only learned to speak it with readiness, but he reduced it to method, and published a grammar; at the close of the book he wrote, "Prayers and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do any thing." The preaching and other labors of this excellent man were so blessed, that towns of "praying Indians" soon rose all around. He was spared to old age, and died with the words on his lips, "Welcome joy! Pray, pray, pray!"

Many others were raised up, from time to time, to care for the souls of the red Indians, among whom was David Brainerd, who labored with great zeal for several years, and died at the early age of thirty.

In 1705, the King of Denmark sent out two pious young men to Tranquebar, in Southern India. They endured many trials, but labored with signs of the Divine blessing. This early mission was, a few years afterward, mainly supported by pious persons in England.

It has been found desirable for Christians to unite for the spread of the Gospel; hence have arisen our missionary societies. And now I shall proceed to tell you of the different institutions which have been thus formed to send the word of life to the utmost ends of the earth.

The oldest English missionary institutions are, the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts*, founded in London in 1647; and the *Christian Knowledge Society*, established in 1698. The missions are now all under the care of the first of these societies. Shortly after the first was formed, the troubles of the civil war arose in England, and stopped its efforts; and they were not resumed until the reign of Charles II. For more than a hundred years clergymen and school-masters have been sent to the British colonies in America, and the East Indies, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The memory of one of these is very dear to every friend of missions—his name was Swartz, called "the apostle of the east." He was a native of Germany, and went out as a missionary, in 1750, to the East Indies. He had many difficulties at first; but by patient labor and prayer they were mostly overcome. Many of the heathen were brought to love the Savior—in some cases whole families were converted. A whole tribe, noted for their robberies, were brought by him to leave off their practices, and attend to the culture of their lands, so that the part of the country in which they lived became safe to the traveler. On his death-bed he was visited by the reigning prince, who was much affected by the words of the dying missionary. Swartz was spared to labor in India for 48 years. Sometime before his death he could number 2000 who had been converted by his means to the faith of the Gospel.—*English work.*

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Original.

THE JUVENILE EXCURSION.*

I was left to reflect upon my offense, of which I immediately felt ashamed. I perceived, too, that the punishment was not at all too much for the fault. If it had not embarrassed my mother so much, or if she had passed it over without this summary notice, I, too, should probably have passed it over with more ease to my conscience. My mother seldom punished me in this manner, and I knew that she loved me; therefore, my childish logic did not err in knowing that my aggressions had been beyond endurance. I perceived that this last act was only one in a series of petty trespasses upon propriety and order, in which I had been engaged whenever an over-excited and mirthful spirit prevailed within me. I even then had the reflection that though my present felicitous freedom bestowed much delight upon me, yet I felt and knew that the restraints of school, and the usual restraints of home—now relaxed—were salutary and excellent.

And in my little sequestration, I found time to feel a sense of degradation and self-abasement at this falling away from my good conduct. My mother kept me close until the visitors had retired. And this, indeed, was the only way in which she could have appeased the insulted party. I was not called out to tea; but after every one else had finished, a cup was handed me in a seat apart; and after the rest of the children were sent to bed, she led me a few paces, out of the hearing of others, and gave me a severe and impressive reprimand, saying, "Where, my daughter, have you learned the vulgarity of *grimacing?* Worse than that, when a person—a grown person—had kindly noticed you, that you must mimic and insult her? O, how much ashamed I am of you!—a person that came to this house to see me, too! Will you ever do the like again? Promise me that you will not." I promised very sincerely all that she required. I felt overcome and oppressed; yet, perhaps, it was my self-love that was humbled, and my affection for my mother—for I saw that she was deeply moved—that was wounded, rather than any specific sense of sin in what I had done that affected me. Yet my little reader may remark that I suffered a punishment, though not the proper conviction of my fault. My conscience was disturbed, though not clearly enlightened. The *sinfulness* of error, rather than its disgraces, should be the prominent point by which admonition is presented to a child. My mother finished by saying to me, "Now retire to bed, and repeat your prayers continually until you get composed enough to go to sleep. And," added she, raising her finger and lowering her voice, "go to sleep now, and *let to-morrow be a new day.*"

I have said that for a certain time my happiness was uninterrupted; but of course I must be understood to mean this only within the sense of human limitation, and not that I stood aloof for three whole weeks from error and folly, or from the incidental peccadilloes in which they involved me—much less from the rebukings of conscience. There was no immunity of the "wages of sin" made in my favor. Therefore, my statement only goes to say that, at that early stage of life, though the child may be full of faults, yet we are comparatively innocent, and also as yet free from many of those passions of the mind and heart which possess our riper years. And though there are continual indications that the enemy is sowing his tares in the open fields of character, yet the full development, the harvest, is not yet arrived, perchance to shock and overwhelm us.

I was naturally a bashful child, yet, as I have said, I had become giddy by my recent uncontrolled wanderings about the farm, and more particularly by constant association with Lima, that I often did and said things which, in an instant after, I would perceive were culpable and improper. And amongst other things I had become a tremendous romp; and, abetted by Lima, had, like the rest, become somewhat expert at climbing a tree; that is, I could fearlessly ascend one as far as the stepping places were tenable. This, of course, was unknown to our mother. And yet it was by tacit compact that the subject was withheld from her. These little traits of secretiveness are a bad feature in childhood. But the matter of *compact*, which often accompanies them, is, I believe, invariably from the teaching of an elder; and, though readily received, it is not the intuitive suggesting of the infant heart. How careful, then, should parents be in ascertaining the faithfulness of those to whom they intrust their children. Lima was believed to be an excellent attendant to us; because she loved us, and would take any pains, and make great personal sacrifices to save us from inconvenience. For these reasons, and from her turn of character, she was precisely a very dangerous companion for us. Good humored, lively, and obliging, and just enough older to dictate to us with authority, she was full of devices for our amusement. Admiring her as we did, and intimately associated as we were at this time of recess, we could hardly have failed, had the thing continued for a long time, to have imbibed her traits. But, happily, when we returned to town, we were again sent to school, and Lima had other duties to perform, which, in a measure, divided us from her intimacy and her example.

But of our tree-climbing accomplishment, I found that in the sin of deceiving our mother, there was to me, at least, a sort of retributive punishment. I had one day made my way up one of these forked trees. At the height of perhaps eight or ten feet I found a very comfortable seat. The orchard was situated just on the road-side, from which it was divided by a fence, and the tree wherein I was perched was within a few yards of the fence. There was a tuft of foliage which completely hid me from the road, of which I could command a view to right and left. It so happened, whilst I was looking that way, that a traveler on horseback approached, and as he came nearer I recognized the features of a gentleman whom I had often seen in my native town, and whose name I knew. The name

* Concluded from page 251.

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was D. I know not what spirit of boldness possessed me, but just as he arrived nearly opposite to me, I cried out, "How d'ye do, Mr. D.?" screening myself still further from sight. Now, my *first* impulse had been of joy and novelty, of seeing a person from my native town, which, it seemed to my infant fancy, was a thousand miles off. But the instant I heard my own voice accosting a stranger—a gentleman, too—I was covered with confusion. The gentleman reined in his horse, stopped, listened, looked all around, and seeing no person, he proceeded on his way. When he had got a few paces beyond me, as I had once escaped notice, I felt a childish delight in practicing upon his surprise; and, raising my voice a little, I cried out, "How d'ye do, Mr. D.?" He now turned his horse's head deliberately, and, riding back, inspected each tree more closely, and presently discovered the culprit. "Miss, did you speak to me?" said he. I was not habitually given to falsehood, but now I was so entirely overcome by a sense of my boldness, that I was completely under the control of shame, and I answered, (O, shame indeed!) "No, sir." "But it must have been you that spoke," said the gentleman, "tell me, or I shall have to ride to that house and ascertain who it was. It was you, wasn't it?" "Yes, sir," said I. Mr. D. smiled, and rode on. And, however many years have passed away since, I can truly say that I never recalled that little incident without feeling ashamed—not that I had the least intention of deceiving, or any intention at all, beyond the impulse of speaking the words. A giddy state of feeling, even without any culpable purpose, is one which brings more or less of mortification with it at any age.

I did not dare to tell my mother of this for a great many months. Lima, in the meantime, tormented me at every little chance, by singing out, "How d'ye do, Mr. D.?" After a long time, I relieved my mind by confessing this boldness to my mother; and she, seeing that my extreme mortification would prevent a repetition of the fault, passed it over as well as she could.

And all this time I was accustomed only "to say" my prayers. I had not learned to pray forgiveness of specific faults. May be, if I had, the sense of them would not have continued to oppress me so long.

And yet these little incidents, bad in themselves, were not without some good effect. The memory of them would serve to restrain me in other instances. I remember of having once behaved pretty well under tolerably trying circumstances. It was about a week after the occurrence of the apple tree that we received a visit from three little girls, the daughters of a neighbor. They were of the ages of seven, nine, and twelve years. They came the distance of about two miles to convey a message to my mother, and to make our acquaintance. These poor children had probably never gone on an errand of ceremony before in their lives, and they were nearly overcome by bashfulness and awkwardness. But we understood well, by a look from our mother, that we were to "behave ourselves." So the little girls might have thought that was coldness on our part, which, indeed, was only an effort at self-restraint. These children were indeed better instructed in one point of civility than is many a city bred miss; for they did not precipitate their errand the moment they entered the house, or before they had made the compliments of the day. But the little girls, intending to do what they had been told was proper, went on the other extreme, and waited full three hours before they uttered themselves. They persisted in not taking their bonnets off during the whole time, though they stayed and took dinner with us. In fact, these good children were bent upon obedience to instructions; and they were also entirely unable to discriminate circumstances. At departing, I remember that they walked to the door, as they had been instructed, and made each one a low and respectful courtesy, without turning the face about. At this "dumb show," "past all economy of face" to bear, we yet restrained our laughter; for another look from our mother reminded us that it "wouldn't do," though she could hardly command her own voice to tell the children "good night, dears," without attempting any instruction, which I know well she would kindly have bestowed on them, could she have trusted her voice in our presence.

Lima, after the children were gone, passed out of the room, and, as she did so, she looked over her shoulder, and seeing that our mother's attention was engaged, she then gave an excursive glance at us all, and *without turning* made a very low courtesy. This was the drop too much; and our long suppressed laughter shook the room, each one saying, "Only laughing at Lima, ma." At a later date, when my mother wished me to perform any little ceremonial of politeness, she would remind me to deport myself, and not be as awkward as the little girls at the farm were, always adding that she wished I were as obedient and as good.

But these poor people, of whom I relate so many awkwardnesses, are probably now a well bred and a well informed people; for such changes, in a course of time, will supervene, such is the force and the *necessity of example*, even upon those who are determined never to have any other way than their own way. Then they had neither a school nor a church in their township. The time we passed there, our observance of the Sabbath consisted in our mother's reading of some sacred exercises. We each repeated the decalogue and a school catechism, and we were restricted to suitable behavior and conversation as marked the day. When we got home our mother pressed it upon us to notice what a privilege it was to have a church to attend—a regular appropriation of the day keeping us from lassitude and discontent, as well as training us in the "way in which we should go."

I cannot recollect any other particulars of my visit, excepting that it was whilst here that, for the first time, I noticed the glories of the setting sun, and the grandeur and solemnity of the firmament by night. And other developments of a taste in other departments of nature had been as decided as this. And I have believed, albeit I have ever resided in cities, that my true

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taste is for the country. I like the country in its simplicity, too—no "cottage ornee" is, I think, in half as good taste as a substantial, large, plain house. And the inner embellishments, which, by the conventional folly of cities, are deemed necessaries of life, should be all dispensed with. The dissipations of town hardly admit of reflection enough to correct or to scan its abuses. But—

The "coachee" is at the door, and so is Dexter and his wagon. The decree is irreversible; therefore, we are reconciled to it. Black Monday, which haunts us in one form or another through our whole life, is in perspective, and, bitter as is the pill, we must swallow it. And such is the sequel to my "three weeks of happiness."

Original.

MY SISTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

Dear sister, on this joyous day
Why shades a cloud thy gentle brow?
And why do silent tears betray
The sadness of thy spirit now?
I know a smile plays round thy lips,
As one by one friends gather near;
But by thy eyes' inquiet looks
I see that smile sits lightly there.

I know thy thoughts—"again has fled
Another of my youthful years:
And like the flowers of yonder bed,
The first the freshest beauty wears;
For each succeeding one will bring
New scenes of care and trial too,
Till, like some orient bloom of spring,
Its pleasures vanish with the dew."*

And why, dear sister, why permit
Such thoughts thy gentle breast t' invade?
Those flowers which spring beneath thy feet,
Must, with the evening twilight, fade.
But there are flowers which bloom on earth,
That far excel the spring-time's pride—
The garden of the skies their birth,
Where pure perennial streamlets glide.

Were all the universe my own,
And did the stars my voice obey,
And earth and ocean's wealth combine
Their choicest tribute to convey,
Yet from them all I ne'er should find
One jewel which I'd offer thee,
That could enrich thy noble mind
In time, or through eternity.

But there is one most precious gem
With more than talismanic powers—
More brilliant than the diadem
Which sparkles in Cashmerian bowers
That priceless mind, thou callest thy own,
If by God's Spirit sanctified,
Will yield more happiness alone
Than all the universe beside.

Then cease to seek, in meaner things,
For bliss which they can ne'er bestow,
But quench thy thirst from those pure streams
Where joys like Eden's ever flow,
Thyself to God re-dedicate,
Thy soul's desires to him address;
Then will thy future be replete
With purest peace and happiness.

And may a brother's fervent prayer
Upon thy natal day prevail,
Invoking on thy pathway here
Bliss and unnumbered blessings still!
Thy course be like the dawning light,
Increasing to meridian ray;
And when it gently sinks in night,
Arise to an unending day! G. W.

* Many of the early spring flowers of the east close as soon as the sun is sufficiently high to dissipate the dew from their petals.

Original.

ASPIRATIONS FOR HEAVEN.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

O could I now but flee away,
And ease the anguish of my breast,
To bask in an eternal day,
And be at rest!

With joy I'd leave these courts below,
And join the songs above the sky,
Which angels bright are singing now—
They never die.

There elders tune their harps of gold,
And seraphs strike the sounding lyre;
Their ceaseless story ne'er is told—
They never tire.

Millions of saints surround the throne—
Praise him to whom all praise belongs,
While swells to the chief Corner-stone
Triumphant songs.

There we shall part with every tear,
Whene'er we reach that blissful shore;
For sorrow cannot enter there—
We'll weep no more.

We'll praise him there in loftiest song,
Who has redeemed us by his blood—
Praise shall resound from ev'ry tongue,
O, Son of God!

Our innocence is not our shield:
They take offense who have not been offended,
They seek our ruin too, who speak us fair,
And death is often ambush'd in their smiles.

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TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

CHILDREN should be *trained* up. If you desire your offspring to serve God on earth, and enjoy his favor for ever in heaven, their spiritual welfare must be the object of daily, continual care. Occasional efforts few and far between, are not likely to be productive of much good. A divine precept is, "*Train* up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." On this important passage, Dwight remarks,—"The word *train*, originally denoted *to draw along, by a regular and steady course of exertions;* and is hence very naturally used to signify *drawing from one action to another, by persuasions, promises and other efforts continually repeated.* In a loose and general sense, therefore, it may easily include all the duties of parents to their children."

This is a very important representation of parental duty. How would you *train* a tree? Would you not begin the operation while the branches were yet young and pliant; fixing them then in the right direction, and afterward watching and guiding their growth? Would you not continue the process, by pruning away what was useless or hurtful, and directing every useful shoot till the tree should assume the shape desired, and cover the wall it overspread with verdure and fruit. Thus train a child; thus endeavor to subdue and remove whatever is baneful, and thus guide into the right way his views, his feelings, his desires and affections. Think it not enough, occasionally, to give a check to what is evil, or an impulse to what is good; but pursue the course now described, from month to month, and from year to year. This is training up a child in the way he should go. How is a young animal trained for any particular service? The process commences early, is pursued steadily, and never relinquished till the object contemplated is accomplished. Thus "train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it."

* * * * * * * * *

In training up your children, make your arrangements for them in this world, in view of the next. Let eternity be kept in sight. In all your plans for them, contemplate not only their temporal, but their everlasting interests. If you were about to place your child in a situation for one day, and then in another for twenty years, would you, when planning for the day, forget the twenty years? If your plans could embrace both, well; but if not, surely you would never so forget the twenty years, as to pursue any measures that would render your child wretched through that time, for the sake of promoting his interests through a single day. If, in case the interests of the two periods were in opposition, you would let the twenty years outweigh the day. And you would esteem it no more than madness to plan for the day, and to forget the twenty years. The difference between a day and twenty years is, however, perfectly insignificant, when compared with that between the longest life and eternity. Let eternity, therefore, be brought into all your estimates, plans and arrangements. Never so plan for this world, as to undo your child for that which is to come; but, while striving to promote the temporal good of your offspring, always consider, also, their eternal happiness. Regard both worlds in your arrangements, when you can; but when you cannot, especially regard the eternal world. Let your children know, that, in your efforts for their good, you act under the influence of these principles. Impress upon their minds that eternity is before them, and that those only are truly wise who can secure eternal blessings. Say, "My child, what concerns you most, what I am most anxious about, is not what you are to be, or to possess here, for a little while, but what you are to be, and have for ever. You and I are soon to be the inhabitants of another world. There we must abide for ever. That world must be either heaven or hell; and by faith in Christ, to reach heaven, and obtain its blessings, is your chief interest and weightiest concern!"—*Parental Care; by the author of "Persuasiveness to Early Piety."*

HOLINESS.

How can I obtain entire sanctification? This is a question of great importance, and easy to be answered, provided we take the Bible for our *entire* guide, and not without. To sum up the answer in a few words, it is by importunate, or agonizing, praying faith, that says now, that looks now.

There is one thing to guard against, viz., imposing conditions on the Lord; as all do when they fix the particular exercise that must follow when the prayer is answered. Now, one thinks to have a powerful movement; another, a glorious elevation; and a third, such a melting influence as will make him willing to weep his life away in love; and a fourth expects a silent awe that dares not move but with great precision. Now if God answers your prayer, you may have some of the above exercises, or a part of them all, and perhaps none of them; and of this you should feel no solicitude. Impose no conditions on the Lord, only agonize for the object, and leave the particular immediate effect it shall produce on you to the wisdom of the Holy Ghost.

Depend wholly on the blood, the atoning blood and Holy Spirit of our living Lord; firmly believing in the promise of the Lord, that saith, "He is faithful and just to forgive you your sins, and cleanse you from all unrighteousness." That blood has virtue, and the Spirit has power to apply the atonement. Believe, believe and all is yours.

It is in the above manner that the Church should pray for a revival; imposing no conditions on the Lord, only sue for the object. We want *power;* but whether it shall make sinners cry out, or weep, or tremble in a deathly silence, leave that, it belongs to God, not to man; no, not to good men or angels: the object get, the manner leave.—*Guide to Christian Perfection.*

THE greatest friend of truth is time, her greatest enemy prejudice, and her constant companion humility.

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MARY CRAIG.*

Early in the spring of 1843, and as soon as the snow banks had well disappeared after the long and tedious winter, a tall robust man, of middle age, and melancholy countenance, might have been seen, day after day, examining the ancient tombstones in the different cemeteries about New York. He had come from the "Far West," the place of his nativity and the active scenes of his life, and was searching the grave-yards of the city for the tombstone of his maternal grand-parents—the father and mother of Mary Craig.

To the inquirer, the stranger's story was simple though interesting, and exhibits one of the many instances where real life surpasses in affecting incident even romance itself.

"John Craig, the father of Mary Craig, emigrated from Scotland to New York about the year 1767, Mary, his youngest daughter, having been born on the voyage to this country. He had barely become comfortably settled in his new home, when he was called to bid his family a final adieu, Mary then being but six years old. The widow and her children remained in the city of New York until the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, about three years after, and when Mary had attained her ninth year. At this early age, however, she had imbibed Whig principles, and her whole soul was embarked in the success of that struggle for liberty. Soon after, the city fell into the hands of the British, and her mother, being left among strangers in a distant land, and meeting with an acquaintance and countryman from Scotland, in the captain of a British vessel of war then in the harbor, was induced to give him her hand in marriage. The captain was of course a devoted royalist, and his principles so opposed to the politics of Mary, that she could not brook the insults to which her opinions were exposed, though personally treated by her step-father with great kindness and respect. Mary therefore left home and took shelter under the hospitable roof of Dr. Halsted, of Elizabethtown Point, where she found a welcome home and congenial political sentiments. Here, during the remainder of that bloody war, Mary was exposed to its dangers and hardships. It is known that Elizabethtown was the theatre of frequent engagements between the contending parties, and sometimes in possession of one, and sometimes of the other. Often the inhabitants, men especially, were compelled to fly at midnight from their homes to escape capture and imprisonment, if not death. Sometimes all, male and female, on account of the invasion of the Hessian hordes, and when they had not the force to oppose them, were under the necessity of flying for safety to some place of security. On such occasions Mary sometimes remained behind to prevent by her entreaties the wanton destruction of her patron's property. Here her life was frequently threatened for her importunity, and on one occasion a sword was drawn to execute that threat. At other times she would drive her benefactor's gig with his wife and child in it, through the darkness of midnight, to his retreat seven or eight miles from Elizabethtown. Often during engagements between the contending armies, the Doctor's house was the hospital of the wounded and dying patriots, and she was the surgeon's assistant in staunching wounds, taking off shattered limbs, and administering drink and food to the wounded and dying. Thus Mary's time was spent during that long and bloody struggle. At its close she found herself separated for ever from her friends. At the re-capture of New York, her step-father had removed to Nova Scotia, whither he took all of Mary's family; and circumstances prevented them from ever meeting again.

"The war ended, but not Mary's hardships and exposures. Soon after the Revolution she was married to a young man who had accompanied Judge Symmes in his first tour of observation to the Miamies, with which he was so delighted that he determined to migrate to the new country. In 1788, accompanied by a little colony, Mary and her husband bent their course for their new home; lived the first winter on the Kentucky side, and in the spring of 1789, settled at Columbia, five miles above Cincinnati, where the little colony erected a block-house, until 1791, when Mary's companion was taken from her and she left a widow in an Indian country, with two babes, the eldest but two years old, the other an infant of only a few days.

"Before the loss of her husband, Mary had frequently, in times of more imminent danger, retired with him into the garrison; but in her bereaved condition, her lonely and wounded heart, could not brook the boisterous mirth, and constant confusion to which she must there be exposed. The feeling heart seeks solitude in affliction. She therefore remained with her babes in her cabin. In vain did her neighbors depict the dangers of massacre from the Indians. She knew not what fear was. Her trust was in that God who alone could protect her and her little ones. For her children, she provided a bed under the puncheon floor of the cabin, in a small hole usually prepared by the first settlers to preserve vegetables in winter from frost. Here every night, week after week, would she place her children, after putting them to sleep, while she watched through the chinks of the cabin during the greater part of each night, the approach of the savages. The plan was, if the Indians entered one door, to fly out at the other and give the alarm at the garrison before her children would be found in their concealment under the floor. Often thus watching, she saw the Indians enter the little settlement, traverse the grounds in the vicinity of the block-house; sometimes they came to her very door, but never did they enter. Horses were stolen, settlers were killed and taken prisoners, but Mary and her babes were protected. Delicate as a flower, and with all the tender sensibility of the most feeling heart, it was the faith of the Christian which sustained her under all these trials, and enabled her to triumph over all fear. There, day after day, might have been heard,

* This is believed to be strictly a narrative of facts.—Ed.

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in that rude hut, Mary's soft voice, rendered plaintive and melancholy by her lonely condition, hymning her favorite Psalm—

"'To heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are staid;
The Lord who built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

Their feet shall never slide nor fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends their softest call,
His eye can never sleep.

He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm;
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

Israel rejoice, and rest secure—
Thy keeper is the Lord:
His wakeful eyes employ his care
For thine eternal guard.

Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have their leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come:
Go in and out, secure from death,
Till God command thee home.'

"After Mary had lived in this desolate and perilous condition some fifteen months, her character and history became known to a young man of kindred spirit. He too, from the age of twelve, had been exposed to the perils of war. He had served in many campaigns against the Indians, and had engaged with them in the battle field when quite a boy. He had traversed the Indian wilds from the Alleghanies to the mouth of the Ohio, and from the Kentucky river to the lakes. Fear he never felt, and he had imbibed a feeling of pity and contempt for any being who manifested that childish emotion. Mary's bold and fearless bearing attracted his notice; and though he had traveled much, seen and known many females, his heart had never before felt the influence of *love* and *admiration* combined. Mary's exquisite sensibility and tenderness, added to her undaunted courage, qualities so rarely found to meet in the same woman, induced him at once to offer himself as her protector and her husband. They were married;—and Mary's second husband proved himself to be, what she had taken him for, a man of true worth. He was one of the first pioneers of Ohio—contributed much to give to her constitution and laws their broad principles of liberty and equality—lived long to see and enjoy her prosperity, and died in good old age, not 'unhonored' though 'unsung.' But Mary had left him years before, for a better home. She lived to rear to maturity all her children, eight in number, and to them was attached with an intensity of affection which nothing could moderate. She bore all the privations of fourteen years of war, British and Indian, exposed to the most imminent dangers, and her heart and nerve never failed her. But when one, and then another, and yet another of her children were taken from her by the stern hand of *Death*, her 'heart was smitten and withered like grass:' life lost its attractions—earth its loveliness—and home its endearments. She sunk under the loss of her children, and died of a broken heart."

The stranger paused—the big tear stood in his eye, and with quivering lip he added: "The first daughter, born to me after my mother's death, I called Mary Craig, though my eldest had been partly named for her, years before. It was a most lovely child; but it had an unearthly beauty and sweetness about it. The neighbors noticed this, and whispered to each other, 'Little Mary will not live—she belongs not to earth—her home is heaven.' She died at an early age; and still when I think of that sweet child, and its sainted grand-mother, my heart involuntarily exclaims—'will the earth ever be blessed with another Mary Craig?'"

DESCRIPTION OF A CHRISTIAN.

The Christian sees the rise and fall of earthly potentates, and the convulsions of kingdoms, testifying of Him who ruleth among the nations, and accrediting his word; he experiences the conviction that the most delightful of all truth, the hope which perisheth not, is confirmed by the strongest of all testimony, that heaven itself hath ratified the peace which it hath proclaimed; he rests assured that "prophecy came not of old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" and although he knows not the mode of the operations of the Spirit, he sees the demonstration of his power. And "taking heed thus unto the sure word of prophecy, until the day dawn and the day-star arise in his heart," the true believer learns, from the things that are past, the certainty of things that are to come hereafter: he rests not satisfied with a mere name that he liveth, while yet he may be dead, but, having obtained that "precious faith," the germ of immortality, which springeth up unto eternal life, he experiences the power of the world to come, and unites the practice with the profession of religion; he copies the zeal of those who spend their strength for that which is in vain, and their labor for that which profiteth not, but he directs it to the attainment of an incorruptible inheritance—for he knows that his labor shall not be in vain while he yields obedience to that word which is the charter of his salvation, and which so unequivocally bears the seal and superscription of the King of kings.—*Rev. Dr. Keith.*

LEVITY.

Levity appears a venial offense, but it may have a disastrous issue. Trifles in themselves become of serious consequences in their results. Lightness of speech has sometimes terminated fatally. An unguarded expression has led to murder: a sarcasm has implanted in the offended bosom implacable hatred: and general levity of speech both indicates a trifling spirit, and induces pernicious effects upon the moral feeling.

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Original.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY.*

"FROM MY NOTE-BOOK."

MR. HAMLINE,—In a former communication I attempted to give yourself and readers some "Sketches by the Way" from Cincinnati to Philadelphia, promising some notices of the latter city and its institutions, &c., in a future number. It was my intention to have fulfilled that promise at the present time; but I have concluded to postpone that, in order to notice places and scenes which have less frequently been made the subject of description, although not less devoid of intrinsic or relative interest.

On a bright Tuesday evening in May I found myself snugly situated on the schooner "Walter," one of the regular packets between Philadelphia and Lewes, Delaware, and then lying at the foot of Pine-street. There is something full of novelty and interest in vessels of this kind, to those who, like myself, had never been on the briny billow. Accustomed only to the certainty of steam navigation, to be dependent on winds and tides, was at once new and strange; and I must confess that a feeling of apprehension, to which I had formerly been a stranger, would now and then flit across my mind. We started about 9 o'clock in the evening, with a very light breeze, favorable, and the tide just going out. About 7 o'clock next morning we passed Wilmington, Delaware. This city is surrounded by most beautiful scenery, and from the river presents a very pretty appearance, situated as it is some distance back from the water. Seven miles below is New Castle, also a very pleasant place. The morning was extremely fine, and the river presented a sight full of interest to one not accustomed to such scenes. Before us were perhaps more than a hundred sails—from the brig down to the little fishing-boat—all pursuing their individual interests, irrespective of the world around.

12 o'clock.—Fairly in the bay—fine breeze springing up, with a fair prospect of being in Lewes before night.

2, P. M.—Stiff breeze—sea rough—vessel rolling and tossing with considerable violence. Met a barque ship—passed within 200 or 300 yards—had a fine view of her saline majesty.

4 o'clock.—Sea still rough—female passengers all sea-sick. Sat on the bow of the vessel, and watched the "briny surge of the deep sea green" with great interest. Our vessel, at this moment, puts me in mind of the milk-maid in the fable—tossing her head with supreme contempt at the foaming waves—bow sometimes almost under water, and then high in air.

11 o'clock.—Safely moored at Lewes wharf. Experienced no sea-sickness while sailing; but when at anchor, (about 5 o'clock, waiting for tide,) the vessel rocked so violently as to make me deathly sick—had to leave the supper-table, with its fine fresh shad, and go on deck, in hopes that the air would remove the cause—in vain—had to go to bed till 10 o'clock. What made it more unpleasant was, I had no *companions*, except the female passengers, all the men being sufficiently used to salt water to escape every thing of the kind.

The town of Lewes, to a stranger, assumes a very unique as well as antique appearance. The houses are mostly wooden buildings, and are weather-boarded with the same material with which the roof is covered, resembling our shingles, but larger and thicker. This is found to be much better there than the ordinary method; but it gives an appearance of singularity to the whole, which must be seen to be appreciated. Nearly all the houses are painted white, with red roofs, which, at a distance, leads the beholder to suppose they are chiefly brick. The principal *brick* house in the place is the Presbyterian church, a building erected in 1728, and where the late Dr. Wilson, of Philadelphia, commenced his ministerial labors. This church is now under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Mustard. Besides this there is one Episcopal church—at present destitute of a regular minister—and one Methodist church—Rev. Messrs. Houston and Richardson stationed preachers.

In many respects Lewes is a peculiar place. A large majority of its inhabitants are strictly religious people. And in no place have I ever been where the people seemed to enjoy life with a greater zest, and to be freer from care than there. Situated at the distance of 150 miles from Philadelphia, and having but little intercourse with that place, except during the extreme summer heat, they have but little sympathy with the bustle, and ambition, and all-absorbing desire of money-making which characterize that great city. The natural consequence is, more of real enjoyment and less disturbance and anxiety from the cares and toils of life. This gives greater opportunity for the cultivation of the mind and heart. It also gives to society that pleasing *naturalness* which is so seldom met with in this artificial age, unless accompanied by rudeness, and neglect of mental cultivation. In fact, society there partakes more of that primitive simplicity and real goodness, which needs only to be seen to be admired, than almost any other place I have ever seen. And I could not help feeling that I would rather possess the *affections* of such a people than the *admiration* of a world; for I have almost come to the conclusion that there is but little else than cold intellectualism in all the so-called *feeling* of the fashionable business world. This may be heresy; but I believe it is truth for all that.

There are many things in and about Lewes which possess very considerable interest to any but the careless visitor, whose thoughts and desires have been molded by the all-controlling code of fashion, and whose only wish is to pass away time. Among these objects of interest are the Mole, an artificial wharf built out 1200 feet into the sea, and the Break-water, an excellent artificial harbor for the shipping passing up and down the bay. But I return to my note-book.

* Continued from page 216.

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Saturday, 20.—I have seen—I have seen the great Atlantic, and heard its solemn roar, and had my feet wet with its briny billows. How solemn! how grand! how sublime!—the mighty bass in the grand anthem of universal nature! No wonder that thou hast been the theme of the poet, or that the orator and the philosopher have called thee up to give sublimity to the conceptions of the one or beauty and force to the illustrations of the other. For ages hast thou stood—a memento of the power and wisdom of the almighty Framer of the universe, while thy awful roaring has lent similitudes to the inspired penman, as he faintly endeavored to describe the rejoicings of the blessed.

Visited the light-house on Cape Henlopen—84 feet from the base to the upper platform—total height about 100 feet. This light-house has 18 silver polished concave reflectors of about 16 inches diameter, fastened upon a revolving wheel. There are two or three light-houses on different points of the Cape; but this is the principal one. From the top of this light-house the view is very extensive. Some five or six ships were at the moment passing down the bay, discharging pilots, &c., while innumerable small sail were dotting the smooth surface of the deep. Cape May, with its light-house, was distinctly visible—16 miles distant.

Wednesday.—Rode into the country. This part of the state is very level and sandy. A new method of fencing arrested my attention. Posts are placed in the ground at regular intervals of two or three feet, and between these cedar branches are laid horizontally, and compacted together. This forms a very cheap and pretty looking fence or hedge, although not very durable. But few forest trees, and these mostly oak of different varieties, the foliage of which is very luxurious, rich, and beautiful. Whortleberry bushes in bloom, affording a delightful contrast to the dark foliage of the forest trees. Magnolia, also, in bloom, with its bright smooth leaves, and large white odoriferous blossoms, filling the air with rich fragrance. Nor must I omit the white shrub honeysuckle, (*azalea viscosa,*) whose delicate blossoms raise their modest head for the pleasure of the observing traveler, or the beautiful fringe tree, so rare in this country.

Friday.—Lewes, I find, is not without interest, when viewed in its relations to events and scenes of the Revolution. Within sight of where I now stand, the engagement took place between the Hyder Aly and the Gen. Monk. The former was commanded by Com. Barney, and manned by the flower of the American forces. In this action, which was of very short duration, every officer on board the British vessel was either killed or wounded. And within twelve hours after the capture, and before the blood could be washed from the decks, the captured vessel was anchored at Philadelphia! An antiquarian friend pointed out to me a door, still preserved, which had a large hole in it made by a ball from an English vessel during the late war; also a door step, bearing a similar memento of former days and scenes. Along the banks of a small creek on which the town is built may be seen three or four old cannons, which were used in the late war, and in some way or other rendered unfit for further service.

Wednesday.—Started with a party of about forty ladies and gentlemen on a pleasure excursion for Cape May. After proceeding about half way, sea became quite rough, and the sky wore evident indications of a squall approaching; and as most of the ladies on board were more or less unpleasantly affected with the motion of the vessel, it was deemed best to relinquish the intended visit, and sail in smoother waters, and nearer home. This might perhaps more properly be called a *religious* company than any thing else—three clergymen on board, and a large proportion of the others professors of religion. Nearly the whole day was spent in singing sacred music, &c., and at 9 o'clock all returned highly delighted with the scenes of the day. During the day saw several porpoises playing around our vessel, many of them very near us, while sea-gulls and fish-hawks were constantly on the wing in our immediate vicinity.

Tuesday, 4th of July.—The Break-water presents a most beautiful appearance this morning. A strong northeasterly wind, for a day or two, has brought a large number of vessels into the harbor, and from the mast-head of each one is seen the national flag waving in the wind—the insignia of as free a people. May those stars and stripes never behold them less free! but, like a holy bond, may it ever unite us! and while it commemorates the virtue and the valor of our ancestors, may it inspire us with similar feelings, that liberty and religion may continue to be our national characteristics! Then the last crash of a dissolving world shall arise from the falling pillars of our republic, firm and unshaken till the archangel's trump proclaims, "Time, and the things of time, shall be no longer."

Yours, &c., G. W.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

If you would be truly valuable, esteem not yourself chiefly according to your money and lands, but on the grace of your mind and person. Read a little more—read morality, history, innocent poetry, and the lives of generous lovers. You dress well, and have the belle air and mind: be as polite in your dress, and learn to write a new style—I mean so as to write on all occasions, not as scholars but as gentlewomen. As you are ingenious, a little application forms you for good house-wives; but to improve the beauties of the mind and carriage, will cost no more. Blend both accomplishments together, and do not, as some, be mutes and statues in company; or, as others, perpetual drums. No longer be won by faces with brainless heads to them; neither mistake a low bow for pure good manners; nor a well dressed head for quality; nor a fashionable coat for an estate; servile cringing for true love; nor a smooth tongue for sense. Above all, do not mistake wit for wisdom; and cast a tender eye on him who has steady manly virtue and prudence in his conduct, and gives fair hopes of his minding at heart—the main chance.

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Original.

TO THE DEPARTED.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

To thy lonely, dark entombing,
Thou art, young Henry, gone—
Like a flower in its blooming—
In thy manhood's early dawn;
Thou hast faded from our vision
Like a morning star, away:
God grant in worlds Elysian
Thou art glittering to-day!

Was the Savior with thee, Henry,
In the lone, shadowy vale?
Did he throw his arms around thee,
When thy strength began to fail?
'Mid the waves of death, arraying
All their terrors round thy head,
Didst thou hear his sweet voice, saying,
"It is I. Be not afraid?"

How far'd thy young heart's idol,
In whom thou once did trust?
Did she shrink from that sad bridal
With corruption and the dust?
Or did she nobly cheer thee,
Subduing, for thy sake,
The agonizing sorrow
Of a heart that fain would break?

Why linger'd then thy spirit,
As if it clung to earth,
While destin'd to inherit
A higher, nobler birth?
Why flash'd, in that last hour,
Such brilliance from thine eye—
As though some heav'nly power
Was teaching thee to die?

Perchance thy thoughts were wand'ring
Back to thy early home;
And the spirits of thy lost ones
Around thee seem'd to come—
Thy father—and thy mother—
Thy sisters, dear and true—
And thy well beloved brother,
From his grave in ocean blue.

Perchance they hover'd o'er thee,
To watch thy parting breath—
To light thy way before thee,
Or soothe the pangs of death;
Perchance—but vain endeavor
Thy dreaming to explore!
Thou art gone from us for ever—
We see thy face no more.

No more thine infant daughter
Receives a father's care—
No more thy gentle Mary
Thine earthly love may share;
But where the winds are sweeping
Across thy snow-clad bed,
With voice of woe and weeping,
They wail the early dead.

Yet rest thee, Henry, rest thee
Within thy narrow home;
And when, to cheer its darkness,
The sweet spring flowers come,
Their beauty shall be garner'd
By loving hands, and free,
And cherish'd by the mourner
Like memories of thee.

And as they sprang in triumph
From winter's dreary reign,
When stormy life is over,
So shalt thou rise again;
Aye, if thou sleep in Jesus,
To meet his smile, shalt rise,
And bloom in endless beauty,
Beyond the golden skies.

Original.

A FATHER'S TRIBUTE.

TO MARY J. G., ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Among that bright and happy choir,
That strike their golden harps above,
An infant spirit tunes her lyre,
To praises of redeeming love—
Sweet as the hymns that angels raise,
The songs of this bright cherub's praise.

That spirit had her place on earth—
Her parents' joy and pride were there·
And bright hopes clustered at her birth,
In buds of promise sweet and fair;
But all were gathered ere their bloom,
And garnered in the silent tomb.

Her infant tongue had never learned
To lisp an earthly parent's name—
Scarce had her life's bright morning dawned
Before the early summons came—
God called her in her sinless prime
To worship in a fairer clime.

My child, she was your sister dear;
Bright as the brightest star of even
She shone upon our pathway here,
Then melted in the light of heaven.
Too pure for earth, this lovely gem
Now decks a Savior's diadem.

There in the glorious world of light,
Drawn by a sympathy divine,
Your blood-washed souls may re-unite,
And sweetly in communion join;
For kindred spirits, sever'd here,
Are bound in holier union there.

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SO MANY CALLS.

It was a brisk, clear evening in the latter part of December, when Mr. A—— returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire and warm arm-chair in his parlor at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then, lounging back in the chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow: what could be the matter with Mr. A——? To tell the truth, he had that afternoon received in his counting-room the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription, and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply. "People think," soliloquized he to himself, "that I am made of money, I believe; this is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription, and this year has been one of heavy family expenses—building and fitting up this house—carpets, curtains—no end to the new things to be bought—I really do not see how I am to give a cent more in charity; then there are the bills for the girls and the boys—they all say that they must have twice as much now as before we came into this house: wonder if I did right in building it?" And Mr. A—— glanced up and down the ceiling, and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed, and drowsy; his head began to swim, and his eyes closed—he was asleep. In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; he opened it, and there stood a plain, poor-looking man, who in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moment's conversation with him. Mr. A—— asked him into the parlor, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then, turning to Mr. A——, presented him with a paper. "It is your last year's subscription to missions," said he; "you know all of the wants of that cause that can be told you; I called to see if you had any thing more to add to it."

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before; but for some reason unaccountable to himself, Mr. A—— was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all, and then, in a hurried and embarrassed manner, he began the same excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before—the hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment, with its many elegances and luxuries, and without any comment took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another.

"This is your subscription to the Tract Society: have you any thing to add to it; you know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means: do you not feel called upon to add something to it?"

Mr. A—— was very uneasy under this appeal, but there was something in the mild manner of the stranger that restrained him; but he answered that, although he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not this year conveniently add to *any* of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply, but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society, and in a few clear and forcible words, reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donations. Mr. A—— became impatient.

"Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do *nothing* more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls upon us in these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required were moderate; now the objects increase every day; all call upon us for money, and all, after we give once, want us to double and treble our subscriptions; there is no end to the thing; we may as well stop in one place as another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and, fixing his eye on his companion, said in a voice that thrilled to his soul,

"One year ago to-night you thought that your daughter lay dying; you could not sleep for agony: upon whom did you call all that night?"

The merchant started and looked up; there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed on him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression, that awed and subdued him; he drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

"Five years ago," said the stranger, "when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you should leave a family of helpless children entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said, in a still lower and more impressive tone, "Do you remember, fifteen years since, *that time* when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless; when you spent days and nights in prayer; when you thought you would give the whole world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you?—who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Savior!" said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling; "O, yes, it was he."

"And has *He* ever complained of being called on too often?" inquired the stranger, in a voice of reproachful sweetness; "say," he added, "are you willing to begin this night, and ask no more of Him, if he, from this night, will ask no more from you?"

"O, never, never!" said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet; but, as he spake these words, the figure

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seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

"O, my Savior! what have I been saying? what have I been doing?" he exclaimed. "Take all, take every thing! what is all that I have to what thou hast done for me!"—*Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

PUNCTUALITY.

You will observe some children, in families where you visit, if not in your own, that are never ready to go at the first bidding. They must be requested or commanded to do some little thing, twice, perhaps three or four times, before they can be induced to move. They do not mean to break the fifth commandment, but on the contrary to honor and obey their parents, in all things. They are not quite ready, however, and they are sure it makes no difference, whether they go this minute or the next. They want to read to the next paragraph, or to hear a story through, or to warm themselves a little longer, or to be indulged in some other equally frivolous excuse for lingering. Now this is a very bad habit, which ought never to be winked at, and which indeed is never formed, but under mistaken parental indulgence. If your child does not hear and obey you the first time, how can you be sure that he will the second, or even the third, unless the loud and altered tone of your voice should convince him, that you are quite out of patience, and that it will not do to linger any longer? How often do children, when they have no thought of disobeying, wait till the *chore* is forgotten, or the parent is obliged to do it himself, of which, however, he has no right to complain, as it is his own fault. But the injury to *them* is very great, in thus early allowing them to form habits of procrastination, which they will be very apt to carry along with them through life; and which, I need not say, will be extremely inconvenient both to themselves and their friends. "Samuel, my son, such a thing is wanted, will you attend to it?" "Yes, sir,"—and then reads on. "Samuel, did you hear me? The fire is getting low, or your mother wants your assistance." Still the boy is not *quite* ready to start. Then *start* him, and in such a way that he will not hereafter mistake the *tenses;* and he will thank you for it as long as you live.

So when you send your children upon errands, or permit them to visit their little playmates, and fix the hour for their return, it is vastly important that you strenuously insist upon punctuality; not because their time is so valuable, for it may be worth very little or nothing to you after they come back. But aside from your own convenience, in knowing that the errand is done, and where your children are, when out of your sight, the habit of adhering to the letter of your instructions, is so essential to their future usefulness and well-being, that parental laxity on this point, may be followed, and I have no doubt often is, by irreparable losses of property, if not of character. The child may plead that he was urged to overstay his time, or to go off somewhere else to play, and that he was sure you would have given him leave, had you been there; and it may all be very true—but beware how you listen to such excuses. They go to sap the foundation of your authority, at the same time that he is forming a habit so mischievous to himself.—*Dr. Humphrey.*

TIMES OF TRIAL.

Times of trial let us know ourselves; they teach us what we are. They do not so much make us bad perhaps, as show us what bad things there are still within us. Many people, when they do wrong in times of trial, speak as if the trial was the cause of the wrong which they do; whereas the trial does no more perhaps than bring out to light, evils that were previously existing in the soul. I was speaking with a person very lately, in reference to the excitement and commotion which took place in the neighborhood sometime ago; and he said, "They often make me very wicked." I thought it would be more correct to say, that the thing which had taken place, had shown him something wicked about him, which he had not previously seen; that the agitation had not so much caused his imperfections, as brought them to light, and given him an opportunity of learning what was amiss within him.

It would be well for people, when they find themselves, in time of excitement and persecution, carried away by anger and resentment, if instead of throwing the blame on the events and circumstances, they would take the blame home to themselves, and suspect the state of their souls. We have no right to reckon ourselves any better than we prove to be in times of trial. We are not to reckon our religious attainments according to what we feel in our meetings, nor according to the pleasure we find in reading good books; but according to the decision with which we choose the good, and reject the evil in time of temptation, and according to the firmness and calmness with which we pass through reproach and persecution, and the perseverance with which we pursue the path of arduous duty. If we would know ourselves, we must ask ourselves what we are in our families, when our children try us, and when our husbands and wives disappoint and grieve us; and not, what we are when sitting under a sermon from a favorite preacher, or when reading a book of our favorite author. We must ask ourselves what we are when we meet with rebukes, as well as when we meet with commendations; when we are betrayed, insulted, and reviled, as well as when we were surrounded by a host of smiling friends. We must reckon ourselves to have just so much religion as we exhibit in the hour of trial. If we do right no longer than while all things around us go on pleasantly, we have no right to reckon ourselves to have any religion at all. If we are good tempered only so long as no one injures or insults us; if we are calm and kind only so long as we are allowed to go on without persecution and disappointment, we have no right to reckon ourselves good tempered, or patient, or kind, or calm, at all.—*Eng. Investigator.*

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Original.

"WHY WEEPEST THOU!"

This is the language of the Savior to Mary, who was looking for her crucified Lord, and weeping at the place of sepulture. The language encouraged her sad heart, and was grateful as the dew upon the withered herb. She informed him that she sought Jesus, who was crucified, expressing a desire to "take him away." The Savior here had evidence that she, who "loved much" her living and forgiving Master, had suffered no estrangement of her pious affection, now that she supposed him to be dead. Jesus saith unto her, "Mary!" She recognized her blessed Lord.

It has been the lot of woman to bear a sad proportion of the distractions and pains of life. Her peculiar constitution, place, and duties, make it thus. Sorrow is frequently her inheritance. In the scene of redemption, woman acts a prominent part. Does Herod slay the male children? He strikes at the *mothers* of Judea. Is the voice of lamentation heard in Ramah? *Rachel* is found weeping. Nor here in the crucifixion scene is she exempt, nor is her faithfulness either betrayed or rebuked. She watches and weeps—she is "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre." All the disciples were sorry when Jesus was betrayed, but Mary was the saddest among them. All were concerned about Christ, but Mary went early in the morning to the tomb. Her concern carried her with tears to the place where Christ lay!

To this time woman's share of earthly sorrow is undiminished. The evils growing out of avarice, prodigality, dissipation and jealousy, fall upon her with bitter weight. But the Christian religion favors woman; and its Author even now seems ever graciously to inquire, "Woman! why weepest *thou?*"

It is not *sinful to weep.* Christ does not condemn the weeping Mary. He inquires, "Wherefore?" One of the loveliest verses in the Bible reads, "Jesus wept." If *he* wept, it is not sinful to do so.

Some *afflictions justify it.* Mary had cause for weeping. The being whose absence she deplores, was he who once pronounced her "forgiven." She had enjoyed communion with him. The lessons of truth and love received from him, were engraven on her memory, and she valued his friendship above price. Her hopes were entombed with Jesus, awaiting a resurrection; and now when she finds him (as she supposed) stolen, how could she withhold her tears? O she wept! And it was appropriate—it was pious. Reader, *you* should weep over an absent Redeemer.

There is *relief in weeping.* Sometimes by language the heart may be unburdend, but not always. The deep sorrows of a full heart seek another and speedier channel—they are *poured* out by the tear of the eye—the sighs and groans of the heaving breast. This gives relief. This lightens the weight and soothes the burdened soul. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Tears *draw Christ's attention.* On that morning not one of the daughters of Jerusalem was blest with the presence of a risen Redeemer, but this daughter of tears. The Savior is attracted by her sorrow—he draws near to a mourner. He does not upbraid her tears, but regards her with pity; and confers that comfort which he had before pronounced on those that mourn. While the voice of revelry and vanity never procures the blessings of heavenly grace, the voice of penitent and prayerful sorrow engages Jehovah's attention. Then it is that sadness is exchanged for joy, and the song of salvation rises from the heart as grateful incense before God's throne. Penitent sighs and faith's song both rise to heaven.

There will be no weeping in heaven. Bitter as is sorrow on earth, it is not without its tendency to soften and purify the heart. This is matter of gratitude. But the cause and necessity of grief will not exist in heaven, for heaven is a place of sinless perfection. "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away." "He shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

Let those who weep as Christians, rejoice. The hour is coming when Christ shall crown the humble with rejoicing in the kingdom and patience of Jesus. This is the opposite of that "sorrow of the world" which "worketh death." J. W. F.

SPIRITUAL BAPTISM.

The baptism of the Holy Ghost, and entire sanctification, I wish to be considered the same, and here inquire why this work does not progress with more power, and take in a larger number of those professing godliness? I am aware that some one reason may be given, as *unbelief*, applicable to all cases: but I am equally aware that there are particular reasons that ought to be ferreted out, and should be reflected upon seriously by all. Look, kind reader, to the following reasons:

1. *Love of the world*, that so effectually employs the affections of the heart that to grow in grace is morally impossible.

2. A want of that extensive moral honesty that is *wholly* willing to do to others as you would have others do to you; this latter sentiment must be adopted or the sacred baptism cannot be obtained; the love of the world leads directly to dishonesty in feeling, principle and action, and if it be *cherished*, there can be no advances made.

3. Disaffection, or an unbrotherly feeling toward any, will effectually shut out our prayers, bring condemnation, and blast every good fruit in the soul.

4. *Contention*, in which motives and characters are involved, and the freely reading communications that partake largely of this spirit, is an important and effectual hindrance to higher spiritual attainments. If we or any others partake of such feelings or acts we can never grow, but conscience will always oppress and clamor against us. Let us, by the grace of God, get the hindrances out of the way; pray and believe with all the heart, and the promised blessing must and will come, even full redemption in the blood of the Lamb.—*Guide to Christian Perfection.*

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Original.

BISHOP ROBERTS.

The following interesting reminiscences of the early life of Bishop Roberts are, by permission of Dr. Elliott, extracted from his unpublished biography.—Ed.

In the spring of 1796, Robert R. Roberts, being then nearly eighteen years of age, set out for Shenango, now Mercer county, Pa., in company with four others. These were his brother, Thos. Roberts, John Caughey, James Hubanks, and Wm. M'Lean. The section of country, embracing northwestern Pennsylvania, bounded by Lake Erie, the state of Ohio, the Ohio and Alleghany rivers, French and Conewango creeks, was then an almost uninhabited country. This was particularly true in regard to Mercer county. The Legislature of Pennsylvania, in order to encourage the settlement of it, had passed an act allowing four hundred acres, and allowance, to any who would make actual settlement for five years, clear and fit for cultivation twenty-five acres, and build a house or cabin, and pay at a certain time, twenty dollars per one hundred acres to the state. Their first object was to explore the country, and if they liked it, their purpose was to become actual settlers, in order to secure to themselves a home and independence. They traveled on foot, and carried their provisions on their backs in knapsacks. They crossed the Alleghany river at a place near where Freeport now stands, and this brought them within the bounds of the territory embracing the state grants. They went up the waters of Buffalo creek, and spent a week examining the lands within eight or ten miles of the Alleghany river. The country thus far possessed no qualities which attracted their attention so as to induce them to make locations.

During their stay there, which was in March, a light snow fell, which suggested to all the idea of hunting. All had guns, except Robert R. Roberts. All went to hunt except him, and he was left to take care of the camp, as he was the youngest, and was not so well off as to possess a gun. Even among hunters, poverty has its disadvantages and its privations. In the camp he could hear the report of the guns in different directions. About noon the snow disappeared, and all shortly returned without securing any game, not even a squirrel or a turkey, much less a deer or a bear. They were all unpracticed hunters. Most of them probably were sufficiently good marksmen. But this is not one half of the hunter's art. To hit the object fairly, aimed at, is indispensable to a good hunter. In addition he must possess all the stealthy and watchful and most deliberate qualities that will enable him to approach unobserved the prey, to proceed with the coolest deliberation so as to be uninfluenced by the buck fever, which throws such a tremor into the hands and eye of a hunter as to disqualify him for his profession. There are many nameless indispensable items that go to make up the true hunter, that our unskillful pen cannot begin to describe. We therefore stop where we began, for these few meagre remarks, as descriptive of the true hunter, would provoke the wrath of a true son of the woods, were he given to understand that a mere agriculturist, or a book maker, or an editor, or a literary man would presume to say exactly what were the qualities of the finished hunter. Let such as want to know who is the true hunter, converse one whole week with such a one on topics of the chase alone, and he will then begin to ascertain what such a one must be.

The future bishop disliked staying in camp, though he knew, at that time, but little about handling a gun with suitable skill, and less yet about the mysteries of hunting. He however in the afternoon, prepared to go out hunting by himself. His brother was opposed to this, as he knew but little about the woods. But as Mr. Hubanks, his classmate, and a little elder than he, proposed to go with him, it was agreed by his brother that he might try what he could do at hunting. Accordingly they proceeded to the chase. Robert R. used his brother's gun. They took a northerly direction and went on conversing for awhile. They then parted, but agreed to keep in sight of each other. After parting and traveling a few hundred yards, they lost sight of each other. Robert R. thought he could find his own way, and never sought for his companion, believing that his companion could do the same. Traveling on the dividing ridge between two small water courses, he saw at some distance two deer, and raised his gun to fire. But just when he raised it, his eyes watered, and his hands trembled. He then went to a sapling to take rest, and while preparing, the deer disappeared. He then went on, still pursuing the same direction. He looked down a little hollow and saw three bears, an old one and two young ones. He sat down by a white-oak tree and prepared to shoot. They came up slowly to within about four rods of him, where a spring issued from the hollow place. The old one raised herself up and began to snuff as if she scented him. He immediately fired at her breast. She fell, rolled on the ground, showed her teeth, and got up and fell several times. One of the cubs ran away. The other squatted down. And Robert R. sat down alarmed, with his gun unloaded, not knowing what to do, as he had never been in such close quarters with wild beasts, and had never before engaged in hunting. Before he got loaded again, after the delay occasioned by his surprise, the old bear recovered, began to walk slowly and then run, and thus got clearly away, and the cubs followed. He then proceeded to the camp and informed them what he had done. They all set out in quest of the bears, but were unable to catch them. This was his first introduction to hunting.

The pursuits of the chase and the prospects of the new country were not so agreeable to all the young men, so that some of them concluded to proceed no further. Thomas Roberts and Wm. M'Lean returned, but Robert R. Roberts, John Caughey, and James Hubanks, purposed determinately to see the new country, and explore it fully. Robert R. seemed to have been particularly fixed in his design of completing his excursion; for though his elder brother Thomas did his

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utmost to persuade him to return; it was all in vain. He even left him no more money, but barely enough to bear his expenses home, thinking by this means to compel him to return. And R. R. had no redress, as Thomas was much older, and Robert never handled much money, though he was the principal support of his father's family for several years past. He had set out in order to secure independence for himself during life, and he could not be persuaded to abandon his purpose.

On the next morning, after the return of Thomas Roberts and Wm. M'Lean, the other three pursued their journey, having young R. R. for their master spirit, though almost without money, and without even a gun, which is an almost indispensable companion in a new country. They traveled two days in a northeasterly direction without seeing any person. They had flour in their knapsacks. Their bread and ready provisions were exhausted. They were therefore compelled to commence the work of cooking. For the first time they stopped to make up bread; for though R. R., while engaged in sugar making, and in the manufacture of tar, had lived in camp and kept bachelor's hall, he never before had been compelled to make bread, as the supplies of bread in such circumstances were always received from home, or procured from near neighbors. But now he must become baker both for himself and his associates. He looked around for his baking apparatus, and commenced the work by obtaining a kneading trough. He selected the hollow part of a fallen tree for his kneading trough, having first scooped it out with his tomahawk. When the dough was made, it was flattened in thin slices and rolled around sticks, so that the heat could penetrate the slices thoroughly. One end of the stick, and that end sharpened, was without any dough. The sharpened end was then thrust perpendicularly in the ground before the fire, and gradually turned round in its place until the bread on the stick was thoroughly done. In this way they prepared their bread, which was palatable to them, or to any in their circumstances.

On the third day they struck the old Venango path which led from Pittsburg to a fort at the mouth of French creek. They proceeded on till they came to the garrison at French creek, which was the location of the present Franklin. There he saw Indians for the first time. They were trading furs, &c., and drinking.

Here they spent the Sabbath, though there were not much signs of Sabbath. An incident occurred at this place which shows the inconsistency of professors of religion. An Indian shot a large turkey and brought it to the landlady to sell. She bought it, and after paying for it reproved the Indian for selling it on Sunday. He asked if, "no luck to shoot on Sunday." She remarked that she did not know as to luck, but that it was a sin to break the Sabbath by shooting. The Indian retorted, "O! if luck, Indian no care for sin."

Wayne had treated at Greenville with the Indians in 1795, and of course there was peace; but their filthy habits and forbidding appearance made no very favorable impression at that time on our young adventurers.

As they were in search of land, they made but little stay at the garrison. The land through which they had passed was rough and stony, and did not promise much to the cultivator. They therefore purposed to see more of the new country, in order to find locations better than any they had yet seen. They went up French creek to what was then called Cassewago, where Meadville now stands, and where there were then a few buildings. The flats of French creek, which were natural meadows, were beautiful, and pleased them well, but they were generally taken up by previous settlers. After spending a few days at Cassewago, they went down French creek again as far as the mouth of Conеaut creek, which put into French creek about eight miles below Meadville, on the west side. From the mouth of Conеaut, they proceeded westwardly to the heads of Sandy creek, following an old Indian path called the Kuskuskia path, leading from Cassewago to Kuskuskia, a place on the Beaver river. When they had passed over Sandy creek they stopped for the night. They peeled some bark from chestnut trees, and made a camp. The location of this camp was about four miles northwest of Georgetown, and about two miles and a half from where the Bishop a short while after made his location.

Next morning they had an early breakfast, and disposed their knapsacks in different directions from their camp, in order to secure them from the depredations of some straggling Indians that were still lingering around, or from some lawless white persons who might perchance be passing by. They then proceeded to explore the country around, intending to return to the camp that night. They traveled until they struck some of the head waters of the little Shenango. There they saw bodies of land that pleased them well. Still they pursued their course, desiring to see more of the country, till it was too late to return to their camp on Sandy. So they were obliged to encamp near the little Chenango, about three quarters of a mile north of the present residence of John Leech, sen. It is now a beautiful sugar grove, with luxuriant meadow among the sparse trees, and is watered with a limpid brook of pure water, and a good never-failing spring.

They had left all their provisions behind them at the other camp, and were without any thing to eat except one squirrel that one of the company had shot. As Mr. Roberts was the youngest, it fell to his lot to cook the squirrel. He suspended it before the fire by a string fastened to a stake, so adjusted that the squirrel turned round before the clear fire. His associates laid themselves down, and were quickly asleep. He thought that he too needed sleep and lay down to rest, still intending however to watch the squirrel. In a short time he was asleep, as well as the others, and when he awoke it was burned to cinders. So they were all obliged to spend the night supperless.

About twenty years ago, a camp meeting was held within a few rods of the spring and grove where their

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encampment was, where they went to rest supperless, at which Bishop Roberts attended. It was the privilege of the writer also to be present. In delivering an exhortation after another brother had preached, the Bishop took occasion to refer to their first encampment in the immediate vicinity. After an appropriate introduction, he turned half round on the stand, pointed to the spot, *just down there at the run beside Cornelius Riley's*, mentioned by name his associates, and improved the occasion in a manner that was truly thrilling; especially as there were then in the congregation many of the first settlers; and John Caughey sat in the altar immediately before the Bishop. We need not say that Mr. Caughey enjoyed the narrative in which he necessarily bore so conspicuous a part. And all present were instructed with the sublime moral lessons which the good Bishop taught them.

Next morning they concluded to go down Shenango, and then steer their course for the camp. John Caughey, a new Irishman, afterward the Bishop's brother-in-law, being the eldest, was selected as the guide. But although he was a very good scholar among persons of common attainments, he was a very unskillful guide in traveling through the pathless woods. Hence they all very soon got lost, as the day was cloudy. After wandering through the woods for some time, as Mr. Roberts thought, in different directions, they stopped and held a council as to the course that would lead them to their camp on Sandy creek. They all differed in opinion respecting the course in which the camp lay. Yet as they had chosen Mr. Caughey for their leader, they yielded to his opinion and followed him. But every step that Robert R. Roberts took, he seemed to be going in the wrong direction, and the feelings produced were very unpleasant, as he knew that in some directions there were no inhabitants, and of course starvation would be the result, were they to go in the direction of the uninhabited country; and this was the very point to which Mr. Roberts thought they were then going, and the result proved that he was correct in his opinion. Accordingly, he told Mr. Caughey that he could follow him no longer. As Mr. Caughey was of a very mild disposition he yielded, and in the best good temper observed, "It was of no use to separate. If you will not follow me, I will follow you." The other also yielded, and both Hubanks and Caughey followed Roberts. Providentially he was in the right course, and in a few hours they reached the old trail they had left the day before, and by sun-down reached their camp on Sandy creek, and found their provisions undisturbed. Their supper came in good place, having eaten nothing since the previous morning except a few mountain-tea berries. This circumstance gave Mr. Roberts such an ascendancy over them as a woodsman, that ever after they followed his opinion in such matters. Indeed his peculiar genius of mild, yet correct and firm government, seemed to discover itself even at this early period. For he that is well qualified by nature to lead in one important matter, will be the best qualified to govern in others, other things being equal.

After supper they rested for the night, and next morning they set out for the country they had explored the day before, taking along with them their provisions. They proceeded to the Little Chenango, and found some deserted Indian camps that they had just left, having gone down the Big Chenango in canoes. After exploring the country a few days, they concluded to make improvements, and commenced to build log cabins, in order to hold possession, and to girdle a few trees around them.

They fell in company with two other young men who were also looking for land, and they all five concluded to keep together, that they might be the more able to build. The timber was good, water was good, and the soil appeared rich, so that they were well pleased; though afterward it did not fully answer their expectations. Each of the five now selected two tracts of land for himself, on which he intended to make improvements, and they were guided in their division lines by some lines that had been run by a company a year or two before. They generally slept in their camp and went out in the morning to their day's work. They cut logs, built a cabin and covered it with chestnut bark, and deadened a few trees; and this constituted their day's work.

Their provisions very soon run out, and Mr. Roberts had no money to buy, as he had spent the small sum which his brother Thomas gave him, on their parting. In this critical juncture he knew not what to do. He had not money to carry him home, or to enable him to stay, and he could get no employ to enable him to earn. In this critical juncture Mr. Caughey kindly came to his assistance. He had money, and he offered to lend to his moneyless associate until he could find a way to repay him. So they agreed to continue their improvements. They proceeded to Cassewago and got a supply, which they carried on their backs upwards of twenty miles, as the path then was. The price too was high, as the provisions were brought from Pittsburg, up the Alleghany to the mouth of French creek, and then up this creek to Meadville.

Among them all they had but one coffeepot, and two tin kettles, and two pots. Each one besides had a tin-cup, a spoon and a butcher-knife, a tomahawk and an axe. Sometimes they used chocolate, and then they boiled it in a tin kettle, and thickened it with flour instead of milk.

On their return from Cassewago, they finished their cabins, and determined to separate from the two young men with whom they recently associated in mutually aiding each other in erecting cabins. The reason of the separation was, that on acquaintance with them they found them to be persons of such morals as rendered them both unpleasant and unprofitable companions, from whose society they could receive no benefit, and from whom they might receive much harm.

Accordingly, Mr. Roberts, John Caughey, and James Hubanks, his classmate, lived together, and commenced to clear some land, in order to plant some corn and potatoes, in different places. They cleared a few acres, and

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brought their potatoes and corn on their backs from Cassewago, upward of twenty miles. They paid at the rate of three dollars per bushel for the potatoes; and these were the first potatoes ever planted in the country. The corn was two dollars a bushel, or nearly so, as corn-meal brought that price at Cassewago. They also planted cucumbers. They labored very hard in erecting their cabins, clearing land, and packing provisions on their backs so great a distance.

The game was plenty, but because they were then unskillful hunters they killed none for some time. Nevertheless, the necessities of their condition urged them to make vigorous endeavors in order to learn the art, so important under their circumstances. One morning about daylight, while in bed in their cabin, they heard the notes of an old gobbler or turkey not far distant. Mr. Roberts told Mr. Hubanks if he would let him have his gun he would try to kill him. Hubanks unhesitatingly agreed to the proposal. The other got the gun and set out in quest of the turkey. When near the place, the bird flew down from the tree on which he roosted, and on seeing him, the turkey, with several others, ran away at full speed. Following the course they ran, he started two deer, which ran in the same direction. In a short while he saw one of the turkeys coming back running toward him, and came within forty or fifty yards of him and stopped behind a log, so that his head only was visible. When he was about to shoot at the turkey, he saw the deer also returning, and they stopped not quite so near as the turkey. He shot at one of the deer, and it fell. He ran up to it and seized it by the leg, lest it might get away. Just at that moment he heard a voice say, "Have you hit it?" He was afraid lest he might be among Indians, but looking around he saw Caughey, who had gone around in another direction and had fortunately scared the game back to him. They had then plenty of fresh meat for a season, and Hubanks dressed the skin and made it into moccasons. The flesh of the deer was a timely supply, and the moccasons to cover their bare feet was no unwelcome aid to the young adventurers. In brief, they considered, as well they might, that the supply was providential.

Their crop turned out to be a very poor one. The new country swarmed with ground squirrels, which devoured the greater part of the corn before or just after it germinated. The potato crop did well, and was their principal resource for a crop.

As they were in the spirit of exploring the country, they made occasional sallies around in order to see as much of it as they could. In their travels to and from Cassewago, they heard that there was a small lake at the head of Conneaut creek, and they were desirous to see it. Accordingly, they started one day in search of it, and traveled in a northern direction until they got into the swamp at the outlet of the lake; so they were obliged to return without seeing it.

During that spring and summer, his mind was often afflicted, and sometimes it settled down in depression. He often sat down upon the logs and wept, and found no relief but in prayer. The causes of his depression were,

1. He was from home for the first time, for any space longer than a week.

2. The circumstances of his absence from home grieved him. He had declined returning with his brother, which he feared might be disapproved by his father; and for him he always had the highest regard.

3. He was every day becoming more deeply in debt, and he never before had owed any thing.

4. But the principal cause of his distress was the absence of all religious meetings. His classmate, Hubanks, became careless in some measure, and lost his relish for religious conversation; and such was his own backwardness, that he had not learned any thing of the religious views of Caughey. The young men with whom they were associated for awhile, were very irreligious. And among the three they had but one Bible.

Under these circumstances, though he remained steadfast in his religious integrity, yet he was often depressed, and many evenings did he weep before God until his heart was comforted. Shortly, however, before he left that place to go to Ligonier, returning from secret prayer, he heard a voice, and on listening a little, he heard Caughey at prayer. This encouraged him much, as he had not known him to be religious. After this he was able to converse with him about religious matters with great satisfaction.

Some time in June, as their corn had been destroyed, and all the improvement intended then accomplished, R. R. Roberts and James Hubanks concluded to return home and assist in harvesting. Mr. Caughey remained on the improvements. He was especially inclined to this course, as there was no way of sending a letter to his friends, and they did not know precisely where he was.

In their journey they proceeded to the mouth of French creek. When he got there, knowing that he was in debt, and fearing to return home in debt, he hired himself to the captain of a keel boat bound to Meadville, to get money to pay his debts. Hubanks hired himself to the same. Most of the hands were unacquainted with the business, and the captain was intemperate. The new hands made three unsuccessful attempts to ascend the ripple near the mouth of French creek, but were driven back by the force of the current. The captain, being in liquor, flew into a passion, and said he could find two men that could push up the boat themselves, and there were six of them. Unwilling to take such abuse, when near the shore, Mr. Roberts jumped off the boat, and told the captain he might find such hands as soon as he saw fit, as for him he would endure no such treatment. Nearly all the others did the same thing, and left the captain to try the alternate of his two choice hands. But finding he was about to lose his hands he changed his tone to kindness, and endeavored to persuade the hands to return. At his earnest entreaty all the hands returned. By the next effort they got the boat over the ripple, and pushed her on to the mouth of Sugar creek. By this time the

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captain became so intoxicated that he could go no further until he became sober. Accordingly, they put ashore, and as he had some land located near the place, he directed his hands to girdle some trees or do what they pleased. They stayed there for the night. As the captain by next morning became sober, they started on their voyage. On the third day, about noon, they reached Cassewago, or Meadville. They unloaded the boat, the freight being flour, bacon, whisky, &c. As the boat was to return immediately to Pittsburg, they went in her to that place, which was then very small and having a poor appearance. The old garrison was then to be seen, and a new garrison was established.

From Pittsburg they traveled on foot, in a day and a half, to his father's house, a distance of fifty miles. His clothes had become old, and were not well washed. His hair was long, and he had become thin in flesh, although in good health. When his father and friends saw him, they were greatly rejoiced, for they had not heard a syllable about him from the time his brother Thomas had left him; which must have been nearly five months. They thought he must have been killed by the Indians, or by some wild beast. They frequently reflected on his brother for not using greater exertions to have him return. But their anxieties were all relieved, when they saw he was safe, and had returned. His father did not reflect much upon him, but was unwilling he should return; and as he was a minor, it was his duty to submit. Harvest came on, and this occupied him for the present. He spent the time happily in the society of his friends, and in Christian communion.

Whatever may have been the reasons which induced him to make some juvenile attempts at preaching, it was in the fall of 1796, when he seriously felt impressions to be useful to others in this way. But he made no effort, as he had high views of ministerial character, and viewed his own inability in such a light, that he thought he never could succeed. He prayed in public when called upon, but exercised no further. His mind frequently dwelt upon the scenes of the spring and summer, and he thought the country which he had left, preferable to that in which he lived, and still desired to return.

In the spring of 1797, the father of Bishop Roberts consented that he should return to Chenango in company with his elder brother Thomas. His younger brother Lewis went also with them. Robert R. Roberts also took with him Stephen Riley, to settle on one of the tracts that he had selected. Other persons of enterprise went also with them, in order to select and settle land for themselves. The whole company consisted of nine persons, viz., Robert R. Roberts, Thomas Roberts, Lewis Roberts, Stephen Riley, and Wm. Lindsay, from Ligonier; James Stevenson, sen., James Stevenson, jun., Rev. Jacob Gunwell and John Caughey, from Loyalhanna. Each had a horse laden with provisions, and some cooking utensils, with such bed-clothes as enabled them to encamp in the woods, without suffering much. But each walked on foot, led or drove his horse, and carried his axe and knapsack of provisions beside.

By this time, a path was made through the neighborhoods of where Butler and Mercer now stand, in place of the circuitous route by way of Venango and Cassewago. But then, very little of this country was settled, except toward Pittsburg, so far as to furnish opportunities of houses to lodge in at night. The best path even, was not yet selected, nor the best crossing places of the streams, none of which were bridged at that time, and when they could not be forded, they must be crossed by swimming. Often the Alleghany river, Breakneck, Big Kinniconees, Muddy creek, Slippery Rock, Wolf creek, Neshanick, and Little Chenango were all to be crossed; some of them by swimming, and others by deep fording. Little Chenango, about two miles south of the present Georgetown, was crossed by felling trees on each side, carrying the packs over, and swimming the horses. During much of the journey they encamped in the woods during the night.

Thomas Roberts was well pleased with the country, and selected a tract of land on which to make improvement. He and Lewis then returned with the horses, leaving Stephen Riley and R. R. Roberts to open land and put in a crop. They also left with them the provisions they had brought on the horses, and promised at a certain time to return, and bring a fresh supply of provisions. Mr. Gunwell and Mr, Stevenson, sen., returned with them in like manner. Thomas Roberts left also four dollars of money with his brother.

About the last of March, 1797, Robert R. Roberts, Stephen Riley, and Wm. Lindsay, started, on Sabbath morning, to an Indian camp on Sandy creek, to buy sugar, carrying their guns with them. They set out on Sunday to the Indians' camp, because they had the company of one of the Indians, who had been on a visit to their camp, to show them the road; and they availed themselves of the opportunity, as they could not well find the way themselves. They carried their guns, as this was the custom with every one in the new country, wherever they went, both to protect themselves, and to preserve their guns from being stolen. They purchased four dollars' worth of sugar from the Indians—the entire sum that Thomas Roberts left with his brother for necessary expenses. They fired at a flock of deer, which they saw on their way to the Indian camp, but without success. On their return in the afternoon, it rained hard, and they got lost in a pine swamp. They wandered around, but with all their endeavors they could not get out of the swamp. They kindled a fire, but in consequence of the wetness of the fuel, the fire was very bad. Shortly after dark, they heard the scream of a panther within a very short distance of the spot where they were. They occasionally fired their guns, and encouraged their dog to follow it, but to little purpose; the dog well knowing the character of the panther. In this way they spent the whole night, keeping constant watch, and at the same time, wet, weary, hungry, and cold. In consequence of their dread of the panther, and the care of watching during the night, the sugar was exposed to the rain, and was all melted, and therefore lost. R. R. Roberts thought

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that this was a judgment on them for breaking the Sabbath, by traveling, carrying their guns, purchasing sugar, and shooting. He never carried his gun on Sunday afterward.

On this transaction we have a good moral lesson.

Their reason for Sabbath breaking was insufficient. The sugar was not necessary; and if it was, they could find the way shortly on a week day.

The sin was aggravated. They sinned in company and in association with uninstructed heathens. They traveled, fired their guns, and trafficked on the Sabbath.

Their present correction was marked. They lost their way, lost their sugar, and suffered from cold, hunger, wet, and want of sleep. They lost as much of week day time as would be sufficient to accomplish their object without breaking the Sabbath.

The same results, substantially, flow from all Sabbath breaking. It is done without just reason or necessity—it is an aggravated and foolish sin—it is unprofitable. Such is Sabbath breaking, whether ordinary in carrying Sabbath mails, journeying, any kind of work, or unnecessary worldly employment of any sort, for worldly gain or saving, or extraordinary: as military displays, excursions of pleasure, visiting, profane or worldly conversation, or any thing which tends to destroy, or hinder the spirit of religious devotion.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

"I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring."

It has frequently been the subject of serious and painful inquiry with me, why this promise—one of the most important and precious in the covenant of grace—should so often, as far as human observation goes, fail of its accomplishment. On the part of God there can be no failure, for he is a faithful God. Why is it then that instead of the fathers we see not the children filling up their places in the Church of God? Ought we not to ask, "What doth hinder?" yea, and more than ask—should we not search out, what impedes the flow of this covenant blessing. This great difficulty was in a measure solved to me in the house of God not long since.

I visited the sanctuary that morning to behold a scene I had never witnessed before—a congregation composed of mothers with their children. It was a public service of the Maternal Association, and one of the most interesting nature. I returned from this delightful service convinced that the want of youthful piety in the Church of God must be traced to the neglect of mothers. The ministers of the sanctuary must continue to cry, "Woe is me! my soul desired the first ripe fruit," until mothers are awakened to their responsibilities as nursing-mothers to the Church, receiving their little ones with this injunction from heaven: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

How can we presume to expect that our sons will be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace, unless by a decidedly religious education we seek after *this* as the "one thing" we have desired of the Lord for our beloved children. That God, as the God of the families of Israel, has a right to require this at our hands cannot be disputed; and shall we rob him, and train up our offspring for the *world*, of which Satan is the god? shall we turn them out of that "course" where flow the streams of covenant grace?

Does this thought startle us? and are we ready to say, "We are not of this world," "we are of God!" True, we may not ourselves be walking according to the course of this world, which leads from God, yet is it not to be feared that we follow too much the manners of the world in the training of our children? Are there not many who venture to prepare their children for fashionable life at a most perilous risk, forgetting that every step they take in the unhallowed pleasures of this world leads them further from God? Do not such parents lose sight of the distinctive marks of the people of God—a people which God has formed for himself to show forth his glory? Does not the secret worldliness of the parent betray itself here? Do they in this path of relative duty walk by faith and not by sight? Do they not seem to forget that the outward prosperity which comes with God's blessing can only prove a real good, and that God by an eternal decree has united duty and privilege? Can they presumptuously expect that the unchangeable "I AM," he who said to the father of the faithful, "I know him, that he will command his children, and they shall keep the way of the Lord," will change the economy of his government for them? No. He is of one mind—"God is one;" and the duty enjoined is as *binding* as the *promise* is *sure*.

If he has said, "I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed," he has also said, "Thou shalt keep my covenant." Nor are promises and warnings to be found in the sacred volume more specific and clear than those given as incitements to the faithful discharge of parental duties. Alas! it is but too well known that the larger proportion even of Christian parents deny their own beloved children the privilege of a scriptural education, and consequently cut off from them the blessed results.

But these papers are written for those who do indeed desire to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; who have themselves been by converting grace brought out from mystic Egypt, and who by their lives declare plainly that they desire and seek a better country, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

Let those whose prayers and practice harmonize, take encouragement. Let them pray in faith, and "be instant in prayer." Let every maternal duty be performed in a prayerful spirit. The records of eternity will unfold the achievements of prayer; nor are we now without many heart-cheering memorials of the instrumentality of parents in the conversion of their children.—*Mother's Magazine.*

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Original.

THE SUICIDE.

Where father, mother, dearest friend? ah, all?
Lone echo, only, answers to my call—
My weary eyes to lonely watchings given,
And aching heart by keenest torture riven;
My wasting form my earliest, latest pride,
Not such, I ween, as when they hailed me bride—
All—all to me terrific language speak,
Say judgment, justice, vengeance, waits to wreak
Upon my erring, vain, and thoughtless head,
Their vials full. With darkened wings outspread,
There comes in visions of the midnight hour,
Dread demon phantoms clothed with magic power;
These bid me haste from all the scenes of mirth,
And darkly deeply 'neath our mother earth,
To lay me down, beneath the quiet sod—
And thus forget my friends, my foes, my God.
O is there naught can stay this tempest toss'd,
This whirling brain to truth and reason lost?—
As ships at sea, now plunge beneath the main,
And then with headlong fury ride again,
Till calmed at last "Old Ocean's" troubled breast,
Assumes its wonted peace and sinks to rest.
So may I not, though waves to waves swift follow,
And each succeeding gulf yawns me to swallow,
Still chance to ride triumphantly this storm,
Though eddying whirlpools rushing round me form.
O that these fiery sprites might haunt in vain,
And love and friendship claim me theirs again;
Then should this burning feverish brow be cool,
This throbbing heart again with joy be full.
But no! despair doth closely round me cling,
To check the thought repentant ere it spring.
My life—its bark soon wrecked on ruin's sea;
My life—its flame shall soon extinguished be.
I come, ah demon! thy known voice I hear,
Its shrill unearthly music strikes my ear.
Not doubts nor fears nor hopes of heaven shall more
Enchain this sorrowing wand'rer to this shore.
No mortal eye can here a witness be,
To tell the world how death hath dealt with me.
Mother! bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh,
Now shall thy breaking heart bleed—bleed afresh!
O father! steel thy breast to bear the pain,
And hear—O hear—"Thy child was reared in vain!"
And husband dear! no tear shed o'er my grave
When I'm at rest. Thou hadst no power to save.

L. C. L.

Original.

THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

Is there a spot on earth more sweet,
Than youthful dreams have pictured fair?
It is the place where *mothers* meet,
To mingle hearts in earnest *prayer*.

All worldly thoughts are hushed to rest;
And drawn, the vail o'er earthly care
As, with a warm and throbbing breast,
Each hastens to the place of *prayer*.

The youthful wife, whose features meek,
A calm and heavenly beauty wear,
With her *first* loved one, comes to seek
A blessing at the place of *prayer*.

That *aged* one, whose trembling tone
Speaks many a year of toil and care,
Still for her wayward, absent son,
Pleads, with a *mother's* faithful *prayer*.

She pleads, nor will she plead *in vain*,—
Tho' long estranged, a wanderer far,
His soul shall be renewed again
In *answer* to *that* mother's prayer.

She too is there, whose widowed heart
Clings closer to those pledges fair,
For *them* she seeks "the better part,"
For *them* she breathes her constant prayer.

She prays that God, her covenant God,
Would guard them from the tempter's snare,
Would make *each* heart his blest abode,
And set his seal *for ever* there.

Art thou a Christian mother, then
More closely tread the narrow way—
O lead thy *little ones* to God,
And teach them *early* how to pray.

And then when death's stern tones shall come
And hush for them thy voice of prayer;
When thou hast gained thy heavenly home,
They, ransomed all, shall meet *thee* there.

And as before the Savior's throne
Thy voice shall tune the songs of heaven,
Thou then may'st say, "Lord here am I,
And *here* the children thou hast given."

A. E. V.

NIGHT.

BY R. W. BARKER.

O'er the calm bosom of yon sable tide,
(Whose rippling waters, hush'd in darkness, seem
To court the radiance of the moon's mild beam,)
Night spreads her noiseless wing in ebon pride.
All, all is peace—the various voice of day
Disturbs no more the philosophic mind;
Yes, all is peace,—the melancholy wind
That swept the twilight eve hath died away.

Reader! 'tis like the stillness of the tomb
Where the cold relics of the good and just
Mix, undistinguish'd, with their kindred dust,
And sweetly slumber in their destin'd home;
But, brightly soaring from its mortal clay,
The spirit wanders to eternal day.

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NOTICES.

THE PROPHECIES OF DANIEL AND ST. JOHN. *By Isaac T. Hinton.*—The prospectus states that, "The design of this volume is to present, from the page of history, such a clear view of the fulfillment of the chronological prophecies, as shall enable the reader to form some general, but just idea respecting those parts of prophecy which yet remain to be fulfilled, and constitute a satisfactory refutation of the "end of the world" theory of Mr. Miller, and of other erroneous interpretations tending to an opposite, but no less injurious, extreme.

"The work will present the views of the principal writers on prophecy, both ancient and modern; and the reasons which induce the author either to differ or agree with those who have preceded him."

It seems that the author has for thirty years, devoted much of his time to the study of the prophecies. He seems at home in these discussions, and we doubt not, from the contents of the first number, that he will contribute much aid to the right understanding of the two books on which he dwells. He says, "It is to the want of the right apprehension of, or of firm adhesion to, the rules of symbolic interpretation, that most of the material errors of writers on prophecy are to be attributed. It is a practice adopted by some writers, to pursue the literal interpretation of symbols so far as that system suits their views, and then to evade difficulties by adopting, respecting other portions of prophecy, a system of interpretation wholly different." This is doubtless true; and a judicious interpretation of the books of Daniel and Revelation according to the rule which the remark suggests, will result in conclusions as clear and definite as can be reached in the present stage of the fulfillment of the prophecies.

The plan of the work is ten weekly numbers, containing at least 36 pages; making, when complete, a handsome volume of from 360 to 390 pages.

The price is one dollar, in advance; or, six copies for five dollars, thirteen copies for ten dollars, twenty-eight copies for twenty dollars, and larger numbers in proportion. Payment to be made on delivery of the first number.

THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST. *By S. W. Lynd, D. D. Cincinnati, Ohio.*—This is a pamphlet of 32 pages, in opposition to Millerism. Portions of it are instructive. Some of the arguments in favor of a spiritual millenium, are not conclusive. Take the following:

"We sustain this proposition by the universal language of the prayer of faith.

"Ever since the hour when our Lord taught his disciples how to pray, the same ardent petition has gone up from the hearts of all the pious, 'Thy kingdom come: thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' At morning dawn, at evening shade, from the closet, the family circle, the social prayer meeting, the congregation of the Sabbath; from the wilderness and the crowded city; from the land and the sea, for nearly eighteen hundred years, has the cry entered the ears of the Lord God of hosts."

Mr. Lynd does not expect God's "will to be done on earth as it is in heaven." This requires an immaculate moral state in all human beings. But if the prayer "thy kingdom come," proves that the "Gospel is to prevail over all the earth," then the petition "thy will be done," &c., implies that every person in the world will be not only converted, but sanctified and made perfect. Mr. Lynd is considered talented, and we can scarcely account for certain logical errors in this production.

Mr. Breckenridge, of Baltimore, has said that there are not five persons in America prepared to point out the errors of Millerism. If this opinion be correct, the likeliest way to render his system harmless is to let it alone. The error is not cardinal. It differs only in circumstance from Wesley and Bengel. And we cannot divine why Wesley is orthodox in fixing the destruction of the man of sin in 1836, and A.,B. or C. heterodox in allotting it to 1843.

Theological errors, which must expire by limitation within six or eight months, cannot be hurried into oblivion by debate. There is not time for argument to accomplish its proper aim if it be ever so conclusive. On the other hand, if it be feeble, it works some injury to the cause of truth.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE "KIRK."—Though the news is abroad in the weeklies, yet it is proper for us briefly to chronicle the interesting event which has recently transpired in Scotland. Old Scotch Presbyterianism is in one important sense no more. As a hierarchy, lending and receiving direct support in its close political connections, it has expired. The rupture between the seceders and the adherents to the hierarchy, was marked with great propriety of behavior on the part of the former, and now to the number of four hundred, embracing the intellectual, moral, and *religious* portion of the establishment, they form the "*Free Presbyterian Church*" of Scotland.

This is virtually a revolution. It is so seminally. We cannot conceive that there is any hope or fear of results less weighty than the destruction of the abominable unions of Church and state in Great Britain. We expect the waters now stirred will never rest again, till they reach the throne—until such a lawless libertine as George IV., can no longer claim to be the "Head of the Church." A new class of chartists exist in Scotland. They are the pure, the honorable, the influential of the land. They are the devout, the intelligent—men who are worthy to lead in a slow, peaceful, but sure progress, toward ecclesiastical independence, and its necessary concomitant, political freedom.

METHODISM.—Mr. Annan's book has wrought its best, and the "True Church"—mother and daughter—has exerted its unslumbering energies to check the progress of Methodism. In the mean time, the "circuit riders" have held on their way, saying their prayers, and with "*competent*" opposition on every side to cool or rouse their zeal as the case might be, they have gathered into the fold one hundred and fifty four thousand souls in one year. This is a lesson to all parties. It should instruct the successful and the defeated parties. Us as Methodists it admonishes not to be afraid of man—not to wait for the smile or shrink from the frown of the world. It should convince our enemies that God will not be on their side, when by slander and gross abuse, borrowed chiefly from dram shops and theatres, from loafers and Owenites, they essay to check the progress of pure religion or reproach its disciples.

Let Methodists awake to a sense of their fearful responsibilities. How much under God depends on their fidelity to the interests of religion, and to the welfare of this republic. As citizens and as Christians they have need to be vigilant, prudent, and holy. Were we to dictate a motto for preachers and members, to be borne along with them day and night, it should be, "*Holiness unto the Lord!*"

METHODIST FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—The recent examination of the pupils of this institution, called forth the highest applause from the best judges of the progress of scholars and of the qualifications of teachers. Our absence from the city deprived us of the gratification of witnessing the recitations, but we have seen and heard enough to warrant the most favorable notice of the Institute, and to urge upon the members and friends of the Church its efficient support. More than eighty pupils were in attendance during the last session. It is believed that a much larger number will enter during the autumn and winter. Those who have been forward and active in the establishment of the seminary, feel that the work is done, and that the experiment has succeeded. The qualifications of the teachers are tested to the entire satisfaction of the patrons. Nothing in this respect can be desired. To say that the faculty are "competent," would be equivalent to positive abuse. They are more than competent. The location of the Institute is the best and most central in the city. The buildings and accommodations are of the very best; and we repeat, that as it regards principals, assistants, and accommodations of every sort, nothing remains to be desired. It may be of interest, especially to distant patrons, to be informed, that the next session of the Institute will commence on Monday, the 4th of September. It is desirable, as far as practicable, that all who design entering as pupils at this school, be present at the opening of the session.

MRS. HERR.—This amiable sister came to the city but a little more than a week ago to visit her friends, and most unexpectedly sickened and died, leaving a truly bereaved family to mourn.

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, OCTOBER, 1843.

Original.

THE HAWK'S NEST.

BY J. G. BRUCE.

All who have ever passed up the valley, and above the falls of the Great Kanawha, and wound around the mountain spurs which skirt New River, with its beautiful cascades, have seen the "Hawk's Nest," or as it is now scientifically called, "Marshall's Pillar." Connected with it there is many a tale of horror, the recital of which chills the blood, and sends it shivering back upon the heart. The "Hawk's Nest" is nine miles above the junction of Gauly with New River, and is the principal object of interest among the cliffs of the latter. The James River and Kanawha turnpike passes near it, and thousands every year stand upon its summit to wonder and admire. It is a mass of red sandstone, rising perpendicularly eight hundred or a thousand feet above the bed of the river: it is nearly a naked rock, destitute of shrub or flower for several feet, except one little scrubby pine, which seems to have been planted there for the benefit of coward pilgrims; for, without the support it yields, few would ever look into the depths beneath. Back a few paces are large forest trees. As you stand upon the projecting point of the rock you have a fine view of the river, which, on your left, comes tumbling and foaming along its confined and irregular channel; at your feet it is as quiet as the mountain lake, when no wind of heaven breaths upon its bosom—a polished mirror, throwing back the image of every object painted on its surface, calmed to sleep in the deep cradle which nature has hewn in the solid rock. Its quiet seems an act of reverend respect to the pillar that towers above in silent grandeur; for it has only passed a little on to the right, when it again sends up its everlasting murmur and dashes on, as if in haste to leave its mountain home. The language put into "*Bruar waters*," by the Scottish bard, may be appropriately used by New River:—

"Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin:
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well,
As nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see."

The Christian, as he gazes upon this scene of beautiful confusion, and listens to the wild anthem of the ever rolling flood, will feel the force, and see the beauty of the Psalmist's exclamation, "Let the floods clap their hands, let the hills be joyful together before the Lord;" "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble; therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High."

Returning from Lewisburg, in 1839, we conceived the design of ascertaining its altitude by actual measurement. Having constructed a *water level*, and provided ourselves with other necessary apparatus, we prepared to descend to the bed of the river a half mile above. Our company consisted of Rev. S. Robinson, of Charleston, Virginia; Mr. F. Brooks; Col. Hamilton, and his little son, some ten years of age; Mrs. B., and myself. At about 2 o'clock, we commenced our descent, winding down the side of the mountain by one of the most *zig zag* paths ever pressed by human foot. The sun poured a full tide of light and heat upon our pathway, and scarce a breeze breathed refreshment on a fainting world; and, though surrounded by

"Majestic woods, of ever vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills,"

we suffered greatly from the effects of the heat; but the wildness of the scene, and the novelty of our own position, beguiled our pain, and urged us on. At the end of half an hour we had all gained the margin of the river, and sat down to breathe, and contemplate the stupendous works of the supreme Architect, with which we were surrounded. The tall cliffs rose above us, bearing upon their sides, here and there, a vine, whose rich foilage contrasted delightfully with the rock on whose brow time had chiseled many a line. On their summit stood the pine and cedar, whose leaf is ever green; above was the deep blue heaven, overcast here and there by the soft fleecy clouds, passing lazily to and fro, as if in quest of some parched spot on which to drop the gentle rain. New River dashed madly on at our feet, as if angered that we had invaded her sanctuary. Around were the holly, a favorite of the Scottish bard; the magnolia, whose crimson fruit blushed in the sun-light; at their roots bloomed the lily; the wild birds sang among their branches, joining their treble to the hoarse and mighty bass of the river. As we gazed upon this scene of beauty and terror, we exclaimed, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty;" "Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name?"

We had supposed that, this point reached, our difficulties were at an end until we should commence our ascent. But it was a sad mistake. The valley was, in many places, choked up by drift wood and huge masses of stone; these must be passed, if we would

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reach the base of the "Hawk's Nest;" and with our ardor somewhat abated, and a feeling of weariness approaching exhaustion, we renewed our journey, and at half-past 3 o'clock reached the base; and, having with the eye measured it to its "topmost towering height," and duly counted the cost of taking its altitude with such instruments as we had, concluded to "wait for a more convenient season:" a conclusion agreeing well with our extreme lassitude. We held a consultation as to the route by which we should return—whether we should climb our way back along the path by which we had come, or ascend the almost perpendicular cliff just above the "Hawk's Nest." This Col. Hamilton told us was a passable route; but no lady had ever ventured to travel it, and it was doubtful about Mrs. B. being able to accomplish it. But she determined to become our pioneer, and this decided us in favor of the new route; and laying down our instruments, to be washed away by the first swell of the river, we commenced ascending where few had gone before, and few will come after us. Our pathway was over loose masses of sand-stone, rolling under our feet and tumbling down the steep until, broken to atoms, they were lost in the distance, and the echoes they had startled into existence died away in the fastness of the everlasting rocks. About two hundred feet up, we gained a bench of rock where we could rest, and sat down sighing for

> "Water, clear, cold water,
> In the running brook so blue."

Above us rose, in solemn grandeur, the "Hawk's Nest;" beneath New River slept in quiet beauty. We loosened some of the larger rocks from their resting places and started them down to join their kindred that had gone before; and, as they rushed down with the lightning's speed, we slowly toiled up the steep ascent, helping ourselves forward by catching every shrub within our reach. One hundred feet brought us to a perpendicular elevation thirty feet high, which we had to pass by means of an *Indian ladder;* i. e., a pole notched at regular intervals. We climbed up as best we could; and having gained the table above, sat down to rest and talk over the tales of horror told of the "Hawk's Nest."

One was that, many years ago, before the present road was opened, and few, if any, knew of this place, two hunters, having pursued their game until it became dark, stopped to spend the night on the "Hawk's Nest." Having kindled a fire, one of them took his cup to procure water from the stream whose murmur came up so invitingly. He approached the precipice, and reached over to dip the water, but failing to do so, he stretched himself further over; but his arm would not fathom a thousand feet, and he returned to the fire to sleep in happy unconciousness of the narrow escape he had made. But morning uncovered to his view his imminent peril. With what feelings must he have gazed into the depths beneath! and how sensibly must he have felt his obligations to Him "who piled the mountain, and reared the rough rock's height."

Having rested, we passed along a ledge of rocks where we found large quantities of salt petre. Formerly (Col. H. told us) the hunters were in the habit of coming here for the purpose of making gun-powder; but since they have been able to obtain it in exchange for skins, furs, &c., there are very few who make it themselves. They would come just before the setting in of winter, and make the quantity which they supposed would be necessary for the season. But their fires were extinguished—they were not there—and their only traces were a few half charred logs, and some scattered beds of ashes. We wound up a narrow defile, and found ourselves standing upon the turnpike, each congratulating the other upon his healthful appearance. It was 6 o'clock, P. M.; we had six miles to drive; we returned to Col. H.'s, where we had left our horses; and, having taken some pure cold water, we bade our kind and gentlemanly host adieu, and threw ourselves into our carriages. The stars had set their watch before we reached the public house, where, after partaking of some refreshment, and recounting our adventures, we were lulled to sleep by the everlasting dirge of the New River cascades.

THE JOYS OF PRAYER.

Even in those parts of prayer that might seem only painful, there is a pleasure that would be ill exchanged for this world's most boasted bliss. In the bitterness of repentant sorrow for sin, there is a sweetness; in the agony of fervent supplication for pardon, there is a joy, as much superior to the best the world can boast, as the heavens are higher than the earth—

> The broadest smile unfeeling folly wears,
> Less pleasing far than prayer's repentant tears.

O! what a happy, heaven-foretasting life might the children of God enjoy on earth, if they would live a life of prayer! How calm might they be in the midst of the wildest storms. How joyful in the midst of the deepest tribulations. How composed and cheerful, while all around was agitation and alarm—the smile of heaven sparkling around their path, the peace of heaven dwelling within their hearts.

They say that travelers in Alpine regions are encompassed with a clear atmosphere, and cloudless sunshine, while traversing the summits of those lofty mountains, at the very time that the world below them is all wrapt in mists and darkness, and thunder clouds are bursting at their feet. Even thus does prayer lift the believer to a loftier and serener region, far, far above the clouds and storms that darken and distract the world below. In that region of purity and peace, the atmosphere is clear and calm; and the light of God's countenance shines brightly on the believer's soul, while he sees the thunder-clouds of earthly care and sorrow rolling beneath his feet; thus realizing the beautiful illustration of the poet:

> "As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
> Though round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on his head!"

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Original.

SAUL AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

BY MRS. S. J. HOWE.

'Twas solemn night. No star came forth to break
The sullen darkness. Not a sound disturbed
The rest of wearied nature, save the moan
Of the approaching storm, that went and came
Like the hard breathings of a dying heart!
Worse than *this*, darkness rested on the soul
Of Israel's king, as he came forth to seek
The sybil's solitude—a last resource!
God had forsaken him—in vain he pray'd—
In vain he sought by prophet, or by dream!
The heart of Saul was harden'd—he had left
The ways of righteousness—had ceased to walk
In sweet humility before his God!
His friend, proud Israel's prophet, too, was gone—
No longer there to intercede with Heaven;
And danger threaten'd him at ev'ry point!
Then trembled kingly Saul, and call'd for one
Of those whom he had banish'd in his pride—
"Behold," they say, "at Endor dwelleth one
Who calleth on familiar spirits."
See!
Disguis'd, and lonely, goeth mighty Saul,
Bow'd down in spirit, asking mortal aid!
Vain man! *God* hath refused to hear thy call—
Can *man* avail thee in thy trying hour?
In Endor's forest stood a lovely cot,
Half buried in some sweet and trailing vines,
And fragrant flowers, that crept along its eaves!
'Neath the rude door the fire-light softly gleam'd,
And by its blaze a gentle being sate,
And chaunted, in a low and mournful voice,
The story of her wrongs; and as she sang,
The wind in fitful gusts swept thro' the trees,
And faster, faster, fell the beating rain!
Hark! some one knocketh at the lowly door!
The woman's heart is touch'd—she gently opes,
And bids them enter. With surprise they gaze
On grace and beauty where they look'd for age
And sad deformity. The heart of Saul
Is soften'd, as he says, "I pray thee, bring
Up unto me the one whom I shall name."
Trembling, she stands, reminding him that death
Is meted out to those who break the law
Of Israel's king. Now, by his promises,
And yet in fear, she calls up all her powers.
Behold! there comes
Up thro' the darkness one bow'd down with years,
Wearing the prophet's mantle; and the heart
Of Saul is troubled, as he bows him down
Upon the earth, and hears the well known tones
Of Samuel's voice: "Why hast thou call'd me up?
And wherefore askest me what thou shalt do,
When God deserts thee? for the Lord hath done
That which he spake thro' me. Thy haughty pride
Is bow'd for ever, and the kingdom rent
Out of thine impious hand. Before the sun
Shall sink to rest again, thou and thy sons
Shalt be with me in death; for God hath dealt
In justice with thee!"
On the earthen floor,
Prostrate upon his face, lay mighty Saul,
Writhing in agony. Before him rose
A mighty host of sins. The laws of God,
Which once he lov'd, were trampled 'neath his feet;
And mem'ry whisper'd of ingratitude
And disobedience to Him who made
And crown'd him Israel's king. "The bitterness
Of death indeed was past"—he lifted up
His manly voice, and wept—the big bright tears
Falling amongst the long and silvery hair.
In vain they strove to soothe him; for his sins
Were piled 'twixt him and heaven. The words
Of prayer but trembled on his lips, but could not find
Way to the "great white throne."
The morning came;
But ere the close of day Saul and his sons
Were gather'd to their fathers, cold in death!

GATHER THE FRAGMENTS.

Thin clouds are floating o'er the sky,
And in the glorious west
Lingers the rose's brilliancy,
Where sank the sun to rest.
A streak of light is hovering there,
Unwilling to depart;
And soft and still the wintry air
Breathes o'er the grateful heart.

Though summer's step of joy is fled,
Her voice of music hushed,
Her shade of living verdure dead,
Her flowery chaplets crush'd;
Sweet nature still hath power to bless,
By mercy's hand arrayed,
Her morn in fairy loveliness,
Her eve in dove-like shade.

So, when the days of joys are past,
And life's enchantment o'er;
When we have bowed to sorrow's blast,
And hope is bright no more;
There still are mercies full and free
Mixed in the cup of woes,
And, where the mourner cannot see,
In faith he onward goes.

Then weep not o'er the hour of pain,
As those who lose their all;
Gather the fragments that remain,
They'll prove nor few nor small.
The thankful spirit finds relief,
In calm submissive love;
Toils hopeful on, amidst his grief,
And looks for joy above.

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Original.

GNOSTICISM.

BY GEORGE WATERMAN, JR.

In all ages since letters have been cultivated there have been men who have arrogated to themselves the proud title of philosophers. Under the name of philosophy has been comprehended every thing which the imagination of man could invent. Nothing has been considered too absurd, nothing too ridiculous to be christened by this dignified title. Especially is this true of that system which we shall now attempt to describe.

The term gnostic is derived from the Greek word γνωσις, (*gnosis.*) signifying knowledge, and was assumed as a cognomen by those who pretended to superior wisdom and knowledge. The rise of gnosticism, as a system, was gradual. As a sect, the gnostics flourished principally in the second and third centuries of the Christian era. Some writers, especially Dr. Moshiem, have assigned to it an oriental birth-place, probably Persia, or India. We think, however, that there is no evidence to sustain this position. The probability, as we think, is that it originated in a far different manner. As Christianity extended its influence, it brought within the circle of its professed friends many of those who laid claim to the name of philosophers. These men were strongly attached to the doctrines of some one of the prevailing schools of those times. The most prominent of these was the Platonic. These philosophers found many things in Christianity which did not accord with those systems to which they felt strongly attached. To be Christians, and not to lose their character of philosophers, was the great object for which they strove. This could not be done unless it could be shown that the doctrines of Christianity and those of the schools were identical, or at least did not clash. In order to accomplish a task so difficult resort was had to what was termed the concealed meaning of the Scriptures. When this principle of two meanings—the obvious and the hidden—was once entertained, it was easy to bend every thing to coincide with the preconceived ideas of those who advocated it. Many good men were led away by it, to the incalculable injury of the cause of Christ. If such a man as Origen could be led into error on this very subject—and so deeply as he was—it is not wonderful that those of less piety and learning, but of more prejudice and blind attachment to their respective systems, should be led to adopt a system so monstrous as that of the gnostics.

The time when gnosticism first arose cannot, with certainty, be determined. It is probable, however, that it was soon after the propagation of Christianity, although its principles may have existed antecedent to that time. Before the death of the apostles it began to manifest itself. Hence, we find Paul charging Timothy (1, vi, 20) to avoid profane, vain babbling, and oppositions of *science*, falsely so called. The word here translated science is γνωσις, (*gnosis,*) and evidently refers to those elements of the gnostic system which had began to show themselves even in the days of the apostles.

The gnostics were divided into several sects, the most prominent of which were the Valentinians. The system which they held will serve, with but little variation, for all the others. They believed that there was a great and eternal existence, or Æon, who was the author, directly or indirectly, of all things created—that he lived an indolent, inactive life, in a place called Pleroma, or space bounded by Horos, or limit. This Pleroma, thus bounded by a circle, contained the supreme and incomprehensible God, who never came out to notice the affairs of this lower world, but satisfied himself with inactivity and quietude. This mighty Æon, whom they called Bythos, or depth, had a wife, sometimes called Sige, or silence, sometimes Charis, or grace, and sometimes Ennoea, or thought. These two Æons begat two more, male and female, the first called Nus, or mind, the second Alethia, or truth. This Nus, or, as he was sometimes called, Monogenes, was the only one that could comprehend the greatness of his father, Bythos. Nus and Alethia begat two more, also male and female—Logos, or word, and Zoe, or life. These two another pair, Anthropos, or man, and Ecclesia, or church. These eight Æons constituted those of the first class, or order, and were denominated the root or substance of all the rest. The last two pairs seeming to possess a greater desire to promote the glory of their great Original than the others, produced eleven couples more. Of these Logos and Zoe produced Bythus, or depth, and Mixis, or mixture—Ageratus, or never old, and Henosis, or union—Autophues, or self-begotten, and Hedone, or pleasure—Acinetus, or unmovable, and Synerasis, or composition—Monogenes, or only begotten, and Macaria, or happiness. From Anthropos and Ecclesia proceeded Paracletus, comforter, and Pistis, faith—Patricus, paternal, and Elpis, hope—Metricus, maternal, and Agape, love—Acinos, eternal mind, and Synesis, understanding—Ecclesiasticus, preacher, and Macariotes, blessedness—Theletes, willing, and Sophia, wisdom. These thirty Æons all resided in the before-mentioned Pleroma, mutually enjoying and rejoicing in one another.

We before stated that Nus, or Monogones, was the only one that could comprehend the greatness of Bythos. All the others anxiously desired this, especially Sophia, the last of the Æons, whose desires were so strong as caused her to give birth to a nondescript called Matter. At this event she was so frightened that she would have fallen out of the Pleroma if Horos had not prevented. Her offspring, Matter, however, was cast out in Vacuo, from which afterward the worlds were formed. In order to prevent a similar calamity, Monogenes emitted two more Æons, called Christ and the Holy Ghost. The whole together, in some mysterious manner, afterward produced and sent forth Jesus, whom they also called the Savior, and with him a number of angels as his attendants.

Christ the Savior took pity on the offspring of So-

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phia, giving to her a shape, and calling her Achamoth. From her tears, laughter, &c., were formed all things without the Pleroma, with the exception of her own dwelling place, which was situated midway between the Pleroma and the abode of her son Demiurgus, the maker and ruler of this world. This Demiurgus, after he had created all things, retired to his own abode, and there remained in a state of supineness and inactivity, leaving all his affairs to the administration of the devil.

Such is a sketch of their kosmogony, and the government of the universe (if such perfect jargon can so be called.) How men calling themselves Christians could adopt such monstrous notions we cannot conceive. Nor were their other ideas any more consistent with reason or common sense. They held the God of the Jews in supremo contempt—esteeming him as a malicious being, whom Jesus came to destroy. They supposed all sin to consist in matter. Hence they held to the doctrine of self-mortification—esteeming that the more the body was kept under, the more holy and spiritual would the mind become. Thus making sin the result of the necessary connection of the mind and body.

Other sects of the gnostics held the eternity of matter—others that it was not eternal, but almost so, having existed long before Demiurgus, and that he only formed or modeled it. There were some other differences, which time forbids our entering upon here.

Irenæus was the great opposer of this heresy. It is from his works that we are enabled to ascertain their views and principles. There were many points in which gnosticism agreed with other prevailing heresies of those times, which will appear as these are unfolded.

The frequent attacks which this system experienced from many of the early fathers, and the dissoluteness of the lives of many of its professors, ultimately caused it to go down; and the name of gnostic, which, at first, was glorious, became a term of reproach and ignominy.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Art thou gone, my child? Yes, thy toys, thy cradle, speak in language which cannot be mistaken. Such silence is truly eloquent. But thou canst not die again—death has no more power over thee. Thy fond mother will no more agonize at thy parting sigh. O glorious immortality!

Thou hast not lost thy way, my little one; for prophets and apostles, and even Christ himself has passed through the tomb before thee.

Thou hast now entered the school of Christ in heaven. He himself shall be thy teacher, and there shalt thou study the volumes of eternity. The map of God's universe shall not only be thy chart, but thou hast also the telescope of heaven to assist thy unclouded vision. The rays that emanate from the uncreated One shall for ever illumine thy pathway. Thou shalt no more need the light of the sun, nor moon, for God is thy sun and shield. From seraphim and cherubim shalt thou learn the notes of heaven, while Gabriel leads the choir. Yes, my child, Christ died for such as thou art. He that cannot lie hath said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thy mother saw but the feeble dawn of thy being, for thou wast blighted in the very bud of thine earthly existence. Still thy capacities and powers of improvement shall continue to expand, and thou shalt rise higher and higher in the scale of being for ever and for ever, and no future blight or sorrow shall retard thy progress; but thou shalt experience one eternal, happy, glorious march of mind.

Live on then, my sweet child; live in the society of the pure and holy; live where sin cannot annoy thee; tune thy golden harp, and bless God and the Lamb for *immortality*.

Yes, when empires and kingdoms shall have passed away; when sun, moon and stars shall be blotted out, thy eternity has but just begun.

Thou hast not forgotten thy mother—no, love dies not in heaven—but thou shalt be the first, on angel wing, to welcome her to the abodes of bliss.

Farewell, then, my child; thy mother will weep no more for thee; she will no more sigh for thy return, for our separation will be but momentary. Time is short, and soon will be swallowed up in the vast ocean of eternity.

Soon the dawn of a never-ending day shall be ushered in. Soon we shall mingle our songs with the innumerable multitude who unceasingly cry, "Holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts."—*Mother's Magazine.*

"THY WORD IS TRUTH."

I read, and I believe. My soul is witness of the truth; of the truth of what I am; of what I must be; and of what I may be. The heavens may be no more; the sun may cease to shine, and the stars go out in darkness, but thy word stands secure and fixed, eternal truth. Years upon years may come and go, ages upon ages roll on a ceaseless round, and thy word stands eternal truth, eternal as thy own existence. Read by millions that have ceased to be on earth, and to be read by millions yet to come. And now it meets my eye: it comes to me, a sojourner here, as were my fathers; but soon, like them, I shall pass away. It speaks to me. I read, and I believe. I realize *thy word is truth.* Away from human speculations, from the folly of boasting human reasonings, I turn my eye. Too long have I built my faith on man's opinions. Now, O truth, O word of God, I come to thee. Naked I hang on thy word, and I prove thy word is truth. Thy promises, what are they? They are spirit, and they are life. My soul is unsupplied no more. Doubts and fears, where are ye? Ah, ye are consumed in the light of truth. Ye cannot bear the blaze of truth. And malice, and revenge, where are ye? By the power of truth, I see you blasted, overthrown. And *self*, the demon *self*, where art thou? Truth wages with thee a war of utter extermination. Its language is, *I am Jehovah. I am that I am.* O man, what more canst thou comprehend of God than this—*God is.* And thou thyself a worm.

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Original.

THE PROPHECIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

It will scarcely be denied that the prophetic Scriptures are obscure. If any affirm the contrary, and profess to have certainly discovered the significancy and application of most of the unfulfilled prophecies, we must say to them—mistaken men! We not only apprehend that they err, but we suspect *them* of at least *unconscious* pride, or of some other temper indocile to the divine teaching, and forward beyond all Scriptural warrant, to pry into mysteries which do not belong to them.

And it matters not whether they belong to this or to that class of interpreters—whether they be Millenarians, Anti-Millenarians, or Millerites. Professing a knowledge of the just application of prophecy; in detail, to coming changes in their exact order or succession, we look upon them as errorists.

"This," some will say, "is passing strange; for what can be the design of revelations which no one can understand? Why should we be pronounced 'blessed' in 'reading or hearing' words from which we can gather no truth? What is the aim of the 'Great Teacher' if his prophecies convey to us no instruction?" We are used to such queries. And we hesitate not to confess, that now and then they have produced in our mind a momentary demur to the views we have here expressed. But after some efforts at recollection, and perhaps an excursion among commentaries and books of interpretation in the vain hope of reaching better ground, we were compelled to return, and re-occupy the station we had left, rejoicing to settle down in quietness, and finding it good—very good—to partake once more of the "sincere milk of the word"—of the *nourishing* portions of God's revelation.

It by no means follows, however, that the prophetic books of holy Scripture are useless, because we cannot apply their predictions with certainty to the events which fulfill them. There are several other important benefits to be derived from the prophecies. They impress on the docile mind the wholesome truth that God is ever present amongst men—that by a direct agency he controls the nations—that he governs or overrules all things, and renders them ultimately subservient to the good of his people and the glory of his Son. They also assure us of the final triumph of truth. They leave no doubt in the mind of the humble disciple as to the ultimate destiny of the friends and the foes of the Church. The prophecies are to be read for the purpose of producing in the mind a deep sense of the presence of God, to exercise this control over all human public and private affairs, in behalf of his redeemed and sanctified people. As to the interpretation of the prophecies in the sense of showing that they point out such and such events at such and such periods, as the destruction of Romanism, for example, in the nineteenth century, we doubt its utility, and especially if it be in the spirit or the letter of bold and unqualified assertion. And we believe that to maintain either the positive or the negative of any exegetical proposition concerning them, is generally an example of this unseemly or indiscreet boldness. We mean by this, that to deny is dogmatical as well as to affirm, because it involves the assumption of science or certain knowledge, where we believe science is impossible. To illustrate more fully our meaning—a large number of Christians and ministers affirm that the second advent of Jesus Christ is at hand. Now he who shall oppose to their unqualified assertion, an unqualified denial, becomes just as dogmatical as his opponent, and assumes to know *quoad hoc*, or on this point, just as much about the import of the prophecy.

Of the different parties—the Millenarian, the Anti-Millenarian, and the Millerite—it were at present difficult to determine which is most blame-worthy in regard to unwarrantable assumption and rash assertion. All are sufficiently involved. Mr. Miller and his adherents are frequently accused of unbounded and unpardonable impudence, in language which we are sure affords but a poor example of a manner more modest and docile. The Millenarians are held up to the profane public as objects of derision in much the same style. And lastly, the Anti-Millenarians also, are under the penalty of the *lex talionis;* so that on the whole the interpretation of prophecy in our day displays temper if not erudition and genius. It shows that men can *feel*, if not *reason*, about the Pope, the millenium, the day of judgment, and the glorification of the saints.

In the midst of much discussion on these topics, we feel that nothing is so important as moderation. And we are not sure but moderation requires silence. We believe that "quietism," in regard to the millenium and its implications, or its form, would be a great blessing to the Church; not that men should cease to read and study the prophecies, but "let them learn in silence, and hush debate." There has been discussion enough to answer all profitable ends. Let us then pause here, and from loud and deafening dialogue resort to closet labors. Prayerful study of the Bible is our best hope of knowing what is the mind of the Spirit. The perusal of what has been recently written on the prophecies has produced on our own mind precisely the effect set forth by the editor of the "Spirit of the XIX. Century," at the close of the following remarks, which are so suited to our views, and to the times, that we adopt them as the conclusion of this brief article.

"The great departments of Scripture truth are its moral, its doctrine, and its prophecies. No doubt, speaking in the largest sense, every duty flows from some previously ascertained truth, which being first established, the manner of its action becomes a law, and the practical duty follows; and in philosophy and morality in their largest acceptation, this is the process—and hence both of them are so obscure to the great mass of men, seeing that ultimate truth and the deduction of fixed and rational laws concerning it, and the establishment of settled duties based thereon, are

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matters far out of the reach of most minds. In revealed truth the process is somewhat different, and very much clearer and more certain. It being ascertained that God has revealed to man a code of perfect morality, the ultimate truth here is the naked fact of the revelation of the precept; and so the rule is clear and the duty plain—entirely independently, to us, of the anterior truth upon which the revealed duty is based in the mind of God, or if the expression is preferred, in the nature of things. So it follows that the reverse of what occurs in natural religion and general philosophy, is true in Christian morals; in the former, truth being clearer than duty which is founded on it; in the latter, the immediate will of God being interposed as the proximate truth upon which our duties rest, it is obvious that the moral is far clearer than the doctrinal portion of Scripture. What may be the future conduct of Providence in the working out of vast, complicated and transcendently glorious plans, in the midst of all which those great but remote truths upon which Christian morality itself ultimately rests in the mind of God, (but before which, as regards us, he has mercifully placed his precepts based on them,) will still continue to operate; it is manifestly impossible for the limited capacity of man even to conjecture. To some extent, God has been pleased to reveal to his people, what he would do before he did it. But the intrinsic complexity and vastness of the subject would render it extremely difficult for us to comprehend more than the naked facts which God should condescend to reveal in ever so plain a way; and when he does this, of set purpose, obscurely and in figures and types which are themselves often hard to be comprehended, the difficulties of the subject are immensely increased. Unfulfilled prophecy therefore is out of all comparison a more difficult portion of Scripture than the doctrinal part of it, as this has been shown to be greatly more so than the moral portion. What we ought to do, is revealed with perfect clearness; what we ought to believe is by no means so obvious, nor so easily settled; but what God will do is above all, hard to determine. Hence we see that amongst pious people there is little difference of opinion as to Christian morals; but there is very great diversity of belief on many points; and there is no other Babel equal to that confusion which prevails, and has always prevailed in regard to unfulfilled prophecy. This work of Mr. Fleming* has attracted some attention from a lucky guess or two, which seemed to have some semblance of fulfillment a century after they were hazarded, (in a very modest way, it must be allowed;) and we have taken the trouble to peruse it attentively, twice; once, some years ago, and again just now. The principal effect it produces on our mind is to perplex it, and obscure the whole subject; which indeed is the best we can say for most of that portion of religious literature that treats of the subject of prophecy, so far as we have examined it—which, for a long time and to a large extent, we have done. This remark, however, is rather intended to apply to the general theories and principles of expositors, than to their entire labors; for there are few whose works are familiar to us, from whom we have not, as we think, derived valuable information and important suggestions."

*"Apocalyptical Key."

SACRED MEDITATIONS.

"*Thy law is in my heart.*" Thy law, thy law of love, O thou Eternal One, may it again be written on man's heart to be the spring of action, the life of his existence? May his sinful, groveling affections be lifted up and fastened on thee, O thou blessed God? Yes, this is the new covenant of thy mercy, *to write thy law in the heart.* By thy own living Spirit to engrave it there, in characters as real as thy own existence; for thy law of love is a transcript of thyself, a part of thine own nature. When thy law is in the heart, there is thy love, there art thou thyself, a living, breathing spirit. O it is blessed to give up the heart to God. He does not leave it a blank: he does not leave it a sink of pollution. No, he shines into it, by his own most blessed, purifying light, and causes it to send forth heart-felt streams of joy and gladness, of purity and beauty. He penetrates its depths, and searches out its evil windings, and breathes health and vigor to its very source. Who would not give up his heart to God, and have the law of love, the law of heaven, enshrined in his inmost soul? Who, ah who, what wretched one is there, who will not fasten his eye on the *new covenant of mercy*, and there fix it, until he realizes his own heart to be a heart of love? *Love!* Truly all else is as sounding brass, an empty sound compared with love. Love fills up the measure of the heart, it leaves no aching void. Its object *always is, and always is to be*, the GREAT I AM, the proofs and pledges of whose love are never wanting. The law of love is the life of the believer's soul, the element in which he lives. The one emotion which alone he covets, and which often fills his soul to overflowing, and leaves no room for other emotions to dwell. O love, what art thou in *real life*, in *action?* It is love that suffers long from ill-usage and contempt, and *still is kind.* It seeth another of higher gifts and graces, but it envieth not. It is lowly in itself; it seeketh not itself, it seeketh the good of others. O love, I see thee all drawn out in the life of Jesus, and I know what thou art. Thou hast an eye always turned upward, to catch the motions of *His eye*, thy God, thy Father. Thou hast chosen His will, whatever blasts may come upon thee. Thy example, O Jesus, teaches us what love is, and thy precepts teach us. I will follow thy example; I will keep thy precepts, for therein do I delight, and thus shall I ever abide in thy love and find thy law written on my heart.

"*Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.*" It is but the reflection of God we see on earth, the shadow of his glory. What will it be to see him face to face? I have seen the sun go down in calm, majestic beauty, and the reflection of his rays extending far around the horizon, and I have thought of God,

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whose presence lights up heaven, and whose reflected glory beams all around from the company of the blest. What will it be to see God? To behold him, whose countenance is as lightning, and whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and all this effulgence beaming love? To see him, who measures the waters in the hollow of his hand, and who taketh up the isles as a very little thing? And to behold in this great God, a Savior, a friend, a friend *for ever?* To see his arms extended, and to hear him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; come ye blessed of my father." What will it be to tread with Jesus, our elder brother, the ceaseless round of eternity? To see him clothed and fashioned like ourselves, to be joint heirs with him, and to be entered on this inheritance; to receive the full fruition of this blessedness? What will it be to strike our golden harps in the pure atmosphere of heaven? Hark! what vibrations! I seem to catch the sound and—*to be there.*

O, Jesus, it is but a glimpse of thee, we have on earth, and we know our shattered bark can bear but little of thy glory. We cannot see thy face and live. We will be content to serve thee, with but partial views of thee, only be thou our strength. Let us feel that thou art with us, and in us, and art round about us, and we will be content. Although to die is gain, yet to live is Christ. O, it is blessed to live on earth, and *have a Savior.* To be a weary wanderer no more, but to come home to our Father's house, and rest on the bosom of Jesus, with no desire for aught else but him. While I live I will praise thee, O Jesus, Redeemer of my soul; and when I escape, as a bird let loose, I will praise thee with an angel's tongue.

"*Except ye be converted and become as little children.*" See the little child, how weak, how helpless, how dependent, and see thyself, O humble believer. Stripped of all thy riches, thy earth-born possessions, thou hast come to Christ, wretched and poor, and blind and naked. Self-destroyed, thou knowest that in him alone thy help is found. As the little child turns to its mother for the supply of all its wants, thus dost thou turn to Christ. With what confiding simplicity it rests its little head upon its mother's arm, and how happy are those arms to embrace so beloved, so helpless an object. And yet the mother may forget her child, *but I will never forget thee,* saith our God. How much more safe then art thou, O believer, with his arms underneath thee. His everlasting arms will uphold thee, when stripped of all self-will and self-dependence, thou dost look to him alone for help. It is such *little ones,* such self-abased, such humble ones, that the Lord carries in his arms, and folds in his bosom. It is over such our Lord rejoiced in spirit when on earth, and said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and *revealed them unto babes.* Where, O my soul; where, O my Savior, is the lowest place? O let me find it, for there my Lord will meet me, and open to me the treasures of his love. Is it not where myself is crucified, where I live not, where pride and self-will are extinguished? O the ground of my own nothingness, is not this where Jesus wants me, and fills me with himself, and *liveth in me?* O let me be a little one, self-crucified, self-annihilated, for then Jehovah is my defense, he will keep me. It is not the will of our Father who is in heaven, that one of these *little ones* should perish. The angels in heaven do always behold the face of my Father; they wait to come with messages of mercy, as their necessities demand. O ye spirits of the blessed, may ye ever find me childlike and waiting on my father's will.—*Guide to Christian Perfection.*

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

Children are very often chargeable with want of perseverance in attempting to do good, and consequently relax their efforts; when if they held on longer, they might see their wishes accomplished. If we try nineteen times to do a thing, and fail, we cannot be certain that the twentieth will not perfect the object. We remember a story that shows the influence a little girl can exert.

Mary, who was only about eight years old, took a temperance paper, at a temperance meeting, to see how many she could get to sign it. The next morning she presented it to her father, who had been in a drunken frolic for a fortnight, and came home drunk while his daughter was at the temperance meeting the night before. This cruel father raised his hand and struck his child a blow which leveled her on the floor, and said,

"I'll learn you to be saucy to your parents."

The little girl got up and picked up the constitution, which had fallen when she received the blow. She took it with her to school that day, and got the teacher and most of the scholars to sign it. When she had leisure, she would ask her mother, if she might go to such a neighbor's, and see how many could be obtained to join the temperance society.

Her father could not but see what was doing in the neighborhood. For two weeks, he remained at home, and did not use a drop of intoxicating liquor, a thing he had not done for years before. At the end of that period, he said to his daughter,

"Mary, how many names have you on your temperance constitution?"

"I will bring it and see," she replied.

As her father was counting the names, she stood between his knees, and when he had looked them over, he said,

"You have one hundred and fifty."

She jumped up on his knee, threw her little arms around her father's neck, and impressed a sweet kiss on his cheek, and said,

"Do you sign it too, father, and then there will be one hundred and fifty-one."

The old drunkard's heart was melted—his bosom heaved—his bloated, haggard face was wet with tears of contrition—he pressed his Mary to his heart, and said,

"I will sign it;" and at once affixed his name to the constitution and pledge.—*Temperance Advocate.*

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Original.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.*

HISTORY OF "OUR VILLAGE."

The panorama of our wilderness village melted from our view with our last month's sketch. Yet, as memory has again brought it before us under some of its subsequent phases, we will glance at it once again. Some few years from the date last referred to, its appearance and character were greatly changed. A business-like aspect had taken the place of its picturesque wildness, and the early simplicity of its inhabitants had become lost in the avidity of speculation, and the bustle of incipient enterprise. Houses of brick and frame had risen upon the site of the low-roofed cabin, and wild grass and flowers no longer sprang up under the foot upon the streets they occupied. It had become a shire-town, and a court-house and jail rising from its centre afforded gloomy evidence that crime was already abroad even in our forest land. The community that had seemed like a single family, so closely drawn were the social ties that united it, had, in its extension, lost much of that pleasant relative character. The petty and absurd distinctions of life had crept in to poison the pure currents of friendship and feeling that of erst flowed through it like sweet and healthful waters; and the uniformity of appearance and condition among its members, that had characterized it as a whole, was gone. The artizan and laborer were met upon their paths by those whose dress, air, and manner betokened pretension and conscious superiority. There were now among them the merchant, the lawyer, the professor, the speculator, and the officers of *the bank*, whose establishment in our village had been matter of no measured gratulation, and which had given it present impulse as the meed, some thought, of prospective ruin. But among these might have been marked faces of far deeper anxiety than any we had seen at the earlier date of our history. There were now among them *men* around whom unsuccessful speculation or enterprise had drawn the heavy and iron chain of debt. We recollect, at a particular season, when one of those re-actions which always follow great excitement in business without a correspondent support, had taken place, having met with a half a dozen of those who were in legal durance—prisoners for debt—having the bounds of the corporation assigned them as the limit of their freedom. From the general want of wealth among the citizens, and the sparseness of the population in the country immediately surrounding them, there was little to justify the emprise into which many adventurous spirits, with narrow capitals, were led by the rapid growth of the place itself. Failures on every hand was the inevitable result. How strongly did the appearance of these men, as with listless and objectless step they now strolled around the environs of the village, contrast with that of the humble and unambitious laborer who went whistling past them. His dress might have been something poorer, but his step and countenance were cheerful—their look was care-worn, anxious, harassed. They had failed in schemes into which they had thrown their dearest aspirations—his wishes were bounded by the avails of each day's labor; for this was sufficient for the wants of his family, and beyond such supply he had no vain dreams.

There is one of this latter class now fresh in our memory, whom, at the time we speak of, we were led especially to notice, from having accidentally become interested in his family. They were recent emigrants from an eastern state, and were of that class of respectability which habits of industry and of decent pride create among the most indigent. The mother was a pattern of domestic gentleness and quiet order, and her children, as we saw them daily passing and re-passing to our village school, attracted our attention, from the uniform and exceeding neatness of their humble garb. We are now led to speak of them from their association, in our memory, with a portion of our village history, to which we have already alluded—the prevalence of a pestilence that swept off, as with a besom, nearly a fourth of the population. It was in this family it commenced. Just without the environs of the village, and under the shelter of one of the hills embosoming it, was a small cabin, which was their home. Would our reader stroll with us to the field of tall grass that is now waving over the spot in the richness of deep summer, we could point out the very spot; for the blackened hearth-stones around which that father gathered his family at evening might still be found. There were we suddenly summoned to the burial of our neighbor, even before we knew that sickness had entered the dwelling. That exemplary wife, that tender mother was dead! For two or three days we had noticed that the father passed not, as was his wont, to his labor, nor his little ones to their school; and while we yet mused what was the cause the summons came. A fever of three days had for ever darkened that home of peace. The two eldest children lay scorching with the same malignant disease, and all unconscious that the still and shrouded form which lay stretched near them was all that was left of her upon whom, in their childish dependence, and amid the ravings of phrensy, they were momently calling. The father stood by them as one paralyzed, turning only from their convulsed faces to look upon that of his dead wife, now, alas! *fixed* in its marble tranquility, and utterly incapable of the least effort. Truly was it a scene of woe. And why was the funeral so scantily attended? Not from the humble position of the departed; for changed somewhat though our villagers might be, they were still, as a community, feelingly alive to the claims of suffering humanity. But *they* were absent whom we have been wont to see especially in the house of mourning. We inquired the cause. Sickness was in *their* families also. What could it mean? It was yet but the close of summer; and though autumnal fevers were common to the newer settlements of the west, we looked

* Continued from page 236.

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not for them thus early. The fever, too, was of a more malignant character than we had formerly experienced. But whatever the cause, whether the result of natural laws, or the immediate visitation of a chastening God, its present threatenings were fearful. It soon became general throughout the village, and the progress of the disease from that hour gradually accelerated, till at last every house in the village had its sufferer, or rather sufferers; for in many cases whole families were stricken down almost simultaneously, and the instance was rare of a *single* victim from a household. The friendly sympathies—the neighborly attentions which in seasons of individual suffering are so readily extended in all small communities, soon ceased to soften the scene of affliction. One by one, they who visited the early sufferers ceased their visits, for they themselves became of the smitten, or their cares were engrossed by the sufferers of their household; and at last every house was as an isolated dwelling—communication had ceased among us!

The disease manifested itself under various aspects. In some instances the victim survived but a few hours, in others the struggle of life and death was long protracted. Some, after lingering for weeks, recovered—others, after partial amendment, were at last taken off by sudden and deadly relapse. The bereaved children, of whom we have spoken, lay long and dangerously ill, but the disease was finally overcome. They were slowly recovering, and the father was driven forth, by the necessities of his family, once more to labor. We can never forget a little scene which we witnessed near that dwelling. We had been confined to the pestilential breath of sick and dying chambers till we were literally gasping for fresh air We escaped for a brief space from our duties—we took a path that led to the hills, and hurried along it as if our speed would enable us to outstrip the unwelcome reflections that accompanied us. We approached a ravine where a summer streamlet was tumbling in delicious coolness over the rocks, when a childish, but faint and hollow cry, lifted up in continued wailing sounds, struck our ear. A moment after, a small figure appeared upon the verge of the ravine, from which she seemed to have risen, and ran feebly, but with an action of the extremest excitement, toward us. It was one of the children we have mentioned—a little girl of some eleven years old; but we could not have recognized her, had we not been aware of her condition. Had she risen from the grave, her appearance could scarcely have been more unearthly. They only who have witnessed the ghastliest ravages of disease upon human lineaments, can form any conception of that deadly, though childish face, or spectral figure. Her eyes were wild and sunken, her lips and cheek of an ashen paleness. Her hair, which was singularly long and dark, but now all matted and tangled, hung loosely around her shoulders; and her little arms, yellow and emaciated, were thrown up with an expression of passionate anguish, the more impressive that it was unnatural to one of her years. We sprang forward to meet her.

"Fanny! dear child, what is the matter?" "O my sister is crazy!—she will kill herself—she has flung herself down on the rocks in the ravine, and I can't get her away." We ran down the bank that descended to the place. The little girl, the younger of the two who had been ill, had been for some days apparently convalescent, so that her father, as has been remarked, had under the pressure of strong need ventured to leave her for the day to the observance of the elder one, the latter being so far recovered as to sit by her bed. But a sudden relapse brought on a paroxysm of the wildest phrensy, which no effort of the poor feeble sister could soothe. The fever gave the child strength; and springing from her burning pillow, she bounded up the ravine, at whose opening the cabin stood, till she reached a spot where the stream, that was nearly hidden below, gushed over the rocks. And there she now lay among them, with her cheek pressed upon their moss—her feet, cut and bleeding with their points, in the stream—her little chest heaving with the hot breath of the disease, and laughing wildly, as we approached her, with the unnatural, but exulting excitement of the hurried powers of life. We lifted her, not without a struggle, in our arms, and carried her back to the cabin. Alas! there was no one there to whose care we could commit her. The elder sister was utterly exhausted, and sunk, like one dying, on the foot of the pallet, where we laid the other. A babe, not two years old, with its little face stained with the tears that had dried upon it, lay asleep on the threshold. Two others near it, of three and five years, with a look of stolid patience, were eating a crust of coarse bread. Could the daughters of luxury have looked upon the scene! We turned back from it to the chambers of sorrow we had left. Our heart had gathered no refreshing. Alas! there was no place for us to turn where there was not woe!

Just without the edge of the village there was a spot yet covered with forest trees, that was marked by some indications of the town boundary. A narrow path led back from it to a cabin, with a small opening, in the edge of the wood. There was something about this dwelling, humble though it was, that contrasted pleasantly with the forest scenery around it. A garden, into which a multitude of flowering shrubs had found their way, was kept with great neatness, while a honey suckle had clambered to the low eaves of the building, and sent at evening its rich cloud of odors out upon the air around it. From this cottage, we saw for several successive days, a young woman walking with a hurried, though evidently feeble step, to the spot we have mentioned; and there was she met by a person whom we had noticed for some months preceding with an especial interest. He was one of those whom the duresse of debt limited to the bounds of the village, and the *line* upon which he was met by his wife—for in that relation they stood—was one that he might not pass. We had regarded his position with more than ordinary concern, from having learned that he had become thus inthralled, not by debts personally incurred, but in a matter of surety for another, in whom he had too confi-

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dingly trusted. We had an interest in him, too, of an earlier date. These were the young emigrants whom we brought before our readers in another number, and the fears we then expressed for them had been all too truly realized. Nor had the angel of the pestilence now passed their dwelling by. That wife's hurried step, so at variance with the languor of her countenance, had its meaning. She *would* come herself to meet her husband; but she might not linger from the bed-side of her suffering children!

Ah! how fully had our predictions been verified of that once light heart. How greatly had a few years changed her appearance. It was not merely that present affliction had touched it with sadness—a deeper work had been wrought upon it than that of the mere anguish of the hour. The whole character of the countenance was changed. The whole aspect was sunken and heavy and toil-worn. The play of hope and feeling seemed to have passed from it—not by sudden woe, from which the elastic spirit might hereafter spring to its former bias, but from the long and surely effacing wear of bitter discipline. That joyous face! so full of freshness—of hope—of rich expectancy—of glad enthusiasm—of ardent thought! There is no trace left there of the existence of aught of these. Alas for life! how do its rugged influences mold and warp the early character. Yet are they, doubtless, necessary to fit the heart for the operation of that sublime and holy influence, whose breathings upon the soul are of eternal peace—as the fire which seems to scathe the fresh green soil, and the plough-share that tears up its bosom, prepares it for precious seed, and must prelude the blessed dew and sunshine that call forth the germ and ripen the fruit to maturity. Happy, most happy was it for her of whom we speak, if the extinction of her earthly dreams—the utter falling out of the bright visions—the gorgeous hallucinations of her early years, left her heart in its deep desolateness at last accessible to the hopes that are of another world. But we might not at that time withhold from her our compassion, for the "iron that had entered her soul" pierced it harshly. She was passing an ordeal of no common endurance. Even the husband, whose usually unaltered countenance and changeless manner had evidenced the truth of our early impression of his stronger nature, asked for his children, as morning and evening the poor mother came to tell him of their state, in a voice that had lost something of its firmness; and when his wife, with a step faltering with weakness, at last turned back to their home of suffering, he looked after her with an expression (though not a muscle moved) that bespoke anguish. But these interviews of sorrow were interrupted.

There was a morning when the wife came not, and the husband paced that spot of ground with a look he had never before worn. But another messenger at last came. His *children were thought to be dying*, and something further was yet added. What was that line of legal restriction now? The trammels of the law were broken asunder as flax and the father strode over the disregarded boundary with a step that brought him as it were with a single stride to his dwelling. Did his wife meet him at the door? or at the bed-side of his children? No! She was lying in the same room; but she was unconscious of their state, or of her husband's presence. She was raving in the wildest delirium of the fever—she was unconscious even of the existence of her own new born babe that lay, a thing of scarce perceptible life, beside her.

But why linger over a single scene? Suffering and death were all around us. Within view of the window where we are penning this most inadequate sketch, is a building that was then our village hotel. In every chamber of that building, through the long watches of the night, burnt the flickering taper that betokened the sufferer within. How fearful—how sad was the passing of some of those spirits. Many of them were young men whom the wide arena of western enterprise had lured from the parental home; and no familiar voice, no kindred face now met their wistful gaze or ear when dying. Among them we recollect a young man of that abiding interest of character which genius and talent in youth especially create. He was a member of the bar, and had just entered a career of singular promise and high distinction. He was betrothed to a lovely girl of congenial mind and station, and envy might have looked with a baleful eye upon the morning of brightness that seemed opening before them. But death had marked him for other than the bridal chamber. He was ill but two days. Even she "who was all the world to him" had not been called to his pillow when the summons came. At the hour of midnight he sprung suddenly from his bed, and stood strong and erect upon the floor, calling upon his Maker in a loud voice of unimaginable agony. His watcher took him by the arm—a change came over his features. He was laid back upon his bed without resistance—the conflict was over—the form of youth and beauty and pride was a thing of dust.

In the same row of buildings there was one that, though a private dwelling, had always been open (for at that time we had no public sanctuary) to the worshipers of our faith. There was a small people among us professing Christ, and here had their meetings been most generally held; for it was the dwelling of *one*, of whom we have formerly spoken—him whose first inquiry as he touched our shore had been, "Hath the Lord a people here?" How often had we knelt under that roof as that devoted follower of our Lord poured forth his earnest soul in prayer for the extension of that small and most humble Church. But *whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth*—his hour of earthly trial had come. He had been eminently prospered—he had acquired wealth, and his large and interesting family had grown up around him amid the comforts and privileges of abundance. But of all he possessed, nothing now availed him, but his trust in God. Day after day a small funeral group emerges from that door. Three lovely daughters in the prime of womanhood, and these followed by a brother in the flush and spring-time

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of youth, are borne, one after another, to our silent city.

But who was there to take note of the mourner? The horrors of the pestilence were hourly deepening. The mourners themselves had to fulfill the rites of the dead. Mothers laid out their children, and children their parents. The wife wrought her husband's shroud, and the husband himself laid the form that had slept upon his bosom in her coffin. Yet were there woes bitterer, perhaps, in the endurance, than even these; though, except by those who have felt the *might of need, its* agonies may not be understood. In our devoted village there were some dying of want! Many a family among us were dependent for the supply of their immediate necessities upon the daily labor of their head, and the blow which deprived them of this resource left them utterly destitute. There were children who lifted up their little hands, at the bed-side of their parents, vainly for bread; and parents who watched over their families, night after night, without the sustenance necessary to support them under their painful vigils. In many instances, too, where the disease itself yielded to medical skill, or the mastery of nature, (I should rather, perhaps, have said, where a mightier than death staid *his* power,) the convalescent sufferer awoke from the torpor or madness of fever, to experience the consciousness of the keen gnawings of protracted and terrible want.

But amid these scenes of heart-rending trial, we became yet more sadly schooled in the appalling philosophy of human depravity. We had read that in those fearful visitations of the plague, which almost depopulated the thronged cities of the older world, at a season when it would seem that madness itself must have paused before the dreadful chastisements of Him who had "loosed the seals of the pestilence," there were those who abandoned themselves to every excess of licentiousness and mirth. Yet had our utmost credulity accorded but slow belief to the proof such fact afforded of the possible grossness of that nature which in its better attributes is "allied to angels." But even in our small and simple village, and amid scenes that, however deeply and darkly colored, necessarily afforded but slight parallel to the horrors of those cities of the plague; yet were we taught, from what we did witness, a most fearful lore. We learned how revoltingly callous the human soul *might* become to the deep rebukings of an offended God, and amid the most terrible manifestations of his chastening power. In the later stages of the disease, the awful sense of the calamitous visitation, which had for a time prevailed, gave gradual place to a spirit of strange and even profane recklessness. They who ministered to the sick—not from kindred claims, or those of duty, but from the hope of reward, indulged in frequent and unhallowed excesses, and the light jest and the heartless remark were heard in the very chambers of death. "Are you seeking some one to lay you out?"—"Are you going to bespeak your coffin?" Such were the remarks which, in allusion to the ghastliness of their appearance, were addressed to those, who, for the first time, went forth from their chambers of suffering. One was borne to his grave by bearers who staggered—not under the weight of their burden, but with the unholy draught they had swallowed ere they "took up their mortal load." Nor did they finish their task! Upon the verge of the yet unfilled grave, into which—not without many an awkward effort—they had at last lowered the unchiding dead, they poured off the remainder of the flask they had brought with them to cheer their labors. And then, unable to fling their kindred dust upon the poor remains, they left them to the dews of night that were already falling, and returned to the village in all the revolting merriment of inebriate carousal.

But let me be just. If, amid the revealings of nature, to which a season so calculated to destroy conventional restraints necessarily led, there was many a trait from which memory recoils, there were also those upon which it dwells with delight. Many an instance was there of active benevolence—of unguerdoned vigils—of generous self-abandonment—and of the faithfulness of friendship unto death. Though the common offices of neighborly kindness, as has been remarked, were for a season suspended, yet it was but for a season. The deep sufferings of want and destitution that followed it, were only unheeded where, for the time, they were unknown. There were those who testified their faith in our Lord, by ministering to the needy, and those who were a hungered. Then, too, did we witness the fulfillment of the promise of Him who has said, "Leave thy fatherless children to me." From several large families in circumstances of absolute penury, both parents were swept as by a single stroke. Yet were not these orphans in a single instance left unprovided for. A way was opened out for them. Does the unbeliever regard it as a circumstance of chance?—those numerous little ones whose helplessness drew heavily, even upon the now sealed fountain of paternal love—without claims of kindred—without those attractions which, in the home of wealth, childhood derives from the fostering hand of care and culture, in a world essentially cold and selfish and full of cares; yet was a way opened for their support—not the stinted and humbling allowance of county charity, but for their being reared with kindness, with watchfulness, and with respectability. To the feeling reader, who, from an interest in all the children of sorrow, may wish to hear something further of those we have individualized, we would add, that *the little girls of the ravine*, (if that be not a term too much savoring the phraseology of fiction,) were among these *doubly* bereaved orphans. The tender father who had seemed so illy spared from his motherless little ones, for the labor necessary to procure them bread, was in a few weeks after the scene alluded to, called to leave them, to return no more. His labor and his paternal cares alike ceased, and he slept by *her* side, whom he had so deeply deplored. The stricken flock was scattered, yet were they all provided with homes of comfort and decency. That of the elder of the little girls was *more*. It was a home of affluence—of careful instruction—of

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estimable example—of sheltering tenderness, and enduring and steadfast affection. But we may individualize no further. Our village history has been insensibly drawn out far beyond our purpose. Yet have we *later* scenes still to depict. We may not pass over them, though it is here we feel how all-inadequate is our pencil.

If there are any among our readers, to whom the cup of suffering has been sanctified to the healing of their soul's deepest malady, they will, perchance, have mentally inquired ere this, whether this season of unwonted calamity were followed by no general awakening to the interests of that world, where sorrow and death are not. And truly, to the dim eye of reason, the obduracy of the nature that could resist the deep rebuke of the commissioned pestilence, would seem unfathomable. But we recognize in this, the overruling delay of that mysterious, but questionless wisdom, which still deadened the ear of the oppressor of Israel, to the deep cry that went up from his smitten land. Not through the ministry of gloom and terror, though sent upon us as tokens of his chastening power—not in the season of dread excitement and fainting dismay, was it the will of Jehovah to make himself clearly revealed to us. In the season of subsequent prosperity, in the protracted hour of calm and sunshine, in the supineness of gay security, but in the possession of all *its* functions, was the secret soul at last shaken by the small still voice, that bespoke the awful presence of Him, who can alone behold its depths. And then might the stranger in *our village*, have stood still and beheld the salvation of the Lord. Incomprehensible and unutterable power of redeeming love! how was it manifested in its utmost fullness, to the needy dwellers of our at last awakened village! There, where instead of prayer, the frequent strain of pleasure came upon the ear—where the things of time seemed the sole object of general desire, and the deep poison of infidelity was infused through many a heart—there at last were heard the loud wrestlings of the men of God, agonizing for a people suddenly aghast with the sense of sin, and moved like waves in a tempest, by the power of the Spirit. For many days, the stranger among us would have vainly sought for a public door open to his entrance, save those of the sanctuary, which had been but recently erected. The stores and shops were all shut. Not a stroke of the anvil or hammer was heard. Not a sound from the haunts of traffic or of pleasure. Not a voice even in the street, save at those hours when its eager throngs were pressing to the house of the Lord. It was a long continuous Sabbath. Day after day came and went, and still that protracted assembling for worship was prolonged. On the early air of morning, at the hour of noon, amid the stillness of evening, the sound of prayer and praise, the cry of the suppliant, and the strong and assured voice of faith and trust went up from that temple. And yet the interest deepens! They who have expostulated from the pulpit, and ministered at the altar, have become exhausted. They cry for help. From the Churches of a neighboring city their mightiest intellect, their strongest laborers are summoned. They come to assist in the harvest. Our very temple seems shaken with their power. The aisle no longer affords a foot of space. It is filled with those who make haste to the altar. They are of the old or the middle-aged—of the poor, the humble, the stricken, and the sorrowful—yes! yes! and of the low, the ignorant, the contemned, the vile, and the debased; for all these have been *bought with a price*, and they are now called that their names may be enrolled on the book of ransom; but with these are the young, the gay, the distinguished, the wealthy, the talented, and the proud. All are alike thronging to the foot of the altar, and prostrating themselves in the dust, as mourners for the sins that have crucified their Lord.

Within the precincts of the village, there is a small settlement of foreigners, from the land of the Alps and the vine. They brought with them the customs, the gayeties, and the *religion* of their forefathers. They have been strangers to the peculiar doctrines of our fervid and simple faith. National preferences and habitudes have kept them measurably isolated and apart from those around them. But they, too, are among the crowd. In more than one *foreign* accent, we hear the inquiry, "Which is the way to Jesus." Their way is led by one whom we mark with peculiar interest. It is one whom we have long known. She has been the daughter of sorrow. United after a long betrothal, to one worthy of all her woman's trust—a native of her own still beloved country, young, gifted, amiable, and chivalric—she was early widowed by a stroke of terrible bereavement. Mid a festal hour, the discharge of a field-piece at an unguarded moment, closed for ever the career that had opened so brightly, and left the young and thrice happy wife, a blighted and stricken being.

But upon that face, where the seal of hopeless sorrow has been so long set, there is a new expression. A deeper than earthly interest has been stirred in her soul. Holier and stronger affections than those subject to death, are awakening in her heart a peace that shall give a new coloring to the whole sad world around her, and is already settling on her pale brow. More than one of her own country are kneeling beside her—the fetters of early prejudice are dissolved. The *witness* in their hearts attests the simplicity and lowliness of the religion of Jesus. The triumph of the little church, whose corner-stone was so many years since laid in our wilderness village, is at last arrived. The prayers that went up for it in that lowly cabin, where its first convert knelt, have been finally heard. Why do they cease to press to the altar? Why is the call of invitation at last disregarded? The fold is gathered in—the warfare is accomplished. In all our village, there is scarcely one who has not named the name of Jesus. Peace, be still, to all! and the steadfast faith that brightens to the perfect day. Within our view, and beautiful in the quiet moonlight that is now flooding through our window, rises the simple, but neat church where, but a few seasons since, we beheld them rejoicing with that exceeding joy for which earth has no language. We

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gaze upon the now silent and empty temple, and the whole scene is again before us. We seem again to hear the glad hymn of redeeming love rising in the rich swell of a hundred voices, and floating away to the distant heaven. But it is only the voiceless hymn of the stars, as they wheel on in their eternal round, that is now upon the night. The earth is at rest and we may no longer indulge the retrospect of the past.

Original.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Another spirit flame,
Whose heavenly rays illumed time's waning night,
Hath vanished in its splendor from our sight.
Through nature's solemn fane
Rings a funeral anthem. Dust is spread
On pallid lip, hushed breast and honored head;
And o'er his grave affection's tears are shed,
E'en as the golden rain,
Which from their azure homes, the stars poured forth
When Eden's glory vanished from the earth.

Another sounding lyre
Is hushed, stately measures through the soul,
In waves of melody were wont to roll;
And one whose lips with fire
Had been annoint' from heaven's high altar brought,
Who pierced the vast unseen with fearless thought,
Whose lays were with an inspiration fraught,
Laying the frail attire
Of sad humanity in peace aside,
Lulled by his own sweet, echoing strains hath died.

Another gentle heart
Who gave to pain and woe the pitying sigh,
The "sweet, sad music of humanity,"
Who chose the better part,
And kept "the whiteness of his soul," and strove
To lead the life which angels lead above,
And freely poured o'er all exhaustless love,
Hath chosen to depart,
Drawn his white mantle round his stainless breast,
And angel-guided reached eternal rest.

The glorious dead of old,
The unforgotten ones of every land,
Welcome the mighty minstrel to their band.
On thrones of sunny gold
Inlaid with living diamond, they recline,
Prophet and bard and sage, a wondrous line,
Whose deeds and lays have triumphed over time,
A grand and starry fold,
And round his brow they twine with loud acclaim
The ever-living asphodels of fame.

The fadeless diadem
Which lights the heaven of the world to come,
The spirit birth-place, and the spirit home,
Hath now another gem.
And while he dwells within that blissful clime,
His matchless lays through all succeeding time,
Will in sweet cadence, wondrous and sublime,
Speak to all living men.
And still ring on until the strains will be
Whelmed in the anthem of eternity!

Original.

THE SYRIAN BRIDE.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

Fragrance is borne on the balmy air,
Music, soft music is floating there,—
A bride goes forth from her early home,
By another's side henceforth to roam;
She leaves the scenes of her girlhood's hours,
She quits a path which was strewn with flow'rs,
She looks her last on the blossoms wild,
She gayly plucked when a sportive child—
They will still perfume the evening air,
But she who breathed it will not "be there."
Her sunny skies and her native streams,
Perchance may blend in her distant dreams—
But never again those streams along
Shall echo that maiden's joyous song.
She'll muse in the forest glade no more,
Nor tend the vine by her mother's door.
Some other eye must watch the bloom
Of the rose which waves o'er her father's tomb,
She hath chosen her lot for woe or weal—
To the stranger's pledge she hath set her seal,
In a far off land is content to dwell,
And bid to the friends of her youth, farewell.
Her mother's mild voice allures in vain,
Hope throws around her a witching chain,
Her brothers too, with their accents kind,
And their zealous care, she must leave behind,
Another's arm now her shield must prove—
Alas! will she miss her childhood's love?
But a lofty faith hath her heart possess'd,
A vision of rapture fills her breast
With a spirit firm, though a tearful brow,
She leaves a home which was *all*, till now.
Her mother hath blest her, her brothers approve,
And that maiden is strong in her promised love.

EVENING PRAYER.

COMPOSED BY F—— C. H——, AT THE AGE OF TEN YEARS.

Savior, now the day is o'er,
On a child thy blessing pour;
Wash me in thy dying blood—
Pardon, Lord, and make me good.

Let my heart lean on thy breast,
While in sleep I sweetly rest;
On me keep thy watchful eye,
Lest I suffer, faint, or die.

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Original.

SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITURES OF WOMAN.*

BY MRS. L. P. MORGAN.

REBEKAH.

In the patriarchal ages, a particular providence was rather a demonstration than a belief. From the moment when our first progenitors went forth in exile from their forfeited Eden, darkness and the shadow of death overspread the land. But amidst the general gloom which encircled its thickening population, one track of light was visible, and continued uninvaded and unobscured, although but few individuals of each succeeding generation seem to have walked therein. This light was kindled from that brief, but significant denunciation of our Creator against the tempter of earth's first proprietors, "The seed of the woman shall bruise thy head," and beamed through the portals of Eden to gild their lonely way. We may call it the light of a particular providence, by which I mean, the controlling and superintending guardianship of God, directing, appointing, permitting or overruling individual destiny. Noah's steps were illumined by it. It was shed upon Abraham's, and continued along the line of his posterity down to the institution of the Jewish economy, when it received additional brightness and fullness from law, system and embodiment. That a particular providence still determines the bounds of our habitation, and rules the lot of every living being, is as much a reality at this period of time as it was five thousand years ago, but it is less palpably apparent to our senses. In perusing the inspired history of those who figure in Scriptural annals, I have often paused thoughtfully, and almost envyingly, over the biography of Rebekah. She was indeed peculiarly favored in the clearness and explicitness of the revelation she received relative to her own especial course. Behold her in the performance of her daily avocation, according to the simplicity of that primitive age, approaching the well to draw water at the evening hour. We would fain inquire of the thoughts which swayed her bosom at the moment, and whether a shadow from the brilliant destiny that awaited her, flitted across her fancy as she stood upon its verge. I have frequently desired to know something of the musings of the human soul just before some important transition had passed upon its emotions, or some never to be forgotten era had been attained in its existence. Who has not vainly sought to recall his own vanished imaginings on the eve of an event which has given a new coloring to his fate? Such knowledge would be an invaluable acquisition in the philosophy of mind. But the few broken figments of disjointed thought our memories can furnish, are but questionable prophecies, and probably the Syrian maiden's retrospective glance could have detected no heralding promise of any unusual incident in the meditations that beguiled her walk. A stranger advances and respectfully asks the favor of her pitcher to satisfy his thirst after a wearisome journey through the dusty regions of that sultry clime. Little could she conjecture that the exhausted traveler was the embassador of a "mighty prince," seeking a bride for the heir of his wealthy lord: but with ready politeness she grants the request, and proffers her services to water his tired camels also. Charmed by the high breeding and kindness of her demeanor, he ventures to tax her courtesy yet farther, and inquires if he and his suit can find the accommodation of lodgment in her father's house. Her willing hospitality promises more than is solicited: "We have both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in." And as if in confirmation of the readiness of her family to entertain strangers, she prefaces the assurance with the announcement of her father's name. Doubtless the old man was proverbial for his generosity, and many a way-faring pilgrim had rested beneath his roof. Rebekah then hastens home to prepare her friends for his coming; but the faithful steward of Abraham suffered her not to depart until he had informed her by whom he was employed, and presented a pledge of the truth of his declaration. Perhaps that pledge was needed to insure him a gracious reception from Rebekah's elder brother, Laban, who appears to have been at that period, the head of the family, as we infer from the mention of her "mother's house," verse 28th of 24th chapter of Genesis, in connection with the 55th verse, and the silence of the historian respecting her father. The latter must have been gathered to his ancestors, and the Bethuel of the 50th verse, spoken of after Laban, must have been his younger son. We learn from the 30th verse that the jewels with which the stranger had decorated his sister, influenced the deportment of Laban toward his guest, so that our suspicion is plausible. And had Abraham's judicious messenger been a modern diplomatist he could not have plied Rebekah's covetous brother with more appropriate motives than those he afterward used to induce a compliance with his wishes: "The Lord hath blessed my master greatly, and he has become great: and he hath given him flocks, and herds, and silver, and gold, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and camels, and asses. And Sarah, my master's wife, bare a son to my master when she was old; and *unto him hath he given all that he hath.*" With this imposing detail of the affluence of the young heir, he introduced the purport of his mission, and described the circumstances of his meeting with Rebekah. The interposition of Providence was so evident that we fully concur with the comment of the brothers: "The thing proceedeth from the Lord;" and we do not hesitate to approve the decision of Rebekah, when in the contest of their several opinions the ultimate appeal was made to her judgment. Brief and few were the words that told that decision: "I will go;" yet they contained her destiny! Perchance the feelings struggling at her heart forbade an added syllable. And surely such a positive conviction as was granted her of her Maker's will concerning her was requisite to sustain her in that delicate and trying resolve. She was to leave the mother who had watched over

* Continued from page 232.

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her childhood—the playmates of her early years—the home of her happy youth—the grave of her father—the countless associations of her whole life! Often indeed since that hour, has human love renounced the same, and gone forth in the strength of its own kindling upon a new and untrodden pathway. But there was no such emotion stirring in the bosom of Isaac's future wife. That overmastering and engrossing sentiment which holds such lordly and mysterious ascendancy over the spirit it has once subdued, had yet no actual existence in the heart of Rebekah. Love was with her but a shadowy vision—an impalpable influence, haunting her imagination, but leaving her affections free. It may be that her girlish fancy invested the son of Abraham with the attributes she had hitherto ascribed to the ideal personification of her radiant dreams, but such a vague conception could not have influenced her decision. The unwavering assurance that God directed her course and required her acquiescence with his providential arrangements, must have been the sole motive that determined her. I have painted her to my vision pursuing her journey to the "south country," and conjectured the varied feelings which must have swept her spirit's chords, and lent their changeful hues to her cheeks. As they approach the well of Lahai-roi, a solitary pedestrian meets her eye. Probably her heart divined his identity with the subject of her thoughts, and beat more quickly as she preferred the inquiry, "Who is he?" Our interest in her destiny increases up to this moment; we pause anxiously over the brief announcement that the steward "told Isaac all that he had done," and with a sense of gratification and delight read in the sequel that "Isaac loved her." I have pictured him conducting her to the tent of his mother, pointing out the various articles her hand had fashioned, dwelling upon the tokens of her maternal regard, and the loneliness of his life since she had died, while Rebekah's attention and sensibility evinced her appreciation of his emotions. And while they thus communed, although the theme was linked with sadness, their first agreeable impressions of each other deepened. She loved him for his tenderness and filial devotion to the departed's memory—he loved her because she sympathized with him. He was comforted from the death he had deplored; she resolved to copy the virtues which had won his affection. Without the 63d verse the history of Rebekah would have been incomplete. The particular providence which guided her in the circumstances of her marriage, continued to direct her after she became a wife; as the reward, no doubt, of her piety, for we are informed, in the hour of perplexity she "went to inquire of the Lord." The revelation granted her of the future greatness of her children, and the dominion of the younger over the elder, probably influenced her preference of Jacob above his brother; but I have also thought that preference might have resulted from his domestic habits, associating him more closely with herself. While Esau loved field sports, Jacob dwelt in tents with his mother. The subsequent deception she practiced or caused her son to practice on his father, has always been a mystery to my mind. I cannot believe, as some commentators have suggested, that a divine command directed her conduct. It is not likely that a subject of a moral government would be ordered to infringe its laws by the Framer of those laws. Rebekah appears to have mistaken the import of the prophecy concerning her offspring, and referred it to her two sons personally, instead of the nations they represented. The contempt manifested by Esau for his birth-right, and its transfer to Jacob, favored her opinion; and when she saw her husband about to cross, as she imagined, the designs of Providence, her anxiety to secure the covenant blessing to her favorite child, dictated the reprehensible course she pursued. The disapprobation of Heaven may be traced in the varied sorrows of Jacob's checkered career. There is a considerable degree of self-determination evident in the character of Rebekah; and her actions were as prompt as her resolves were firm. We perceive, this in the very commencement of our acquaintance with her, and it distinguishes her throughout her history. Having devised her plan of dissimulation relative to her husband, she met the objections of her son calmly and steadily, and assumed the entire responsibility of the deed she counseled, and afterward, when informed of the hostile purpose of Esau toward the brother who had robbed him of his father's blessing, she quickly decided on the means of preventing the impending evil, admonished her son of the course he must pursue, and engaged to obtain the consent of his father. How natural is the appeal she makes to her husband to induce his concurrence: "I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth: if Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are of the daughters of the land, what good shall my life do me?" Esau had espoused two of this heathen race, and this, we are told, in the touching language of the Bible, "was a grief of mind to Isaac and Rebekah." Yet truthful as were the words of Rebekah, we feel that she was not wholly sincere in urging them as a plea to gain her object. Her principal reason for desiring the departure of Jacob to Syria, was her fear of Esau's vengeance. One step in deception generally leads to another. Jacob bids farewell to his father's house and journeys to Padan-aram, and from that time we have no farther account of his mother, except the simple and incidental remark, that she was buried in the cave of Machpelah, uttered by her son many years after. We have no reason to believe that she ever looked on him again, but we doubt not her imagination often hovered round him in his distant servitude, and if she received any intimation of the harsh treatment bestowed on him by the brother from whom she had been so long separated, she must frequently have wept regretful tears over the fraud that caused his banishment from the home of his infancy.

THE hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.

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Original.

NATURE'S WORSHIPER.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

Spring's early zephyrs wanton'd 'mid the flow'rs,
Birds sang their sweetest notes, and far away
The streamlet's murmur and the torrent's rush
By distance softened, made sweet melody.
The wind's soft sigh, and gentle hum of bees
Came floating by in tones as sweet as dreams,
While earth, and air, and sky, thrill'd each glad sense,
For beauty mov'd in all.
But there was one
With heart attun'd to minstrelsy like this,
Whose eye of genius told, where now though dim
Struggled the fires of fancy and romance,
And all imagination's fairy train—
The bright, sublime, the forms which beauty wears
In him all mingled, in him sought a home,
And seeking found a kingdom, for they rul'd.
Yet he was sad! O why dwelt sadness there?
With him 'twas but life's morn, but on his brow
Disease wrote plainly that his sun would set,
Youth's hopes be crush'd, life's flow'rs fade e'er they bloom'd—
That all he wish'd would vanish.
Strange thoughts came o'er him; vision-like they seem'd,
Like happy dwellers in a sinless land;
Yet they were truthful, shading brightly forth
The glowing beings of a lofty mind.
Childhood return'd again, each early scene
Grav'd deep on mem'ry's page throng'd near,
Remember'd voices, and familiar looks,
Which make the past, the present, all were there.
Hopes cherish'd came again, came to depart,
To show that life is but a mockery.
He felt that he must die, yet life seem'd sweet,
Its hues were bright and life-like, but his heart
Was full, and on his brow, death's seal was plac'd;
He felt that he must leave all those he lov'd,
And bid to earthly scenes a last farewell.
Thought reign'd again supreme; where was the past?
'Twas all forgot, the present too was hid,
By the bright lustre which now seem'd to gleam
From out the shades of dim futurity.
All that he lov'd was there, and all that thought
Or fancy, in her wildest flight conceiv'd,
Of angels' songs, of deep unearthly beauty
Which ut'rance seeks in song—all, all was there—
All that he hoped or wish'd.
He now could die—
Earth had no forms like those which lured him on,
Tempting his spirit soon to join their flight.
He look'd again to yon blue sky above,
To earth in all its beauty at his feet.
Its charms were fading to his closing eye,
Far brighter scenes were urging him away.
He bar'd his brow to the soft breath of spring
And thus in song pour'd forth his last farewell.

Again I feel the breath of spring
Bathing my fever'd brow—
I hear the waters murmuring
In tones so soft and low—
I breathe again the balmy air
Perfum'd with odors sweet.
Again I see these vallies fair
In beauty at my feet,
Nought on the face of nature now
Bears traces of decay;
But death upon my pallid brow
Has written, "Come away."
Yon rill's faint dying murmur seems
A warning spirit's cry,
Soft even as the voice of dreams
It tells me I must die.
How can I die? creations bright
Are rushing through my breast!
Such thoughts of loveliness and light
That cannot, will not, rest
When mem'ry's scenes for ever new
Come stealing gladly by.
When all hope whisper'd seems in view,
How hard it is to die;
Yet O what rapt'rous sounds I hear,
Come bursting o'er my heart—
Like voices from another sphere
They urge me to depart.
The strain is faint, and fainter yet
The dying echoes float—
With death's cold damp my brow is wet
And still I hear each note—
They stir pure thoughts within the deep
Recesses of the heart,
And in the silent grave to sleep
I gladly would depart.
'Tis past, he murmur'd low, 'tis past,
And rais'd his dying eye—
It clos'd—his spirit sought at last
Its native home—the sky.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Upon thy cheek in beauty's glow
May bloom the blushing rose,
And thy young eye in flashing light,
The diamond may disclose.

But soon the hue of health will die
On that fair cheek of thine,
Soon death will quench in that bright eye
The flashing light *divine.*

Fly to the Savior; and his might,
Who rear'd and deck'd thy form,
And suffered death for one dark night,
To yield it to the worm,—

Shall rouse again, its slumbering dust,
Restore immortal grace,
To dwell for ever with the just
Before his Father's face.

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Original.

THE AGED.

It is not simply filial duty, which would imply respect and regard, and the performance of all the common duties of a child to a parent—it is not this alone which we would bespeak for our subject. Beyond this, we would inculcate the beauty and the holiness of such a course of tenderness and respect and untiring vigilance, toward the aged parent, as would place the affection now returned by the son or the daughter, somewhat on a par with that which was formerly bestowed upon themselves, by the now feeble and failing hands of the aged parent. In the mutual relations of life, as it regards the social or the family compact, no one perhaps is so little recognized by public censure, or by morality, or by feeling, as is a defalcation in this.

It were trite to observe, that reverence to parents is a relation which is sustained by all civilization. It is even, *therefore*, perhaps, that it is taken for granted. The sentiment is also known to the rudest forms of barbarism; even the absolute savage, with little exception, acknowledges a gratitude to the hand which has reared and cherished his infancy. The sentiment is of nature. We do not intend to say that there is often any very gross violation in this matter. We all know the clause of Scripture and the *promise* which accords length of days, and sustenance, and the blessing of Heaven upon him who "honors father and mother." That there should be any departure from a law so enforced and so commended, would seem matter of surprise, if we were not in all things prone to depart from our duties, and to wander from the "good way," by the perverseness of an untoward heart. And the surprise would seem still greater that there should seem any disposition to violate the bond of affection so sedulously woven year after year, by acts, and words, and deeds of kindness! Yet, here it is—we must make the abasing confession—here it is, that the aggression originates! The disregard of the superannuated parent (where it does exist) is not so much a deliberate vice, as it is a thoughtless and wanton neglect. It is in fact that lapse of virtue which originated in, and has been constantly abetted by the disproportioned and overweening indulgence of the parent toward the child or the grand-child, in its days of infancy to more mature life. In the latter instance the dotages of time tend greatly to aggravate the evil to both parties. That this is the case, we may infer, from all the varieties of disposition on which similarity of treatment has produced this identical result.

Would we go then to assert that most persons mistreat their parents when old? We do not speak of *most* persons, but only *some* persons; and they, be they whom they may, make up the precise number spoken of. For our subject itself, we do not like to be specific, or to enforce a censure like this, in words that offend and perhaps hinder of their own intention. We prefer to leave the thing to the contemplation and the candor of the reader. Let each of us then consider the subject, and take in review the cases known to us so well as to warrant a decision. Let that decision be a mental one—a tacit one; and of all things let it be a charitable one, lest where we might suggest hints of amelioration and reform, we should only provoke judgment upon the "impertinence and intermeddling" of the attempt. No personality is here intended or supposed. But we claim the right to dissertate abstractedly upon a subject of morals, taking it in the general; yet aware that a practical view throws it into particulars. And all that the apology is intended to signify is, that whilst we claim the unalienable right of opinion, we disclaim the impertinence of interfering in family matters, the cases being not often so flagrant as to overrule this punctilio of decency.

But "what," say you, "are the circumstances by which this want of respect is manifested?" Generally the instances are minute and trifling in themselves; yet, being of continual recurrence, they swell to an aggregate both serious and improper, placing the elder in a subordinated position, which accords not with the reverence which age and seniority should command from its juniors.

For instance, a widowed mother or father not unfrequently resorts to the house of a married child, there to reside. And it is mostly from this point of view that we would look at the subject. Will the remark here be pressed upon us, "Do you intend to say that the master or the mistress shall give place in their own house, exalting a parent, themselves being subordinate?" We answer, "No, it is no question of honor, nor of place, nor of subordination, nor of abasement, for which we contend; but only the observance of that law of kindness and evangelical courtesy which gives place, preferring others." From the truly pious we fear no misapprehension. Very lately, in reading the life of a young man devoted to a foreign mission, we were struck by a remark. He writes to a friend in whose care he leaves his mother, "Please indulge her in *spoon victuals* as often as is convenient, for she is old." The expression, however homely, is ennobled by the sentiment, and this passing sketch spoke more than volumes could have done for the kindness and filial piety of the son.

Such little observances, not ceremonial, of place and precedence, as are suitable to offer to the aged, are very pleasant to notice. How gracious an act is it to see the grand-son or the grand-daughter sustaining the steps of the grand-parent on the Sabbath, marshaling to the pew; or assisting on the few occasions in which the aged frequent public assemblies. In the parlor, at the table, by deference in conversation, and upon manifold occasions, can the consideration of which we speak be fitly shown. How cheering, even to the beholder is it, to see the juniors of a family delight sometimes to take the aged grand-parent a ride—not a solitary ride, shut up in a carriage and left to the care of a servant, but as being made one of the company, in a social, rational, joyous morning excursion; where the outward elements administer to the happiness of the time and hour. Any thing of this sort is noticeable and commendable, and the families in which these acts of consideration are

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performed, are altogether better regarded as a family, than those which are remiss. Yet our observation is not intended as a motive; the affection and good feeling which give rise to such a conduct, leave external views at a vast distance behind them.

Instances there are, where juniors look with eyes of anticipation upon the *property* of an aged relative. And where this is the case—and a heinous offense it is—we should almost say that the individual were more happy in a state of destitution, than living amidst those who harbor such a sentiment. Yet the aged, however sheltered, are always better served while retaining some property in their own right, than they ever are, having alienated it. It is an unfeeling requisition to desire them, however old, to pass the whole of their property before they naturally relinquish it. And ill befall the heir that hankers after it—not by our denunciation—but by the irreversible issue of its own law; for, "Whoso covets," &c.

It is often imputed that age is morose and peevish, too often. The aged are many times so much *overlooked*, in the multiplicity of interests which engage a numerous family, that they are cut off from almost every source of association, and, excepting that they participate at the table, they are hardly to be seen. In some houses, even fire-side privileges are denied to them; a remote chamber, perhaps, being assigned as a suitable retirement, the idea or the admission acted upon that the old are no longer social beings—all the circumstances being calculated to prove the assertion. The depressing influence of neglect, no doubt works much unhappiness to the aged, tending to make them essentially *older* than needs be. "What have the old to do with company," says the sanctimonious wiseacre, "let them read their Bibles and be comforted; what more would they have?" Certainly, let them read their Bibles, and they will be comforted. Even there it is said that "the face of a friend maketh glad." And whilst they are yet alive they may without impropriety demand some participation for the sympathies of the heart, for conversation, and for the consideration and the humanities of life. Every civilized country, we are told, surpasses our own in the respect paid to the aged. Of course, therefore, in every other country are the aged more happy than in ours. But why should it be so? Surely to respect and love our own parents requires no superior effort. And where it is not so, the fault originates generally in carelessness and neglect, and an unrecking conformity to a bad, vulgar custom: the foolishness of disregarding persons because they are *old*, rather, in most cases, than for any deteriorating circumstances of age. The French are esteemed by us as a people of shallow sentiment and factitious sensibilities; yet how pleasing is it to witness the affectionate respect which they pay to their elders, embodied occasionally in observances which serve to impress and to perpetuate the sentiment. Such, for instance, as the noticing the birth-day anniversaries of their parents. Sometimes it is a little *fete* where all the children, grand-children, and other young persons attend, and the sexagenarian, or may be the octagenarian presides. At other times it is less public—confined to the inmates of a house; but never forgotten. Some severe or sordid caviller replies that the old "should have other ideas than those of festivity and showing out." But we disclaim this view of the subject. The sentiment which it betokens is a deeply seated one, and one which fosters mutually a pure principle of affection. On the part of the aged, what axiom of morality, what rule of religion requires of them to relinquish the sentiments of humanity and of kindred, whilst they abide yet in life? Is a course of piety best sustained as emanating from a heart satisfied and at ease in its sympathies, or by a spirit rendered callous and moody and depressed by mortification and denial? We are instructed in Scripture that there is sin and defalcation of duty in "hiding our talent." But to the aged who suffer neglect in the way signified, this condition is as it were suborned upon them. For no doubt those who live too much alone (and this sometimes happens amidst a house full of people) suffer, naturally and imperceptibly, a falling away of activity and ability; for the disuse is the abuse of character. For what, was the social instinct so strongly inwoven with all our sentiments, but to evolve and exercise them? But if there is a cutting off of all opportunity for their exercise, they must perish, oppressing the heart they were intended to dilate and to strengthen.

This is a sad picture, and by no means so uncommon as a cursory view might lead us to suppose. Yet let us not be mistaken as charging any very gross violation of duty in the case generally. Mostly the aged of our country, if unhappily destitute of property, are made comfortable as regards their physical and personal wants. They are fed, and clothed, and sheltered; yet even in these particulars there may be a vast amount of difference to the recipient in the manner in which they are rendered. We need not explain the etceteras, which a little reflection will readily suggest to the reader. It is often, as we have said, that a want of reflection and a conformity to what is customary, abets this evil, even with many who are good natured enough to wish it otherwise, if they "had only thought of it." They believe that what is acquiesced in is always right. Alas! custom has an iron sway over the oppressed in every form where it exists—a matter to be righted at another audit.

We stated in the beginning that it were desirable that the attention and regard bestowed upon us in infancy should now make a corresponding return to our aged parents! "But this," says one, "is not required of us! Nature has dictated the former duty in a way not to be disputed: whereas, she has left the latter more to our own choice and discretion; and the two cases bear no comparison in the argument or the duty!" It is true that nature hath made the fostering of our young a matter of necessity; and that the heart of the mother yearns in fondness over her child. It is true that the impulse of affection is not so irresistible in the other instance as in this. But shall we infer from thence that no duty is violated when we suffer the aged parent,

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now, perhaps, in second childhood, to move about us unregarded and uncared for?

After all it is very much in the way of stating this question, as to what we shall make of it—that is, ostensibly. And the most we can say is, that she who neglects her child commits an unnatural sin; and she that neglects her parent commits comparatively a natural one! Much is sometimes said about the "heart's being in the right place;" but the heart is never in the right place unless it is in keeping of God. It must not only feel, but it must act. And it is from thence that "the rule of discretion" which has been accorded us, is of doubtful authority in the case. We are not to account of our emotions in opposition to principles. Obedience to the laws of God is the rule of our duty; and if our discretion reach not this rule, neither will it cover our responsibility. We are told truly, that we have no merit of our own; for the moment that we attempt it, we blunder upon our humanity. A simpler rule, the rule of *obedience*, hath been given us; and this places the most arrogant upon a level with the humblest; yet all is safe and right. And so let us "honor our father and our mother; that our days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Original.

DEATH AND LIFE.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

"Dust unto dust." And nature all pale,
Trembles while hearing man's guilty story:
I hear the moan of her bitter wail—
She pines o'er the loss of summer glory,
"I've deck'd my flowers in rosy bloom—
They've wreath'd their tendrils o'er winter's tomb;
Alas! alas! for my vestury gay,
Its sunny beauty hath pass'd away."

"Life to the dead!" And the joyous spring
Leaps from the thrall where winter had bound her,
Clad in the brilliant blossoming,
Of the graceful drap'ry glowing round her.
List to the wandering songster's lay,
As on buoyant wing, away—away—
He soars o'er the mountain's misty height,
And claims a dwelling in realms of light.

"Dust unto dust!" And the echo flows—
Filling the earth with the sound of mourning;
And death seems smiling in calm repose
While man to his cold embrace is turning;
Yet ever the voice of woe is heard
When the deep fountains of grief are stirr'd;
And heaven hath written on man's pale face,
The words of his curse—the doom of his race.

"Life to the dead!" A voice from above
Bring the glad news of a Savior given;
Sounds of rejoicing and words of love
Ring through the courts of the bending heaven.
"Smile not, O death, in thy triumph vain,
Thy pallid victim shall rise again;
And his brow o'ercast with deep despair,
The semblance of joyous hope shall wear."

"Dust unto dust!" And the ocean's breast
Opens its wave for the toil-worn stranger.
Earth gives the weary no hav'n of rest—
No balm for sorrow—no shield from danger.
Time with ever unpitying hand,
Hastes to fulfill the fearful command;
While sin with the last and struggling breath
Taunts the sad soul with eternal death.

"Life to the dead!" And the wave shall bear
From shore to shore the news of salvation;
All nations and people its bliss may share,
And sing the birth of a new creation.
Who would not join in the glad'ning song?
Who would not ever its notes prolong?
Who would not gladly, 'mid care and strife,
Welcome the words of eternal life?

A PORTRAIT.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind;
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On fortune's smile or frown;
That could, without regret or pain,
For virtue's lowest duty, sacrifice
Interest or ambition's highest prize;
A wit that temperately bright
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone, nor ever passed
The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet benevolence's mild command,
And bashful modesty before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving—undeceived,
That nor too little nor too much believed,
That scorned unjust suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.

THE WRECKED SOUL.

I have seen the dark ship proudly braving,
With high sail set, and streamers waving,
The tempest roar, and battle pride:
I've seen those floating streamers shrinking—
The high sail rent—the proud ship sinking
Beneath the ocean tide:
And heard the seaman farewell sighing,
His body on the dark sea lying,—
His death prayer to the wind!
But sadder sight the eye can know,
Than proud barque lost, and seamen's woe,—
Or battle fire, or tempest cloud,—
Or prey bird's shriek, and ocean's shroud!—
The shipwreck of the soul.

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Original.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY.*

"FROM MY NOTE-BOOK."

PHILADELPHIA—ITS INSTITUTIONS, ETC.

MR. HAMLINE,—Perhaps no city in this country, or even in the world, surpasses the "City of Penn" in external beauty, or the distinctive characteristics of its inhabitants. For the number and beauty of its public edifices, the variety of its charitable and benevolent institutions, and the enterprise and thrift of its inhabitants, it has always and deservedly been celebrated. Few cities in the world have as great a number of places of religious worship, in proportion to the population, as Philadelphia. Yet the religion of the greater part, it is to be feared, partakes entirely too much of the general worldly spirit of a money-making community. To the inexperienced eye of a stranger passing through some of the principal business streets, it would seem almost impossible for the spirit of Christianity to exist there at all. Bustle, business, worldly care and anxiety, and an all-absorbing desire to get rich, seem the pervading characteristics of nearly all the inhabitants. Yet true religion and vital piety do there exist, and that, too, in their most lovely forms. And vice too, flourishes there in all its hideousness. In no place have I ever been, where wickedness seemed so fond of displaying itself, in all the deformity of its true character, as there. It seeks not to conceal itself under the garb of virtue, but, as if conscious of countenance and support from the power of numbers, it throws aside every mask, and appears in its real unblushing character.

To a stranger visiting this beautiful city there are many objects of particular interest. My limits forbid any thing more than a passing notice of a very few of these. I shall therefore endeavor to select such as will be most likely to interest the generality of your readers. Abercrombie, I think it is, in his work on the intellectual powers, has somewhere a remark of this kind, that "half a dozen different individuals may pass over the same ground, and have the same objects, precisely, presented to the eye; yet, perhaps, the *observations* of no two would in the least coincide. The mind of each being engaged on subjects relating to his individual sphere of labors and interests, would notice only those things connected therewith. Thus the farmer would notice the appearance of the crops—the architect the different styles of building—the geologist the varying soil and appearances of the different portions of the earth's surface—while the lover of nature, forgetful of utility, seeks only for the beautiful or the romantic in the diversified and ever-changing landscape brought before his view." Perhaps the spirit of this remark will be true in the present instance. Had I been a merchant, I might have collected some valuable information relative to that department of human industry; or a physician, I might have made particular observations on subjects and institutions connected with the healing art, &c. But as my only object was to see whatever would be more particularly interesting to a stranger, I can only give the result of those observations.

During my stay in Philadelphia, the American Philosophical Society held its centennial anniversary and sessions. Through the polite attentions of some literary friends, I received an invitation to attend its sittings. Never have I beheld so much talent and profound erudition collected on one occasion as was concentrated there. While sitting among such an august assemblage of real, sterling, intellectual and moral worth, I could not help contrasting the then present scene with that when Benjamin Franklin, with his little band of compeers, one hundred years before, proposed that they should bring their little stock of books together and form a common library, which should be the nucleus of a much larger collection. Verily, thought I, there is sound sense and wisdom in the admonition, "Despise not the day of small things." How much good did the far-reaching and comprehensive mind of that one man accomplish! And of how much more did he lay the foundation! The American Philosophical Society, with its immense and accumulating and salutary influence upon the intellectual character of our country, is not the least achievement of his penetrating judgment. Would that such minds as his were more numerous at the present day!

One object of intense interest to every American visiting Philadelphia is the old State-House. O how many interesting and hallowed associations cluster around that venerable pile! Here it was that the first American Congress assembled on the 5th of September, 1774. Here was formed, and here was adopted, that instrument so dear to every American heart, the Declaration of American Independence. Here, too, at the time of the mutiny in Pennsylvania, in June, 1783, were the assembled representatives of the people surrounded by a band of mutineers of between two and three hundred in number, and kept "in durance vile" for about two hours, while the discontented soldiery "sent a message to the council, complaining of the non-settlement of their accounts, and the want of pay, and behaved in a menacing and disorderly manner." And within these venerated walls was drawn up, discussed, and finally adopted, that richest legacy of our ancestors, THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION! The old bell is still hanging there which called together the first Congress—which summoned that body to the solemn acts of humiliation and prayer to the God of nations and the God of battles at the commencement of the war of the Revolution, and whose solemn peal called together, day after day for four months, the assembled wisdom of the nation, for deliberation upon the proposed national constitution! Who could stand where such scenes were once enacted and not feel? Who could stand where John Hancock and his determined compeers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors to secure the freedom of their country, and not feel a new glow of patriotism thrill through his soul? Or who

* Continued from page 276.

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could tread the hall where WASHINGTON presided over the nation's convention, and not feel a deeper attachment to that palladium of our liberties, the national constitution; or feel his heart rising in gratitude to God for having bestowed upon us such a rich boon? I must confess, while within those walls, and standing before that "old bell," a feeling of solemnity, awe and veneration came over me which I had never before experienced. And standing there, surrounded thus on all sides by mementoes of the past, I became completely lost in the contemplation of other days and other scenes.

The State-House bell bears the following interesting inscription, commemorative truly of the piety of our forefathers. On the upper part, near where it is swung, "*Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof,*" Lev. xxv, 10. Nearer the mouth, "*By order of the assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania for the State-House in Philadelphia;*" and just below, "*Pass & Stow, Philadelphia,* MDCCLIII." Little did George II. think when that bell was first hung that it would literally fulfill in the life-time of his successor, the command contained in the motto, which like a belt surrounded it.

The view from the top of the State-House steeple is exceedingly beautiful. Standing on its platform and facing the east, you have before you and on your left the Delaware, with its shipping and beautiful scenery, dotted here and there with elegant country seats, and an occasional island in the river to make the landscape complete. On your right, and at your feet, are Washington and Franklin squares, with their variegated and luxuriant foliage, extending to all an invitation to their cool and delightful retreat, and affording a pleasing contrast to other parts of the wide-spread and diversified panorama. A short distance in front, the marble walls and stately dome of the Merchants' Exchange attract observation. While on every side the eye is relieved by the lofty shot towers, the innumerable church steeples and other elevated structures which adorn the city.

Another object of interest is the navy-yard. Here is to be seen every thing belonging to naval equipments and naval armaments. Cannons of almost every size; balls, and all the implements of death on the ocean wave, with all the materials for constructing vessels of any class. Two large buildings are occupied to protect the vessels and workmen while engaged in building. One of these is considerably larger than the other. In it was laid the keel of the Pennsylvania, and from it she was launched forth upon the bosom of the ocean—her destined element. The Raritan, a first class frigate, was launched but a short time since. As many as twenty thousand persons are said to have witnessed this interesting spectacle. When I saw her she was receiving her masts, &c. The sloop of war now being built, will soon be ready also for the ocean's bosom. When shall nation cease to lift up sword against nation, or to learn the art of war any more? Sentinels from the marine corps were stationed on duty in different parts of the navy-yard, whose suits of white uniform—the emblem of innocence—contrasted strongly with the weapons of death which they carried partly for service, if occasion should require, and partly as the insignia of their profession.

Another object of curiosity to visitors, is the mint. Strangers are admitted from 9 o'clock in the morning till 12. In company with one or two gentlemen, I walked up one morning, and having registered our names, an attendant very politely conducted us through the building and showed us the interesting process of coining. The metal is first prepared in bars of the proper size and thickness for the intended species of coin. The coins are then cut out, rimmed, and prepared for receiving the impress of the dies. All the operations, both preparing and stamping, are performed by machinery. Through the politeness of the officers of the mint we obtained full sets of the different coins as specimens.

I shall not attempt a description or even a notice of the public and benevolent institutions of Philadelphia. A *volume* might easily be written, filled with important and interesting information concerning them. Such an undertaking, or even a passing notice of them, I must leave to future visitors and more experienced pens. There is one, however, which I cannot omit, the Girard College. This institution has been the subject of notice so frequently that it might appear a work of supererogation to allude to it here. Yet it is in itself a work of such magnificence and splendor that it would seem almost criminal to omit all notice whatever of its grandeur. It is saying but little when the declaration is made that no institution in this country of a like character can compare with it for external beauty. It is still unfinished, at least the main building, although the workmen are busily employed upon it. The buildings consist of two large edifices of probably one hundred feet by fifty, and four stories high, built of dark or mottled marble, and intended, I believe, for study rooms, dormitories, &c. These are completed. A meteorological observatory is also finished and furnished with appropriate instruments, at present under the superintendence of Professor Bache, of the Pennsylvania University, a gentleman to whom the scientific world are indebted for many valuable experiments and discoveries in meteorology. Besides these, is the main edifice, or what may emphatically be called *the* college. This is built of white marble, covered also with marble slabs, and surrounded by a colonnade of forty Corinthian columns, each of which I was informed cost from $15,000 to $17,000! These columns, which are of the same material with the main part of the building, are most of them in an unfinished state. This edifice itself contains eight recitation rooms, fifty feet square, with double arched ceilings, and four rooms of like dimensions and finish, intended for society halls, &c. The interior of the building is nearly ready for occupancy, and had not the funds failed might soon have been used for the purposes designed.

While gazing from the roof of this immense pile, I was completely absorbed with the thought, what may not the power of man accomplish! While standing

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upon the shores of the Atlantic I was lost in the contemplation of the majesty of the Creator as exhibited in its vast expanse. But while viewing this immense structure, I could only think of the greatness and the folly of the human mind. And I know not which feeling predominated, wonder and admiration at the powers of human art, or sorrow at the needless expense of so much money which might have been far more profitably employed in adorning the minds of its intended inmates.

The only remaining object of interest in Philadelphia, which I can notice, is the celebrated water-works at Fairmount. This has been the theme of so many pens, that I almost fear to approach it, lest I should not do the subject justice, and by a prosaic description exhaust the already wearied patience of your readers. I had seen many notices of this celebrated place, but none which enabled me to form any just conception of its true character. From the many eulogies it has received, my expectations were raised very high. But when I viewed it in the distance from the top of the Girard College, I anticipated a disappointment. And a disappointment I experienced, although a very agreeable one. My highest anticipations were more than realized! Indeed nature and art seem to have done their utmost in making this the most delightful retreat the imagination could conceive, or the genius of beauty desire!

Fairmount is a natural elevation, and the summit, which has been graded off for the reservoirs, is probably from sixty to one hundred feet above the Schuylkill. As you approach it from the city, the prospect is neither imposing, nor very beautiful. The reservoirs, five in number, are inclosed by a white fence, with a graded walk around them; and the sloping embankments, and the sides of the hill, are covered with grass, with here and there a solitary tree. But the concentration of beauty is on the Schuylkill side. The bank, which in some places is little less than a solid ledge of nearly perpendicular rocks, combines all the different kinds of scenery, from the wild and romantic in miniature, to the quiet beauty of an ornamental flower garden. This precipitous declivity is descended by a wooden stairway, with one or two arbors for resting places, and shaded by the beautiful catalpa and other ornamental trees which grow between the massive rocks, or are planted at their base! Among these rocks and trees, and in places almost inaccessible, are several beautiful specimens of statuary, sculptured from the white marble. These are so situated, and their drapery so arranged, that when seen by moonlight it needs not the imagination of the poet to invest them with life and purity, or an acquaintance with classic scenes to believe them the tutelary divinities of this romantic spot. At the foot of this ledge is a level spot beautifully laid out, and manifesting in its adornment the utmost refinement of taste. In the centre of this ornamented spot is a beautiful circular basin or fountain, with four quadrangular jets in the corners of a square, while in the centre is a much larger single jet, all throwing their cooling streams of amber purity many feet into the air, which fall again into the circular basin before mentioned. A large building is erected immediately on the banks of the Schuylkill, which is thrown open for the accommodation of visitors. A dam is built across the river which affords motive power for raising the water, and at the same time adds greatly to the beauty of the scene. The machinery employed is capable of raising one thousand gallons per minute, and even this is not deemed adequate for contingencies which may arise. They are therefore at the present time enlarging the sphere of their usefulness, by the addition of two new motive wheels to the six already employed, which will increase their powers of doing good about one fourth.

The mind delights to linger in the review almost as much as it did on a first visit to this paradise of the "City of brotherly love" when reality took the place of ideal retrospection. But fearing that yourself and readers are already wearied, I will close with a single suggestion in the form of a query. Why should not the "Queen of the West" do something thus to gratify the refined and cultivated taste of her numerous visitors as well as her sister cities of the eastern shore?

Yours, &c., G. W.

FAMILY RELIGION.

The duty of cultivating family religion will be admitted by all pious families, and it will be almost as readily admitted that family religion is greatly neglected. In these days of Sabbath schools, parents seem to have delegated to teachers of Sunday school classes the religious instruction of their children. The good old ways of family instruction are forsaken. The catechism is laid upon the shelf, and the children have become estranged from the ways of their fathers. The great doctrines and duties of our holy religion are not now the subjects of discussion, or thought, or knowledge. We are confident that there is less real knowledge of the doctrines of the Gospel among those who compose the present generation that is now coming forward and occupying the stage, than among those of the past. We have often heard in the monthly concert for Sabbath schools the present system of things lauded highly, when we could not respond to the sentiments which were uttered. We rejoice in the design and institution of Sabbath schools, but not as relieving in any manner the obligation of parents to their children. We have never regarded the instruction given in them as suited to take the place of that which belongs to the family circle. We would urge a return to family instruction as lying at the foundation of family religion. We would press upon our readers the duty of cultivating the genius of religion in the family circle. What immense interests are involved in it! Who can tell how much the salvation of some who are near and dear in the family relation, may depend upon the religious character of those who have named the name of Christ! You, who are parents, be faithful to your children. Teach them diligently the fear of the Lord. Cast not off your responsibilities upon others.

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THE VENERABLE DEAD.

DIED, at Walnut Grove, Kanawha county, Va., July 23, 1843, Mrs. ANN SMITH SUMMERS, widow and relic of Geo. Summers, Esq., in the 85th year of her age.

This venerable lady was the daughter of John Radcliffe, of Fairfax county, Va., where she herself was born on the 16th day of October, 1758. Although of delicate physical construction, and often times the victim of disease, she has survived all the contemporary members of her family, and has gone down to the grave, in advanced old age, as the mature and ripened harvest is garnered in its season.

In the life of Mrs. Summers, were illustrated the virtues and excellencies of a good woman. The confiding love of the wife toward her husband—the doating affection of the mother for her children—the indulgent kindness of the mistress to her servants—the charities of social and neighborhood intercourse; and better than all these—the contrite heart and humble faith of the Christian, were characteristics which distinguished her walk through life. With her, the duties and concerns of time were not forgotten or omitted, but they were subordinate to the great interests of eternity. Her leading thoughts were of heaven—her absorbing desire, was that by a life of penitence and faith, she might be fitted for its enjoyment; and her continual, struggling prayer, to the latest moment of consciousness, was to be held united to God, by a living, grasping faith, through her Redeemer, in whom alone she trusted for salvation, and into whose possession, she delivered her whole heart, with all its hopes and fervent aspirations.

Her family and friends will weep for her, who has so long concentrated their attention and affectionate interest, but in the midst of their sorrowing for her departure, they will rejoice in the presence of the only alleviation to the anguish of surviving friendship and affection—an assured conviction, that she has entered into that inheritance of glory reserved for the righteous, where no clouds or darkness are; where weeping, trusting, fearing, and believing, are all swallowed up in fruition, and where the lamentations of penitence are exchanged for the shout of victory and the lofty hymns of eternal praise.

—

The following lines were written on the death of Mrs. Ann Smith Summers.

Pilgrim, is life's voyage ended?
Are all its cares and sorrows o'er?
Shall joy and grief no more be blended?
No more be heard, the tempest roar?

Clouds around thee long have lower'd,
Nights of darkness vexed thy peace,
Storms their fury long have pour'd,
Say, have these been made to cease?

Yes, ransom'd one, thy radiant brow,
Thy jeweled crown, and smiles of love,
Proclaim thee sainted conqueror now,
With those in robes of white above?

To fear, to weep, to doubt no more,
Shall anxious days and nights employ;
Thy golden harp its praise shall pour,
And hymning triumphs speak thy joy.

Cherubic choirs, in song uniting,
Hail thee, "Sainted sister! come
Trusting Christian—trembling, doubting,
Ransom'd spirit, welcome home."

Original.

TO THE DEPARTED.

—

AN IMPROMPTU WRITTEN AT THE TOMB OF HARRISON.

—

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

—

SPIRIT of the dead! where dost thou dwell?
Say where is now thy resting place?
When evening's balmy airs prevail,
Its silent hours where dost thou trace?
Is heaven a *place?* and art thou there,
The nearest to thy Savior's throne?
Thy part in choral anthems bear,
Surpassed by seraphim alone?
Or when the vesper hymns are o'er,
Commissioned by th' eternal King—
Dost thou the universe explore
With speed of an archangel's wing?
Ah yes! I see thee spirit one,
Amid the gentle shades of eve
Oft hovering round thy once loved home
To cheer the heart of those that grieve.
Protector—guardian—firm and true,
With radiant smile and airy tread,
And with angelic retinue
Thou comest, blest spirit of the dead!
Thou com'st to wipe the falling tear,
To bid each sorrowing thought depart,
And with celestial blessings cheer
The lonely, sad, and stricken heart.
'Tis God who sends thee thus in love
To guide the wayward thoughts to heaven;
And gently draw to *Him* above,
The heart with keenest anguish riven.
In love to thee, in love to them,
He bids thee be their guide and friend
'Till sceptre, harp, and diadem,
In heaven his hands to them extend.
Thy harp for that triumphal scene
With joy thou hast already strung;
E'en now its cords impatient seem,
For that enraptured, blissful song.
For if the exulting chorus rise
And swell with joy each *seraph's* breast
To welcome to the upper skies
Each earth-born soul received to rest;
How must *thy* soul with rapture thrill
To greet thy blood-wash'd kindred there;
With *them* the choral anthem swell—
With *them* the crown of triumph wear!

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Original.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

BY W. H. LAWDER.

Religious biographies are of unspeakable value to the Christian Church. They teach the principles of Christian faith, and exemplify their practice in the lives of the pious, and then invite our attention to the glorious results in the peaceful and often triumphant exit of the saints of God. Thus they tend to strengthen the faith and animate the zeal of the Church. To this end, God has embodied in the holy Scriptures many interesting accounts of his ancient people, and calls upon us to "mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." With the hope that our humble effort may minister to the same end, we present the following biography.

Margaret, daughter of Edward and Martha Inskip, was born May 25, 1821, in Wilmington, Delaware. When she was but a child, her father removed with his family to Chester county, Pa. At this time they were all without God and without hope in the world. But in a short time God powerfully awakened and converted the only son. And, through his instrumentality, Margaret and her elder sister were brought to the mourners' bench. After a season of repentance and mighty prayer they were powerfully blessed, and testified Christ's power on earth to forgive sins.

The parents, who were greatly exasperated at the religious pretensions of the son, were now driven to desperation by what they thought the everlasting disgrace of the daughters. To bring these youthful converts to terms, the most rigid measures were agreed upon. The son was to be driven out, a wanderer from his father's house, and the daughters to be kept with a vigilant eye. But these persecuting purposes did not move them from their steadfastness. They knew whom they had believed, and counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord. The threatening storm was, however, soon dispelled. God, who restrains the wrath of man, and makes the remainder of wrath to praise him, wrought mightily upon the hearts of the parents; and, by his blessing upon the invincible perseverance of these young disciples, they were powerfully convicted, and, in deep distress, sought and found pardoning mercy. Then were the daughters restored to favor, and the son, who looked to prospective exile, and who had virtually left home, was welcomed again to the paternal roof.

As a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for ten years, our departed sister witnessed a good confession, not having reached her twelfth year when she experienced a change of heart. She was not content with seeking her own good, but labored zealously for the salvation of others. With this in view, she entered upon the duties of a Sabbath school teacher, to which she devoted herself for the last six years of her life. Nor was she satisfied with having gone through the usual exercises of the school-room. She bore her class upon her heart to the throne of grace. She affectionately remembered them in the closet, praying for their conversion. And, as an evidence of the benevolent interest she cherished, she did not forget them, even in her last moments. She desired some friend to bear them her dying request that they should all meet her in heaven, assuring them she had prayed much for them.

She appeared, sometime before her last illness, to have had a presentiment of her approaching end, and was evidently being prepared for her change. Her piety became more deep and spiritual. She engaged in all the devotional exercises of our private and social meetings with an unwonted fervor. The graces of the Spirit were maturing, and she seemed ripening for heaven. This was manifest, especially, in the benevolent concern she felt in the welfare of the poor. Her soul seemed drawn out after them. She sought them out, and, as far as her opportunities and means would serve, ministered to their wants.

Her disease was of the most painful character, and continued for the space of six weeks. But, during all her sufferings, she exercised the greatest patience and resignation. When, in a paroxysm of pain, she gave an involuntary expression to her sufferings, she would often check herself, lest she might be found to complain. A few moments before she closed her eyes in death she looked upon her friends, who had been waiting round her bed for three days, expecting every hour to be her last, and said, "You have waited long for my death—we must wait the *Lord's time*."

Though she looked for death every hour, her spirit was perfectly serene—"calm as summer evenings be." She spoke freely upon the subject of her departure, and as if she were about to take a pleasant journey to see some absent friend. Not only did she anticipate the event itself, but appeared to calculate many of its circumstances. Hence, among other requests, she made this of her sister Jones: "When I am dying, keep my head cool and my lips moist." Almost to her last dying gasp she was blessed, thank God! with the use of her speech and reason, and conversed freely with the family and other visiting friends.

Below we will present a few of the many things she said during the three last days of her life. All her conversation could not be written; for she spoke in a strong voice, and with considerable rapidity, and the intervals were too short to write what she said at any one time; and, moreover, the scene was so overwhelming as to disqualify for the use of the pen any but the most rigid stoic.

She died about six o'clock, P. M., Saturday, June 24. On the 22d, her pastor visited and found her very feeble. When he inquired of her in respect to her spiritual welfare, she attempted to answer, but found herself fainting, and simply replied, "Mother will tell you all." She recovered a little, and having composed herself, appeared engaged in deep and earnest prayer. Some fifteen or twenty minutes having passed, she sud-

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denly exclaimed, "Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb! Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil—thy rod and thy staff shall comfort me—the powers of sin shall not have dominion over me. Precious Jesus, O my precious Jesus!"

Having been moved a little, her physical strength seemed to rise, and presently she spoke in a clear, distinct tone of voice, saying, "I shall not be here long—my time has almost come—my poor body is sinking fast." One asked, "You are not afraid to go?" She answered, "No, after close examination, I am not. I would rather go than stay—it is better to die than live." Having rested a moment, she continued, "I seem to be getting beyond the barrier, which has so long prevented me." In reply, "My grace is sufficient for thee," was quoted; and it was further remarked, "You have found it so in life, and you shall prove it so in death;" when, every feature beaming with joy, she responded, "*O, yes.*" Pausing a little, she continued, "I have always thought it an awful thing to launch into eternity; but my hope is in God, through Christ Jesus. Bless the Lord!" Again, "As I have often told others, there is nothing like religion—there is nothing like religion."

When, having rested awhile, she had recovered a little strength, she turned to her mother, who was sitting by her side, and with a look of indescribable tenderness and love, said, "Mother,

'Why should we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call us to his arms.'

Do not weep for me when I am gone. I have always been a care to you, as all children are to their parents." Her mother assured her she would not weep, saying, "Why should I?—my loss will be your eternal gain." She repeated with emphasis, "*Yes, my gain.*" Again, she said, "'There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God;'—'And let this feeble body fail, and let it faint or die; my soul'"—here she seemed to be overwhelmed with the prospect, and in the fullness of her joy exclaimed, "Bless God!" Her mother finished the stanza. Her father coming in at this time, she took him by the hand, and said, "Father, you have always said, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you,' and that you would rather we would have religion than the greatest fortune you could gather. This you have always taught, ever since you joined the Church."

Soon after she expressed herself in the following language: "I have rested all in Jesus. Yes, bless his holy name! Glory to God for the unspeakable privilege! Yes, glory to God in the highest! I am happy—unspeakably happy." To her sister Draper, who came just at this time, she said, "Martha, I am about to die. Yes, blessed be God; but to die is gain." Having asked her forgiveness of any seeming unkindness, (which she was careful to do of all her friends,) she continued, "Martha, will you meet me in heaven?" and added, "Teach your children to prepare for heaven. Let the things of time be secondary, and the things of eternity primary."

To her sister Mary Ann, converted with her at the same mourners' bench, and who, it seems, endeavored to support her in the hours of her temptation, she said, "You know you told me, when I was tempted, I would gain the victory, and I have proven it true; and I have no doubt but you will soon meet me in heaven."

She desired to see the more juvenile members of the family—spoke to them affectionately—exhorted them to seek the Lord in youth, and meet her in the kingdom of glory, and then gave them her parting blessing. With many expressions of gratitude, she acknowledged the kindness and attention of her brothers-in-law. Indeed, she seemed unwilling that any one should be forgotten, sending her love to her class and the sisters with whom she met in the weekly female prayer meeting.

To her pastor she said, "When I spoke this morning of a burden, I meant a burden of temptation. I have often sought the blessing of sanctification, and as often the enemy has tempted me. And the more earnestly I have sought, the more I have been tempted. I have never heretofore obtained it. But this morning I felt my time was short, and that I had nothing to do with the things of earth—that those of eternity alone concerned me now. I then looked to Jesus, and felt the burden roll off as sensibly as if some great weight had been removed. Then I obtained a complete victory." She found this long sought blessing three days before her death. And is it not worthy of a thought, if it may be obtained three days before death, may it not three months or three years? Again she said, "What a privilege to die when I am young—to escape the evils to come! It is easy to die with Jesus. My sins are all forgiven. Glory to God!"

Her brother, who, under God, was the means of her conversion, being a member of the Philadelphia conference, was necessarily absent, in his distant field of labor. She was, therefore, denied the privilege of seeing him, and enjoying his society in her last hours. But he was not forgotten. "Tell John and Martha Jane," said she, "that I should liked to have had them with me; but God, in his providence, has otherwise ordered it. Tell them all is well."

Friday, 23d.—She said but little; but enough to show that she was in a most comfortable state of mind.

Saturday, 24th.—About three, P. M., she had a sore conflict with the enemy. She lifted her heart to God, and seemed to be in an agony of prayer. Though her prayer was, for the most part, simply a mental exercise, she occasionally gave audible expression, as in the following detached sentences: "By a mighty act of faith I throw myself upon thee, Jesus—to the dying thief upon the cross thou didst say, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise'—thou art not like man—thou forgivest transgression and sin—not that I have prayed, but that thou hast prayed for me—come now and get thyself the victory—all is in thy hand—why am I so tempted?—O mine enemy!—for Jesus' sake." Here

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she desired us to unite in prayer for her. We knelt and prayed, and she joined us, and frequently expressed herself in the most fervent responses. When we rose she continued to pray as before, uttering, at intervals, the following sentences: "I give myself to thee, Jesus! Whatsoever we ask in prayer, believing, we shall receive. Thou wilt not now resist my prayer—thou wilt give me strength to pass over Jordan! Satan shall not prevail against me. Thy faithfulness is true. If thou cast thyself upon him he will accept thee. Lord, thou acceptest me—thou acceptest me—thou acceptest me! O, how thou hast blessed me!" And then, to those who stood by, she said, "I have nothing but Jesus—*by simple faith.*" Soon after she repeated the lines:

"And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;"

and requested us to sing. When we came to the line,

"My soul shall quit this mournful vale,"

she joined us, and sang a few words. While we were singing the hymn she seemed very happy. She requested us to sing again; and we sung,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," &c.

And her soul seemed in raptures, and her whole countenance was radiant with unearthly joy.

After awhile she said, "I have given myself entirely to Jesus. God will give me an easy passage over Jordan. Hosannah! Let all say, hosannah—hosannah! Now I shall sleep in Jesus." Presently, with an unspeakable expression of countenance, she commenced singing the words—

"There friends shall meet again,
Who have loved—who have loved:
Their embraces shall be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more,
Who have loved—who have loved."

She led off and carried the tune herself, with but little assistance—but little could be rendered, as the tide of feeling was such as completely to overwhelm almost every one present.

And now, when her features were distorted, and speech had well nigh failed, in her dying strife she said, "Where are my friends?" As they came round, she, with an effort, said to them individually, "Good bye, good bye!" and then to all, "Farewell! all meet me in heaven." And as earth seemed passing from her vision, she put forth her utmost strength, and exclaimed, "Now let my triumphant spirit go!" and as the spirit took its flight, the words, "Glory! glory! glory! halleluiah!" fell faintly upon the listening ears of those who stood nearest by.

It is a terrible thought that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read, that not an oath is uttered that does not continue to vibrate through all time, in the wide-spreading currents of sound—not a prayer lisped, that is not also to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will.

Original.

THE YOUNG DISCIPLE.

I wish, in the following communication, to hold up to the view of your readers the Christian graces and the dying triumphs of Miss Ann T. Peck. My heart is moved at the mention of this name. She was a young disciple of the Lord Jesus, and for some months was my pupil. Well do I remember the exact propriety and singular gentleness which, at that early age, marked her deportment; and, were my skill adequate to the task, I should feel unmingled pleasure in placing before the readers of the Repository so fair an illustration of the power of grace as is afforded in her life and death. Her history furnishes much to encourage believing mothers to be diligent in training their children for heaven. In her death there is a sublimity which we cannot contemplate but with awe, and upon which angels must have gazed with admiration. But it was all of grace. It was the divine image stamped upon a fallen soul, and this image clearly retained during years of intercourse with a fallen world—it was the meek, retiring female, transformed into the Christian soldier.

As nearly all the facts which I have to record, save those taken from her funeral sermon, are gathered from conversations held with her mother and Miss E., her particular friend, and must be stated from recollection, I may not be able to preserve either the dates or the order of their occurrence, nor all the circumstances that attended them; but the reader may be assured that, however anxious I may be to exhibit the grace of God as experienced by this faithful disciple, I shall carefully avoid exaggeration. Indeed, it would seem that the greater difficulty would be to do justice to the theme.

From very infancy she seemed a consecrated spirit; and ere her feeble pinions were fledged, we beheld her essaying to plume them for immortality.

At three years of age she was bereaved of a younger sister, who, being a healthy and vigorous child, was in many respects even more mature than herself. To this little sister she was strongly attached, and, of course, much afflicted by her death. She often entreated her mother to go up to heaven and bring little Susan back again, and often climbed, as she afterward said, quite into the attic story, and looked upward with straining eyes, hoping to see her. But, in the midst of her own sorrows, she strove to console her mother, and whenever she saw her weeping, would exert herself to the utmost to dry her tears, employing her own childish devices to divert her mind from its grief. From a period previous to this date she is not remembered to have been seen in a passion, nor in any instance to have disobeyed her parents. This was not because she was destitute of the common propensities of the human heart; for a short time before her death, a friend congratulating her upon her amiable temper, she replied, "I might have been angry as well as others, had I not believed it to be sinful to indulge such tempers."

When about six years old she had a severe sickness,

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from which she was not expected to recover. At this time her mother asked her if she was willing to die. She replied, "No, I would not like to leave you and father;" but after lying sometime, as if in deep thought, she added, "but I don't know but I should go to heaven." While recovering from this attack, as she was one day raised to sit up a little, she asked, "Mother, how is it that there are three Gods, and yet but one God? I have been thinking a great deal about it, and I cannot understand it. Will you explain it to me?" The mystery of a Trinity, so inexplicable by finite beings, seems to have been revealed by the Holy Spirit in her experience, just before her exit, as will be seen in the sequel.

It was the following year that she was placed under my care as a pupil. During the period of my acquaintance with her, in this relation, she was never, that I recollect, out of place—never deficient in any thing. She was, of course, never wounded by reproof; but upon the slightest commendation, her countenance, which strikingly indicated the delicacy of her mind, and the extreme sensibility of her heart, was lighted up with an indescribable glow of delight. It is deeply regretted that the religious conversations then held between her and the principal of the school, now with her a saint in glory, cannot be recollected.

Feeble health compelled her early removal from school, which was soon followed by another severe illness. After her recovery she manifested increased seriousness. About this time a revival general in the city, extended to the Presbyterian Church of which her parents were members. The first time that Ann heard penitent sinners invited forward to receive the prayers of the Church, she was much agitated, but retained her seat, doubtless waiting to consult her mother, which was her uniform custom, as to the propriety of her going forward. As soon as she reached home, she said, "Mother, I suppose that invitation was not intended for children, was it?" "Why, Ann," said her mother, "did you wish to go?" "Yes," said she, "I would like to have the prayers of Chrstians." "You may go next time if you wish," said her mother. The following day she was at her place in the church, and when the invitation was given, she was observed to be greatly moved, at one time attempting to rise, and again resuming her seat. At length her mother rose and walked toward her. As she approached, Ann also rose, and extending her hand, placed it in her mother's, and proceeded with her to the "anxious seat," to join those who were mourning for sin.

In the evening her mother, being engaged in domestic arrangements below, heard Ann at prayer in her chamber. As soon as convenient Mrs. P. proceeded to the chamber, where she found her child weeping and praying for mercy, apparently in great agony. A candle was brought, but the little penitent was too much engaged to observe it. Mrs. P. waited sometime, and the struggle continuing, became anxious, and thought it best to speak. The first exclamation awakened by her mother's voice, was, "O, I am such a sinner! I fear there is no mercy for me!" Her mother knelt beside her, and spent some moments in prayer, and then sat down to instruct her in the way of faith. "Truly, my child," said she, "you are just as great a sinner as you think you are; but for just such sinners Jesus died; and that you are a sinner is the very reason why you should trust in him." After continuing the conversation for sometime, she asked, "Can you not trust such a Savior? Can you not resign your all into his hands?" Ann replied, "I think I can." She became calm, and rested through the night. The next morning, after completing the usual domestic arrangements, Mrs. P. returned to her own chamber, thinking to allow Ann still longer to repose, but she had already risen, and hastening to meet her mother, threw her arms round her neck, and bursting into tears, said, "O, I am such a sinner, and God is so good!"

From this period she continued happy, and was diligent in the use of all the means of grace. She was in the habit of assembling her little brothers and sisters, and some of the neighbors' children, and holding prayer meetings with them, watching over and exhorting them from day to day; and, also, of interceding with, and for them individually. The latter practice continued as long as her strength would permit. Her surviving sister says, "Well do I remember her frequent, earnest, and weeping prayers for me at our bedside, after we had retired for the night."

Sometime, perhaps a year or more, after the above change, her health continuing feeble, it was thought necessary that she should travel east for change of air. The varying scenes of the journey, so calculated to dissipate the minds of older Christians, had their effect on her. She became more interested in the world around her; and being often associated with those who, though older than herself, were not accustomed to her habits of devotion, she shrank from the cross, and in some instances neglected duties which it had been her daily practice to perform. The consequence was that her enjoyment diminished, and finally she lost "the witness of the Spirit," and even doubted that she had ever been the subject of renewing grace. How long she remained in comparative darkness is not known. At length a book was thrown in her way which accorded with her own state, and she was encouraged to make an effort to return to the rest from which she had wandered. After forming a resolution, and commencing its accomplishment, a meeting was appointed to be held at evening. She was very desirous to attend; but her uncle and aunt, with whom she was visiting, not aware of the condition of her mind, desired her, for some special purpose, to remain at home. Ever ready to obey, she assented, feeling, as she afterward remarked, that her Savior would be there as well as at the meeting, and resolving to spend the evening in reading and prayer. She sat down with her Bible, and soon proved that her Savior was indeed there. She felt that she was surrounded with his presence, and was again filled with peace and joy; and when her friends returned, flew to her uncle, and clasping him in her

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arms, while tears of contrite joy streamed from her eyes, told him what her Savior had done for her. These outbursting of feeling in Ann were peculiarly interesting to those who knew her. Her extreme diffidence was only equaled by her sincerity and artlessness; and when the fountains of rapture rose so high in her heart as to gush forth in strains of praise, it was truly the overflowing of the spirit of truth and love. From this time she seems never to have lost her confidence, but to have grown in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord, till

"She took her last triumphant flight
From Calvary to Zion's height."

From this date she expressed increased concern, not only for her friends, but for sinners in general, often speaking of their dreadful state, and wrestling in prayer for them. On one occasion, after a long season of retirement, she came down stairs weeping exceedingly. Her little brother exclaimed, "Mother, Ann is sick!" "No, H.," said she, "I am not sick, nor would I weep if I was. I have been praying for sinners, and am weeping for them."

At about fourteen years of age she was again placed at school; and here she evinced her deep concern for the spiritual welfare of those with whom she was associated, by begging her mother's permission to address a letter to the teacher and pupils of the school, in which she affectionately entreated and faithfully warned them to flee from the wrath to come—recommending religion as a present good, as well as a security against future evils, and a title to everlasting life. A letter, bearing nearly the same date, addressed to some of her dear relatives, breathes the same spirit of benevolent concern. These letters, and a few reflections and resolutions, penned about the same time, are nearly all that remains of her writing. She seems, from some remarks recollected, to have often recorded her feelings and experiences; but she must have destroyed the record almost as soon as made. The reflections, and some of the resolutions, are as follows:

"Saturday, March 10, 1836.—Another Sabbath day has fled; and am I better than I was many years ago? Have I grown in grace? and am I anxious for the impenitent around me? O, Lord, thou knowest! 'Search me, and know my heart—try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there is any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.' Grant that I may hereafter be more faithful in reading thy word. How little do I value it, compared with what I ought! Help me to understand it aright, and to be more faithful in obeying it. How pleasant it is to be a child of the blessed Jesus! How lovely is his name! How pleasant to the ear! Yes, I adore him—yes, I love him! 'Nothing shall separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord.'

"My dear Savior, thou hast displayed to me the light of thy countenance. Surely, thou art lovely. Who can behold thy glory and love this world? Wilt thou, my dear Father, deliver me from all pride, and make me humble, meek, and lowly of heart? I want to be holy—O, how I want to be holy!—like my Savior, in all things!

"I resolve this day, in the strength of God, to live more for him than I have in times past. I will do all in my power to promote the happiness of others. I will never, if I can avoid it, injure the feelings of any. I will not suffer myself to be angry."

Several others, of a similar character, follow, but are not within my reach.

She was a devoted teacher in the Sabbath school, attending to all its interests with a zeal that would have been creditable to one whose constitutional strength was much greater than hers. Once, when quite ill, a friend said to her, "Ann, what will you do with your class?" The only reply she was able to make was a flood of tears. This interest continued till the close of her life. A few days before her death she sent for her Sunday school class, and exhorted them, earnestly and affectionately, to seek religion, and meet her in heaven. Several of them have since professed to experience a change of heart.

Prayer, with Ann, was not merely a habit and a duty, nor was it resorted to only as a means of drawing down blessings upon herself and others—it was her delightful privilege. She was often known to retire for this purpose seven or eight times in a day. She once asked her mother, "Does the Savior appear very near to you when you pray?" "Not always," was the reply. "He does to me," said she—"just by the chair at which I kneel; and I have often risen and left the place, and then returned to it again. I could not bear to go away, for my Savior was there." Her love of prayer, and conscientiousness in the performance of it, was farther evinced in her willingness to attend to it in circumstances in which the cross must have been, to her diffident and retiring spirit, very severe. Once, on returning from a female prayer meeting that she was in the habit of attending, she expressed deep regret that in consequence of her youth she was not invited to pray, referring to it as a privilege. Sometime after she was invited, and declined; and then her conscience was so deeply wounded with the thought of having grieved her Savior, that she spent the remainder of that and much of the succeeding day in retirement, weeping, and prayer. Well for us all if we were as fearful of grieving the Savior. The writer feels humbled and reproved by this and many other occurrences in the life of this young soldier of the cross. It was not because Ann thought she could make a fine, or even a good prayer, that she desired to attempt it in public; no, it was simply a desire to glorify her Savior—a willingness to bear the cross; and the promise was verified to her: "Them that honor me will I honor." She *was honored* with a useful and happy life, and a most triumphant death. She acknowledged the Savior before men, and now he doubtless acknowledges her before his Father and the holy angels.

Ann had no want of natural intelligence, and perhaps few of so uniformly feeble health had more diligently cultivated their minds; and surely none was

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ever farther from "making a display." She conversed very sparingly upon any subject that did not concern salvation. It has been remarked that she *never* spoke of the faults of others, and was much pained when any did so in her presence. The theme of a Savior's love was sufficiently entertaining to employ all her time and all her powers; and her humble views of herself, and love for the souls of others, led her to speak only what should be to their advantage.

The last and only remaining scrap from her pen was recently discovered, written on a card. It is as follows:

"January 4, 1843.—Thou alone knowest, O, Lord, that I have, for sometime, desired to keep a journal, but have been prevented by thine over-ruling providence. Help me, from this moment, to live more for thee. Grant that I may be enabled to keep this journal without interruption for the remainder of my life."

But the remainder of her life was very short. Her constitution yielded to the power of the disease which had so long pressed heavily upon it. She lingered a few weeks, the meek, resigned sufferer, and then entered into life. Let us now consider her rapturous close. It will be better in this case to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting, if that can be called "mourning," where the swelling raptures can be exceeded only by the joys of heaven.

(*To be concluded.*)

PRAYER.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT.

How beautiful is prayer! It is the soul aspiring to its Author. It is the spirit looking upward to the place of its nativity, and desiring to return. It is the prisoner of time mourning his fetters, and imploring freedom. It is the warrior of the world, too gallant to retreat, and too mighty to be conquered, enjoying, amid a protracted struggle, the foresight of victory. It is the undaunted mariner of a dangerous sea, tossed by tempests and worn with disasters, descrying from his reeling topmast the broad, quiet haven, into which his bark is about to be anchored. How peaceful are the faculties! How serene is the temper it breathes into the soul! The rage of intellectual activity, the noise of the passions, the cares and confusion of life, are subdued, hushed, banished. It is Science kneeling at the fountain of Intelligence; it is Philosophy bowing at the foot-stool of Reason; and the wing of Genius, oppressed by earthly soarings, and confined by the narrow boundaries of the temporal world, escapes by prayer to a wider, happier, purer region, and bathes its plumes in the bright, blue sky of the ethereal and eternal!

How elevating is prayer! There is no mental exercise which exerts so lofty an influence upon the soul. It brings us into immediate connection with the greatest intellect, the most perfect and magnificent moral powers, and the highest spiritual excellence. It is impossible to be mean and little in prayer. It enlarges our natural sympathies, and diminishes, and gradually annihilates the action of selfishness. It is the touch of Ithuriel's spear to a narrow mind. Neither constitution nor habit is so rigid as to withstand its powers of expansion. No great mind ever neglected the exercise, at least, of occasional prayer. Prayer withdraws our eye from the present, and fixes the attention on the interests and realities of the future. It imparts the first lessons of spiritual prudence. It holds the scales in which two worlds, two lives, two destinies, are balanced. It is the message which a careful, immortal traveler sends before him to a land of unknown dangers. It is the courier of a royal mind. Its dignity is equaled only by its utility and necessity. We have no practical knowledge of the future without it. It is the revealer of revelation, the telescope of faith, the goal, the *punctum-saliens* of philosophy. In a word, it is useful, honorable, noble, and elevating. The very humility it demands is one of the highest qualities of the soul; and as we soar upon its pinions into that world of ineffable glory, which the petitioner expects to inherit, the earth seems so little, so trivial, so transitory, that we catch the inspiration which the sweet minstrel imbibed from the same scenes and prospects, and conclude with melody what perhaps began in tears:

"The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures, mean,
I neither have, or want."

How powerful is prayer! It is possible that prayer has no power in itself. It derives its energy from the promises of God. By faith in those promises it is omnipotent; for the declaration is complete and satisfactory—*nothing shall be impossible!* When prayer reaches the throne, though it ascend from the meanest cabin of the poor, it demands and receives unqualified attention. The highest emergencies of heaven must yield. The word of the Eternal has been pledged. The character of God is concerned. No considerations of the obscurity of its origin, the unworthiness of its author, or the possible perversion of the gifts and blessings which it supplicates, can be offered, or accepted in abatement of its claims, or in extenuation of the promises on which it rests its petition. It is sublime to contemplate the majesty of its power. Mountains must tremble to their bases; oceans must transgress primary decrees, and overflow original landmarks; rocks and earthquakes must rend and thunder; nay, heaven and earth must pass, before one jot or tittle of the divine pledge can fail to be accomplished!—*Mother's Assistant.*

CHILDHOOD is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. An impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate, upon the young heart, like a spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no scouring can efface.

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NOTICES.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. *By Albert Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1843.—Mr. Barnes is a learned and pious divine of the "New School" Presbyterian Church. For several years he has been the esteemed pastor of a church in Philadelphia, and has blended with his parochial labors the diligent study of the Bible, and has commented on several of its books. Some years since we read with interest his comments on the Gospels, and have always since anticipated rich contributions to Biblical literature from his pen. His Notes on the Epistle to the Hebrews have just fallen into our hands. After a hasty examination of several portions of it, we feel prepared to recommend it as a most desirable aid to the right understanding of that most precious part of Holy Writ. The reader will not, of course, expect to approve all the views expressed in the comments of Mr. Barnes; but he will always be pleased with the manner and apparent spirit of the author. Mr. Barnes is less philological than Clarke, yet sufficiently critical. His work indicates a good knowledge of the languages which contribute to the correct understanding of the Scriptures; but he gives us the results of his researches, without tracing, in his expositions, the steps by which he arrived at those results. The volume before us is a large duodecimo of 334 pages.

The following remarks, in the Introduction, set forth with admirable force and justice the value of this inspired Epistle, and may move the reader to study it more carefully:

"This Epistle, therefore, occupies a most important place in the book of Revelation, and without it that book would be incomplete. It is the most full explanation which we have of the meaning of the Jewish institutions. In the Epistle to the Romans we have a system of religious doctrine, and particularly a defense of the great doctrine of justification by faith. Important doctrines are discussed in the other epistles; but there was something wanted that would show the meaning of the Jewish rites and ceremonies, and their connection with the Christian scheme; something which would show us how the one was preparatory to the other; and, I may add, something that would restrain the *imagination* in endeavoring to show how the one was designed to introduce the other. The one was a system of *types* and *shadows*. But on nothing is the human mind more prone to wander than on the subject of emblems and analogies. This has been shown abundantly in the experience of the Christian Church, from the time of Origen to the present. Systems of divinity, commentaries, and sermons, have shown everywhere how prone men of ardent imaginations have been to find types in every thing pertaining to the ancient economy; to discover hidden meanings in every ceremony; and to regard every pin and hook and instrument of the tabernacle as designed to inculcate some *truth*, and to shadow forth some fact or doctrine of the Christian revelation. It was desirable to have *one* book that should tell how that is; to fetter down the imagination and bind it by severe rules, and to restrain the vagaries of honest but credulous devotion. Such a book we have in the Epistle to the Hebrews. The ancient system is there explained by one who had been brought up in the midst of it, and who understood it thoroughly: by one who had a clear insight into the relation which it bore to the Christian economy; by one who was under the influence of divine inspiration, and who could not err. The Bible would have been incomplete without this book: and when I think of the relation between the Jewish and the Christian systems; when I look on the splendid rites on the ancient economy, and ask their meaning; when I wish a full guide to heaven, and ask for that which gives completeness to the whole, I turn instinctively to the Epistle to the Hebrews. When I wish also that which shall give me the most elevated view of the Great Author of Christianity and of his work, and the most clear conceptions of the sacrifice which he made for sin; and when I look for considerations that shall be most effectual in restraining the soul from apostasy, and for considerations to enable it to bear trials with patience and with hope, my mind recurs to this book, and I feel that the book of Revelation, and the hopes of man, would be incomplete without it."

THE WAY OF HOLINESS, WITH NOTES BY THE WAY: *a Narrative of Experience resulting from a Determination to be a Bible Christian. New York: Piercy & Reed.* 1843.—We do not expect our female readers to buy and peruse every book mentioned in these notices; but here is one which we are not willing to suppose will escape the examination of any Christian woman whose eye may light upon this recommendation of it. Of all that has been written on the blessed theme of entire sanctification, it is doubtful if any thing is better calculated than this to rouse pious desire, and guide the soul in its seeking. It is a narrative of the work of God in the heart of a sister now alive, and held in high esteem by the Church. There is an unusual degree of simplicity in the narrative, such as we think could not be arrived at, except by the chastening power of the Sanctifier. The author has but one aim, namely, to present pictures—Daguerreotype impressions—of her states of mind, from the time she started in the way to seek holiness until and after she attained it. The difficulties she encountered, their effect upon her mind, and the manner of her escape, are all so represented, that the pious reader readily apprehends them; and often finds that "as in water face answereth to face," so does heart to heart in religious experience. We earnestly commend this little volume to all who hunger after righteousness. As an instance among many of the instructive scenes constantly recurring, in the progress of the narrative, we give the following extract:

"One day, after having given to a friend a narration of the way by which the Lord had brought her, and stated a variety of experience, trials by the way, and the manner in which she had been enabled to overcome, &c., the friend remarked something expressive of surprise and gratitude in reference to the Lord's instructive dealings. 'O,' said she, in return, 'this is the way the Lord takes to instruct and discipline his children. That which is learned by *experience* is much more deeply written upon the heart than that learned by mere precept. Passing through this painful process, the lessons of grace remain written in *living* characters upon the mind, and we are better able to tell to the travelers coming after us, just how and where we met with this and the other difficulty, how we overcame, and the peculiar lessons learned by passing through *this* and *that* trial, and thus be not only advantaged in our own experience, but helpful to fellow pilgrims.'

"Scarcely had she finished speaking, when the prayer that she might be made a monument of the extent of saving grace to transform the heart and life, was brought by the Spirit to her remembrance, and the inquiry was presented whether she would be willing that the petition should be granted, if, in order for its accomplishment, it were needful that she should be called to pass through trials unheard of in magnitude and duration?

"An unutterable weight of responsibility rested upon her mind, and she hastened to prostrate herself in solitude before God. She felt that it was an inquiry proposed by the Spirit, that searcheth all things, and was assured that the decision of that hour would tell momentously on her eternal destiny.

"She thought of the various, complicated, and lengthened trials, transmitted by the inspired page, also those that had met her eye and ear, most formidable in magnitude and duration, and after having weighed the matter, that she might not ask to be baptized with a baptism that she was not able to bear, prostrate on her face before the Sovereign of heaven and earth, she said, 'O, Lord, I now renewedly give myself into thy hands, as clay in the hands of the potter, in order that thy whole will and pleasure may be accomplished in me. Let the petition be answered. Let thy power be manifested to transform and save to the uttermost, though trials of inconceivable magnitude may await me. I rely upon thy faithfulness. Thou hast promised that I shall not be tempted above that which I am able to bear. But if thou seest, at any time, my faith about to fail, remove the trial, or cut short the work in righteousness, and take me home to thyself; suffer me not to live to dishonor thee.'

"The seal proclaiming her wholly the Lord's was now more deeply enstamped, and she realized from that hour that she was taken more closely to the embrace of infinite love, and had cast anchor deeper within the vail. Ever afterward, in passing through the most painful complex trials, she found blessed sat-

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satisfaction in referring to this period when she had so fully counted the cost."

ANTIOCH; OR, INCREASE OF MORAL POWER IN THE CHURCH. *By Rev. Pharcellus Church, with an Introductory Essay, by Baron Stow.*—This little volume needs no recommendation but the reputation of its much esteemed author. It discusses a theme of vital importance in a clear and forcible manner, and it cannot have too wide a circulation.

POLYNESIA; *or, An Historical Account of the Principal Islands in the South Sea, including New Zealand; the Introduction of Christianity; and the Actual Condition of the Inhabitants in regard to Civilization, Commerce, and the Arts of Social Life. By the Right Rev. M. Russell, L. L. D. and D. C. L., (of St. John's College, Oxford.) With a Map and Vignette. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1843.—Whoever feels a due Christian interest in the missionary enterprises of the age, will peruse this little volume with great delight and profit. It affords, also, to men of the world, to the scientific, and to those who study man in his savage, transition, and improved states, a most interesting picture of the original barbarism of the Polynesians, and their progress under the training of our holy Christianity toward civilization. For ourselves, we are thankful for the privilege of reading this most interesting volume.

On sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

THE AMERICAN POULTRY-YARD—published by the Harpers, is an 18mo., of nearly 200 pages, on the Management of Domestic Poultry. Every good house-wife on a farm needs such a book to teach her how to attend to the interests of the poultry-yard, and guard, nourish, and promote the growth of domestic fowls for the use of the table.

On sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

THE KINGDOM OF GRACE; *or, the Millenarian Theory Rigidly Examined, and Demonstrated to be False. Cincinnati.* 1843.—This is a 12mo., of 216 pages, from an unknown author, who, although he seems to intend no disrespect toward the Millenarians, does not treat them as though they *might possibly* be right and himself wrong. This is seen on the title-page. What could be less promising in an author than the language of his announcement, namely, "*demonstrated* to be false?" He understood the extent of the claim which he must set up in the use of that bold word—"*demonstrated.*" We do not hesitate to say that thus to preface an argument framed in opposition to a multitude of the soundest and most erudite divines of past and present ages was indiscreet. It provokes suspicion of the author and of his whole work. Not knowing who he is, or to what denomination he belongs, merely reading this title-page restrained our expectations in regard to the soundness of his views, and the force or conclusiveness of his reasonings. Yet, notwithstanding this unpromising commencement, the writer does urge many forcible objections to the views of the Millenarians. He alledges many strong reasons for believing that there will be a great and glorious spread of religion in these latter days, constituting what is usually understood to be a millenial state. He objects to the theory of another dispensation previous to the general judgment, and brings forward many texts of Scripture, from which he argues with great—we will not say conclusive—force that no future kingdom awaits the Church, except the heavenly and eternal, or the kingdom of glory. He criticises, with much ability, some of the arguments of Mr. Duffield, and shows that his book is far enough from concluding the controversy between the Millenarians and the Anti-Millenarians, and that this thriftless dispute will not soon end.

But mingled with the sounder views of this writer are some amusing mistakes. One of his arguments against a certain feature of Millenarianism is as follows:

"If the army of Gog and Magog is to be composed of the risen wicked—all that shall have lived in the world, in all past ages, to the end of the millenium, it is to be questioned whether there will be space enough on the earth's surface for so large an army to stand up at once, joined as they will be, by the hosts of darkness; especially when we remember that immortal bodies, *spiritualized*, and of consequence greatly expanded, will occupy a greater space than human bodies. Millenarians may answer this objection by saying that, as the saints are to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, at his coming, the hosts of the wicked, following their leader, shall pursue them thither, and that the last battle shall be fought in the air. But if they should think this a satisfactory solution of the difficulty now supposed, we shall not be at the trouble of an attempt to answer it."

If the writer had calculated a few minutes, he would have found that an island of moderate length and breadth would afford a sufficiently spacious field for all the good and evil of mankind to be set in battle array against each other. Let him reckon up the population of the world for 6,000 years, and the space they would occupy, allowing to each six feet square of ground, and he will be surprised at the result. Bornea, or Summatra, would serve the armies of Gog and Magog for a battle-field.

A REVIEW OF ELDER S. W. LYND ON THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST. *By J. B. Cook.*—Mr. Lynd and Mr. Cook are highly respectable ministers of the (evangelical) Baptist Church. They argue—the latter *for* and the former *against*—the near personal advent of Jesus Christ. This "review" is a reply to the pamphlet noticed in the September number. Mr. Cook writes in a spirit of meek and fervent charity, and on several points has the argument in his favor. He erred, we think, in merely referring to his Scriptural proofs. They should have been spread out on his pages. Would not both the brethren be the instruments of more good to the Church and to the world by preaching, "Be ye holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy?"

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANNAH MORE. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This publication is to appear in eight numbers, at 25 cents each; so that what cost from four to ten dollars in other forms will now be afforded at two dollars. Of all female writers in our language, Hannah More is first in merit and reputation. Few, we trust, who have not obtained her "Complete Works," will fail to supply themselves with a copy.

BRANDE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.—We have received the ninth, tenth, and eleventh numbers of this splendid and cheap work.

M'CULLOCH'S GAZETTEER. *Harper & Brothers.*—Parts second and third of this valuable work are also on our table—same form and terms as H. More's works.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE. *Harper & Brothers.*—The thirteenth number is received—same form and terms as above.

DR. PUSEY'S SERMON. *Harper & Brothers.* Price six cents.

CHANGE FOR THE AMERICAN NOTES; *or, Letters from London to New York. By an American Lady. Harper & Brothers. Price One Shilling.*—This is a retort on Dickens and the English.

THE TRUE ISSUE OF THE TRUE CHURCHMAN. *Harper & Brothers.*—This is a "statement of facts, in relation to the recent ordination in St. Stephen's church, New York, by Drs. Smith and Anthon."

All the above works in numbers are on sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

KENTUCKY CONFERENCE.—The venerable men composing this Church judicatory have just closed their annual session. It afforded us great pleasure to be present during the first five days of their convocation. The conference has from 110 to 120 preachers in full connection, and about one-fifth of that number on trial. They are men of deep and enlightened piety, much devoted to their work, and successfully cultivating Immanuel's ground over a territory of about 200 miles broad and from 400 to 500 miles long. We feel assured, from the spirit which they manifested, that they will, under God, make the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Louisville, the place where the conference held its session, is a beautiful city, of 28,000 inhabitants, and at present is rapidly improving. Its hospitalities to the members and visitors of the conference were most liberal and kind.

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, NOVEMBER, 1843.

Original.

QUAKER CHARACTER.

I know of no situation in which the heart can feel so completely solitary and desolate, as to be in the midst of a populous city where one is entirely unknown, and where we are jostled on the pavement by troop after troop of fellow mortals, all hastening on, full of life and purpose, without a single eye to recognize or a voice to greet us; where all, all are strangers! This, surely this, *is* solitude. In such a situation I once found myself; and the reminiscence brings a chill of sadness with it even now. Our family had removed from an eastern to a southern city; and who that has emigrated from a New England home does not carry along with him a sad heart. Go where he will he must experience something of the desolation of spirit of our first parents when they turned their faces from Eden.

"The world" may "be before them,"
And "Providence their guide;"

and yet for the time, the impression is, that they have left the better half of life behind. It was thus that I felt—but thus I did not always feel. For soon in this community of strangers I found access to many kind hearts, and had eventually much social and intellectual enjoyment amongst them. But more especially did I delight to mingle with the Quaker population of the place, and to study the mind and the heart, without the vail of the artificial world between, to conceal the impulses of the one, and to hide the motives of the other.

From my earliest youth I had always had a great respect for the Quakers—my native state abounded with them. And many of them, though possessed of great wealth, were yet as unostentatious and as simple in their mode of living and dressing as the poorest amongst us; though they doubtless procured for themselves many indulgences of which the poorer were denied, and which they seemed satisfied to enjoy without a vain-glorious display—a display of those riches which are "shed alike upon the just and the unjust;" perhaps to show of how little value they are with Him who can withdraw them at his pleasure. I have said that I always had a respect for the Quakers; but there was not enough of impulse about them to engage my sympathies. This they restrict upon principle; and in the days of my girlhood, when fashion and folly controled my young heart, I have often marveled at their precision, their self-denial, and their contentment. Most of all, perhaps, I wondered at seeing so many fresh, cheerful faces looking out from such odious, sad-colored bonnets; and in my frivolity I doubted whether they could be happy, and thought that I would not be of their sect for the world.

These Friends were the genuine disciples of George Fox before the enemy had sown the tares of discord amongst their sect. They were then of one heart and one mind, and "held their faith in the unity of the Spirit and the bonds of peace." But alas! time, which changes all things, passed a change upon them also; and when I went south the Hicksite schism had just taken place. Their Church was divided; the larger half, I was told, had laid aside their plain dress and plain language and become Unitarians. The minority had withdrawn and become a still more zealous and devoted people—living more in the spirit, and mixing less with the world. They said, "We can give up our house of worship, but we will not part with our religion." You will wonder, perhaps, how I, being not of their persuasion, got access, not only to the firesides but to the hearts of these people. It all *happened*, as I then thought; but I now fully believe in a special providence, which guides and governs all the events of life, and I plainly see that these seeming accidents were the way by which I was led to the formation of more than one friendship amongst them, which solaced me here, and which I trust will be renewed hereafter.

Our residence was near the corner of a street leading to the medical college of the city, and during the lectures I would sometimes look from my chamber window and amuse myself in speculations upon the physiognomy and *physiology* of the hurrying groups below. And it served for the occupation of many an idle moment to strive to gather from the outward appearance some tokens of the spirit of the inward man. At length the session closed, the students passed away—my occupation was gone, and my speculations forgotten. But not *all;* there was *one* face that I had been in the habit of seeing daily that is before me even now, and which never can be forgotten. I had often noticed a solitary individual, with a tall, thin person, remarkably nice in his dress, and with rather an unfashionably broad brim to his beaver, turn the corner, with the mathematical precision of a Philadelphian, at a certain hour of each day, without appearing to take cognizance of any object around him. It was a long time before I could catch a satisfactory view of his face; but when I did so, I was struck with its expression of deep contemplative seriousness, yet without the least touch of sadness, as though, young as he was, life had already dissolved for him some cherished hope—

"Some mirage fair
Had melted into empty air."

And I thought, perchance, that while his eye looked heavenward to where hung the bright vision, it turned not again to earth, but still piercing beyond, a brighter and an unfading one has beamed upon his soul. I longed to know something of his history, but for awhile nobody of whom I happened to inquire could give me any information concerning him. I subse-

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quently learned that he was a young Quaker physician, devoted to his profession, and that his office was scarcely a square from our door. Months passed away and I saw nothing of him. At length an invalid brother required medical attention, and having no acquaintance with, or prepossessions in favor of any particular individual of the faculty, I proposed sending for him, offering it as my opinion that our brother would be safe in his hands. A family assent was given, and a note dispatched to his office, saying that his professional services were required at such a number, in such a street; and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing him at our door. We found him gentlemanly and refined in his deportment, and prompt and skillful in his practice; and our brother, who was rather fastidious in his taste, pronounced him a true gentleman. At the close of his professional visits, which lasted some two weeks, he observed that it "was some years since he had mixed with the 'world's people,' and that he had thought that he should never have wished it again, but that he had found us so *rational*, (so little *harm* in us, I suppose he meant,) that he felt constrained to ask for the privilege of sometimes calling to see us, now we were well, and of bringing a sister with him;" a request that was cheerfully granted, and thus a friendship was formed with them both, which grew and strengthened, until first the brother, and then the sister, went down to their early graves, missed and mourned by all who knew them. They were the youngest children of a large family. They were similar in their tastes, closely united in their lives, and in death not long separated. It was from the Doctor himself that I learned something of the private history of his family. Their parents were of the stricter sort of Quakers—their mother was a preacher—the children numerous. The elder members of the family married one after another, until these, the youngest brother and sister, only were left with their parents. The education of all the children had been, after the manner of the sect, thorough but plain; but with these two it had been somewhat more liberal, to meet their wishes, and just enough of the spirit of the world had thus been imbibed to make them feel how much of indulgence was yet denied them; and they began to think and say to each other that Friends were rather too strict with their young people. They had too much respect for their parents, and were too amiable to rebel in the least thing against their will, yet would this spirit of the world manifest itself in various harmless strivings to be genteel or gay. In the brother, perhaps by a narrower brim to his hat, a more modish adjustment of the cravat, a certain freedom of hair, and altogether a more gallant bearing. While the sister, to whom curls were out of the question, would wear a tasteful braid across her brow, and a ribbon with a deeper blush of "ashes of rose," than other young Quakeresses indulged in, with a nicer fit of the slipper, with perhaps a flesh-colored silken hose, &c. All these little aberrations were unnoticed by the father; but to the mother's quick eye and more spiritual discernment nothing passed unobserved. But she looked on her children in pity, rather than with harsher feelings, to see how, unaided by the divine Spirit, poor mortals will follow after and cling to the unsatisfying vanities of this life. She sighed and said mentally, "I will let them alone; the fancy and the eye have led them astray, but their hearts will bring them back again." And she judged rightly; for she felt that she was a dying woman, and that through her sufferings their faith should be perfected. She had long been lingering under an incurable disease, the nature of which had not yet been revealed to her children, but the time had now *come* when concealment must be laid aside. The physicians had held a consultation and pronounced her disease a cancer of the most inveterate kind. But said they, "There is a *possibility* that an operation may lengthen out her days to many comfortable years." To this possibility her husband and children clung awhile. With one voice they urged the knife; and for their sake she submitted. But the disease was found to have struck too deep into the principles of life to be eradicated; she lingered many weeks in great suffering of the body, but rejoicing in spirit; and her death-bed exercises were one long sermon of silent or oral preaching. Their consciences and their hearts received it, and as they sat by her pillow, day after day, witnessing the triumphs of the dying Christian, they drank in of her spirit, and never again thirsted for the vanities of a world that lieth in wickedness; and for the residue of their lives they were seen walking in the "beauty of holiness."

The Doctor wrote his mother's biography, with an account of her exercises during her sickness. It was a most interesting memoir, which he valued next to his Bible. I felt it a privilege to be permitted to peruse it. It was truly a "Christian's Pattern," and reminded me of the little work by Thomas à Kempis, bearing the same title, and which was translated from the Latin by Rev. John Wesley. As I have now given you the outline of the history and character of my friends, I will introduce a few anecdotes illustrating their manners in social life during the several years that we lived in the enjoyment of their society. "The Doctor," as we called him by way of eminence, was generally at our door about twice in the week, either with or without his sister, but they never called at the fashionable visiting hours, lest they might meet with some of the "world's people" more harmful than ourselves. If perchance they found us engaged with company, they withdrew without entering. When we were by ourselves, they were frank and unreserved, and sometimes facetious. The Doctor was much given to argument; and not being myself a great logician, when he got in this strain I made him over to a more gifted sister. But when he was inclined to be quizzical or critical in small matters, I gave him as good as he sent. I remember he called one evening to ask us to go to his meeting, saying "a strange Friend was to preach." I said to him, "Now Doctor I have caught you—how do you know that he will be moved to preach?" He replied, that he did wrong to speak positively, but "that

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as friend W. lived very much in the Spirit, it was *expected* he would preach." We consented to accompany him; and the weather being cold and the time evening, I was preparing to throw on a bright plaid traveling cloak, an article much worn in those days, when half in jest and half in earnest he begged that I "would not wear that 'Babylonish garment.'" I told him that my heart was not set upon the things of "Babylon"—I would substitute something less hurtful to the "conscience of a weak brother." I exchanged it, and we went to meeting, where the Spirit *did* move the "strange Friend," as "was expected," but not greatly to "edification;" so that when the mystical signal was given for dismissal, I went home rejoicing that I was not a born Quaker. The next time the Doctor visited us I was determined to attack him upon what I considered the deficiencies of worship in his Church. I had ever found him ready and willing to "give a reason for the belief that was in him," and I wished to understand the grounds upon which they rejected Church ordinances, and I put the question direct. He said that they considered the services of all Protestant Churches in the same light that we did the Romish ceremonials, and as worse than useless—that they were a hindrance to the devout soul, and often a *false rest* to the less fervent. He said they rejected an *elementary* supper, because they believed the real supper of the Lord to be entirely spiritual. On the same grounds they rejected baptism, because they believe in the baptism of the Spirit only. "We admit the ordinance of matrimony," said he, "but we do not think that the ceremony of other Churches is necessary on the occasion; we think it sufficient to take our chosen companion by the hand, and to rise in the public assembly and to call upon God and the meeting to witness that we promise to live together—after the manner of Isaac and Rebekah—until death shall separate us. And we think our free voluntary promise is as sacred and binding, as the interrogatory of the priest, 'Will you do so and thus,' *as in other* Churches. Your burial service we think altogether unnecessary—it cannot profit the dead; and while our minds are solemnized by the removal of a friend, we think it far more impressive to rest, as we do, the coffin on the brink of the grave, and for a brief space 'to commune with our own hearts and be still.'"

"But, Doctor, there is one delightful Church ceremony that you have not mentioned. Why have you no singing in your worship?" "Delightful I grant thee, where we can give utterance in song to the genuine feelings within; but I would rather ask thee, friend, how thou canst all, who are in various frames, (some sorrowing and some rejoicing,) join in the same song of Zion, at the bidding of thy priest? Where the language of the lips contradict the inward exercises, we think there can be no acceptable offering to Him who readeth the heart."

When he finished answering all my questions, I told him the victory was his; for though he had failed to *convince*, he had succeeded in *silencing* me; whereas in the usual way I was more easy to convince than silence I soon made out another list of questions for his next visit—the first of which was, "Why do your people adopt a uniform? Dost *thou*, (for I sometimes used the plain language sportively,) dost thou not think it somewhat in the spirit of the Pharisee—'I am holier than thou.'" "Friend, there thou, with many others, art mistaken; we did not adopt it—it was the prevailing dress of the days of George Fox, and we have only adhered to it—all other sects have been following after every idle change of fashion. Which dost thou now think most consistent, my people or thy people?" "But, Doctor, there is one thing very manifest in thy people—they are as exact in the arrangement, and pride themselves as much in their primitive dress, as we do in our more modern one;" and here I named several instances in their female attire, which he professed to know nothing about. "But," said I, "Doctor, thou, even thou, whom I consider the most consistent specimen of thy sect, hast thy inconsistencies." He began to look alarmed at my boldness; but I soon explained what I meant, by pointing to his exquisitely fine broadcloth, and asking him how he could consistently wear such a coat, whilst every argument was in favor of a coarser article. It was cheaper, warmer, lasted longer; and what was of still more importance, it was in better keeping with those self-denying principles which he professed to follow." Here he was self-convicted and speechless, and seemed to have no voice for reply; *I* had gained the victory. At length he answered, and said, "I plead guilty to the charge, and I deeply lament the bondage; the love of fine broadcloth has indeed ever been a *right eye sin* with me, and I shall never esteem myself a worthy disciple of George Fox until I can cheerfully renounce the love of it." "And now friend Augusta, I am sorry to see that thou, too, hast thy inconsistencies."

"What hast thou, a Christian woman, to do with heathenish devices as are portrayed here?" placing his hand on a chimney screen, (which had a beautiful representation of Cupid and Bacchus, drawn in a car by two tame lions, to show I suppose that love and wine can conquer the fiercest of animals.) I laughed, for I was ever more ready with laughter than logic, but promised him I would substitute a plain *drab* fire screen for his approbation, whenever I caught him in a coarse coat for mine. The next visit he made us, was during their yearly meeting, and as usual there was a deluge of rain, and notwithstanding all guards, he was dripping with water. When he came into the parlor I said to him, "Doctor, I am really concerned to see thee thus." He replied, he believed there was "no harm done." When I told him I did not know what he thought about it, but that *I* esteemed it no light matter to see a hickory Quaker transformed into a *wet* one. A few days after this I called one morning at Dr. H.'s, the Episcopal minister, whose residence was in a Quaker neighborhood. This gentleman observed that a day or two before, as he was standing in his front door viewing the rain descending in sheets, and observing his

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next door neighbor occupied in the same way, he turned to him, and said to him jestingly, "I believe it is the general impression, Mr. E., that we are indebted to *your people* for these heavy rains." When the Quaker good naturedly replied, "And when dost thou think, friend H., that one of *thy Church conventions* will bring such a refreshing from above." Although differing in sect and sentiment, these two were the best neighbors possible; both possessing wit, yet having too much good sense to let it interfere in essentials.

But my reminiscences are drawing to a close; and it is a proof of how deep must have been their first impression, that they still live so fresh in my memory, and that the slighter traits of these characters have not been effaced by the wear and tear of so many years of change and contact with a jarring world. It is a little remarkable that not only Dr. G., but Miss C., the lady who eventually became his wife, were both thrown as it were in my way. The brother of this lady, who did not wear much of the starch of Quakerism, had been on to the east, and had there fallen into the society of many of our friends, and returned to the city charged with letters and messages to us, which he promptly delivered. We found him to be an agreeable accession to our acquaintance. He told us he would bring his *prim* little sister to see us; but he being called into the country, she came by herself, and rang at our door a moment only after I had passed out into the street; and as I was still in sight the servant pointed me out to her, and she hastened to overtake me. This was before I had become much acquainted in the city, and I had walked out in an unusually dull and solitary mood; and when my ears were saluted by the sound of my own familiar Christian name, called out in a gentle voice at my back, "Augusta B! Augusta B!" I was as much startled as was Robinson Crusoe when having wandered to some distant part of his desert island, he heard his own name familiarly called by—his parrot. But there was no mistake, somebody knew me, if I did not know her. I turned, and beheld a remarkably neat young Quakeress endeavoring to overtake me. She introduced herself as "Mary C.," and we walked back to the house together. I found her intellectual, cultivated, and refined; and after a longer acquaintance, discovered that she was also poetical and enthusiastic. Afterward I learned that there had an early attachment existed between Dr. G. and herself, even from their school days; but why they suffered so many years to elapse before they were united I never knew. Their married happiness was of short duration, as he died of a rapid consumption in less than two years after their marriage. His last hours were as calm and tranquil as the setting of the summer's sun going down in glory, and leaving the reflection of his brightness resting upon all surrounding objects after he has descended. He had been confined to the house several weeks, when one lovely day he sent to know if I would take a ride with M. and himself. They called in the afternoon, at an early hour; but we did not ride far—the poor invalid could not bear the motion of the carriage, and they returned and spent a couple of hours with us before they went home. It was the last time he was ever out; but I saw him frequently afterward, and found him always in the same tranquil, trusting frame—his principles supported him—he had no fears about dying; and if there was any thing like the shadow of a regret about life, it was not that himself desired to linger, but that his wife and sister could not *then* enjoy immortality with him. The last time that I saw him was the day before he died; he felt that his hour was near, and they sent for me to witness with what tranquillity his spirit was passing away. When he appeared to suffer, his wife was deeply affected; but he looked so imploringly for her to be tranquil, that her spirit *was* calmed. He was too far spent to hold any conversation, and I left him in a drowsy state. The next morning I again called, but did not enter, for I saw the badge of his departure—the ominous black board upon which the fresh corpse is laid, was standing at the door—he had died in the night. And thus was dissevered our short, but sincere friendship. The sister is since dead, but his widow still survives, an ornament and a pattern to her sect. I have forgotten, I believe, to speak of one trait that adorned the Christian character of the Doctor—it was *charity;* and though firm in his own belief, he thought that *religion* might be found among all. He was a great admirer of the fervent Summerfield, and never doubted his especial call to the ministry; and the idea of preaching *without* this call he considered as presumptuous *impiety*.

During my acquaintance with him a young friend of his died, on which occasion he wrote the verses which I will now subjoin as a literary specimen of his ability.

—

ON THE DEATH OF J. B. CALDWELL, M. D., LATE OF B.

—

The wild harp tells no more the sadd'ning tale,
As once when on the mountain's hoary side,
Bards to the winds awoke their solemn wail,
And wept the gloomy fate of him who died;
Or many a song had swell'd the airy tide
When death o'er Caldwell spread his palsying wing;
We need not imitate the warrior's pride;
Our hearts are harps, and memory will bring
Rich music to the soul, whene'er she wakes the string.

His hour is swallowed in eternity
And death's pale lamp burns in his sepulchre;
The mourner's nerve writhes not in agony,
For resignation's hand has wiped the tear;
But when the tidings broke upon our ear,
Did we not feel as if a brother fell?
Yes! for his heart was to our bosoms near,
And friendship e'er unbroken has a spell,
Whose power the base feel not, and only friends can tell.

O death how dreadful is thy hurrying blow!
Virtue and youth are buried in an hour!
We walked with him amid life's brightest glow,
We saw the clouds arise—the tempest low'r—
The thunder's voice—the lightning's blasting pow'r;
And all was darkness—all with night o'erspread;

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The wreath of joy displaced the withered flow'r;
The mourner wept—the parent's bosom bled,
Hope clos'd the book of time, and looked beyond the dead.

And so I have endeavored to communicate to my reader some few of the traits of this amiable, intelligent, conscientious, and upright Quaker.

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.

Original.

CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY.

BY GEORGE WATERMAN, JR.

If an inhabitant of some other world should be permitted in his flight through the universe to visit our globe, his feelings at the sight which would be presented to his view, might be more easily conceived of than described. He would see an entire world of immortal beings in revolt against Jehovah—whose attention was engrossed about the things connected with their short residence here, to the almost complete exclusion of their eternal state. His sympathies would be excited immediately in their behalf; and with feelings of deep solicitude he might be led to inquire if no remedy had been provided for their otherwise inevitable ruin. For the first time, the story of the incarnation is related to him by some attendant spirit. He hears with feelings of astonishment and admiration. He is amazed at the infinite condescension of the Redeemer, and at the carelessness and want of interest manifested by those whom he came to save. With mingled feelings of wonder and pity he seeks the reason and the consequences. But no celestial inhabitant can give him a satisfactory answer to that most important of all questions, Why do sinners reject the offer of a Savior's love? In his unchecked flight through the universe of God, he had passed the great prison-house of despair, and heard the lamentations of its hopeless inmates. And now, when he hears that they arose in part from those, who, having neglected this offered salvation, were suffering the just penalty of their disobedience, we may conceive him inquiring with intense earnestness, Cannot I bear some part in telling those who are yet within the reach of mercy, the glad news of salvation? With a speed which leaves thought far behind, he wings his way to the Eternal throne, and with the deepest reverence and submission prostrates himself before the Ruler of the universe, and makes known the desire of his heart. His zeal and benevolence are approved by Jehovah; but he is told that this work had been committed to human instrumentality, that the glory might appear entirely of God.

And here we may well pause and ask ourselves, Is this true? Has God indeed committed this work to mortals? Are the professed followers of Christ engaged in an enterprise which is denied to angelic minds? How great the honor! How awful the responsibilities! Who can estimate them? What mind is sufficiently strong to compute them? What science shall we call to our aid? Where shall we seek for the responsibilities of the Christian Church at the present day? Shall we summon the whole celestial hierarchy to answer the momentous question? It is into such things that they desire to look. Shall we ask the regions of the lost? A deep wail of unutterable woe is our only answer. Shall we go to the heathen world, and there ask the responsibilities of those in Christian lands? Our question rings through the massive halls of their crowded temples, and re-echoes from their lofty domes, or from the shady heights of their sacred groves. But answer there is none, save the deep groan of the dying Pagan, or the shriek of the funeral pile. But ere the sound has died away upon the breeze, a voice from the eternal world declares, "*Such responsibilities can only be measured by the worth of the soul.*" To know ITS value we must know the constitutional susceptibilities of the human mind to pleasure or pain, even in this world; and then we must lift the vail which separates time from eternity, and follow the immortal spirit to its last abode.

The susceptibilities of the human mind to pleasure, even in this life, are almost infinite in extent and variety. Who can tell the amount of happiness which may spring from memory and imagination—from reason and conscience? even in the present state of existence. Said a justly celebrated divine in a late discourse, "If all the pleasures of all the inferior animals which have existed since the creation, could be concentrated upon one, with the aggregate of all their capacities for enjoyment, yet the human mind, even in this world, possesses the capacity of a much greater amount, and of a much higher order." If this be true, what a field does it open to our view! But let us attempt to follow this immortal mind into eternity. There these capacities for enjoyment will be ever on the increase—its every faculty expanding, and expanding, and expanding, so long as the throne of God shall last, or immortality endure. As the undying spirit passes through one age after another in the infinite series of eternity, it will arrive at a point in which its susceptibilities of happiness will far exceed those of Gabriel at the present moment; and then it still has an eternity before it to expand and increase—for ever approaching the infinite capacities of Jehovah without the possibility of ever attaining them. What a thing is the immortal mind!

In heaven the means for the gratification of these susceptibilities are commensurate with the susceptibilities themselves—increase with their increase, and run parallel with the existence of the soul. Its every want is anticipated and provided for; and its capacity for enjoyment, and its real enjoyment, will increase in geometrical progression throughout the unending cycles of eternity.

But the susceptibilities of the human mind are as great to pain as they are to pleasure. In this scene of existence, happiness and misery are only relative terms—they are mingled emotions—

"For every bitter hath its sweet,
And every rose its thorn."

But in eternity all will be happiness, pure and unal-

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loyed; or all will be misery, dire and unmingled. In the world of despair those ever expanding susceptibilities to pleasure will only meet with an eternal disappointment, while those to pain will feast for ever upon the repast supplied by unending remorse. Could we with Milton enter the walls of the eternal prison—

> "High reaching to the horrid roof;
> And thrice threefold the gates; three folds of brass,
> Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
> Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
> Yet unconsumed,"

and there view the misery of the lost, we might be able to form some idea of the worth of the soul. There death eternal reigns. There—as portrayed by the ancient bard of earth—

> "Far out it thrust a dart that might have made
> The knees of terror quake, and on it hung
> Within the triple barbs, a being pierced
> Through soul and body both: of heavenly make
> Original the being seemed, but fallen,
> And worn and wasted with enormous woe;
> And still around the everlasting lance
> It writhed convulsed, and uttered dreadful groans;
> And tried and wished, and ever tried and wished
> To die; but could not die."

How dreadful the portraiture! Yet how far does it fall below the more dreadful reality!

The period will probably come—though perhaps far off in the vista of eternal years—when each lost spirit will endure at every moment, more misery than all the collected and concentrated woe which now invests the world of despair. And even then a miserable *eternity* is still in prospect. Verily, what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, but in the end lose his own soul?

Do Christians feel these things to be living realities? Do they burn with intense anxiety for the immediate salvation of all over whom they exert an influence? Do they realize that the influence of their examples may instrumentally seal the eternal happiness or misery of some whom they hold most dear?

When the Church, both ministry and people, shall feel the full weight of the responsibilities which rest upon them, and put forth corresponding action—then will revival follow revival in quick succession throughout the length and breadth of the land. Efforts will be put forth for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom such as have not been since the days of primitive Christianity. The wealth of the Church will be consecrated to the great work of glorifying God in the salvation of souls; and the angel having the everlasting Gospel to preach to the nations of the earth shall be heard flying through the midst of heaven, while close behind him shall be heard the sound of another crying with a loud voice, "It is finished—the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever." And the grand chorus of the celestial choirs shall burst forth in louder and sweeter sounds than ever before, "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." And earth, redeemed and sanctified, shall re-echo the sound, "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

From the Mother's Magazine.

CONSOLATIONS FOR ANXIOUS MOTHERS

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

May 6, 1841.

I HASTEN to reply to your affectionate letter, my dear Mrs. W——, from a consciousness that you have attributed to me far more than I deserve. I do not in the least wonder at the effect upon your mind, which had been prepared so skillfully to receive a sentence from the precious word of God; nor in the least do I wonder that it should soothe your soul like the voice which said, "Peace, be still." I only wonder at my own obduracy from day to day as I open the volume, and the same words are read without feeling, which, when borne by the Spirit to the soul, subdue and overwhelm it. It was thus that those words arrested me which I love to repeat a thousand times over: "*Be careful for nothing.*" They held me in mysterious and delightful suspense, as if more and still more was wrapt in their meaning. It brought me up to an *infinite rest*, if I may so express it. It embraced the whole of life. I could think of nothing which it did not touch—no sorrow, or affliction, or distress, or bereavement, or desolation, not even the billows of death lay out of that little sentence. And how sweet it is to me that I was permitted to repeat it to you, and that it was wafted to your inmost soul, and *sealed* there by the blessing of the Spirit in the moment of utmost need. O that it may ever, as it now does, dwell upon my heart and yours also: and surely after such an impressive message from the Comforter, should we venture to forget it?

At one time during the past winter another beautiful passage hushed the tumult of my cares. It was this: "*Come unto me*, and I will give you rest." O, it is for the *believer* that it was written. I took my heavy load and went, and it was lost at the feet of Jesus! Why do we suffer such blessed words to lie unapplied to ourselves? We who know the way to the Savior, why should we not cast all upon him? But then, it needs the agency of the Spirit to reveal the meaning. It requires the "preparation of the heart" before the "answer" comes from the Lord. Since these gracious aids have been afforded, I think I have not suffered half an hour's anxious care about any thing, for the moment I begin to sink, the remedy is at hand and I dare not disobey. Why is it not even more sinful to disobey or slight such errands of love—such an answer to prayer, than positive injunctions in the word of God? When Divine truth is thus presented to the mind, I feel as if I knew nothing of the Bible compared to what is to be known. O, if every promise could so come home to the heart, who could sustain the weight of glory! "With open face we could then behold the glory of the Lord." Such views of truth probably explain the mystery of dying faith, or what seems almost a mystery in our darkness. A "*Fear not, I am with thee*," would be sufficient to raise a song of triumph, while every "heart-string was breaking." Such views of truth are designed to honor God in life.

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Original.

THE BAPTISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE was a man of our acquaintance who had been for thirteen years a professor of religion, and during much of that time an official member of the Church. Like most of his brethren, he had been attentive to the means of grace in the closet and in the sanctuary. Yet his devotions had sometimes been formal, not exerting a vital influence on his life. At four different times he had been roused from his lukewarmness, and under the warnings of the Spirit, and new impulses of grace, he had regained the comforts of religion.

Once in night visions he stood on a snow-drift near to a village of thirty or forty old tenements. The street was on his right hand, some fifty rods distant; and about as far from him in the opposite direction he saw in his dream a lion of the largest size, and of a most ferocious aspect, making toward him. He made for the nearest house, thinking that possibly he might run half the distance that his pursuing foe must accomplish in order to overtake him before he reached it. As he entered the house, and closed the door, his savage pursuer reached it. Scarcely had he time to congratulate himself on his escape, when he perceived that the door was broken, and its pannels loose, and that a slight pressure upon it from without would expose him, unprotected, to the fury of the lion. He saw, too, that the house was uninhabited, and open at various points; so that, after all his efforts, he was not protected, and would probably soon be torn in pieces. In the agitation which ensued he awoke, with these words sounding, it seemed, in his ears, and through his soul, "Who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

None can conjecture the effect of this dream. The words of Scripture seemed for days to be ringing all through him; and the supposed escape from the lion, with a vivid recollection of the agony experienced in the exposed condition here described, made an impression so deep and abiding, that it proved, for a time, a salutary warning. It was probably the means of restraining him from a farther relapse, or perhaps an entire falling away; for, doubtless, without supernatural checks and aids, Christ's disciples would all forsake him.

At another time, when his faith had declined, and, of course, all the graces of the Spirit languished, he awoke from undreaming slumber, with these words impressed upon him in a most solemn yet consoling manner, "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his root as Lebanon;" and blessed results again followed, for a season, this merciful visitation.

On another occasion, when his heart had begun to turn aside like a deceitful bow, he dreamed that his Savior came and spoke with him face to face, warning him of his unfaithfulness, and reminding him of all that had been done for him—of the agony it had cost the blessed Redeemer to bring him from darkness to light through the cross, and of the ingratitude and the peril of forsaking Jesus and going back to sin. Under the influence of this dream, or rather of the waking impressions which followed it, he was again recalled to Christian fidelity and watchfulness.

Again, in a relapsed state of his affections, he dreamed that he was worshiping in a Baptist church, and that, the eucharist being administered, he was denied the privilege of communion. But he seemed to be in the altar, on his knees, in a posture to receive the elements, and that there the love of God was diffused through his soul, wonderfully, as at his conversion. He thought that he began to proclaim the Savior's love, and walked on his knees to the door as he did so. He awoke, and was so affected to find it was a dream, and not a sweet and saving reality, that he wept much.

Meanwhile, it was the case that this disciple, so variable in his states of mind, and so visited in his slumbers, had generally no faith in dreams. He seldom recollected the imaginations of his sleeping hours, and scarcely ever spoke of them; yet, at the times abovementioned, his dreams were somehow connected with deep and solemn religious impressions, which served, in a measure, to check his backslidings, and restore his soul.

In 184— this unfaithful follower of the Lamb became deeply affected at the recollection of his frequent relapses. It was no dream that then drew his attention to the sad condition of a backslider. Realities, which crowded upon him in fearful array, and burdened his soul in a manner indescribable, impelled him to seek the Savior's face, and re-assure himself of an interest in the atoning blood. As his heart-wanderings at this time had been more than usually aggravated, so his return was with deeper penitence—with much self-accusation and self-abasement.

It commenced in the closet. Its earliest stage was a clear discovery—aided by circumstances extremely reproving—of his lukewarm, fallen state. He was brought to feel that, though born again, he had lost much of his confidence to claim freedom from present condemnation, and to enter into communion with God. A sense of the captivity which oppressed him became very deep and affecting. In this state he betook himself more diligently to prayer. At first it was a mere duty, almost joyless, and even burdensome—discharged not for present comfort, but in regard to resulting advantages. He resolved, however, to practice it night and day, as the means of return to his abused Savior. He anticipated that, for a long time, devotion would be a mere travail of soul; that it would be a severely protracted penance, to which might succeed the recovery of peace. For a few days it was as he expected; but instead of *months* of agony, he soon felt the softening power of the Spirit. His sore conviction of long and aggravated heart-wanderings soon turned into "godly sorrow," which all who have experienced know to be grateful to the soul—a pleasing rather than a painful state of mind.

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Within three weeks from the commencement of these efforts he felt that his peace was restored; and so powerful was the work of God in his heart, that his tongue was almost constantly employed in prayer or praise. Now it was that he saw more clearly than he ever had how earnestly and perseveringly he must seek wisdom and strength from God, if he would be saved from backsliding, and escape an endless hell. He began to inquire yet further what safety there could be in one so prone to wander, while he carried about with him so many unsubdued tempers. He saw that in his heart were the roots of many evils, which, though they could not grow while under the reign of grace, yet were ever ready to spring up under the least declinings of faith and love. He felt that there was no safety in this state, and that he could never hope, without presumption, to persevere in the ways of the Lord, without the entire destruction of these roots of evil. Moved by this single motive therefore, namely, his own safety, he began to cry unto the Lord to deliver him from the remains of the carnal mind.

The reader may say, "this motive was very selfish." Doubtless it was. But can an unsanctified heart act from motives entirely pure? To say yes, would be a contradiction in terms. An unsanctified heart is a defiled fountain. Its motives are *streams* from that fountain; and how then can they be without defilement? Can a corrupt fountain send forth pure waters?

Day after day he besought the Lord to purify him from all sin. It might be said of him that he *lived* upon his knees; for, indeed, he became so used to this posture, and so intent on the blessing which he sought, that he grudged the time devoted to his sleep and meals. Meanwhile, he was more and more blessed. He felt that he grew in grace from day to day. His was emphatically a wrestling spirit. Bowed before the Lord, he had strength given him from above to take hold on God with an unyielding grasp. What fervors were then kindled in his bosom! What joys immortal overflowed his soul! He dwelt in the land Beulah, and discerned the glories of his distant home. But with these joys he was not satisfied, and *in* them he determined not to rest. He persevered in almost unremitted cries for holiness.

And now he had come to *love* holiness; so that he desired it not only for safety, but for its own sake. It appeared to him infinitely beautiful and desirable. He thirsted for it as the hunted roe "pants for the water brooks." He could meditate, converse, read, and pray of little else. Every thing in the universe besides had become to him, as it were, a blank. All that was lovely in earth or in heaven seemed so merely on account of holiness. God was lovely because he was intensely holy. And his creatures were lovely or unlovely in proportion as they did or did not partake of this attribute.

Besides praying night and day for purity of heart, he read and studied on this, to the exclusion of almost every other theme. The Bible was his text-book. He examined, also, Wesley, Fletcher, Watson, Benson, and other Wesleyan authors, with Merrit's Manual, Mahan, and the Guide to Christian Perfection. One or another of those works was almost his constant companion. He also resorted to the society of the sanctified, questioned with them, joined them in prayer, and by every possible means sought knowledge and understanding. Thus his struggles daily increased. And finally he began to feel that he "had a baptism to be baptized with"—that he must be pure or die—that he could not endure life unless he might fulfill that language of the apostle, "as He is so are we in this world." O, how his heart and his flesh then cried out for the living God—that the image of the heavenly might be restored to him—*fully* restored! He was straitened beyond measure, until this, even this should be accomplished in him.

Yet, with such vehement desires burning in his heart, and glowing, as it were, through all his being, he was not unhappy. In the strength of these desires, and in putting forth these struggles, he rejoiced. In them he had hope. He saw that they were not from nature; and if from the Spirit, which he could not doubt, this great and precious promise was suited to his case—"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." And in this hungering there was even fruition as well as hope. The bread and the water of life were so given him as not instantly to fill his large desires, but (with much present comfort in partaking them) so as to sharpen his appetite for their exceeding sweetness.

It must not be inferred that his state of mind was uniform—that no seasons of relapse or coldness broke in upon this life of quickening ardors and vigorous devotion. Far from it. In the midst of these journeyings he was often much discouraged. Like the ship beating into port, whose pilot misses his expectation to enter the harbor on the present tack, so was this spiritual mariner more than once thrown back, to be tempest-tossed and almost wrecked ere he entered into rest.

(*To be concluded.*)

Original.

SONNET.

TO A RIVULET—IN AUTUMN.

Calm, placid, streamlet! ever gently flowing,
To the rich music of thy own sweet chime;
No more reflected in thy breast are glowing
The lovely blossoms of the summer time;
And yet, though autumn rules our northern clime,
Thou glidest peacefully upon thy way;
The silver stars at night upon thee shine—
The golden sun illumes thy deeps by day.
Thus, when my life's fair spring-tide glides away,
And friends and hopes, like birds and flowers, have gone,
May light from heaven, with pure, effulgent ray,
Beam on my path, then desolate and lone—
My deeds all kindness—words like thy low song,
Sweeter and holier still as I draw near my home!

T. L. H.

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Original.

BISHOP ROBERTS.

EXTRACT FROM HIS MANUSCRIPT LIFE BY C. ELLIOTT.

When appointed to any office, Bishop Roberts prayed much to Almighty God for direction and grace to guide and aid him. On his election to the Episcopacy, he was much perplexed; but by the timely exhortation of his early instructor, the Rev. James Quinn, and prayer to Almighty God, his mind was relieved, and he consented to the onerous duties of the Episcopacy as a heavy cross, which he took up with great fear and trembling. But it was his peculiar temperament to pursue with steady, untiring perseverance, whatever he undertook, without even the appearance of zeal or any movement that would create noise, or call attention to his acts by the gaze of the public. He was always silent, except when compelled to speak—he was in the rear and shade, except when he was thrust out into observation—every person was preferred by him to himself, except when his official duties compelled him, as by a kind of necessity, to become leader, and take the seat of office.

When he returned to Philadelphia, after the session of the General conference at Baltimore, in May, 1816, where he was elected and ordained Bishop, his wife asked him what he should do with her. To this he replied that she might choose any one of three things, viz., to reside in Philadelphia or east of the mountains, to travel with him, or to reside at Shenango on their own farm. These three propositions were, therefore, called up for prayerful and mutual consideration; and, though proposed to her for the purpose of leaving her to her own choice, the interests of the Church involved in the decision called for the most deliberate examination and conclusion of both.

The first question asked was, shall we reside in Philadelphia or east of the mountains? Here the question of pecuniary resources came up. Bishops Asbury, M'Kendree, and Whatcoat were all single men, and eighty or one hundred dollars, and their traveling expenses, constituted their income. The leading Methodist preachers, too, had been single men. Thus, episcopal and clerical single life among the leading preachers had shaped ministerial support to suit the pressing wants of single men while efficient, leaving sickness or old age to depend on charity, or fortuitous circumstances. Then the married preachers received little more than the single preachers; and when they did receive it, it was considered as an unnecessary or a prodigal expenditure. And such were the unpleasant circumstances attending the forced supplies of married men, that most men of independence and worth would sooner locate than be met in every direction with repulse or disparagement. It is true that the General conference of 1816 ordained that the Book Agents, in conjunction with the Book Committee in New York, be authorized to estimate the sum to defray the necessary expenses of the Bishops' families, for which they shall be authorized to draw on the Editor and General Book Steward, (Bangs' Hist., Vol. III, p. 53.) But, then, custom had already decided this question so far as to render the acceptance of the appropriation as a thing out of order, and a kind of innovation on Methodism. And, as far as we can learn, Bishop Roberts did not avail himself of this provision from 1816 to 1819, or there was no action on the case by the Editor and Book Agent at New York. Which of these two is correct we cannot now say. Two hundred dollars and his traveling expenses composed the utmost that they could expect to receive from the Church. With such an allowance they could not reside in any of the eastern cities, or in any city, except in dependence on their own private resources. These were small—amounting to a cabin, and land very little improved, and now much neglected by their long absence, so that it would scarcely rent for the taxes; and the whole, if sold, would probably amount to no more than two or three hundred dollars. It is true that those where he was acquainted, and highly esteemed in some of the eastern cities, would probably have assisted them. But then this was an uncertain provision, and could not be depended on so as to create the debt of house rent and family expenses depending on it. Besides, this mode of living did not suit the views and feelings of independence which they had imbibed in early life, and had cherished and practiced down to the present time. The mode of residing east of the mountains was therefore mutually abandoned.

It was then inquired, shall we travel together? This, also, was canvassed, and had its difficulties. It would be difficult, indeed impossible, for a woman to keep pace with a Methodist Bishop. Especially, it could not be done with comfort. An unwelcome visit, too, might be made by the Bishop's wife, where it was not expected, and neither was this plan in keeping with their spirit of independence. It was therefore abandoned.

Their determined choice, or rather the necessity of their case, compelled them to repair to their old cabin on the land which he located in the year 1796, just twenty years previous. Here they could be independent. And if they had privations and difficulties they had them to themselves, and were not exposed to the public gaze of a city, or the inspection of wealthy friends. Here, too, they could be like their neighbors. Their house, or cabin, was as good, their furniture as good, their spring, and gourd to dip the water, as good. If Mrs. Roberts must spin, and milk, and weave, and make garden, and raise chickens, and feed pigs, occasionally, all her neighbors did all these things just as she did them. And if Mr. Roberts, in any spare time at home, must plough, and chop, and make rails, and work hard, all his neighbors did the same. The landlord would not crave rent for his house, for his cabin was worth no rent. The carpet vender, and cabinet maker, and furniture men would not crave him for their bills, as he needed none of their wares, and contracted no debts in their establishments. With an axe and an auger, and a drawing-knife, with some slippery elm

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bark, stripped from the wild forest tree of his own wood, a bedstead, good enough for the Bishop and his lady, was made in less than one day, by his own hand; and on it they could sleep sweetly, except when occasionally interrupted by the drippings from the leaky roof; but then these were mostly caught by the sugar troughs on the loft over their bed.

Before their consultation was ended, their hearts, swollen by the spirit of independence, beat high for Shenango. Their spring still flowed—their double cabin was still standing—the few neglected acres could soon be put in repair. A few domestic fowls would soon produce chickens, one cow would give them milk, and plenty, by economy, would supply all their necessary wants. Their course was fixed, and Shenango was their destination.

They purposed to set out for the west from Baltimore. Mrs. Roberts went by water from Philadelphia to Baltimore. Mr. Roberts and little George Roberts, his nephew, went on horseback, the former riding on a saddle, and the latter riding on a blanket.

At Baltimore the friends procured for him Bishop Asbury's carriage and traveling trunk. His two horses were harnessed and put to the carriage. In this he, his wife, and nephew, George, traveled, with as much of their clothing and bedclothes as they could carry with them. They proceeded on their journey without difficulty. When they came to the mountains the turnpike road was then newly graded, but not paved or stoned. Up the first mountain ascent the mud was very deep in some places. Mrs. Roberts and little George, in the worst places, would get out and walk. Having done this at a certain place where the road was unusually muddy, and having gained the summit of the hill, where the road wound round, she sat down to wait the arrival of the newly constituted Bishop. He walked and drove his horses. Long boots, long stockings, and breeches, formed the clerical fashion of the times. The horses and carriage got fairly fastened in the deep mud. He put his shoulder to the wheel, pushed with all his might, gave the word of command to the horses, and the carriage moved upwards. By such procedures in the bad places, he gained the summit, where his partner watched his operations, with mingled feelings of commisseration and occasional smiles, on seeing him fairly bespattered with mud from shoulder downwards. The mud ran over the top of his boots, and left but a small part of his person free from its largest smearings. On his arrival at the top of the mountain she exclaimed, with some pleasantry, "You are a pretty Bishop, indeed!"

On their descent down Laurel Hill, west of Port Ligonier, the road was very rough, and while she was shifting for herself in walking downward, choosing her steps down the shelving rocks and steep slopes of the mountain, and while he was engaged driving, walking, and balancing the carriage, so as to keep it from overturning, her band-box fell out, and the wheels of the carriage passed over it, crushing it flat, and bruising thoroughly her caps, bonnet, and other wearables. When they were nearly down the mountain the band-box was missed, and gave him an opportunity of returning for it. The fate of the band-box served as a pretty good offset for the previous muddy rencounter ascending the mountain.

They arrived in safety at Shenango. The Bishop proceeded to the Natchez conference. She accompanied him to Cadiz, and then returned and lived with Nancy M'Granahan, his sister, till spring. He traveled on horseback to Natchez, Mississippi, and continued his travels in that way till the next spring, and then got home. He was sick among the Indians, as he took the fever and ague on the Mississippi. At Gibson's Port he lay three or four weeks dangerously ill. His fare, among the Indians, was mostly sour hommony. At first, when passing through their country, they charged him high for ferriage—as high as two dollars on some occasions. But when they learned that he was a Chief, they let him go free of ferriage.

Mrs. Roberts, early in the spring, before the arrival of Mr. Roberts, purposed to reside in her own cabin, erected, in former years, by the hands of her husband. The clap-boards were old, and the roof needed repair. The neighbors kindly repaired the roof, or, as was the custom, laid the roof anew, by adding some new clap-boards to the old, and using the best of them, turning the best end outside. Still, in heavy rains, the water would find its way between them. On the first night, after the Bishop's return, he was pretty well wet in his bed, and shook next day with the ague. Further repairs were made to the roof; but it was far from being water proof during his stay, which was three years, or from 1816 to 1819. As he came to the conclusion to remove to Indiana, he neither built a better house, nor repaired the old one, further than to adjust the clap-boards occasionally. Nor was it at all marvelous that he lived in the leaky cabin. All his neighbors did the same—it was a matter of course, and no one either complained that their cabins sometimes leaked, nor did they wonder to see the cabins of their neighbors in the same condition.

Here we would remark that we have no journal of Bishop Roberts' travels. He wrote nothing of the kind himself, and we have nothing from his pen, except the brief narrative written from his own mouth by Dr. Simpson, and reaching from his birth to the year 1808, or to the sixth year of his ministry. After that time we have no written documents to rely on. The annual Minutes do not say what Bishops attended the conferences, or when and where they sat. It is true that, at the end of the minutes for each conference, it is said when and where the next session shall be; but changes have sometimes been made in the times in their sittings which throws uncertainty around the precise time. And very little can be gained from the published proceedings of conferences since our periodicals came into existence, as they say very little concerning the movements of the Bishops, which would enter into a narrative of their lives. Had we a detailed account of the travels of Bishop Roberts, especially his travels in

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the frontier west, similar to the interesting narratives which Bishop Morris gave of his journey from St. Louis to Texas, the narrative would contain a large number of the most thrilling events. But, alas! Bishop Roberts kept no such narrative, and no one did, and no one, indeed, could keep it for him. This will form a chasm in our narrative of his life which no art of ours or of mortal man can make up.

This, too, however, is an incident of his life. His means of information in literature, while young, were very small. To compose, at that day, formed no part of common education. And the great mass were never supposed to need the art of expressing their thoughts clearly and forcibly on paper. This was supposed to be the privilege only of the few literati. Bishop Roberts, in after life, never applied himself to composition, with the view of transmitting his thoughts to posterity, though his attainments, by reading, were very respectable indeed, and his acquisitions, by experience and observation, guided by his native prudence and large mind, were very superior indeed. His error was that he believed he could never succeed in this. But practice would make him perfect in this, and nothing but practice ever could. His defect here was, that he did not cultivate the art of composition, and transmit to posterity the incidents of his eventful life. Leading men owe this debt to the present and rising generations. And should our little narrative ever reach the men who sit at the helm of our ecclesiastical affairs, we hope they will see the necessity of chronicling the events of their day, for the benefit of posterity. If they will not do this, others will do it for them imperfectly, or falsely, and perhaps maliciously. They are therefore reduced to the necessity of testifying for themselves what they have seen, heard, or know; or permit either true, false, or suborned witnesses to say what they please concerning them. We must, therefore, slightly fault Bishop Roberts for this negligence, or, rather, mistake, while we desire to apologize for him in consequence of his want of early opportunities; but especially in consequence of his great modesty and humility, which rendered it an intolerable cross for him ever to say any thing of himself which would render him prominent.

In the fall of 1817 he and Mrs. Roberts visited Indiana, and returned in the winter to Shenango. His brother Lewis, to whom he was strongly attached, had purchased land in Indiana, and had moved, we think, to that state. The Bishop, too, had made a small purchase of wild land in the same neighborhood, and had determined to make this country his future residence.

He hunted a good deal this winter, while at home, and among other trophies of the chase was a fox. A recurrence to his former favorite pursuit seemed to delight him very much, so that he enjoyed an occasional hunt as much as he did in any former time. The ague still cleaved to him, and he had, also, a visit from the jaundice. But his strong constitution resisted their force, so that he was enabled to follow up his appointments.

In winter, or toward the close of it, he visited the Virginia conference. In his travels this year he lay out a whole night, and held his horse by the bridle, to prevent him from running away. It is hard to account for this, unless we attribute it to his extreme diffidence, by which he was often prevented from enjoying the comforts of life. Or it may be ascribed to his want of money to bear his expenses; and, sooner than make his wants known, he would, as he often did, lie or stay out all night when almost any one would entertain him gladly. He was known to give his funds for benevolent purposes, and when they were all exhausted, he would suffer hunger, or any other privation, sooner than make his wants known.

In January, 1818, Mrs. Roberts traveled on horseback from Shenango to Alexandria, and met the Bishop. She expected to have company, but was disappointed. She met, however, a preacher at Bedford, Pa., who rode with her to Alexandria. She was not to be deterred from her purpose by trivial causes. She then went with the Bishop to Baltimore and Philadelphia conferences, taking York in their way. He returned with her to York. From the latter place she traveled in company with a young man and woman to Pittsburg. She rode one horse and led another. On the horse she rode she carried a pack, and on the led horse a larger pack on a pack-saddle. The packs consisted of their clothing and books, which they could not carry with them when they moved, together with some presents in clothing which their friends in Baltimore and Philadelphia had bestowed on them. Sometimes she led the horse with a line attached to his bridle, she going before, and the horse following the one she rode. Sometimes, when tired of this mode, she would drive him before her; but this mode was attended with some inconvenience, as the loose horse would occasionally run off the path; and then she was compelled to gallop after him and turn him into the right way again. She traveled alone from Pittsburg to Shenango, a distance of nearly eighty miles. No misfortune befell her, except that she was once thrown off her horse, but from which she received no injury.

The Bishop proceeded on horseback to attend the New York, New England, and Genesee conferences. He got home in July. He traveled, on his way home, on a new route through the Genesee flats, and subsisted for three days on blackberries. We suspect his money ran out; for he would almost perish with hunger, rather than make his wants known. He attended the Ohio conference this year, which sat in Steubenville, Aug. 7, 1818.

In the year 1819 he moved from Shenango to Lawrence county, Indiana. The leading reasons were the following, as far as we can learn:

He was not very well pleased with the soil and climate of Mercer county, after he had visited Indiana, and other parts of the further west. And the soil and climate of the southern part of Indiana pleased him much better. As he had a taste for agriculture and retired life, he supposed that Indiana would suit him

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better than where he lived. His brother Lewis had already moved to Indiana, and to him he was most fondly attached, and therefore desired to live near him, not only for the sake of his society, but also to avail himself of his watch-care over his temporal concerns when he was from home. He had, also, several nephews and nieces, for whom he wished to do all in his power; and, by moving to the new country, he believed he could aid them more than by staying where he was. But, above all, he wished to be as little expense to the Church as possible; and, with his spirit of independence on the one hand, and his generosity on the other, he believed he could secure to himself a living, and at the same time depend little on others, and benefit those who were closely allied to him in blood relationship. No appropriation was made for the support of his family, or, if there was, he had not applied for it; and he got no more from the Church than his traveling expenses and his quarterage—that is, two hundred dollars per annum. His property at Shenango amounted to very little. The mill scarcely paid its expenses; and it and one hundred acres of the land was sold for a trivial sum, only a very small part of which he realized. The remaining three hundred acres of his original tract was of little value. A very small part of it was cleared. The improvements consisted of the small clearing, the old double cabin, and a log stable. The whole was worth no more than three or four hundred dollars at this time, and that amount, probably, could not be obtained for it in good payments from responsible men. It is true, he sold it, shortly after or before his removal to Indiana, for five hundred dollars; but, after waiting many years, he was not paid, and the land finally reverted to him again. It was finally sold for long payments, to several persons, amounting in all to six hundred dollars, after he had waited many years before he could sell, and then he received it in small amounts, after long delays.

After the best deliberation in his power, he resolved, in 1819, to move to Lawrence county, Indiana. He packed up his goods in November of this year. He was delayed, partly in consequence of attending the Ohio and other conferences in the fall. A further delay was occasiond by snagging one of his horses. When the morning of his departure was come, he was earnestly desirous of setting out very early, in order to avoid the affliction of parting from his friends. But in this he was disappointed. His relatives and neighbors convened early to see him before his departure. Before a final separation took place, they all united in prayer; and such were the greetings of his friends and neighbors, that the day was far spent before he could set out. On that day he traveled only a few miles.

The company consisted of himself and wife, Thomas Roberts and Robert Roberts, sons of his brother Thomas, his little nephew, George, and his niece, Esther Lindsay, daughter of his favorite sister Elizabeth. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts rode in the two horse carriage, filled pretty well with bed-clothes and other clothing. Esther rode another horse, with a good-sized pack under her. The two young men had a fourth horse, which they rode alternately. Little George fared as he could, sometimes in the carriage, at other times riding behind Esther or one of the young men. They carried with them their own provisions, and when they were exhausted they replenished them as they could. In this manner they traveled until they reached the end of their journey on the 28th of November.

During their whole course he rarely stopped at the house of any of his religious friends. The first night he staid with Mr. Fell, a few miles distant. The next he staid with his old friend, Dr. Bostwick. During the rest of his journey he put up at the public taverns, and it was rarely known who he was, until after he was gone. On Sabbaths where he remained from Saturday until Monday, he was mostly discovered to his fiends, as he always attended meeting; but he never proclaimed who he was. This was left to the circumstances of the case to declare. Even when he attended worship he always took a humble or retired seat; so that few, from his demeanor, would suspect him for a preacher, except that his dignified appearance and plain clothing would serve as indexes of discovery.

His brother Lewis had succeeded in raising a cabin for him; but it was the mere shell of a cabin, having only the rough log walls, the clap-board roof, and sleepers; but was without chimney, door, window, floor, or loft.

When they arrived in the new Episcopal residence, on the evening of the 28th of November, 1819, their provisions were exhausted. But they obtained some potatoes, which were raised for them near the cabin, or which they procured from a neighbor. Which of the two ways they were so fortunate as to obtain them for supper we could not ascertain. As they had no time or fixtures for boiling the potatoes, they made up a fire in the place where the chimney was to stand, and roasted the potatoes. They were placed in rows on a sleeper, about knee high from the ground, and the good Bishop devoutly asked a blessing before meal, and returned thanks with equal devotion for the supply of food. But Esther, who was about fourteen, was very much displeased at the present meagre fare, and the prospect of comfort which lay before them. She retired to a corner in rather a disconsolate mood, which was very unusual to her. She observed to little George and the young men that she did not see why uncle should ask a blessing and return thanks for a supper of roasted potatoes, without any thing else in the world to eat. They placed some unhewed puncheons on the sleepers, and prepared their beds for the night as well as they could. Just as they were about to go to sleep the wolves began to howl near the house. The open spaces for the door and chimney had no protection from their incursion—a large fire only served to intimidate the wolves, and to discover them, should they enter the cabin. As they continued to howl, Esther became very much alarmed, as she had heard it said that the wolves killed a horse for them in Shenango, just after old Mr. Richford had moved to that country. Mr. Roberts used all his persuasion to pacify her and little

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George, both of whom were much alarmed. After awhile the wolves, seeing the blazing fire, and no good prospect of prey, scampered away howling, and their cries soon died away in the distance. Profound sleep shortly relieved them from their cares, and they arose in the morning in safety.

All hands were now closely employed in preparing their new house for comfortable winter quarters. Their beds and clothing were all moved out of doors in the morning, and moved in at night—a large fire out of doors was made to serve as a kitchen fire during the day. The Bishop, the two young men, and George, worked at the floor from dawn of day till dark. The puncheons were hewed, jointed, smoothed, the joints sawed, and all keyed up, and the whole surface smoothed off with the adze. The fire-place was then attended to. The chimney was raised, and the hearth laid. The clap-board door was made, and the house was ready for occupancy day and night; so that Mrs. Roberts needed not now to sit down on a log in the open air and knit or sow, when she was not employed in adjusting their things after their journey, so as to see what was safe and what was injured.

When the house was habitable, by floor, door, and fire-place, all the males, with the Bishop at their head, cleared three acres south of the house, working at it while they could see, having always eaten their breakfeast before day, by lamp or fire-light. The nights, from dark till bed-time, were spent in work, making some article of furniture, or something needful for their day-light work. Of the furniture a large chair was made with an axe and auger; but when made, it was too heavy to be lifted up, except by a very strong person. Esther or George could move or shove it, but they could not lift it, as the wood was green oak. The three acres first cleared was sown in wheat in December, in order to anticipate the wants of next year. And several stools were made, as recreation for the evenings, to serve in the place of chairs. A bedstead was borrowed from his brother Lewis, for the benefit of the Bishop and Mrs. Roberts. The other members of the family slept sweetly that winter without the advantage of bedsteads.

In moving, their money was all exhausted. Still, they needed a cow. Mrs. Roberts argued that a cow would be very important for their comfort, during the winter, in furnishing them with milk, even allowing they could make no butter. The Bishop thought they must do without a cow during the winter, as he had no money to buy. She urged him to try his credit, as it was a matter both of comfort and economy to have a good cow. With some difficulty, however, he got money to buy a cow, for which he paid twenty dollars. Their bread, too, was necessary. He sold, or traded one of his farm-horses, and bought, or exchanged him for wheat and corn—the wheat at fifty cents per bushel, and the corn at twenty-five cents.

The Bishop, during the winter, indulged himself in a few days' hunting, which repaid his toil with good supplies of venison, as he killed several deer in the few occasional days he spent in that way. This, indeed, may have been the most convenient and cheapest mode for him to procure meat for his family.

A pen, or rough stable, was a necessary appendage to his conveniences for the winter. A ten acre field was cleared during the winter by the Bishop, and the two young men, and little George. At this they worked hard, in order to have it in readiness before planting time. The Bishop worked hard in company with the young men at the clearing. And they continued their work at night as before, varying it a little, however, by attending to their log-heaps, while they were on fire.

It was eighteen miles to the nearest mill. This gave occasion to spend sometime in getting grinding done. To remedy this, hommony was used plentifully, prepared by pounding in a hommony trough, or by hulling the corn in lye. Or, in case of necessity, the hand-mill was resorted to; and, in times of extremity, the grater was employed to grate down corn so as to make it into coarse meal.

In the spring the Bishop left for the conferences, taking with him one of the horses, and leaving the other two with the young men.

At planting time the ten acres were cleared, fenced, and ploughed, and furrowed out one way, ready for planting. Mrs. Roberts, as usual, in the absence of the Bishop, superintended every thing in the house and in the field. She took a catarrh in one of the fingers of her right hand in the spring; so that she could not use the hand, but was forced to wear it in a sling. Just when her hand was at the worst planting time came on. In order to accomplish this in due time, she arranged all as follows: Esther was set to do all the house-work. George furrowed the corn-field the second time, making it ready for planting. Mrs. Roberts kept her right hand in the sling. She carried the corn in her pocket, such as the matrons of those days always wore. With her left hand she planted, and the two young men covered the corn. In this way the field was very soon planted. The corn crop was excellent, and the wheat tolerable, though sown in December. They also raised flax, with which Mrs. Roberts made the linen necessary for her family. The young men broke and scutched it, Mrs. Roberts spun it with her own hands, and Esther wove it.

BAD HABITS.

If a child is neglected until six years of age, no subsequent education can recover it. If to this age he is in ignorance and dissipation, in baseness and brutality, in that vacancy of mind which such habits create, it is vain to try and reclaim it by teaching it reading and writing. You may teach it what you choose *afterwards*, but if you have not prevented the formation of *bad habits*, you will teach in vain. With children under the age of six years, learning—school learning—should not be the chief consideration, but the formation of moral principle.—*Brougham.*

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Original.

AN INCIDENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

The character of John Hancock, whose name stands first amongst the signers of the Declaration of Independence, is familiar to all our readers. The following incident is closely connected with his memory. We narrate it not only as an interesting passage in the annals of New England Methodism, but also because it is a well authenticated fact in the history of a family of so great and merited distinction as that of the Hancocks.

In 18—, Mr. ——, now Bishop H., was stationed in Boston, with one younger minister for his colleague. On a certain day a lady called on Mr. H. for religious conversation. She was dressed in the richest style of the times, was remarkably genteel in her manners, and her whole deportment indicated that she was familiar with the best society and moved in its highest circles. After some conversation, she informed Mr. H. that she wished to unite with his Church. She gave him her name, and referred him to several of the most respectable families of the city, that he might learn from them her character, and took her leave. After a few days, she called again, and on her still expressing a wish to unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church, Mr. H., who had satisfied himself that her character was unblemished, informed her that she would be welcomed to the bosom of the Church, if she could consent to the conditions of membership. He suggested to her that the Methodist Church—then in its infancy—was not composed of persons from those castes of society in which she had mingled, and, besides, there was a rule concerning dress which he felt bound to enforce; and its operation might be very embarrassing to one like her. "O, sir," was the spirit of her reply, "I have read your Discipline, and am fully prepared to submit to its requirements, or I should not have offered myself to your Church."

The day and hour came in which this lady was to be received into society. She presented herself on the occasion exceedingly changed in her outward appearance. Her elegant attire was laid aside. Every article of gay apparel, every external ornament was dispensed with, and the plain, Quaker-like dress which the meek, unworldly Wesleyans of those times were accustomed to wear, was substituted in their place.

This lady was the sister of the venerable John Hancock. And the reader will doubtless be curious to know how she came to be a Methodist, and what was the result of her union with that Church. In regard to her joining the Methodists, some may suspect that she must have become unhappy in domestic life, or unacceptable as a member of genteel society, or reduced in circumstances; or, if not one of these, some idiosyncracy of mind must have led her in this strange course. We were not able to ascertain from the highly respectable gentleman who gave us this account, and who received it quite recently from the lips of Bishop H., that any such causes had operated, in whole or in part, to bring this lady into the Church. As nearly as we can recollect the tradition, her own account of the circumstances was as follows:

She was a Unitarian; not that the liberal party of Boston and its vicinity had declared themselves fully at that time, or had set forth, in due and distinct form, the doctrinal views which they afterward, in the days of Mr. Holly, inculcated, but they were then divergent from the orthodoxy of New England, as well as from the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel. Such as they were, she affiliated with them, and understood herself to be a Unitarian. While passing along quite satisfied with her religion, a servant-maid (whether a Methodist or not we forget, if it was stated) brought into her house a duodecimo volume of Wesley's Sermons. The mistress casually laid her hand upon her maid's book, and read, if we mistake not, the sermon on the "Witness of the Spirit." It produced such an effect upon her mind that she proceeded to read the whole book. Under the instruction of Mr. Wesley by his written sermons, she became deeply convicted, sought salvation by faith in Christ, and found it. As she passed, one day, from her own church to her dwelling, she came by the Methodist chapel, and observing that the services were still in progress, she resolved to enter a few minutes, and ascertain, if possible, whether the same doctrines were there taught as those which she had found inculcated in Mr. Wesley's Sermons. On entering the house she found the preacher, who, it seems, was Mr. H.'s colleague, in the midst of his discourse, and she was soon convinced that his doctrinal views were in strict harmony with those of Mr. Wesley. The result of all her reading, experience, and discoveries, has been stated.

This lady became eminently devout and happy. She lived a few months with her husband, who then died and left her in possession of a large estate. She continued about three years after his death to spend her time and employ her influence in doing good of every sort to the bodies and souls of those around her. She dispersed her estate liberally to the poor, and especially to them who were of the household of faith. After yielding her time, talents, influence, and substance, to the Lord, and to his blessed cause, for the brief period above named, she died in holy triumph, and passed from a heaven below to a heaven above.

After her death, it was found that she had remembered, in her will, the cause of God, and had devoted a liberal share of her estate to various benevolent and religious objects. And, most unexpectedly, those humble ministers of Christ, who had been the instruments of introducing her to the fellowship of the saints, were sharers in her numerous bequests. This is mentioned as a proof that she was satisfied to the end with the course she had taken.

To our pious readers we would say, borrow from this narrative whatever lessons you are able on the subject *of living to God alone.*

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THE RESURRECTION.

BY A. B. WOMBAUGH.

"If a man die, shall he live again?—Job.

"'Fool!' saith the Atheist, 'tis a dream—a cheat
Of lying priestcraft. There is no God nor heaven!
The grave—the cold, damp dungeon of the scul
And body, yawns to receive thee! Darkness,
Not light, shall be thy recompense.'——
* * * * * *
Alas! poor unbeliever, thou art mad—
Lost 'mid the mazes of thy thorny pride;
And while the sun shines broadly from the sky,
Thou gropest in caverns of philosophy;
Ay, like a moth art addled with a taper!
But we will ne'er forego our fond belief,
Anchored in heaven, and steadfast as the sun!"

GOODRICH.

But if *Christ* be not risen, our "*faith is vain*," as far as it involves the resurrection from their graves, of the untold millions of our race already borne off by the chill tide of death. To those, and all that now, and shall hereafter live, he is the "precious corner-stone"—the *only* "sure foundation" on which to predicate their assurance of the immortality of the soul; and this, its kindred doctrine—the resurrection of the body.

That he *did* rise, evidence stronger than unbelief or reason could ask has been given—given by Cephas—by twelve of the most self-denying and disinterested men the world ever saw—then by more than five hundred men, besides women; most of whom were yet living, and ready to attest to this truth when the chief of the apostles so unanswerably presented it to the inhabitants of Corinth. "Collect the many proofs together," says Sorin; "consider them in one point of view and see how many extravagant suppositions must be advocated, if the resurrection of our Savior be denied. It must be supposed that ignorant and illiterate men who had neither reputation, fortune, nor eloquence, possessed the art of fascinating the eyes of all the Church. It must be supposed, either that five hundred persons were all deprived of their senses at a time, or that they were all deceived in the plainest matters of fact, or that this multitude of false witnesses had found out the secret of never contradicting themselves or one another. It must be supposed that the most expert courts of judicature could not find out a shadow of contradiction in a palpable imposture—that the apostles were idiots—that the enemies of Christianity were idiots; and that all the primitive Christians were idiots." But as evidence the most indubitable assures us that Christ *has risen* from the dead, it is equally easy for others—for all men, to be raised; and since this has been predicted, and in part accomplished, all should be assured of the *entire* fulfillment.

As to the nature and properties of the resurrection body, we may not at present be able to understand, because it is refined and raised into something better and nobler. But this does not invalidate the doctrine—it presents the deficiency as in our natural powers, and not in the subject under investigation. How little can we understand of that mysterious process by which the grain, as it dies, passes into a new form of life, so unlike to its former self, and yet in properties the same? Something better and fairer, then, may arise out of this handful of dust which we consign to corruption and to the tomb, as much above *its* former self, as the blade of wheat, or the tree, or the flower, transcends in beauty and value, the decaying seed from which it springs. It was a natural body; but in its *new* formation, refined from grossness, and beautiful from deformity, it may with propriety be called a "*spiritual body*;" descended from the first man of the earth, like him it was earthy; but in its renewed state it is like the glorified body of the second man—the Lord from heaven.

It will be in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, that this great and glorious change shall be effected, in which a world is interested. With his trump thrust through the parting sky, the angel will give the final sound, and in obedience to that voice piercing the dull leaden ear of death, all shall arise incorruptible and be changed.

"Wak'd by this summons from the sky,
The molder'd form, a quick'ning breath
Feels—glows—and breaks the grasp of death—
Bursts the vex'd grave, (its power how vain!)
And he who died *shall live again*."

Well then may the Christian rejoice in promises so certain, in prospects so bright, in a triumph so brilliant, in a glory so unutterable. Let the "sons of nature" discard this mystery, and call it a dream of the credulous; let them consign their bodies to the grave, with the fear or the hope that it may be the receptacle of both soul and body. Let them say to the loved departed, "Farewell! ye who were once the partners of our joys and sorrows! The cold embrace of death clasps your moldering bodies, and the shades of an impenetrable midnight brood *for ever* upon you."

But we will believe in a resurrection—that the same lovely forms we commit to corruption and earth, and bedew with our tears, and follow with regrets, shall meet us again, coming up fresh and fair; and in them shall the beauty and glory of Christ himself be seen.

We believe—we exult—we repeat the words of the apostle's triumph—for we feel something of their power, as we look over scenes of gloom and darkness suddenly irradiated by the splendor of the Sun of righteousness, and mortality itself awaking in freshness of life: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"O when will death,
This moldering, old partition wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?"

Come—come, thou long wished for hour, when our sorrow shall cease—when freed from probation we shall ascend to that clime where forms never change, and hopes are not wrecked—where the rainbow of peace eternal bends its broad arch over the mercy-seat, and all is quietness and assurance for ever.

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Original.

THE MOTHER'S OFFERING.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!"

HEMANS.

DEAR SISTER HAMLINE,—My feelings have just been painfully called forth by the death of a most interesting boy, the son of Dr. S. W. Clarkson, formerly of your city. Never was there a child of lovelier promise. His surpassing beauty was less a subject of pleased observance, than were the bright intellect, and high-toned affections and feelings, with which every lineament was instinct. He was ill but a few hours. Pray, dear sister, for the bereaved parents. It is the third time they have been smitten by a similar blow. Who but God can give them comfort. To the mother, crushed as she is, yet has his sustaining grace been already extended; but the sterner spirit of man agonizes longer in its resistance to the fiat that thus bows it to the dust. I have rarely witnessed so touching an exemplification of the power of grace to *sustain*, as in the strength of our sister at the death scene of her child. I had trembled to meet her there, for I well knew her life was bound up in his. His young and singularly strong affection was the charm of her existence. She felt more for him than a mother's wonted love—she had transferred to him all the hopes and affections upon which the grave had already twice closed. Yet I beheld her, pale indeed as marble, and evidently sinking in frame beneath the weakness of fainting nature, but the calmness of perfect submission was upon her soul. When spoken to of her trial, by some friend, she simply replied, "He is the Lord's." She left the room of her dying boy voluntarily, and waited composedly for the announcement of his release. When told that the last struggle was at hand, she declined seeing him till the strife was past, adding, with clasped hands, "Lord Jesus receive his spirit;" and then she rose, and silently motioning those away who approached her, she went into the chamber of death. The pure spirit was fled—the little form, that only the day before had been a being of intense life and beauty lay stretched before her, a thing of clay. What a change!—yet did that mother, herself yet young, and with a heart full of unwasted feelings and deep susceptibilities, stand by that form upon which she had been wont to gaze with a seemingly idolatrous fondness, with solemn calmness. For a while she looked upon the faded and changed face—though even the spoiler had not divested it of its exceeding beauty—parting back the rich curls that clustered round the broad and polished brow; and at last kneeling beside it, she lifted up her voice in a prayer of unbroken fervor. She said, "I gave him to thee at his birth, O Lord! O give me grace to resign him freely." Such was the power of faith in this scene of trial. May all who are bereaved find access to the same Almighty Comforter.

The following lines are but the tribute of sympathetic friendship:

We might have known thee all too fair and bright
For this dim vale, where joy has but a name—
Did we not trace in thy young spirit's light
A radiance deeper than earth *long* may claim?
Sweet flower of promise, with whose life's first morn
A thousand hopes were, clustering round thee, born.

Did not thy sunny being round thee fling
Too deep a gladness—too intense delight?
Thy beaming glance, so like a smile of spring—
Brought it no boding sense of early blight?
Too rich that glance with thy young thoughts' bright play,
And feelings' shadowy light deepening its ray.

It woke a love too strong for human ties—
Too deeply passionate for human hearts.
Love has no rest beneath the o'ershadowing skies—
Still from the earth the loveliest, soonest parts,
And thou—how looked we on *thy* form of light
And thought to save thee from death's gathering blight.

Death's *blight!*—not so—blest boy, we know thee borne
Beyond the touch of death and blight for ever,
And struggling love is called but to return
Thee, precious gift, back, stainless, to the Giver;
Not here undimmed had been thy spirit's ray,
But now 'tis sealed to ever brightening day.

We have not lost thee—even the lovely dust
O'er which love bent in agony's strong strife,
We yield it up but for awhile in trust,
The grave shall give it back to fairer life—
Death may not hold the empire of the tomb,
Our loved and mourned shall wake to immortal bloom.

Z.

Vevay, Ia., Sept. 16, 1843.

STANZAS.

How pure the light on yonder hills,
How soft the shadows lie;
How blithe each morning sound, that fills
The air with melody!

Those hills, that rest in solemn calm
Above the strife of men,
Are bathed in breezy gales of balm,
From knoll and heathy glen.

In converse with the silent sky
They mock the flight of years;
While man and all his labors die,
Low in this vale of tears.

Meet emblem of eternal rest,
They point their summits grey
To the fair region of the blest,
Where tends our pilgrim way.

The everlasting mountains, there,
Reflect undying light;
The ray which gilds that ambient air,
Nor fades nor sets in night.

Than summer sun more piercing bright,
That beam is milder too;
For love is in the sacred light,
That softens every hue.

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From the London Imperial Magazine.

THE STAGE,

A PROMOTER OF IMMORALITY.

Mr. Editor,—Among the variety of interesting and useful discussions with which your columns are supplied, there appears to me one, not deficient in importance, which has not till lately occupied much of your attention, concerning the morality or immorality of the stage.

When a disease, that is infectious, exists, and is likely to spread its contagion, it becomes the duty of all persons to warn the ignorant and the unwary, and to apply those antidotes which are the most operative and the most lasting. Although many good men are uniting their efforts to effect the good of the rising generation—to train children to habits moral and religious—and to remove them from that heathen darkness which too much, and too long, has pervaded the region of the poorer classes of society—yet, I think, with all their zeal, and all their endeavors, the desired end will not be accomplished, unless the great evil of our theatres be pointed out in a more general and public manner than has been hitherto done. It is, sir, this object which dictates the present observations; and, doubtless, the discussion of so general a question as the good or evil tendency of the stage, will prove of the greatest utility in assisting the labors of those benevolent individuals, who employ their time and their property, and exert their influence, in favor of the general good.

For my own part, I am not aware of a more delusive amusement than the stage. Nothing perhaps has contributed more to corrupt the morals of a people, than play-houses and stage-poets. Nor is it difficult to make this appear so to the candid inquirer, if he will call to mind the means that are used to accomplish the intention of the authors. Let us not forget the general *sentiments* of most plays. There we find that pride, resentment, and false honor, are conspicuously sanctioned; that piety is very often represented in a ridiculous light; and that those who assume the character of public instructors, are made to be "wolves in sheep's clothing." It is frequently the case, that the grossest licentiousness is considered a minor fault, and matrimony, the ordinance of our Creator, is made a scene of burlesque, and contemptuous merriment. Is not the rake frequently the favorite of the piece? and at the end of the play, he often gets rewarded for his libertinism. Yet notwithstanding the notoriety of these facts, there are individuals, who, bearing the character of fathers, lead their children to those haunts of immorality! As a parent, I would raise my loudest voice against those sinks of iniquity, and lead the young and tender mind to a more chaste and innocent amusement. But can it be said that the theatre is a means of inculcating morality, and forming virtuous habits? Where is this lesson of morality taught? Is it in the representation of *fictitious* characters and incidents, made pliable to the nod of the stage-poet? Or is it in the lives of *real* characters of the worst description, with which theatres are at times favored?

I have spoken of the *sentiments* which generally pervade our plays—I will now speak of the *language* which they contain. And here I have no hesitation in saying, that it is equally bad with the sentiment. For can it possibly be denied, that our plays are abounding in jests on serious and religious subjects? So sensible do some of our play-poets seem to be, of the utility of this method, to ridicule Scripture truths, that every nerve is strained to accomplish this object; and, as a preparative, they often indulge their anxious auditory with phrases of a double import. Indeed, they well know that drollery is a powerful engine to do mischief to religion. Reason, with all its batteries, has never been able to shake it. Experience concurs with its dictates; and the greatest shrewdness and sagacity have never been able to discover any flaws in its moral principles. But there is no fence against this flail of profane and scurrilous drollery, that, with its apish tricks and buffoonery, is able to render, not only the wisest man in the world, but the most solid and substantial truth, ridiculous. This plan, we know, is practially adopted, in many departments of life, in which we see men put off with a jest, what they can never answer with all their wit or talent. Do not our plays, also, abound in profane oaths? And if these vices I have enumerated be tolerated, as they certainly are, by a crowded auditory, what need is there of further proof that our theatres are great corrupters of public morals?

With respect to the *effect* produced on an assembly, by such sentiments and such language, we need only bring to our remembrance the nightly occupation of particular places, where the fallen victim of her own folly and sin occupies a seat, to catch some unwary youth, deprive him of his property, ruin his reputation, and bring disgrace upon his connections. "Perhaps there is not in the world so compact and concentrated a mass of human depravity to be found, as in the *one shilling gallery* of the large theatres, when any piece of low and indecent buffoonery is to be performed. The very lowest, foulest dregs of fomenting grossness and vice, are there, walking in tumultuous ebullition. Satan certainly has not on earth, another agent so teeming with future evils." This fact is still more important and alarming, in the scale of argument, when we know that "on the lower classes, the higher are built. They must stand or fall together. At any rate, if the former fail, the latter cannot keep their places. If you sap or corrupt the foundation, the superstructure must be endangered. Of the lower classes, is the foundation of society formed. Here, then, in the theatre, is engendered the dry-rot, which, penetrating to the heart of the English oak that supports the state, destroys its very nature, and renders it not only useless, but highly insecure and dangerous."

It would be no difficult thing, to carry our thoughts to the audience at minor theatres; but confirmation of the above opinion, is fully in the consciences of your readers. And now I ask, If theatrical entertainments produce an effect so great, as to bring *such* an assembly

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together, where can possibly be the advantage of attending on them? for the exhibition must be congenial to the feelings and notions of this auditory, else they would not nightly *pay for their admission.*

I might, Mr. Editor, easily paint the character, and practice, of some of our performers and play-writers; but I have no wish to say any thing of living personages, more than this—Does their practical comment, on the parts they represent to their audience for imitation, correspond with the spirit of the doctrines of the benevolent and heaven-taught Jesus?

Indeed, after all that can be said in favor of the stage, experience and observation urge me to say of plays, as Cowper does of cards, if not to rank them among the most demoralizing of—

> ——————"all the tricks
> That idleness has ever yet contrived,
> To fill the void of an unfurnished brain,
> To palliate dullness, and give time a shove."

I would close by observing, that the present subject is not a question of mere good nature. The public morals are involved in the regulation of the public pleasures; and an honest censor should chastise the encroachments of false taste, with as strong a hand, as that with which he would repel the inroad of a new vice. Food to man, is not more essential, than morality to nations. J. W. M.

THE CUP OF LIFE.

We are apt to try to fancy in our youth, says one writer, that the sweet cup of life has not a drop of bitter; but we all soon discover that it is not so. With life, as with every thing else, we find the bright and delightful scattered thinly amidst an immensity of baser matter. Those who seek pearls are obliged to plunge into the deep briny sea, to drag them up, and even then, perchance, out of every shell, ten will be worthless; but did we find pearls hanging amongst grapes, or diamonds at the root of roses, we should value neither the one nor the other as they merit. As it is, threads of pain are woven so intimately in the web of life, that they form but one piece; and wise the hand that ordered it so.

> "When sorrow fills my bitter cup,
> And bids me drink its contents up;
> Then Jesus, with his lovely smile,
> Will hush my woes to rest the while."

DANCING.

"I am an old fellow," says Cowper, in one of his letters; "but I had once my dancing days, as you have now; yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as conversing with her at home, when I could observe her behavior at table, or at the fireside, and in all trying scenes of domestic life. We are all good, when pleased; but she is the good woman who wants not the *fiddle* to sweeten her."

Original.

REMEMBER ME.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom," Luke xxiii, 42.

Enthron'd on worlds of living light
My risen Lord I see by faith—
Girded with love, yet arm'd with might,
To save a world from sin and death:
Eternal honors now attend
The form once bow'd for human guilt,
Yet still he is the sinner's friend,
For whom his blood was freely spilt.

O, Savior, when the vengeful sword
Of justice hovers o'er my soul,
Speak thou the life-preserving word,
And make the wounded spirit whole!
Let not my sins, though crimson red,
A hindrance to thy mercy be—
The blood that was on Calvary shed
All loudly cries, "Remember me."

When waves of sorrow, rising high,
Would shroud me in their whelming tide
May I but feel thy presence nigh,
And safely o'er the billows ride!
And when the tempter's artful wile
Would tear my soul from heaven and thee,
Then wilt thou baffle all his guile,
And in thy grace "remember me."

Thy Spirit, holy God, be mine!
O, clothe me in thy righteousness—
Thy wisdom in each action shine—
Thy meekness on my heart impress!
Then, when the hour of death has come,
Mounting on joyous pinion free,
My soul shall shout her welcome home;
For thou wilt still "remember me."

And when, with mingled hope and fear,
Loud echoing through the vaulted skies,
My Maker's mandate stern I hear,
Bidding the dead to judgment rise—
When, in the realms of endless day,
Thy glory evermore I see,
Then, then will I with rapture say,
"My Savior hath remember'd me."

O! there is beauty in the morn's first ray,
When the sun rises from his eastern bed—
And in the farewell gleam of closing day,
When in the west he drops his wearied head.

And there is beauty, when the silent night,
Wearing her starry coronet, comes forth,
Upon her polish'd car of silver light,
And sways her sceptre o'er the sleeping earth.

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Original.

PREACHING.

It is said, and with authority, that we ought never to object to the manner and style of a preacher, so long as he preaches the Gospel. We would not attempt to take the negative of this question, whilst stated in this form; yet it is possible that our dislikes, our tastes and preferences, may be defended, and may originate in a cause that is both fair and genuine. We believe that there is very little exception to the remark that it is against those who *do not* preach the Gospel in its purity, but rather preach *themselves*, that objection is generally made. For, however our judgments may be biassed in favor of the eloquence, or the personal advantages of the speaker on other occasions and in other places, yet it will be found that the oratory of the *pulpit* forms an exception to this rule, and that the matter, and a close conformity to its sense, and to its weighty and important character, is what is first of all and most of all esteemed in the clerical teacher. Nor do we confine this remark to the church-going community alone. The idea will be found to extend to the casual dropper-in, the way-farer, and the stranger, as well as to those of a more determined taste in the matter. The non-frequenter of church, more especially if residing in a city, is not altogether so unprepared to adjudge the proprieties of the subject as may at first be inferred; for it is a general idea that sufficient seriousness at least, and entire freedom from all affectation and frivolity, both of spirit and manner, are demanded as indispensable requisites for the pulpit. So universal, indeed, is this opinion, that the very fopling, who has been too long detained by his toilet this Sabbath morn, will pronounce severely and derisively upon him in the pulpit, if from that sacred place, in his holding forth to the people, he shall assume, in look, or word, or gesture, any of his own extra airs, and affectations, and littlenesses, although, in any other place, these should be to him the very points of imitation, and the devices that he should dress himself by.

We are led to these reflections, at this time, by having, in our side-walk promenade from church on yesterday, overheard the remarks of the various auditory upon the preacher of the day. Though *he*, by the way, was of a very opposite character to those excepted to; yet he may assist, by way of contrast, to illustrate our view of the subject.

Mr. —— is well known as a light of the Methodist Church, and duly honored for his deep devotedness to the cause he serves. It was on the 10th of September that this gentleman preached in Wesley Chapel in this city, (Cincinnati.) We had never before heard him, and, although having heard much about him, were rather disposed to let that weigh as an off-set to awakened interest, as it has often the effect to do. But we were still surprised and gratified on hearing him.

The gentleman in question possesses no striking or engaging exterior, but is of unnoticeable appearance, and seems entirely free from pretension. But, as he rises in the pulpit, the first sound of his voice, and the first look that we catch, both satisfy us that it is a man of God who stands before us, and that it will do us good to hear him. He is plain and solemn as an apostle, and he preaches Christ and him crucified. Forgetful of self, his subject is all in all with him. He gives forth a text, not now recollected, but one of general import to man's salvation. There was great beauty in his exordium—it was solemn, wide-spreading, and of universal interest—as, that "man in every state and condition of his existence experiences one presiding, uniform, universal *want*—and this want is the *religious sentiment*—the want of something beyond all that is tangible, or sensible, or sentient—the want of what shall satisfy the *soul*—'the want of God.'" Thus he commenced. And now see all the people looking at the preacher. How still it is! All in this well-filled, capacious building, are of one mind—they all like the preacher. It is pleasant to look at them—to see the one face of earnestness which constrains them all. And we feel, that, however varied in character or taste they may be, they are all accessible to *truth*, when acceptably presented. At this very time, they form a happy exemplification of what the preacher told us in the beginning, that a sense of religion was innate and universal in man. For awhile the preacher evolves his subject—he gives, with sedulous faithfulness, the plan and the history of Christ's mission to earth. It is no new thing that he tells the people; but he says it well, and his earnestness begins to give unction to the speaker. His voice, which was but flaccid in the beginning, has become full and sonorous—the body and the weight of the subject are upon it—it responds to some unseen influence—it is the *unction of grace* which swells its volume. And the hearer is charmed at its sound; for he "charmeth wisely." The people all sway their heads to see well the speaker; and, in their earnestness, they breathe but softly. We could almost say it were dramatic to behold them. And it is indeed a solemn drama that engages them. They listen to the law of salvation, and they feel that they have a soul to be saved. Some here are very serious, that we had not accredited for so much sobriety and soundness.

The preacher goes on and on with his subject, descending from generals to particulars. He discourses of the sacraments of the Church. We remark that, as a man, he is courteous. When referring to some Protestant Churches differing from his own, he is wont to say, "I say this *innocently*." But, coming now to the merits of faith, the preacher is fearless—"bold as a lion." He now unfolds the difference of the doctrine of "the mass," as in the Roman Catholic Church, where, by transubstantiation, the body of Christ is believed to be present to the senses, and the same sacrament in the Protestant faith, Christ being risen, ever living, ever present at the right hand of God, to make intercession for the penitent. But this—a mystery—is unfolded to the eye of *faith* alone—a more elevated and a more spiritual solace.

He then cited us to the evidence, the unvarying evidence, that the religion he preached was *a true* religion;

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for all who obey it to the letter and the word, to the deed and the practice, *are happy!* "And," adds he, "should an angel from heaven tell me that *that* is a good religion which *does not* make the people—God's ransomed—*happy*, I would not believe it." Good cause has he to say so; for was not Christ's advent announced as "glad tidings of great joy"—a Savior born to men? It was so, and so he preached. He had no figures of rhetoric—no newly-coined, latter-day words—no tricks of oratory—no self-seeming—no learning beyond the Book—nor aught of human invention to mar the Gospel influence; but all was plain, unaffected, earnest, *true*—it was a *sermon!* And yet there was nothing stupendous about it; for no stupendous effort had been made—this would have been out of tact with the occasion—a self-assumption and a self-seeking, and that where the Spirit alone should prompt and the speaker should expound and obey. The manifestations were only of a fine ability, of a repressed power, and a presiding reverence for the occasion, best shown by simplicity and plainness in word and manner. The speaker had as yet had very little action—no practice of gesture had been displayed—no rule had been taxed; but, as he got higher and higher into the story of redemption, his color heightened, and the force of strong interest swayed him; and he was swayed. His hands were now elevated; but the gesture was spontaneous, and obeyed the influence of his thought and his fervor as simply and as naturally as the flower expands itself to the heat of the sun.

Such was he; and, finally, may we not be fairly allowed *to prefer* such a one to another (not perhaps in that Chapel) who, though in the pulpit, and with the Bible in his hand, and giving a text from its pages, wanders far and wide from its spirit, even like the fool's eyes, to the ends of the earth; for, verily, his thoughts are earth-ward. He will quote, in one morning, from all the learned—from all the commentators, giving gratuitous lectures upon human science from the pulpit, and presenting, as it were, to his people a nosegay, of flaunting and gorgeous dyes, instead of the Rose of Sharon and the sweet herbs of Carmel. Indeed, our preference, in the case, is necessary, involuntary, and *true*.

COURTESY.

At the age of thirteen, George Washington copied into a sort of memorandum-book, which he then kept, a set of *rules for behavior*, the influence of which seems clearly discernible upon the whole of his illustrious life. One of the most striking and useful was—and to the observance of which we would invite the attention of all our youthful readers—"Never, in the presence of others, to do any act which might seem to imply a *slight*, or disregard of them; but to accompany every movement with a gesture or look of courtesy and respect, at least so as to show a mindfulness that others are present."

Original.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM J. ABBETT.

ADDRESSED TO HIS MOTHER.

And thou art gone! Farewell! farewell!
No tears the agony can tell,
No words impart
The dark, unmingled waves of woe,
Within its channels deep, that flow
Thy mother's heart.
Erewhile and much of beauty's wealth
Glowed in thy form, and rosy health
Smiled on thy brow:
Death came, and hence, with noiseless tread,
He bore thee. 'Mong the silent dead
Thou'rt dwelling now.

Thy time of life, its dewy morn,
Our pride, our joy, our eldest born,
Thou wert lost one.
Soon, soon are fled our dreams of bliss.
How vain, at such a time as this,
Seem schemes begun,
That erst had worn hope's sunniest hue,
And, brightly glowing, seemed already true!
How more than vain
Are all the brightest things of earth!
How false her joys! How little worth
Is all the train
Of things so fair, so bright that seem,
When from life's deceitful dream
We wake to know
How weak is man, who cannot save
His friends, or keep them from the grave
That yawns below!

Where'er is cast man's lot, the grave is there,
'Mid Iceland's snows, or Persia's fragrant air.
Who, who can save
The heart's dear idol from thy fearful power,
Or who thy victim snatch, in that dark hour,
From thee, dread grave!
A burst of music fills the ambient air,
And more than angel tongue is speaking there.
Hear stricken one—
"I to thine arms give back the loved and lost—
The grave o'er me no victory can boast—
God's only Son."

Then weep no more thy earthly comforts fled.
Tho' William slumbers with the quiet dead,
He liveth yet—
In heaven he lives. Fond mother, weep no more;
Soon, in the light of that immortal shore,
Thy sun shall set,
To rise in glory. No cold grave is there;
But by the living stream is growing fair
The tree of life,
While 'neath its verdant boughs, for ever blooming,
The loved ones gone before await thy coming.

S. C. H.

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Original.

A SCENE IN HEAVEN.

BY G. WATERMAN, JR.

"I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," Luke xv, 10.

While evening twilight, lingering, strayed
Across the fields of azure blue,
And on th' ethereal vault portrayed,
In richest light or changeful shade,
Its softest, mildest, varying hue,
My spirit, with a bolder flight
Than aught but angels' wing should dare,
Passed far beyond the bounds of night,
To realms of never-fading light,
And held with spirits converse there.

Beneath the battlemented towers,
Which, circling, guard the holy throng,
I listened to th' angelic choirs,
As, with their sweet melodious lyres,
They struck their choral evening song.
The music which wrapt seraph's make,
While glowing near the dazzling throne,
Breathed through my soul, and bade me take
My feeble harp—to strains awake,
Sung but by ransomed ones alone.

But ere its cords had ceased their sound,
Swept by a timid, trembling hand,
A solemn silence stole around,
Like that the universe had owned
Ere nature rose at God's command.
But soon a voice that silence broke—
A ransomed one glad tidings bore,
Which quick again heaven's harps awoke,
As, kneeling near the throne, he spoke
Of one resolved to sin no more.

"Another conquest of thy grace,
O thou most glorious sovereign King!
Another trophy, Prince of peace!
In which such wondrous love we trace,
As from thyself alone could spring!"
He ceased—then struck the golden strings,
And heaven's exulting chorus joined
Loud like the rush of cherub wings,
And ocean's roar, and thunderings,
In grand majestic power combined.

"All glory, in the highest strains,
To great Jehovah's awful name!
Let all who tread the heavenly plains,
Or fill the bright cherubic trains,
Swell the loud anthem to his fame!
Eternal praise—eternal song
To his almighty love be given
By all the holy sacred throng;
While listening worlds the strain prolong,
And spheres re-echo back to heaven!"

They ceased—and a responsive choir,
Of sweeter, more melodious lay,
The anthem swelled with grander power,
And raised the choral shout still higher,
To reach th' remotest orb of day.
"All glory to Immanuel's *love!*
Its wondrous conquering power proclaim!
Eternal—changeless—*dying* love—
Below all depths—all heights above—
And boundless as vast nature's frame!

"Then let loud halleluiah's ring
Through heaven's eternal arches high!
Wake, angel harp! let seraph sing!
And, saints redeemed, your tribute bring,
To swell the chorus of the sky!
Cherubic hosts, your noblest song
Now raise with an exulting voice!
That strain, ye undying sacred throng,
In mighty thunderings prolong,
And all the universe rejoice!"

But, ere had ceased that mighty strain,
Or thousand echoes bade renew—
Like thunders o'er the ethereal plain,
Or roarings of th' eternal main—
That song, so worthy, just, and true—
Another ransomed spirit came
And told of others turned from sin;
And bade the universe proclaim,
In songs *anew, Messiah's* name,
Whose grace and truth such conquests win.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then, 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection,
Of kindness—returned!

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love.

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
O, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

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CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

The following letters will doubtless be edifying to many of the readers of the Repository. Mrs. Hawkes was for many years a daughter of affliction and sorrow, but was deeply experienced in the things of God. Mrs Jones, her sister, was her sympathizing and counseling friend, who living near to the Fountain of life was capable of drawing thence, and imparting those lessons of comfort so necessary to the heart-stricken wanderer in this "vale of tears."—Ed.

FROM MRS. HAWKES TO MRS. JONES.

"I have a longing desire to see my beloved sister, and trust that now the way is open for my visiting her shortly. How are we comforted, even by an earthly friend, who seems to be interested for us! but that is a word of mighty consolation, 'He careth for you.' O for faith to realize this stupendous truth, that our adorable and merciful High Priest, is touched with the feeling of our infirmities! 'In all their afflictions he was afflicted.' Then, fainting heart, fear not. If I may but be enabled to wrap myself in the mantle of divine compassion and love, I shall be safe.

"I wish I could take more comfort in the consolations you offer me in the joys of the *crown*. Yes, truly, let me have the crown, and I shall soon forget all the suffering. But my great affair is, to sustain the heat and length of the battle. I feel the same when any author, or preacher, enters into a description of the joys of heaven; I am ready to stop them and say,—you need not tell me about these things; let me once enter, and I shall find your description to be poor. But tell me how to endure here as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; how to glorify God in the furnace; how to sustain the fire that is necessary to purge away the dross; how to kiss the scourging rod;—these are the lessons I want to learn, and which I trust I am endeavoring to learn, though very slowly. 'Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience; and experience, hope,'—'a hope that maketh not ashamed.' Pray for me, my dear sister, that I may have an increasing measure of *Hope;* as well as of that faith that substantiates and realizes eternal things. It is a gift that whoever has it, in ever so small a degree, can never, never, be thankful enough for; of which I am fully sensible by my own experience. For if I am ever able to live in any degree free from the most anxious forebodings, from deep depressions, from hard and rebellious thoughts of Providence, and continual vexation of spirit—it is entirely owing to, and derived from, God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, working that measure of faith in my poor faithless heart, which if left to itself, is that moment inundated with every one of these evils. But when faith is in exercise, every thing is well; every string is in tune for praise and thanksgiving. What a treasure then is faith! Unite with me in prayer that this, and every grace of the Holy Spirit, may flourish in the soul of

"Your affectionte sister, S. H."

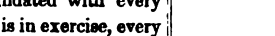
FROM MRS. JONES TO MRS. HAWKES.

"My dearly beloved,—and I may say,—'longed for,' the pleasures we have in prospect, appear too slow in their advance; but I will endeavor patiently to wait the day that brings you once more to my embrace. I long to hear my dear sister relate the gracious dealings of God, her Savior, through her many painful sufferings. That short petition, 'Lord increase our faith!' seems to contain all we want; but there is a wonderful propensity in fallen man to desire to rise by some other way than by the simplicity of faith. Jesus knows how to support his children; and none are more abundant in thanksgiving and praises than those who drink of the bitter cup. Is it not wonderful that we who know his name should ever fear his providential dispensations? 'He cannot deny himself.' Good, is written upon all we receive from him; but not being written according to our language, we cannot read it. O for confidence! unbounded confidence!

"The means of increasing our faith are often to us very dark and mysterious. But let us remember, we are in a dark world, and must feel out our way as we go on; for often we cannot see one step before us. It is surely, my dear sister, worth while to suffer, to prove what is the glory of the inheritance in the saints; which glory is wonderfully made manifest in the dark days of affliction. God's children, who are made vessels of honor, are often chosen in the furnace of affliction, to show to the world what is good, and most desirable even in this life. When we take a prospect of the good things for ourselves or our children, we are apt to look into the world's index, and read, health, riches, large houses, servants, tender connections, good husbands, wives, children, and many other such like comforts. But when we look at the afflicted servants of God, which are monuments erected to his honor, we must turn our eyes away from this fair catalogue, and, with the eye of faith, take a survey of the believer's inventory. We must direct our view to how much there is of God in the soul. One would wish that all the world should know what God giveth to his children; and devoutly desire that all of us who bear his name might be more transformed into the divine image. 'God teaches his children to indulge immense expectations, and to realize them in the meanest condition. There is no night too dark for a believer to raise his hopes to the brightest prospects.'

"When we have reached the blessed seat of immortality, the city of the living God, we shall remember no more the anguish we suffered in this life. May you, my dear sister, now lean by faith upon his breast, who will whisper more than you ever yet heard. Farewell,

"A. J."



It is not by the mere number of our words and actions, that we can most effectually serve the cause of God and glorify his name. It is the temper in which they are done, rather than the mere multiplication of them, which gives them power. It was the remark of a good man, who had much experience as a minister of the Gospel, that "we mar the work of God by doing it in our own spirit."

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Original.

THE YOUNG DISCIPLE.*

A few days after making the above record, Ann was taken suddenly ill. Her pain was extreme; but not a murmur escaped her lips. When it was thought she could not much longer survive, she desired her father to pray with her. "For what do you wish me particularly to pray?" he asked. She replied, "Pray that I may continually realize the presence of my Savior, and that I may be entirely reconciled to the will of God. Pray for my brothers and sisters, and for the Sabbath school." Some other items she mentioned, which are forgotten. Dr. P. inquired again, "My daughter, if you could have your choice, which would you prefer—to live, or die?" She replied, "If it were the will of God I should prefer to die."

The following day, when her respiration was so much hurried that she could not, without great difficulty, articulate at all, she dictated the following message to her brother and sister, who were so far from home that she could not hope to see them again in this world:

"Tell them that I am happy, and would not exchange situations for worlds. Tell them not to weep for me, but to prepare to meet me in heaven. I feel as though the Savior was very near to me—as though I could converse with him, and receive answers. Heaven appears but just over my head, and as though I could almost look in and behold it. Tell dear sister M. that I have thought much of the many seasons of prayer that we have enjoyed together. Tell her to live a life of prayer—to study the Bible a great deal—to be very faithful to her little brother—to read to him, and pray with him every day. Tell dear brother G. that he must repent, and give his heart to the Savior now, and not put it off. Repentance is something to be performed immediately, and not delayed. Tell him to read his Bible every day, and pray much."

When asked how she could bear to die, and not see this beloved brother and sister, she replied, "I don't think about it—I keep my eye fixed on Jesus."

As opportunities offered, and her strength would allow, she continued to converse with her parents, and brothers, and sisters, and with friends who came in, occasionally requesting them to sing. At intervals of comparative ease, she lay composed, as if resting in her Savior's arms. She said, "I shall soon be sanctified;" and dwelt with great delight upon the prospect of being where there is no sin.

On one occasion, she held a conversation with her beloved friend, Miss E., on the subject of sanctification, after which Miss E. read to her the 8th chapter of Romans. Ann said, "I never understood that chapter before. Yes, he sanctifies me—yes, he makes me perfect."

The day subsequent to this conversation she was all day engaged in prayer—said she had not so much of her Savior's presence as she desired. At a little before 10 o'clock that night she lay with her hands raised, and her eyes glancing upward, as if expecting to receive something. Miss E., who was sitting by, thought her dying, and called her mother. Mrs. P. was quickly at her bed-side, and inquired, "What makes you smile, Ann?" "O! O!" said she, "I hear sweet music; but very far distant. It may be imagination, but I think I hear it. I never heard any thing like it before. They are coming—a great many of them." "Who are coming?" asked Mrs. P. "Angels," said she. It was asked, "How do they look?" She replied, "I don't know—it is by faith I see them." She clapped her hands, and shouted, "Glory! glory! glory!" and then repeated with a countenance and manner which no language can describe—

> "O, blissful hour! O, blest abode!
> I shall be near and like my God,
> And flesh and sin no more control
> The sacred pleasure of my soul;"

and added, "I thought I should die to-night. Father, is this dying? Why it is an easy thing to die. There is nothing hard about dying. O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

Her friends had now assembled in such numbers as almost to fill the room, and had called for light after light in succession that they might more satisfactorily behold the supernatural brightness that rested upon her countenance, and the pillow on which she lay, till the whole room was strongly illuminated.

At this period her pastor arrived; and as he has given a minute description of the scene, I shall avail myself of large extracts from his published funeral sermon. He says:

"No human language can convey to one, who did not witness it, a just idea, either of her appearance that night, or of the force and meaning of what she spoke. It was difficult to resist the impression that some supernatural light was shining upon her face and the pillow where it lay. The words of the narrative of Stephen's martyrdom are the only words which came near describing what we saw. All that sat in the room, looking steadfastly on her, saw her face as it had been the face of an angel.

"She smiled; she embraced her friends, told them she was unspeakably happy—in tones of unearthly sweetness and clearness, she sent most touching and appropriate messages to her absent friends, and sang from the very joy of her heart.

"'Tell her,' said she of an absent friend, and sister in the Church, 'tell her to live a *holy* life; always to keep the Savior in her mind, and she never will be in trouble.'

"She now said that the Savior no longer appeared *near* her; but insisted that 'she was in Christ, and Christ in her.'

"'Ann,' one asked her, 'what is it which makes you so happy?'

"'It is my Savior,' she replied. 'He is *here*. He is *with* me.'

"'How long have you been in this state?'

* Concluded from page 318.

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"'Mother,' she replied, 'you will recollect when I said, 'He is coming! He is coming! I have been thus ever since then.'

"'But what does the Savior do, or does he appear to you?'

"'I see nothing now more than I ever did, except by faith: yet it is just as real as sight. He came and looked upon me, and said, "I am willing to make you just as meek as I am—just as patient—just as lovely." Indeed, it seemed that he was present before, only I did not before perceive him. He seemed to have been waiting till I should become perfect enough.'

"'Does Christ seem to be thus looking upon you now?' 'He is *in* me,' she said with emphasis. 'I am in him. There is such a connection as I cannot describe. It seems as if the Savior *is* just here where I am. Indeed, *I* seem to be within myself,' said she, laying her hand upon her breast, 'and my words seem to come not from my lips, but from within—here. It is wonderful! O, it is wonderful! I cannot describe it to you.'

"Perceiving that she seemed almost unconscious of her outward bodily existence, I repeated the text, 'Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.' 'That is it,' she instantly exclaimed; 'that exactly describes what I experience. It seems to me *that I can realize a little how three persons exist in one God*, though I cannot describe it. I surely seem to be in Christ and he in me.'

"I repeated the words of Christ from his last prayer, 'That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee; that they also may be one in us.' And again: 'I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one.'

"Her delight at hearing these words of Christ repeated, seemed almost to forbid the utterance. Her joy simply beamed like streams of light from every feature. And she repeated the words of Jesus over, as if she had almost feared that what she was enjoying might have something unreal, till those words of the Bible were recalled to her memory, describing exactly that oneness which she had just said she felt.

"But I was most struck with the explanation of three persons existing in one God, suggested to her mind purely by her own union with Christ. She was, at the time, thinking of nothing but what was passing within herself; and she spoke it with a slight surprise, as one who has just discovered some new and wonderful truth.

"Observing her smile and listen eagerly, I asked, 'Ann, what are you thinking of?'

"'I am trying to hear music—I have heard it for sometime,' and she paused to listen again. 'I cannot quite get hold of it—possibly it may be imagination.'

"'What is it like?' I inquired.

"'I never heard any thing like it before. At first it was a low, sweet, murmuring sound, or roaring. It seemed now to be more like the sound of a great many coming!'

"I repeated from the Revelation of John: "And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters—and I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps.' She smiled, and said, 'That does seem something like it.'

"When her attention was drawn to her friends, or other objects, this music ceased to affect her; but so long as her ecstasy continued, whenever she listened, it was still there. It surely seemed that her soul was in communication with 'the powers of the world to come.'

"Her allusions to heaven and hell were oppressively awful, sending a thrill through our very frames: and I felt my own soul struggling to bear up under the awe which settled on all present at her words. Yet her words, repeated here, must utterly fail to convey the idea which they gave from her lips. 'O they are *so* happy there!' Speaking of heaven—'They fly there, they kiss each other, they serve God, they worship the Savior, and'—her mind seemed to travel on amid glories where human speech failed to follow.

"But when one directed her thoughts toward hell, the expression of her face seemed to convey more meaning at a flash, than (were it possible) all human language condensed into a single sentence, and she exclaimed, in tones of strange and melancholy sweetness: 'It's awful! *It's awful!* O, IT IS AWFUL! O, I cannot describe to you how it looks!'

"At such times her exhortations to faithfulness were moving beyond description. 'Tell the teachers in the Sabbath schools to be faithful.' She said to a sister in the Church near her, 'O *you* will be faithful! I know you will. You will come soon!'

"'Ann, how do you now feel for sinners?'

"'I feel more for them than ever I did in my life. They don't realize their sins—they don't *realize* their condition. They must *realize* their condition before they will repent.'

"'But how can you be so happy, as you say, and yet feel distressed for sinners?'

"'O,' she replied quickly, 'I am happy in my Savior—I am happy in myself. It is for *them* only that I feel distressed.'

"'Can you realize now how the Savior could be perfectly happy himself, and yet feel distressed on account of sinners?'

"'O, the Savior felt infinitely more for sinners than I do. It is awful to think of. He must of course have felt for them, for he realized their condition more than I can.'

"Then addressing a friend by her bed-side, for whom she had felt a deep concern, she said, 'Are you not afraid you will lose your soul? Do repent *now*. Repentance is something which must be done *immediately*.'

"And when her younger brother, whom she had entreated, and for whom she prayed much, promised to give his heart to Christ, she replied, 'O, but you must *struggle*—you must *struggle*. You must not think conversion is the end. It is only the beginning. Christians must *struggle* every day, if they would be with Christ.'

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"'Ann,' one asked, 'do *you* have to struggle now?'

"'O, no! Because my Savior is come—he is with me—he helps me move my head, and every thing. You know, father, I never talked before as I do to-night: not even when I was well—I never used to speak so quick—I never could tell my feelings before. A little while ago I could not lift my head as I can now, but the Savior now helps me to do every thing. It don't seem as if I was going to die, only to go to heaven. It's wonderful! it's wonderful! I thought I should grow weaker and weaker, but I feel stronger and stronger. I am as happy as I can be, even if I don't go to heaven.'

"Observing her distressed for her brother, one said, 'You must commit him to God, and if you "delight yourself in the Lord," he has promised to give you the desire of your heart.'

"'I know it,' said she; 'but then I must be *faithful*, and do what I can. Christians must be *faithful*—angels are *faithful*—that is what makes them so happy.'"

She continued in this frame till about 1 o'clock, ever and anon remarking the beautiful forms she saw, among which the most beautiful was her Savior. Her conceptions of his glory and beauty far surpassed her powers of description. The music continued so enrapturing that she would turn away her head from her friends and listen with the greatest eagerness, and seem interrupted when her attention was called to something else.

After she was, to use her own language, let down again a little from heaven, and the friends had retired, she conversed with Miss E. of the state of the Church, saying, "I cannot see any difference between many of her members and the world; but there will be a great sifting among professors. The Lord will come and discern between the righteous and the wicked." She expressed great pain that Christ should be so dishonored by his friends.

She continued much in the same state, save "that her failing strength, and severe paroxysms of pain, forbade her utterance, and the ecstasy and supernatural light of her countenance were withdrawn"—would often speak out of silence, and say, "Faith can triumph over death," and other expressions full of faith and joy.

At one time she said, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." One asked, "Ann, do you feel as though you were cleansed from all sin?" "Yes," she replied; "but I find I can sin yet." "How," she was asked, "do you think you have sinned since you became so happy?" "By forgetting my Savior," she replied; "I thought too much of my cough; but Christ is with me still."

What an illustration is this of the "sensibility to sin," and "the pain to feel it near," which attends the sanctified state! The conscience becomes

> "Quick as the apple of an eye—
> The slightest touch of sin to feel."

In this state the soul, too, has a new and distinct apprehension of its dependence on God, and is so far from feeling that it has either purity or strength in itself, that it clings, with a heavenly tenacity, that employs all the energies of its being, to the cross. Then is Jesus indeed its "all in all," and its unceasing language is—

> "*Every moment*, Lord, I need
> The merit of thy death."

And it can also exclaim—

> "Every moment, Lord, I *feel*
> The merit of thy death."

And this experience is so uniform, that were thousands on thousands collected in one congregation, to receive, simultaneously, through faith, this great salvation, they would breathe this spirit of perfect reliance on their atoning, redeeming Savior, with a unison as perfect as would be that of a thousand perfect harps, having the same cord struck at once by the same hand. Who can doubt the reality of this experience?

On the morning of the day before her death, Ann said, "I was not much disposed to sleep through the night, and God has been teaching me." To her mother—"I think I know some things that you do not now; for through the night God has been teaching me." The following night she suffered greatly from difficult respiration, but would often break out, and sing, "All is well! all is well!"

"When her time drew near to depart, she said, 'Father, how long do you think it will be before I shall be through?' 'Not long, my daughter. Death has already taken place in a part of your system. Is the Savior with you still? Do you feel happy as death approaches?'

"'Yes, sir,' she replied; 'but I can't *think*—what is the reason?' Her father explained to her that the brain, the organ which the mind employs in thought, was yielding to death. 'Yes,' she added; 'but the soul will continue to think independent of the body for ever.'

"When within a few hours of her end, she requested her uncle to sing the hymn containing the verse—

> 'When we've been there ten thousand years,
> Bright shining as the sun;'

and being told, and perceiving that she could stay but a little while—that she was sinking rapidly—she raised her hands—clapped them together, and shouted so that, with open doors, she might have been heard through the hall into the street, 'Glory! glory! glory! I'm going home!'

"And when the pangs of dying became insupportable, so that she could not suppress a slight exclamation or groan, she would prolong the groan into singing! Shortly after she joined those who have returned, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

—

"IN MEMORY OF MISS ANN THANE PECK.

Sweet spirit, thou art gone!—how blest
Was thy brief pilgrimage below;
Bright seraphs hailed thee to thy rest,
And wreaths immortal crown thy brow.

Thou wert thyself the loveliest flower,
That graced thy parents' choice parterre;
Death came within that garden bower
Of clustering roses, rich and rare.

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But, not unbidden came the foe—
He was an angel sent by Heaven;
He gave, from whom all blessings flow,
And took the boon his love had given.

Blest mother! happy is thy lot,
Though mourning 'neath affliction's rod,
Thou hast the sweet, consoling thought,
That thou didst rear a plant for God."

M. HAMLINE.

Original.

TO THE AUTUMN WIND.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

THOU melancholy autumn wind,
Thou comest unto me,
O'erfraught with many a mournful sound,
Of dirge-like melody—
Thou bearest, through the gloomy sky,
The withered leaves and sere,
And chantest a sad requiem
For the departing year.

The dim old forest's columned aisles
Are trembling at thy voice;
There happy, bright-winged birds, were wont
To carol and rejoice;
But now, with summer's balmy airs,
Those joyous guests have flown,
And through the gloomy solitude
Resounds thy hollow moan.

'Tis vain for thee to linger thus,
Amid the wild-wood bowers;
Thou canst not call to life again
The faded summer flowers—
Their perfumed breath, so sweet and pure,
No more pervades the air—
Nought save the mournful evergreen,
And waving pine, are there!

O, cease thy strain, thy haunting strain,
So eloquent of woe!
Those wild, æolian notes of thine,
Breathe death to all below.
They seem to say each hope will fade—
Each loved one soon depart,
And play a mournful prelude to
The winter of the heart!

Original.

FAREWELL TO WILLIAM'S GRAVE.

ONCE, above thy lowly tomb,
Winter's storms and winter's gloom
Gathered, since, with heaving breast,
Here we laid thee down to rest.

Once hath spring, with gentle tread,
Lingered near thy humble bed,
And, with fingers soft and fair,
Scattered bud and blossom there.

Now about thy lonely grave
Verdant branches softly wave;
And, 'mong flowers with long grass twined,
Sadly sighs the summer wind.

Here, with aching heart and brow,
Kneels thy stricken mother now—
Thee, in tears and woe, to tell,
Precious dust, a last farewell.

Many a winter's pearly snow,
Many a spring shall come and go,
Many a summer shed its bloom,
Cherished boy, above thy tomb,
Ere again her voice shall swell
Here its low and sad farewell.

But, in some bright hour to come,
She shall share thy blissful home,
Where is heard no "passing bell"—
Where no voice e'er breathes—farewell!

S. C. H.

"FORGET ME NOT."

TO A FRIEND.

THERE is a little fragile flower
That bends to every passing breeze;
It lingers near the leafy bower,
Amid the shade of summer trees.

No gaudy hue attracts the gaze
Of those that pass its humble bed,
No odors fill the forest maze
By its expanding blossoms shed.

Yet dearer is its bending stem
And cup of blue that grace the bower,
Than many a costly orient gem
That blazes in the crown of power.

For oft fond friends, when doomed to part,
Its lowly resting-place have sought,
And whispered, with a sadden'd heart,
"Look on it, and forget me not."

And oft, when wandering in a land
That's dearly loved by thee and me,
We gather'd with a gentle hand
This emblem of sweet constancy.

Accept, though small its value be,
This token of my love sincere,
And glancing on it, think on me,
Forget me not! thou ever dear!

May it to faithful memory,
Recalling many a long-loved spot;
For distant Scotland and for me,
Breathe softly, sweet "Forget me not!"

For though no more thou viewest the flower,
And hail'st its blossoms opening fair,
Yet lovest thou to recall the hour,
When we have marked its beauties there!

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Original.

THE MOTHER.

BY EDWARD THOMSON.

'Tis a name that charms the savage ear—that softens the warrior's heart—it is the sweetest name on earth, save "Jesus." How *strong* a mother's love! How her eye watches at the cradle of her fading babe; and when it dies, how does her heart plunge! Let an angel tell. I have seen her at the coffin, taking her last farewell—lingering, and kissing the cold clay, and kissing it again, and placing her cheek to its marble brow, and breathing between its livid lips, and refusing to give it up, until torn away by friendly hands; and I have almost prayed that she, too, might die, and follow the bright and beauteous little spirit to heaven.

In the circle to which I belonged, when a tenant of the nursery, there were three rosy boys, one younger and one older than myself. The youngest, by a wonderful precocity of intellect, became the central orb—the family favorite. He had a body and soul cast in a superior mold. He was one of nature's little noblemen. In our petty disputes, he was umpire—in our sports, he was president—and on the reception of common presents, he was distributor, always reserving to himself the least share. The poet has said—

"The flower that blooms the brightest,
Is doomed the first to fade—
The form that moves the lightest,
In earth is soonest laid."

Thus it was in our family. My eldest brother and I still live; but William—"sweet William"—sleeps in the family vault—across the deep. But how shall I describe the anguish of my mother's heart as she bent over the little sufferer's dying couch? O, God, I cannot! Long after his remains were deposited in the "narrow house," she wept by day, and in visions of the night her spirit entered the paradise of God, and ranged through all its beauties in distress, not caring to see a single rose, or lily, or carnation, until she found her own "sweet William" blooming there.

How *enduring* a mother's love! When all other earthly affections are forfeited and withdrawn, a mother's love still burns. When man has hardened his heart, and crimsoned his hands; and when every eye turns from him, and every heart sickens at him, and every man is impatient to have him removed from the earth, of which he has rendered himself unworthy, a mother's footsteps are heard at the door of the dungeon, and a mother's lips bear the burning message to the wretched culprit, that there is yet one heart that can feel for him, and one tongue that can pray for him. I have often thought it was well that Sarah's faith was not tested as Abraham's. I fear that her heart would have burst when Isaac, ascending the mountain, said, "Here is the wood, and there is the knife, but where is the lamb?" There is, perhaps, no passage in the Bible that affords more consolation to the penitent than that in which God's love is represented by a mother.

Mother! How many delightful associations cluster around that word!—the innocent smiles of infancy, the gambols of boyhood, and the happiest hours of riper years! When my heart aches at the world's wickedness, and my limbs are weary, and my feet bloody, traveling the thorny path of life, I am accustomed to sit down on some mossy stone, and, closing my eyes on real scenes, to send my spirit back to the days of early life. I rock my cradle, and sing my lullaby, and play with my dormouse, and watch my goldfinch, and catch my rabbits—I walk the streets of my native city, and gaze at the show-windows—I walk around the "walls," and look over the green—I listen to the band, and see the nodding plumes and glittering bayonets of the marshaled host—I hear the shrill bugle, and view the prancing cavalry—I go down to the dockyard and view the shipping—I walk along the sea shore, and gather shells and pretty pebbles to fill my pockets—I dip "poor Tray" in the ebbing tide, and laugh to see him swim—I prattle with my brother, and kiss my sweet sister—I feel afresh my infant joys and sorrows, until my spirit recovers its tone, and is willing to pursue its journey. But in all these refreshing reminiscences my mother rises. If I seat myself upon my cushion, it is at her side—if I sing, it is to her ear—if I walk the walls or the meadows, my little hand is in my mother's, and my little feet keep company with hers—if I stand and listen to the piano, it is because my mother's fingers touch the keys—if I enter the King's Tower, and survey the wonders of creation, it is my mother who points out the objects of my admiring attention—if a hundred cannon pronounce a national salute, I find myself clinging to her knees. When my heart bounds with its best joy, it is because, at the performance of some task, or the recitation of some verses, I receive a present of a tree, or a horse, drawn and painted by a mother's hand. There is no velvet so soft as a mother's lap, no rose so lovely as her smile, no path so flowery as that imprinted with her footsteps.

Mother is a name connected with all my useful knowledge. When I trace a pure thought to its infancy, I find it in my mother's arms. When I follow a refreshing channel of truth to its source, I find her, like Moses in Horeb, smiting the rock from which the fountain flows. I trace my earliest *religious impressions* to my mother's lap. I well recollect the tearful, prayerful anxiety with which she taught me of Jesus, and salvation, and heaven, and the sweet hymns she used to sing at my pillow. If I have a good principle in my mind, or a holy emotion in my heart, I trace it to my mother. Cherished recollections enshrine our Lord's prayer in my mind, so that infidelity never had power to invade its sanctity. The hymns my mother used to sing come over me like sounds from the upper world. When I hear one I lose my philosophy, and tears unbidden steal down my cheek. I can recollect, when God laid his afflicting hand upon me. Who, then, was first at my pillow in the morning, and last at my couch by night? My mother. If I heard one at the hour

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of midnight carefully open the door, and steal softly over the carpet to my bed-side, and draw aside the curtains gently, as though an angel touched them, I knew who it was; and as she put her head down to my pillow, and whispered, with subdued emotion, "What can I do for you, my dear boy?" my struggling brain radiated a more genial influence over my body, and every little nerve seemed to recover a temporary health; and when my eye was becoming glassy, and my muscles were moving without the will, and my limbs were growing cold, and the silver cord was loosening, and the golden bowl breaking, there was one who could not leave my chamber—whose sunken, sleepless eye, watched over me; and when, at last, physicians had exhausted their resources, and had given me up, there was one who forsook not my pillow, and, as she whispered in my dull ear, "Edward, I have not given thee up—I have yet a remedy, and a blessing from God for thee," the fainting heart beat up new courage, and all the little pulses woke up, and the chilled limbs grew warm, and I yet live—a monument of a mother's love. I have sometimes thought that, should I ever become a lunatic, I should be an idolater, and drawing my mother's image, kneel down before it. Lay me down, (said the poet,) when I die, upon the grass, and let me see the sun. Rather, would I say, lay me down to die where I can see my mother. Let the last sensation, which I feel in the body, be the impression of her lips upon my cheek, and let the last sound my departing spirit hears be the voice of my mother, whispering "Jesus" in my cold ear. Mother, shouldst thou pass to thy rest before me, I'll steal, at midnight, to the cemetery, and kneeling on thy grassy couch, I'll sing that sweet hymn I first learned from thy lips—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign."

VALUE OF TIME.

Napoleon Bonaparte having one day visited a school, said to the scholars, on leaving them, "My lads, every hour of lost time is a chance of future misfortune." One of his biographers, Bourienne, adds that these remarkable words afford the maxim which formed, in a great degree, the rule of his conduct. Well did he understand the value of time; even his leisure was attended with some exertion of mind.

If this *soldier of the world* found, as he did, numerous advantages resulting from a careful use of time, should not the Christian soldier obey the injunction of his Master—"*Redeem the time?*"

SCOLDING.

I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How, then, can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

Original.

MINISTERS' WIVES.

One of the distinctive features of the religion of the Bible, both under the Jewish and Christian dispensations, as contrasted with every Pagan system, is the marriage of its officiating ministers. It is not my intention here to enter the arena on the question of the celibacy of the clergy, as held by a large body claiming to be the true Church of Jesus Christ. Such a discussion might not be deemed appropriate to the columns of the Repository. It is sufficient here to state, that every system of any importance which man has devised has incorporated this principle as one of its important dogmas, while the only system emanating from Infinite Purity and Wisdom has entirely rejected it. I shall, therefore, assume the propriety of a married clergy as being conceded, and attempt to point out some of the responsibilities of those who share their toils and labors, their joys and sorrows.

It is a remark no less trite than true, that a minister's wife may increase her husband's usefulness tenfold, or she may destroy it altogether. The true cause of this is to be found in her influence in the social and domestic circle. By a consistent, prudent course of action—the offspring of a devoted piety—she may second all his public labors. She is as really and truly looked up to for an example of all that is good as her companion. And her influence, when directed to the same object, gives an impetus to his exertions which becomes as nearly irresistible as any thing emanating from earth. The truth of this is perhaps more clearly seen where her influence has a counteracting tendency. In nine cases out of every ten where difficulties have arisen between a minister and his people, the original cause may be traced to the imprudence or indiscretion of his companion, in some respect or other.

But the great secret of her power, for good or evil, is found in her influence upon his piety. No class in society, probably, have greater trials to encounter—or trials which take such hold upon the very soul—as the Christian ministry. The piety of no class of professing Christians is so often and so severely tried, and in so many different ways, as theirs. They have difficulties, and trials, and responsibilities to encounter, to which others are entire strangers. And these are of such a nature as wear most heavily upon all the powers of the heart and soul. Under such circumstances the sustaining influence of a wife's piety is great beyond conception. As he retires from her presence to his study and his closet, her influence is seen in strengthened faith and encouraged hopes—or in increased depression and discouragement. This secret influence necessarily accompanies him into the pulpit, and consequently exerts a tremendous power in increasing or diminishing the salutary influence of his public labors. And the same silent and secret, but no less real power accompanies him in the performance of the more private duties of the ministerial office. If entire consecration to the work of Christ be the true secret of ministerial success, then whatever affects a minister's piety

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must of necessity affect that success. And what can exert a greater power upon his piety than the influence of his companion? That influence is molding in its tendencies. It must, from the very constitution of the human mind, exert its powers to elevate or depress the tone of spirituality wherever it is felt.

If this be true, the responsibilities of a minister's wife can only be measured by the responsibilities of the ministry itself. Who can estimate the responsibilities of the ministry—especially the ministry of the present day—or who can paint, in its true colors, the necessity of an increase in its holiness? The character of ministerial piety will not be elevated till those whom God has given as *helps* meet for its servants in their labors, shall feel the importance of ENTIRE CONSECRATION to the service of their Master. Yet this increase of personal holiness in the ministry must appear necessary to every reflecting mind.

When Christianity was first established, there was need of an energetic and devoted ministry, who should go forth into all the world and preach the glad news of salvation to every creature. Obstacles, great and numerous, had to be overcome—prejudice and opposition encountered—perils and persecutions met—and sacrifices of every kind endured. All these were sufficient to have overcome the faith of the first advocates of Christianity, had they not set their faces like flints. They were lion-hearted men. They had been taught in the school of Christ; and having been deeply imbued with his Spirit, they went forth in his service from conquest to victory. The result soon became apparent to all. The cross of the despised Galilean was soon mounted upon the battlements of imperial Rome, and that which was once the mark of ignominy and disgrace became the object of veneration and love.

From the days of the primitive Church to the present time no exigency has arisen calling for a high-toned spirit of piety in the ministry with such imperiousness as that which the Church is now called upon to witness. The time has emphatically come when the Church must make an onward movement. The world is laid at her feet, and she is bid to arise and take possession. If we interpret prophecy and the signs of the times aright, but a short period remains for the full accomplishment of the great work of subjugating the whole earth to Christ. And yet, if we look around and view the obstacles which stand in the way, our hearts are almost discouraged. The great enemy of the cross of Christ, aware of the shortness of the remaining time, is organizing every division of his army, and marshaling them for a contest such as the world has never yet seen. In former contests errors of different kinds conducted the conflict alone. Each class were jealous of the others, and each class opposed the others almost as much as they did the truth itself. But now the opposite is true. The various battalions of the prince of darkness are uniting and concentrating their powers. Mutual concessions and explanations are constantly taking place. A sense of danger unites their energies against a common enemy. And the idea seems general that a mighty effort must be made, or their hopes perish for ever. What does all this array—this marching and countermarching—this concentration of forces—this concert of action—what do all these mean? Do they not indicate, most plainly, the receipt of unwelcome intelligence in the enemy's camp? May we not learn the general tenor of the information from the danger evidently apprehended? Yes! "The devil has come down, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

Against this organized opposition the Church has to proceed. Over such a combination she is yet, through Christ, to triumph. The song of victory is already penned; and the heavenly choirs are even now tuning their harps to echo the triumphal strain. What, under such circumstances, then, must of necessity be the character of the leaders of the sacramental hosts? What should we think of that general, who, on the eve of a decisive battle, should neglect any preparation to insure success?

In order to insure success in any great enterprise three things are always necessary—DEVOTEDNESS—UNION—and PERSEVERANCE. All of these the rising ministry particularly will need in performing well their part in the coming struggle; for they are coming upon the great amphi-theatre of life in time to share in the toils, and perhaps even to participate in the victory. Devotedness to the cause of Christ will produce union of feeling and action, and perseverance, even to the end. But devotedness, entire, uncompromising devotedness to the great work, can only be obtained by an increase of personal holiness. This increase of holiness the ministry need, both on their own account and on account of those whom they are to lead forth to the battle. We hazard nothing in affirming that the amount of piety possessed by the ministry of the present day is not sufficient to sustain their own souls in the coming onset. They have scarcely yet learned the meaning of ENTIRE CONSECRATION to the work of Christ. Much less have they experienced it. I speak now of the ministry in general. They have imbibed too much of the spirit of the world—they are governed too much by its false maxims—they seek too much its countenance and approbation. Do obstacles and difficulties lie across their path-way? They are discouraged. Does unusual success crown their labors? They become puffed up and vain. How, with such feelings, can they endure the severer trials which must be encountered? Where is the faith that, in the midst of surrounding darkness, can pierce the clouds, and keep the soul steady by the promises of God? Where is the humility that can see whole cities and territories converted to God by a single revival, and yet ascribe ALL the glory to His name? Who is prepared to see a nation born in a day, and from that fact derive strength and motive to redoubled activity? Surely the ministry of the present day are not prepared for such scenes. If they were, these things would be matter of history, and not merely seen in the dim visions of prophecy.

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The ministry need more holiness of heart, also, on account of those placed under their spiritual care. There is truth in the old adage, "Like priest—like people." If the ministry are worldly, the Church will be the same. And a revolution must take place before she can go forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun," and terrible as a bannered host. The Church must be led to feel that she is not her own—that all she possesses belongs to her Master; and that she must give a strict account for the manner in which she appropriates her Master's goods. Already does she begin to complain of the constant tax laid upon her, and the increasing self-denial enjoined. But for every dollar she now gives she must give fifty, and her self-denial must be increased a thousand fold. Who is to lead her on to this elevation of holy feeling and action, but those whom God has appointed for this very purpose? But they are not prepared to take this stand themselves. How, then, can they lead others? They cannot. And before they are able to do so, they must have attained to a far higher point of personal holiness than that upon which they now even fix their eye. Who shall assist them in attaining to this more elevated standard, if not those who have doubly pledged their all to Christ—the companions of their joys and sorrows? But before these can be instrumental in accomplishing this, there must be an increase of deep-toned piety in their hearts. The salvation of the world, as far as human instrumentality is concerned, is, to an inconceivable extent, dependant upon their increased devotion to the cause of the Redeemer. Their piety, if of an exalted character, will tend directly, and more than any thing else, to elevate that of the ministry—or if of a contrary character, they will only hang as dead weights upon their husband's usefulness.

If, then, the Church is to be led on to a higher state of holy living, and thus prepared for the glory of a final conquest, there must be an increase of piety in her ministers, and no less so in their companions. Those now on the stage of action, as well as those engaged in preparation, must be more holy than any who have preceded them in the sacred duties of the sanctuary. A necessity is laid upon them—THEY MUST BE HOLY. Let them, then, daily cultivate that character of piety which alone can bear them safely through the toils and trials of their work, and which shall not make them ashamed at the last to join in the triumphal song, as the top-stone is laid with shoutings of grace, grace unto it.

G. W.

VANITY.

LIGHT and vain characters are often thought to be entirely negative, and deemed to be harmless, as companions; whereas, having hardly depth enough for principles, they may, as associates, be more fatally dangerous than others. Of unnoticeable appearance, they may aptly be compared to shoals at sea, which, by the very want of depth, shatter and overwhelm the objects subjected to their collision.

Original.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

THOU'RT waiting for me, love!
Thou'rt waiting for me now:
Not in the orange grove,
Nor 'neath the myrtle bough—

Not by the winding stream,
That smoothly glides along,
As, in a pleasant dream,
Some sweetly flowing song—

Not on the green hill-side,
Nor 'neath the crab-tree's bloom,
That fills, at even-tide,
The air with rich perfume—

But from that glitt'ring shore
Thou look'st o'er death's dark sea—
Thou heedest not its roar—
Thou lookest out for me.

I'll come, my love, I'll come!
When Jesus sets me free,
And calls my spirit home,
I'll come, dear love, to thee!

STELLA.

A HYMN.

O THOU who hear'st the contrite sinner's mourning,
And meet'st the trembling soul to thee returning,
Bow down thine ear, and grant me answer speedy,
For I am needy.

Thou know'st the sacred vows so often broken,
Thou hear'st the words forgot as soon as spoken,
Thou seest earth's chains, of fatal lustre, twining
This heart declining.

From the fair paths of peace too often straying,
I wander far, my Savior's love betraying;
Till, wounded by the thorns that mercy scatters,
I seek life's waters.

My gracious Shepherd, in thy pasture lead me;
With living streams, with heavenly manna feed me;
With thine own voice of love, O call me, guide me;
From evil hide me.

Be thou my first, my best, my chosen treasure;
Delight my soul with love that knows no measure;
Filled with thyself, can earth's delusion's charm me?
Can Satan harm me?

From strength to strength, my Lord will lead my spirit,
The purchased crown in Zion to inherit—
Mine eyes shall close on time, shall cease from weeping,
In Jesus sleeping.

Then, clad in robes made white by love redeeming,
I'll vail my sight, before his glory beaming,
And ever sing his praise in accents lowly,
Whose name is holy!

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE OHIO ANNUAL CONFERENCE.—This ecclesiastical association met in the city of Chillicothe, according to appointment, on the 27th day of September last. There was a full attendance. Nearly two hundred members and probationers were present, besides a large number of visiting brethren from other conferences, of local preachers, and of candidates for admission on trial. In connection with this session of the Ohio annual conference we notice the following particulars.

The New Methodist Chapel.—The brethren of Chillicothe have, within two years, erected and finished a beautiful meeting-house, about fifty by seventy feet. It stands on one of the principal streets, near the canal, at a convenient distance from the old church, and in a neighborhood which is likely to furnish it with a good congregation. The house has an excellent basement entirely above ground, with a lecture-room that will accommodate three hundred hearers, and four excellent class-rooms, three of which are finished in good style. The chapel proper embraces the whole area of the house, except a narrow vestibule of about nine feet. It has a good end gallery, its ceiling is lofty enough to render its proportions just, its pulpit is remarkably neat, its seats excellent, and its lights in the best style that has come under our observation. Such was the effect produced by the inspection of this house, on first entering it, that these words were immediately suggested to our mind—"Our *holy* and *beautiful* house." We trust we may never, in the providence of God, be called upon to apply to it the remainder of the text.

Its Dedication.—Religious services were attended in this house on Saturday morning, Sept. 23d, on Sabbath, the 24th, at ten o'clock, and on Sabbath evening. The dedication was on Sabbath morning. Rev. E. W. Sehon preached the sermon from those solemn words—"How dreadful is this place," &c. The large assembly listened with deep interest, and at the call of the preacher, after the close of the sermon, manifested their feelings on the occasion by subscribing nearly fourteen hundred dollars to pay the debt of the Church. This subscription will almost cancel every claim, and leave the Church entirely unembarrassed.

The Examination of Candidates.—The young preachers whose probation had expired, and who, by the rule of Discipline, were eligible to deacons' orders, were examined on Tuesday; and, in our opinion, viewed either in regard to acquirements or to general promise, no class of graduates in the Ohio conference has ever surpassed them. It was a delightful privilege to converse with them, notice their gifts and graces, and anticipate the good they will probably be the means of effecting under the guidance and with the aid of the great Head of the Church.

The President of the Conference.—Bishop Soule, who, since the death of Bishop Roberts, is the senior Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, presided amongst us in the place of his deceased, venerable colleague, whose lot it would have been, had he lived, to attend this conference. When we saw our beloved Bishop Soule, wearied with the burden of double cares and labors, take his seat in the altar, we involuntarily shrunk from the anticipation of the labor which was before him during the session. We considered that it would be a sufficient task for the strongest man on the floor, unworn by accumulated toils, and vigorous in his palmy prime, to preside in the sessions of the conference, and give direction to its business. Yet the Bishop, in his declining age and health, must do not only that, but, with the aid of his customary advisers, must station more than two hundred men in as many fields of labor. But our fears were unfounded. God had sent him on this errand, and held him up by his great power. We doubt if one of his servants ever accomplished more, in such circumstances, in eight short days, without a miracle to aid. But the Bishop was always at his post, the preachers were all stationed, and the venerable servant of his Master summoned up strength to stand and read the appointments, and pronounce the apostolic benediction, as a note to the members of conference that their present work was done, and that their fields of labor waited for them. Surely this is a worthy example for Christ's ministers. As we cast the last look upon the exhausted features of our beloved President, we could but exclaim—

"Servant of God, well done!"

The Fathers of the Conference.—Brothers Collins and Quinn, and the two Youngs, were present at this conference. They had not all been with us for some years. It was exceedingly agreeable to meet them all once more, perhaps for the last time on earth. Brother Collins is approaching eighty. He walks and converses somewhat faulteringly. We can say little of the living. He is still "father Collins." Whatever peculiarities of mind he ever had to interest his pious friends and acquaintances, he still retains. Some of his children reside in Chillicothe; and to that circumstance chiefly we owe it that he was present at this conference. David Young was detained from conference the previous two years, more by sickness than by age. He, with his name-sake, Jacob Young, bore the burden and heat of the day of trial. They nursed the infant. They have their reward, not in silver and gold, but in watching the movements of grown up Methodism. Father Quinn, leaning on his staff, bearing in his features the strong marks of the vigorous and discerning powers of a mind which *God bestowed*, dwells in a frail tabernacle, which must soon be taken down. But who, as he looks upon him, and upon these other messengers of life, does not seem to hear the blessed Savior say, "Where I am there shall [these] my servants be also."

Business of the Conference.—Twenty-five were received on trial. Ten traveling and several local deacons were ordained elders, and about thirty, including traveling and local preachers, were ordained deacons. The increase last year was 7,000. The missionary collections amounted to not far from $4,000. At the Missionary Anniversary, on Monday night, about $300 were raised. Vigorous measures were adopted to endow the Wesleyan University at Delaware. Rev. Messrs. Merrick and Heath were appointed agents to raise funds. The conference voted its hearty patronage of the American Bible Society, and E. W. Sehon was re-appointed to his agency. The literary institutions of the Church were reported generally as prosperous. Eight delegates were chosen to the General conference; and, from the commencement of the session to its close, we scarcely heard this election referred to. All that was said in our hearing, until the election was over, might, we are sure, have been said in half a minute, and in half a dozen sentences. Marietta was selected for our next conference; and if a division is made, Troy is the place of meeting for the western division.

Spirit of the Conference.—There was much harmony, but not enough of devotion. It was not so religious a meeting as last year. Yet many of the brethren were filled with the Spirit, and all seemed to have seasons of refreshing. The two Methodist chapels were occupied each night for preaching. The congregations were large and solemn. Occasionally a healing power was in the word. The pious pastors of other Churches invited our laborers into their pulpits. On the whole, we believe that the spiritual prosperity of the preachers and people was not hindered. Some of both classes grew in grace. For ourselves, we dwelt in the land Beulah. We saw "the steeples of the New Jerusalem." We felt continually that the place where we were was holy ground. Never shall we forget the gracious comforts of that blessed week which we spent in the society of God's dear people and ministers. We could say, in the language of inspiration, "Truly, our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ." We felt that "our conversation was in heaven." We left Chillicothe on our journey to Zanesville, whither duty called us, musing by the way on all that Divine mercy had wrought; and, as we passed along over the hills and valleys which God hath blessed, "the fire burned," and our heart, if not our lips, thus sang away the untedious hours of our journey—

"Roll on, sweet moments, sweet moments roll on,
And let the redeemed go home—go home!"

FEMALE SEMINARIES OF THE WEST.—A large number of female seminaries, lately commenced in the west, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have met with unexpected and almost unexampled success. Providence has

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most unequivocally blessed these recent efforts of the Church and its friends. We should humbly thank God, and be encouraged to persevere. We will place before our readers the following notices of the flourishing institutions in this region.

Norwalk Seminary, for both sexes, under the supervision of Rev. Edward Thomson as Principal, is now probably the most respectable school, of its grade, west of the Alleghany Mountains. It has generally not far from three hundred pupils in attendance. The present faculty of that institution will secure its continued prosperity.

Worthington Female Seminary, at Worthington, Ohio, is the oldest institution of its grade under the patronage of the Ohio conference. It has a spacious seminary building, large enough to accommodate all who may resort to it, an able faculty, and good patronage. Worthington is one of the most pleasant villages in Ohio. The foundation is here laid for a female school, in which, through succeeding generations, the daughters of our land shall receive the best qualifications which mental, moral, and religious training can impart for extensive usefulness.

Oakland Female Seminary.—This flourishing institution is located in the town of Hillsborough, Highland county. It is about thirty miles west of Chillicothe, on the turnpike leading thence to Cincinnati. It has been in existence about six years. Its Principal is Rev. J. M'Dowell Matthews, a gentleman of high moral, religious, and scientific qualifications for the responsible station he occupies. He has been happy in his selection of assistants, and his seminary is in a very prosperous state. The enterprise of Mr. Matthews, and the countenance given to his efforts by the enlightened citizens of Hillsborough, amongst whom he is deservedly held in high estimation, has enabled him to prepare a beautiful edifice, and a philosophical apparatus, for the accommodation of his school.

Mrs. Baker's Female Seminary, at Lebanon, is an infant institution. But it is already well patronized. It is in a region where an extensive school is much needed. Providence seems to have placed this lady, eminently qualified as she is for the office of instruction, and possessing just views of government, in a station where she may do much for the rising generation of females. We trust she may find it convenient to enlarge her institution so as to meet the wants of the public around her. Her present plan, and one which will be attractive to those who patronize her, is to limit the number of her pupils so as to have the personal supervision of all under her care.

Female Collegiate Institute.—This flourishing seminary is located in the pleasantest part of the city of Cincinnati. It was commenced a little more than one year ago, under the presidency of Mr. Wilber, aided by his accomplished lady, and an excellent selection of assistants. It has flourished beyond all precedent. It has now nearly 140 pupils, among whom are several from distant states, and a large number from the city. This school is patronized by different denominations of Protestants. It is Anti-Catholic. Its design is to afford Protestant young ladies a Christian education. Its boarding-house, under the care and keeping of the President and his lady, is one of the finest residences in Cincinnati, and its seminary hall such as no other female school has or ever had in Cincinnati. This school is on a permanent basis, namely, the warm and unquenchable zeal of its patrons, of Protestantism, and of its excellent teachers. We wish that all who have ample means, and wish to place their daughters in a city school, could examine the site of the Methodist Collegiate Institute, and become familiar with its faculty, its government, and the whole process of instruction. Though it has probably twice the number of pupils of any other Protestant female school in the city, yet it is intended gradually to increase the number to two hundred, and perhaps ultimately to three hundred.

KENTUCKY FEMALE SCHOOLS.—*The Shelbyville Seminary*, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Tevis, has a reputation so well established that it is never likely to want patronage. We believe a pupil is always offered as soon as it is known that there is a vacancy in this school. Probably it has done more toward educating the young Protestant ladies of Kentucky than any other seminary in that state. But Ohio and other states have shared richly, also, in its benefits.

Collegiate High School of Lexington.—This young seminary has been recently established by Rev. T. N. Ralston, A. M., of the Kentucky conference. Its second session commenced on the first Monday of October, ult. The principles of its government, and the course of instruction are such as commend it to the amplest and most confiding patronage of Methodists and Protestants. The young ladies are not allowed to receive the attention of young gentlemen—a rule which is of vital moment, and will, we trust, be of universal application in all our female seminaries. The most careful and unremitted attention is paid to their health, manners, and morals. The course of study is divided into "Primary, Preparatory, and Collegate," under which the best text-books are adopted, and will be thoroughly studied and carefully reviewed. Pupils may enter at any time, and be classed according to their attainments; but they must remain for a whole session, or at least be charged for a session, except in cases of protracted sickness. The terms in the Lexington High School are as follows:

Primary Department, per session of five months, $10,00; Preparatory Department, do., do., $15,00; Collegiate Department, do., do., $20,00; Board and Washing, do., do., $50,00; Music, with the use of Piano, extra, $25,00; French, or any other Language, extra, $12,00; Drawing and Painting, extra, $12,00.

References.—President and Professors of Transylvania University, and ministers of the Kentucky conference.

We add nothing, by way of commendation, as we are sure that the excellent character, and the high qualifications of its Principal, together with the attractions of Lexington, one of the most refined cities of the west, and in a region of unsurpassed richness and beauty, will secure, from the many affluent families of central Kentucky, a full and overflowing patronage. We believe that no man in Kentucky is better suited than Mr. Ralston for the enterprise in which he is engaged, and no people are better qualified than his brethren and fellow citizens to appreciate his worth and efforts.

A Methodist Institution for Females has been established in Bardstown, Ky. This is an important point to be occupied by the friends of Protestantism for educational purposes.

The Richmond Female Academy is also under the patronage of the Kentucky annual conference. We are not acquainted with the state of this or the preceding institution.

Morris Female High School of Louisville.—The first session of this institution commenced the 4th of September. It opened with fifty-eight pupils, and now has eighty-seven. It is expected that one hundred will be in attendance in a few weeks. The young ladies reside in the city, with the exception of one from Missouri, and two from Nazareth, a Roman Catholic school near Bardstown, Ky.

The success of the institution so far has been great and encouraging. Many persons have, on former occasions, commenced female institutions in Louisville, but none of them ever had the same amount of patronage as this.

The school is composed of the children of parents of the several Protestant denominations, at least the three leading ones in the city. Nearly half of the school consists of children whose parents make no profession of religion.

The following notice, which we derive from the Principal, S. Dickinson, Esq., is of importance:

"In the early part of the next year, persons intending to send their daughters from home, to place them with me, must apply in the month of January: otherwise, by the time the second session opens, on the 10th or 12th of February next, the number will be full. Board, per session, is $50, including every thing but washing. The session is twenty-two weeks. If the young ladies remain during vacation, they will be charged $2 per week during that time."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several brief communications arrived too late for insertion in this number. The truly poetical lines on Autumn should have appeared in November; but the number was all set up before that article arrived. It will appear in December. We solicit other contributions from the same and *cognate* pens. We invite communications from the friends of the Repository. We will do what we can, sparing no pains or labor; but it is hard to make "the full tale of brick without straw." *Verbum sat.*

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, DECEMBER, 1843.

Original.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

BY D. W. CLARK, M. A.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." This divinely inspired exhortation of the preacher, so full of meaning, has not a more interesting application than to those to whom has been committed the moral and religious education of the young. How few are fully aware of the fearful responsibilities that are, in this respect, placed upon them—the deep and solemn interests whose issue is dependent upon their action. To their guardianship have been committed not merely the temporal, but also the eternal interests of an immortal being. They cannot, it is true, place such a soul irrecoverably without the tender mercies of God; but the influence they exert in forming its character, and the bias they give to its habits and life, will go very far toward determining its final destiny. Like the plastic wax, soft and pliant, but "without form or comeliness," is the young mind committed to their charge. By the most prudent and unceasing care is it to be molded into form, and stamped with the insignia it shall ever after bear. How many of the great and of the good, who have done honor to their race, and shed resplendent glory upon their memories, have owed all their greatness and success to the habits and principles formed in youth by the fostering care and godly example of a devout parent!

Morning and evening are they to sow their seed, leaving it to Providence to ripen and bring to maturity the fruit. The apparent sterility and unfruitfulness of the soil suggest no reason why it should not be subjected to cultivation. The hand of industry and application can smooth down the rugged asperities and tame the wildest scenes of nature, rendering it beautiful and fertile as the garden of God. But neglect of cultivation only is sufficient to spread barrenness and desolation over the fairest portions of earth. Why is it that Sicily, once denominated the "granary of the Roman empire," has ceased to produce enough to supply even its sparse and wretched population? Even the celebrated *Romana Campagna* has become a scene of barren desolation;* while, amidst the deep gorges of the Rhœtian Alps, and even at the very base of those elevated summits, capped with eternal snow and ice, the extensive orchards,† the fruitful vines, and the abundance of nature's choicest productions, for the comfort and support of man, springing up in every nook and corner of the mountain ranges, give evidence of what may be accomplished, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, by the hand of cultivation. The hand of industry cannot be more effective in smoothing down the asperities of nature, and in fertilizing its barren soil, than the devoted and persevering guardian of youth, in pruning its excrescences, checking its excesses, and in forming the mind and heart for usefulness. "Should it please God," once said a pious father, desponding over an incorrigible son, who had become noted for his contentious and quarrelsome spirit—for his aversion to his books, and his love of idle and dissolute company, "should it please God to take away any of my children, I pray him that it may be my son Isaac." But that which a father's severity could not accomplish, was finally achieved by the persevering admonitions of a godly mother. Her ardent prayers, sanctified by a holy life, at length triumphed over the hard and unfruitful soil—the ferocity of the lion was succeeded by the gentleness of the lamb; and that incorrigible and almost hopeless son afterward became not only the most profound scholar of his age, but also one of the ablest advocates of the Christian religion. Such was Isaac Barrow, the learned scholar, the able professor, and the distinguished defender of the Christian faith.

The seed is to be sown liberally; "for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." The seed sown under the most inauspicious circumstances may, in the end, be productive of the richest fruit. The little germ deposited in the mind, even in early childhood, though prevented by evil passions and unholy influences from sprouting amidst the follies of youth, yet it does not—cannot die. In the deep recesses of memory, from whose tablet no thought is ever permanently erased, is it laid up; and though it may slumber for years unnoticed, and seem to have perished and been utterly forgotten, yet the providence of God may call it forth. At some future day, may it spring up and bear "fruit an hundred fold."

I had known C—— in early childhood, and he had been my intimate companion and friend till we went forth from the walls of our beloved *Alma Mater*, to enter upon the duties of life. After the lapse of seven years, Providence again brought us together. Our meeting served to awaken in the minds of both the most pleasing recollections; and for hours did we indulge in that luxury which old school-mates and companions only can understand and enjoy. Scene after scene, in our college life, with their various actors, passed in review. We mingled our mutual laments over the fate of one who possessed brilliant talents and high hopes—who had enjoyed every advantage that

* Dr. Fisk's Travels.

† Of mulberry trees, for the cultivation of the silk-worm.

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great wealth and honorable parentage could bestow, but had been seduced from the paths of virtue, blasted his own flattering prospects, overspread the fair hopes of his family and friends with disappointment and shame, and sunk, "unhonored and unsung," into an early and ignoble grave. "Why," almost involuntarily exclaimed I, "have our fortunes been so different from his?" "I know not," replied he, "what may have been your safe-guard; but my safety, amidst the temptations of college life, I owe to the strong religious impressions made upon my mind in early childhood, which were afterward brought to maturity by the religious training received from pious parents, and especially from my pious mother, to whom, under God, I owe all my success in life."

C—— was a man of strong powers of mind, and an accomplished scholar. Though yet in his youth, he had filled, with great success and usefulness, a post of high honor in the Church. He was a sound, and sometimes eloquent preacher. The field of his future labors bade fair to be extensive and useful. I therefore felt an increasing interest to learn more of the particular circumstances that had given him his early religious impressions, and especially as I had often heard him refer to them in the "assembly of the saints." At my importunity he narrated them to me in substance as follows:

"I well recollect the first distinct notions I ever obtained concerning religion. When about four or five years of age, my parents, who, till that time, had lived in the neglect of both personal and family religion, became experimentally converted to God. For several successive evenings had they been constant in their attendance upon the house of prayer, and when at home a solemn gloom sat upon their countenances; and not unfrequently did I detect the tear stealing down the cheek of my affectionate mother. So great a change could not escape the notice of the children; but little did we understand of the great moral transformation that was going on within them. One morning, as we were called up and prepared for breakfast, there was a visible change in the countenance of both of them; for during the preceding evening they had been enabled to rejoice in a knowledge of sins forgiven. The expression of sadness, which had been to me the cause of much concern, young as I was, was all gone, and peaceful smiles played on the countenance of each. The trickling tear was no longer seen stealing its way down my mother's cheek—the sigh was no longer heard. All was peace and joy. Breakfast was soon ready, and the family gathered around the table; but instead of proceeding to serve out our food, silence and stillness was enjoined by my mother, while my father offered a brief expression of thankfulness to the Author of all our blessings. The children looked upon one another after it was over, but were silent. Our venerable grand-father, whom we revered as a saint, and also the minister, we had been accustomed to hear 'say grace,' but our father never before. Breakfast was soon over. We were all seated on either side of my mother, the Bible drawn from the case, and after reading, we all bowed before God, while my father offered up an humble prayer. This being ended, he went forth to attend to the duties of the day. My childish curiosity was so excited that I followed in his footsteps, and in childish simplicity asked what he did so for at breakfast. I never shall forget that question. Seating himself upon a log, while I stood by his knee, he told me of the great God who had made all things, and bestowed upon us every thing that we had, and who was so merciful that when man had sinned and rebelled against him, he sent his only Son to save him. He then spoke of the love of the Redeemer—how much he labored and endured, and what a dreadful death he died that he might redeem and save us. Such were the circumstances under which the family altar was erected in my father's house. They may appear trifling; but upon my youthful mind they made impressions that have been lasting. Indeed these are the earliest things of which I have any recollection. They were probably soon forgotten by both my parents; nor, perhaps, did they ever dream, while they were sowing their seed with a trembling hand, that any lasting impressions would be made upon the minds of their youthful offspring. But the impressions made upon at least one of them have not and cannot be forgotten. Nearly twenty-five years have passed away, but the recollection of that ever blessed morning, and the sweet counsels of an affectionate father follow me still. They were the dawn of a new existence to my soul—they opened my mind to the realities of the spiritual world, and gave a direction and an impulse to my faculties that has never spent its force."

As my friend advanced with his simple narration, there was a fervor and an emphasis in his tone, and a tremor in his voice, which showed that the things of which he spoke were not mere abstractions of the intellect, but images graven deeply on the heart.

"Never," exclaimed he, "shall I forget the times when my mother bade me kneel by her knee, and taught me to lisp '*Our Father*'—never shall I forget the Sabbath evenings when our little circle, then unbroken by death, were gathered to recite our lessons from the Bible or the Catechism. Yes, even the old Westminster Catechism holds a place in my affections. I reprobate, indeed, the God-dishonoring doctrines it contains, like thorns springing up in a bed of the choicest flowers; but I love it for the good it contains—for the good it has done to me. Thus in the morning did my parents begin to sow their seed, and in the evening did not withhold their hand. Our house was a house of prayer, and a school of instruction. My parents went forth weeping and bearing precious seed, but they returned rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. My sisters were all early converted to God, and one has already been transplanted to bloom for ever before the throne on high. And, as for myself, the prayers and religious instructions of my parents have, amidst all the temptations and follies of youth, been like so many guardian angels encamped round about me.

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They have proved a more powerful talisman than the lamps of genii, or the spells of necromancers in eastern fable. Upwards of twelve years have I been a wanderer from my early home—I have been exposed to various and strong temptations; but the influences there thrown around me are unbroken—I have listened to the voice of eloquence, and been borne along by the tide of human feeling; but never—never has my soul been so transfixed as by the still small voice of parental instruction."

My friend ceased. It was a testimony worthy of his noble nature—worthy of his pious parents, whose labor had been so richly repaid. Parent, Christian parent! "in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

Mr. Coleridge somewhere asserts that thought is imperishable—that though it may slumber in an imperceptible state for years, yet heaven and earth may sooner pass away than it should be stricken off from the great chain of mental operations, and cease to affect the destiny of man. If such be the case, every word of religious instruction, every pious admonition, and every prayer is stamped with imperishability. We somewhere read of insects that had retained the principle of life unextinguished, after being buried in amber for ages, and sprang forth with all the vigor of primeval youth the moment they were released from the mass that inclosed them. A single word of religious instruction, offered from a full heart, may be called forth by the providence of God, and exert an influence when you shall have been slumbering long in the house appointed for all living. "My son," once said an affectionate father, as they were walking homeward through a thick wood, in the gloom of the evening, "my son, do you know there is a hell?" The question was uttered with the deep pathos and feeling which parental affection only could inspire. The son listened in silence, while the father, with tenderness, told him of his danger, and pointed out the way of escape, and affectionately besought him to *remember his Creator in the days of his youth.* * * * Time passed on. The pious parent is gathered to his fathers. The peace of his dying moments was disturbed by the thought that, after all his labors for the salvation of his children, he must leave one unreconciled to God; and he went down to his grave mourning for his youngest and best beloved son. The young man continued to pursue the paths of folly and sin; but he pursued them not without warning. As he passed by the humble grave-yard where slept the ashes of his revered father, a hollow voice seemed to reverberate in his ear, "My son, do you know there is a hell?" As he walked through the grove which had witnessed the admonition of the man of God, every tree seemed to re-echo, "My son, do you know there is a hell?" When mingling in the scenes of sinful mirth—when tempted to sin—when plunged into transgression, and when the sinful curse trembled on his tongue, the deep, affectionate notes of his parent's voice still sounded in his ear, "My son, do you know there is a hell?" By day and by night did this fearful admonition follow the thoughtless youth, till he could sing, with the Psalmist, of his feet having been placed upon the Rock of ages. That young man, after graduating with high honor from one of our colleges, has become an able and successful minister of the New Testament.

These are not solitary examples of the blessed effects of "words fitly spoken." The whole history of the Church abounds with them. It is not, however, by words alone, but by actions, also, that Christian parents exert an influence for good or for evil upon the minds of their children. And it is not unfrequently the case that the most able instructions and precepts are completely neutralized by unchristian example. I once knew a Christian professor, highly reputed for his piety and benevolence. He was ever ready to expatiate upon the charms of religion; and his almost constant theme was the depravity of man's nature, and his ingratitude toward God for his tender mercies. Meet him where and when you might, religion was the all-absorbing topic of his conversation. And yet his wife remained till old age unconverted—his daughters grew up rude and careless—his sons were open scoffers of religion, and contemners of God. Their hardness and indifference, nay, utter contempt for all forms of religion, human and divine, was a matter of wonder and surprise to all who had witnessed the father's show of religion. It was to me a matter of great surprise; and often have I heard the father, with tears in his eyes, speak of the depravity of his children as some calamity sent upon him. But more intimate acquaintance solved the mystery. Religion was with him an ideal of the imagination rather than a principle of the heart and life. He had learned it as a theory, fanciful and exquisite, but failed, in practical life, to exemplify its virtues. He had not learned to govern his own spirit, and, so far as influence and control over his children were cencerned, was like a *house broken down, and without walls.* Out of respect to their father, the children would listen to his counsels, (and I never knew a parent capable of giving better,) and bear, with patience, his long prayers, but they only filled them with disgust; and taking his as a sample of the religion of all, it is hardly to be wondered that religion, in the end, with them, became but another word for hypocrisy. The history of this family is soon told. The father died, and his sons became vagabonds in the earth.

We cannot fully accord with the sentiment, though there is much beauty, and not a little truth in it, that the whole character is but an aggregate of small influences. Even the "father of rivers," rolling its majestic waters onward toward the ocean, was formed by the congregation of little rills; and, as the accession of every little stream adds to its greatness and grandeur, so does every little influence, especially in youth, tend to give form and direction to human character, till its principles are infixed firmly as the everlasting hills on their deep foundations. Then, what though no one event shall stand out prominent in its influence, yet the equal influence of thousands conspiring to the

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same end, shall touch a cord whose vibrations shall never cease, and awaken sympathies that shall never die away.

The ideal palace of an Aladdin may spring up in a night, but it fades away with the mists of morning, while the edifice consecrated to genius and taste requires years of patient toil and care to bring it to maturity; but when completed it stands forth the wonder and model of after ages. Month after month, and year after year, does the sculptor continue to apply the gentle strokes of his chisel. Watch the progress of his work. Day after day does he devote himself to the completion of the same limb, or to the perfection of the same feature, without the least perceptible change to the casual observer. But though no one of the uncounted millions of blows he has applied has left any distinct traces of its effects, yet the grand aggregate—the final result—is there. In the perfect statue—the sublime model of art—the master-piece of a Praxiteles—it stands forth to the wonder and admiration of the world. How many would be willing to spend a life of toil, that they might bring to perfection even one specimen of art! But why should not the parent be as emulous to perfect the character of his children as the artist his statue? Why should not his ambition to endow immortal mind with every virtue be as unquenchable as that of the artist to "make the marble speak?"

A single word or act, conscientiously performed, may be all-powerful for good—it may exert an influence years after it has transpired. In the hour of temptation, it may rise in the recollection of the tempted child, and rescue him from the pit into which he had well nigh fallen. In the hour of gloom and mental misgiving, it may come like an angel visitant, whispering consolation to the soul. But it is the skillful and *steady* hand only that works its way onward to the certain completion of its work.

Christians! Christian mothers! would you have your children early imbued with religious sentiments, and grow up in the practice of Christian virtues? would you throw around them a shield of protection against the seducing influences of sin? would you impart unto them a talisman whose charm should bring deliverance from the snare of the fowler? *then, in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which may prosper, whether this or that, or whether both may be alike good.*

THE YOUTHFUL MIND.

A STRAW will make an impression on the virgin snow. Let it remain a short time, and a horse's hoof can hardly penetrate it. So it is with the youthful mind. A trifling word may make an impression upon it; but after a few years the most powerful appeals may cease to influence it. Think of this, ye who have the training of the infant mind, and leave such an impression thereon as will be safe for it to carry amid the follies and temptations of the world.

Original.

LONELINESS.

My heart is sad and lonely now,
Its early dreams are fled—
The flowers of hope, which bloom'd so fair,
Alas, have withered!
The waves of grief have o'er me pass'd,
And even hope has fled at last.

The sunny hours that erst were wont
To cheer my drooping heart—
The smiles of friends—I've seen them all,
Like visions fair, depart,
And I, as one arous'd from sleep,
For each bright phantom wake and weep.

The eye that flash'd in years gone by,
Is dimm'd by sorrow's tears—
The heart that once beat joyously,
Is sadden'd now with fears.
Past—past are all my visions bright—
This is the heart's dark, starless night.

Ah! could I but recall the hours,
The scenes, the joys of youth,
And know again the pure delight
Of friendship's changeless truth,
And hear again that soft sweet tone,
Sacred to friendship's power alone!

But I am friendless—grief and woe
Have my companions been—
My heart yearns for a purer clime—
A calmer, holier scene—
Where my lone heart, so sad and chill,
Again with rapture sweet may thrill.

My heart is sad! The bitter thought
I gladly would repress;
But memory will often wake
It from its loneliness,
And bring to mind those blissful hours
When life's bright path seem'd strewn with flowers.

W. BAXTER.

Original.

TO ELLA.

ALAS! fair Ella sleeps—
Her varied life is o'er;
No more she prays—no more she weeps—
No longer toils up life's rude steeps,
Nor courts the muses more.
As the untimely bloom
Of spring flowers soon doth fade,
So early in the silent tomb,
Where nought can light or cheer the gloom,
Our darling one was laid.
Her form reclines full low,
'Mid darkness, death, and gloom;
But the freed spirit, well we know,
Of her we lov'd and valued so,
Hath triumph'd o'er the tomb. L. C. L.

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Original.

THE BAPTISM.*

BY THE EDITOR.

The work of grace in the human soul is progressive. Yet it has several distinct stages. Conviction of sin is one state, regeneration is another, and entire consecration a third. Each of these is, for the most part, feeble in its beginning, and strengthens by slow degrees.

Conviction of sin may now and then be sudden and overpowering, as it was in Paul and Gardner. But in such cases the work is extraordinary. The history of the Church affords comparatively few such scenes as that of Pentecost. Revivals of religion are generally under forms more gentle, in which the Spirit is distilled "like the dew," rather than sent forth like a "mighty rushing wind." In a large majority of instances, the election of the soul to life has been through a "strait gate and a narrow way"—a way which cost the earnest struggles of several days or weeks of agony.

And what is true of conviction holds also in respect to regeneration. This is a distinct form of grace, radically differing from conviction of sin, as it involves spiritual life, and not merely a struggle *after* life. But this life is first feeble. Yet by laying aside "all malice and guile," and "as new-born babes, desiring the sincere milk of the word," it becomes a growing life, in which all the graces of the Spirit advance toward maturity.

Somewhere in this progress the third state obtains, which, though it is gradually approached, is instantaneously bestowed. This is known to some as the "assurance of hope," and to others as "perfect love," or "entire sanctification." The last two are the Scriptural designations of the state. The former, "perfect love," is used by the "beloved disciple" in his first general epistle—"perfect love casteth out fear." "Entire sanctification" is a phrase authorized by this language of Paul, in Thessalonians, "And the very God of peace *sanctify you wholly*;" that is, "*entirely*." That this perfect love, or entire sanctification, is specifically a new state, and not the mere improvement of a former state or of regeneration, is plainly inferred from the Bible. Regeneration is like breaking up the fallow ground, and sowing it with wheat, in the growth of which there spring up tares. It is a mixed moral state. Sanctification is like weeding the soil, or gathering the tares and burning them, so that nothing remains to grow there but the good seed. Connected with this illustration, the growth of the soul in the graces of regeneration and of sanctification will be easily understood. In regeneration a spiritual growth is like the slow progress of the wheat choked and made sickly by the intermingling weeds. The wheat represents the graces of religion, and the weeds our remaining corruptions. These, while they remain, are always in the way of the former. Entire sanctification removes them—roots them out of the heart, and leaves it a pure moral soil. Then the graces of the Spirit have an uninterrupted growth, except as the violence of Satan's temptations, like a tempest on a desolated field, may interpose.

Growth in sanctification may be illustrated thus. The weeds being uprooted from the field, there still remain certain methods of improvement. One is by *enriching the soil*. This is the privilege of the moral husbandman. When the Holy Ghost has cleansed the heart, or crucified its unholy affections, we may enrich the soil by the acquisition of knowledge. The heart is cleansed by faith in the blood of Christ; but we are exhorted to add to our faith virtue, or strength, and *knowledge*. Another method of growth is to *mature* the *spiritual crop*. The field may be cleared of weeds while the tender blade is springing up, and months will yet be necessary to grow the grain. So the heart may be cleansed from sin, while our graces are immature, and the cleansing is a preparation for their unembarrassed and rapid growth. These hints may not interest some of our readers; but in illustration of a doctrine involved in this narrative, they will be read by those whose attention we are chiefly anxious to secure.

In 18—, the town of A—— was favored with a stationed minister, who was deeply experienced in sanctifying grace, having for six years walked in its light. In March of that year, he whose history we are relating visited that place, to enjoy the privilege of a religious meeting. He reached the town on Saturday, and in the evening heard a sermon on "perfect love," which was followed by inviting believers to approach the altar and pray for that blessing. He with many others bowed before the Lord for more than an hour. To him it seemed almost a fruitless waiting, though, as he afterward learned, it was a blessed season to several souls. Through the Sabbath which followed, he had power with God, and much of the time was in a deep struggle for holiness of heart.

On Monday morning he rose early, and wrapping his cloak about him, continued, until breakfast time, to plead for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Hastily partaking of a slight repast, he returned to his chamber and fell upon his knees. While entreating God for a clean heart, his mind was led to contemplate "*the image of Christ*" as the single object of desire. To be Christ-like—to possess "*all the mind* that was in" the blessed Savior, seemed to embrace all good; and this became the burden of his earnest prayer.

"And why do you not take his image?" was suggested to him; "for he has taken yours. Look at the crucified Lamb. From his bleeding feet, and hands, and heart—from his pale features, and from every convulsed member, as from a thousand mirrors, do you not catch the reflection of your own vile image destroyed by the fall? Why does the blessed Jesus there hang and bleed, 'his visage so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men?' Is it for himself? No—O no! He is innocent—immaculate.

* Concluded from page 328.

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It is for *me*. There, on the cross, he bears my sin, and shame, and weakness, and misery, and death. And why does he bear them? To give me, in their stead, his purity, and honor, and strength, and bliss, and life. Why, then, not take his image? Give him your sin, and take his purity. Give him your shame, and take his honor. Give him your helplessness, and take his strength. Give him your misery, and take his bliss. Give him your death, and take his life everlasting. Nay, yours he already *has*. There they are, bruising him and putting him to grief! Nothing remains but that you take his in exchange. Make haste! Now—just now, he freely offers you all, and urges all upon your instant acceptance."

All at once he felt as though a hand, not feeble but omnipotent—not of wrath but of love, were laid on his brow. He felt it not only outwardly but inwardly. It seemed to press upon his whole being, and to diffuse all through and through it a holy sin-consuming energy. As it passed downward, his heart as well as his head was conscious of the presence of this soul-cleansing energy, under the influence of which he fell to the floor, and in the joyful surprise of the moment cried out with a loud voice. Still that hand of power wrought without and within, and wherever it moved it seemed to leave the glorious impress of the Savior's image. For a few minutes the deep of God's love swallowed him up—all its waves and billows rolled over him.

But Satan was there. Quick and subtil in his stratagem—"Shame," said he, "that you should make this ado, to the disgrace of religion, and to the mortification of those whose hospitalities you share." He saw that it was an evil thought, and strove against it; but after a sore conflict it prevailed. He became silent, his feelings subsided, and he arose and proceeded to the meeting-house, where the pious were gathered for the worship of God. His heart still burned within him, and his Savior whispered words of holy comfort to his soul.

This was the baptism of the Spirit. To the pious it needs no explanation. To the impious it admits none. What effects followed this visit of the soul to the mount of transfiguration may be rehearsed in our next number.

AUTUMN.

How swiftly pass our years,
  How soon their end comes on—
A train of hopes and fears—
  And human life is gone.

See, the fair Summer now is past,
  The foliage late that clad the trees
Stript by the equinoctial blast,
  Falls like the dew-drop in the breeze.

So, man, thy Summer soon will end,
  Thine Autumn, too, will soon decay,
And Winter come when thou wilt blend
  With common dust to mold away.

Original.

MY SISTER'S HYMN-BOOK.

That hymn-book! There was nothing peculiar about it. The verses were like many others—rich and spiritual. But what gave it, with me, an inestimable value, it was the dying bequest of my sister. It was not my privilege to be with her in the closing scenes of life—hundreds of miles separated us. But never shall I forget how, on my return, this little book was presented to me. It had once before belonged to me. I had given it to Clara on condition that she would sing for me, and I was repaid while listening to her sweet voice. When given back to me, it brought to my mind the scenes of childhood, and of our whole life up to the time that we were separated.

When I first heard of Clara's death, it did not seem to make a deep impression upon my mind—why I cannot say. Perhaps, from my not having been with her in the hour of her departure, I was unable to realize the loss I had sustained, though I knew that I should behold her no more in this world.

But when I came to gaze upon the pages of this now priceless treasure—to turn over its leaves—to read those words which she so often had sung—the conviction fully, for the first time, seized upon my mind, that she who had been its owner, was gone—gone for ever! I now awoke to the agonizing consciousness that my sister had been taken away from me!

Now my thoughts would busily fly back to those years in which we were one—to the home of our childhood—to those happy hours when we used to ramble in the fields and gather lilies, or stay by the brook, in the meadow, now watching the minnies as they sported amidst the crystal waters, and now listening to the song of the robin, perched above us in the branches of the trees. How often we walked, hand in hand, to the village school, and how unwilling she was that I should leave her for a moment, lest some danger should approach! Then, as if by magic, my mind would rush through the lapse of years until maturer age had added grace to her form, and loveliness to her character.

On the last years of her life my whole soul would concentrate its sympathies. I would think of the time when she gave her heart to God, and found the Savior. How often she used to converse about heaven, and the felicity which the saints enjoy at God's right hand! Then, again, I would watch the hectic flush and ashy paleness that gathered in delicate contrast upon her fair countenance, as consumption was drying up the very fountains of life.

When I bade her farewell, how she held my hand, (I seem to feel its pressure now,) as the tears stole from her speaking eye! "We shall meet no more in this world," was all she could say. Her words were prophetic! Never again shall we meet, until I follow her over Jordan.

She did not die as the wicked die, nor was her last end like theirs. While the king of terrors was hurrying her away, her soul was in raptures. They could

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see that its wings were all plumed for a flight to glory. She is gone; but her memory lives, and her graces have left an odor behind. Farewell, my sister! It was hard to give thee up; for thou wert lovely. Yet heaven was the fittest place for thee. But wilt thou not, gentle spirit, return again? Art thou gone for ever? No, no! In lonely solitude, amidst pensive hours of holy meditation, while the softest zephyrs waft balmy fragrance on their wings, and heaven sheds upon my wounded heart a healing influence—when no mortal ear listens, and the spirits of the blest seem to mingle their notes of rapture with the gentle song of Nature in Jehovah's praise, then, blest spirit, I seem to hear thee sing to thy brother, in sweeter tones than thou wast wont to use on earth—

"Deathless spirit, quickly rise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Come his triumphs to adorn—
Born of God, to God return.
See he beckons from on high—
Tearless, to his presence fly.
Thine the merit of his blood—
Thine the righteousness of God."

Original.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

EDITOR LADIES' REPOSITORY,—Dear Sir—As your periodical is intended for the profiting of females in religious doctrine and experience, permit me to trouble you with an inquiry, which, for the good of souls, I doubt not you will willingly answer.

In frequent conversations with valued friends, the subject of Christian baptism is introduced. They insist on immersion as the only, and a necessary mode of that sacrament. The argument which is most urged upon me, is drawn from the alledged signification of the Greek word, which they say is "*immerse*, and *nothing else*." Having never been immersed, yet having received this sacrament, as I supposed, in another form, I am interested to know if they are correct, and appeal to you for instruction.

As there are doubtless many other minds in a state of inquiry amongst your readers, your reply through the Repository may be extensively useful; besides which, it will be permanent, and can be referred to when an unpublished answer will have been lost in oblivion. Will you permit us to have it for reference in future time? With sincere desires to be confirmed in the truth,

I am, &c., ANN P. M'LAUGHLIN.

THE REPLY.

The word baptize is, with slight variation, purely Greek. It is a capital error to say that it signifies "to immerse, and nothing else." It might just as well be affirmed that the English verb "to dye" signifies to color *red*, and nothing else. In each proposition there is both truth and falsehood. To baptize does signify to immerse, and to dye does sometimes mean to color red. But both verbs have several other meanings. To color yellow, green, or any other shade, is as much dyeing as to color red. So of baptize—to "pour upon," or "shed forth," is assuredly baptism as well as to immerse.

That the word baptize—or *baptizo*, to retain its proper form—does mean "something else than to immerse," is proven by every reputable lexicon in being. No scholar will venture to deny it. There is a cognate word, *bapto*, which means "to dip," and is thus translated in Matthew xxvi, 23, Luke xvi, 24, John xiii, 26, and Revelation xix, 13; but this word is never used in reference to the sacrament of baptism, as we might expect it would be, if immersion were the form. So far as its classic use is in question, it is readily granted that one meaning among *others* of the Greek word *baptizo* is to immerse; and, furthermore, it is granted that this is a leading signification; but we deny that this is its only import, and affirm that it has other meanings.

Homer calls the gushing of the warm blood upon the warrior's sword the *baptism* of the offending weapon. Here baptize signifies sprinkling.

Aristophanes calls excessive wine-bibbing a being *baptized* with wine.

Plutarch says, "Thou mayest be baptized, (O, bladder!) but it is not permitted thee to go under the water." So that, according to Plutarch, baptism does not require a "going under the water."

Stephanus defines baptism to be not only immersion, but generally cleansing, or washing.

Scapula defines it—"*abluo*," "*lavo*;" and

Suidas adds, "wetting, washing, or purging."

Ainsworth says that to baptize is to wash, or to sprinkle.

Parkhurst says—"To baptize is to wash *with* water in token of purification from sin. But in the New Testament it occurs not strictly in the sense of to dip, to immerse, or plunge in water."

Greenfield says to baptize, in the New Testament, is "to wash, to perform ablution, to cleanse."

Ewing says that "*baptizo* is used in several different senses, as, 1. To plunge, or sink under water. 2. To cover *partially with* water. 3. To overwhelm, or cover with water, by rushing, pouring, or flowing upon. 4. To drench or impregnate with liquor by affusion. 5. To oppress, or overwhelm, in a metaphorical sense. 6. To wash in general, without specifying the mode. 7. To wash for the special purpose of symbolical, ritual, or ceremonial purification. 8. To administer the ordinance of Christian baptism."

Bonaventura says that "*baptizo* signifies *lavo*, that is, to wash."

Doederline says that "the power of the word *baptizo* is expressed in washing, or performing ablution, on which account we read of the washing of cups, Mark vii, 8; and the rite itself is called a purifying in John iii, 25."

Attersol says, "Dipping into water is not necessary to the being of a sacrament. Sprinkling of water is

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not necessary to the being of a sacrament. But wetting and washing with water are necessary to the being of a sacrament."

Maldanat says, "With the Greeks, *baptizein* (one of the forms of *baptizo* in conjugation) signifies to dip, to *wash*, to *wash* oft; and as Tertullion says concerning baptism, [De Anima, cap. x,] that it means not only to immerse, but also to pour, [*mergere non tantum, sed et perfundere.*"]—*Professor Pond, Biblical Repository.*

The reader must not forget that the generic idea of baptism in all these cases is to wash, as the generic idea in dyeing, is to make of some, no matter what, color. A specific idea, or a mode may be inferred, in each case. For instance, we may infer that the washing or baptism is by dipping *in* water, or by *applying* it otherwise; just as we may infer that the dyeing is to be red, green, or some particular color. But in each case this is *mere inference.*

The New Testament often applies Greek words in a novel form. If in the Epistles *baptizo* always means "immersion," what are we to do with Hebrews ix, 10, where "divers washings," ("baptisms,") are spoken of? What were these divers Jewish baptisms? They are described in Leviticus xiv, 7: "He shall *sprinkle* upon him that is to be cleansed seven times, and he shall pronounce him clean;" and in Numbers viii, 7: "*Sprinkle water of purifying* upon them." Sprinklings, then, were among these diverse *baptisms.*

What shall we do, also, with 1 Cor. x, 1, 2, "All our fathers were baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea?" How were they baptized? Exodus xiv, 22, informs us that the children of Israel went into the sea on *dry ground.* If the water touched them at all, it was in the form of rain from the cloud, or of spray from the foaming waves which stood up in heaps on their right and on their left.

It is undeniable that *baptizo* is used in the New Testament, to denote those Jewish cleansings, which were oftener performed by sprinkling than by immersion. The force of the argument involved in this fact may not be perceived. It may be thus illustrated. It is denied by immersionists that pouring or sprinkling is baptism. Suppose our blessed Savior should now come to our world, and enter our churches, as he was wont to visit the temple, and should on some occasions say to Presbyterian or Methodist congregations, a few of whom are immersed, but many others sprinkled, "Your diverse baptisms oblige you, as my disciples, to be faithful;" would not such language prove conclusively that he viewed sprinkling as one form of baptism? He would certainly be giving it that name, which immersionists are careful not to do, even by remote implication. By his apostle in Hebrews ix, 10, the Savior has done the very thing here supposed. He calls the ceremonial cleansings of Judaism, which were generally by sprinkling, baptisms; and if divine authority can settle any disputed point, surely it ought to decide the Scriptural signification of the word *baptizo.* Shall we dispute with an apostle, or withstand God? Let us beware how we adduce classical authority to correct the philological errors of the Holy Ghost. When we say that to baptize means "to immerse and nothing else," we may be assured there is danger. Let us beware lest we be found fighting against God.

To add several illustrations and proofs which we have in mind, in regard to the Scriptural meaning of the word baptize, will make our present reply too long. We shall therefore close for the present, and resume the subject hereafter. But we will add one or two general remarks. It surprises us to find so patient and persevering a warfare carried on against nine-tenths of the Christian world, in regard to the meaning of the word *baptizo*, while other words, just as important in sacramental significancy are passed by as of no consequence. On this point, we avail ourselves of the following extract from an unknown writer.

"In some words which occur in the New Testament we discover a modification of the sense, a departure from their meaning, as found in the classic authors. When Xenophon tells us (Cyrop Lib. 1, p. 15) that the hunters followed their sport 'until supper,' *mechri deipnon*, we infer that, with appetites sharpened by the vigorous exercise of a whole day, they partook of a hearty meal. That is, *deipnon* signifies, in a classic Greek author, a hearty meal—in the evening. But when *Paul* speaks of eating the Lord's supper, (1 Cor. xi, 20,) where he uses the same word, *deipnon*, does *he* mean that the Lord's supper is a hearty meal? By no means. He censures the excess of eating, the neglect of discriminating between the common meal and the *Christian ordinance.* Here we find a Greek word, when applied to a religious ceremony, used with a peculiar signification. If, then, it can even be shown that *baptizo*, in a classic author, may occasionally imply the idea of submerging, yet it does not follow that the word retains its classic meaning, in its whole extent, when applied to a Christian ordinance, any more than the word *deipnon.* It is not a heathen poet or orator who is to explain to us what a *sacrament* is, but the New Testament, the inspired word."

This hint suggests the possibility—if not certainty—that the great enemy of the Church is the author of the hot disputes about the form of baptism. Why else is it confined to one sacrament? In regard to the eucharist, all confess that the Church disregards apostolic forms. The eucharist is no longer a "*supper.*" Yet no daring polemic charges on Christ's ministers the neglect of this sacrament.

Please to review the extract quoted above. Consider how it can have happened that immersionists are so careless of the forms of the eucharist, and yet so precise in regard to baptism. Is it of greater importance that a sacrament, never to be repeated upon its subject, the alledged irregularity of which is of course but a single evil, should be fashioned exactly after the apostolic pattern, than that a sacrament, which is ever repeated, and from which, like our daily food, we derive perpetual strength or weakness, should be wholesome and Scriptural?

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Original.

ADELINE.

Dear Friend,—I have often promised to relate to you some of those dramas in real life which have passed under my personal observation, surpassing in interest and in incident the events of the most high-wrought fiction. I now bethink me of the story of Adeline M. And to commence in order takes me back to a date considerably prior to the war of 1812 and 1814.

My first recollections of her are as of a childhood acquaintance with one so indulged by fortune that literally her feet were hardly ever allowed to touch the earth. And, so injudicious were the arrangements of the family, that, twice a day, the coach was sent a two minutes' walk to take the children to school—a distinction that my youthful fancy gloated on as the perfection of happiness; for neither in that family nor in my own was it then customary to instill those religious leadings which keep the youthful heart from its own folly.

Mr. M., the father, was an opulent merchant, engaged in extensive commercial relations, and in the full tide of success. Every wind that blew seemed to waft riches into his lap; and friends and adulators followed. He had married the woman that he loved, his children were beautiful and healthy, and no ungratified ambition disturbed the complacency of his heart. His cup was full—full to overflowing.

It will not seem surprising, then, that with so much to engage the outward senses, and no counteracting principle within, this family walked wide from God, and forgot him—that they increased and swelled with pride and arrogance, so that the very children, six and eight years of age, became offensive by the ugliness of their airs, and their pretensions. Yet all these things seemed to be taken as matters of course—"it was not to be expected that children so much indulged could behave like those more rigidly looked to"—"they were more to be pitied than blamed," &c., &c. No acquaintances fell away from a family so situated—none took too much notice of their overstepping petulance and pride.

The world, it is said, grows worse. But it would seem to me that the order of society is now, in some respects, better than then; and that, amongst the higher classes, the ordeal of public opinion is better squared to morality, and more rigidly insisted on than then. But I may be mistaken; for I have spent many years in the south and west, where many of the aristocratical distinctions which obtain in the New England cities would hardly be accredited to exist.

Even the arrangements of this family, boasting, probably, no genealogical tree, nor referable to the herald's office, yet savored strongly of the old tory regime of the mother country, as established about Boston and other cities at the date of the Revolutionary war. I now see their coach, like a coach of state, with prancing, graceful steeds—the coachman a colored man, chosen for his figure of comely, full proportions, almost as fine-looking as his master, and sporting his collar and cuffs of buff, with the silver band about his hat, and performing every minutiæ of his office to the letter, and with the most deferential dignity, always presenting the hand for the foot at entering the carriage, or the shoulder for the hand at alighting, &c., &c. Besides this the lady always made her visits of ceremony in a chariot—a most grand and beautiful style of carriage, though now out of use. And so this family lived—all the appointments of the house, a very beautiful mansion, corresponding in expense and style to the equipages, &c., &c.

And so this family went on for years; but at last there came a reverse. The star was changed. One misfortune followed another. At first a fire included one of his immense store-houses, containing the complete freight of a newly arrived ship. In a few months after a desolating coast-storm "scattered all his ships," and finally a complete failure was the result, involving many in its ruin.

In those days it was not, as now, an every day occurrence "to fail;" and the unfortunate bankrupt in New England was looked upon with the most scrutinizing suspicion, and contemned with unmerciful severity. It was now that the sunshine friends of their better years turned upon them, and decried the extravagance and wanton waste which they insisted was what now hindered Mr. M. from getting through his difficulties, and paying his debts. He still injudiciously held on to his fine house, thinking it enough that all his rentable property, his country house, and his equipages had been surrendered. But after a year or two he was compelled to relinquish that also. Some of his creditors taxed him with sequestered funds; but it was soon found that he had not wherewith to support his family in comfort. And what a family! How indulged—how enervated—how helpless!—the wife a feminine, delicate creature, incapable of all but her motherly, fire-side duties. The only son had just completed his collegiate course, and, being entirely untrained to business, found a support for himself in the United States service. And then followed a train of five sisters, the eldest only being arrived at the age of womanhood. Yet young as they were, how bitter were now their struggles! How was their pride re-visited upon them by the ill-suppressed derision of many that they formerly scorned. Yet all were not so malignant toward them; and the girls, as they advanced in life, still "held caste." Many pitied them, whilst they were, from time to time, annoyed by arrests upon their father. This was at a date long anterior to the abrogation of the statute for imprisonment for debt. So that the wretched father was sometimes for a whole winter incarcerated within the walls of a jail—his unhappy daughters visiting and ministering to him there. Neither was he allowed the benefit of the insolvent act—as often as he would petition for it some creditor still rising to oppose. It seems to have been customary in those days for persons possessed of small sums to place them on premium in the hands of some thriving

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merchant, ready at all times to answer their calls for money. And a host of such were those most strenuously opposed to him. In short, he and his family were continually harrassed by bitter enemies.

I was young then, and thought not much upon these things. Now I look upon them as a family, though formerly very faulty, who yet bore the penalty wonderfully, and suffered well. The two eldest sisters retreated, as it were, early stood aloof from society, and never married. And though they were a family of uncommon beauty, yet it is not surprising that gentlemen eschewed forming connections involving so much probable responsibility.

But years wore apace, and other changes came upon this family, as there comes upon all. Some amelioration took place in their condition. Little by little, much improvement had taken place in their character. Witnessing and experiencing the hollowness of mere earthly good at best, they had learned to appreciate the real worth of things, and a spirit of submission and of piety pervaded them. They had become a very industrious family; and the embroideries, then so much sought, afforded them a compensation for their skill. And now, respected by all, they were perhaps more happy than they had ever been in their lives. A patron, too, was found. A benevolent and wealthy family supplied them with a house, and arranged a school for the eldest daughter, giving three or four of their own children as an offset for the accommodation afforded. Still they were poor.

It was at this date that Adeline, now about twenty years of age, taking a great cold, fell into a lingering decline. For twelve long months this illness continued increasing very slowly, until all the symptoms of a regular decay, one after another, fell upon her. Her cough was destressing—the hectic colored her cheek and lighted her eye, and even the night sweats, that precursor of death, had established themselves upon her. And most affecting was it to see with what anxious solicitude her sisters watched every change. But the fair blossom seemed sinking out of their grasp. Adeline herself seemed resigned and passive under the infliction—neither fearing nor dreading the grave that was yawning for her.

The brother had, a few years previously, married a lady of large fortune; and though affectionately disposed toward his family, yet motives of delicacy hindered him from using her fortune upon them. Neither would this have suited the lady's ideas. His own emolument had always been very limited—just as little as would serve an officer for his own personal expenses. He had, however, just at this crisis, arranged for himself an appointment as United States Consul to one of the cities of France, and was just now on the eve of departure, when he received a letter, representing the case, and making a beseeching appeal that their dear Adeline might possibly live if he would take her along with him on the voyage, as the air of southern France might restore her to health. An appeal of this sort it were impossible for the heart of a brother to resist. And so in great haste the thing was decided on. Adeline's scanty preparations were soon made. Yet it seemed marvelous that any hope could be entertained for her.

Her brother's residence was in Philadelphia, but he was to embark at New York. He wrote his sister to meet him in that city, and he would be there on a certain day to receive her. She had now to make her way from B—— to meet him.

At this time my mother's family were close neighbors with Adeline's family. And it happened that a brother of mine was called by his business, at this time, to New York. So Mr. M. came in to us with a request that my brother would take charge of his daughter on the trip. This arrangement sounds oddly to a southern young lady; but in New England nothing is more common—the service being always performed and accepted in good faith. My brother willingly did what he could to aid his interesting young neighbor.

When I bade her adieu, and saw her depart, I expected never to behold her more. But she went in good heart, and, feeble as she was, almost buoyantly; for her prospects seemed brightening around her. Indeed she was low enough to have been attended by a sick nurse. And how did I pity her sisters, that one could not afford the expense of attending her to the city to see her depart. I would even have proffered some aid; but a yankee girl, in the home of her parents, has seldom any money at disposal. So I took it out in heartfelt weeping.

This was so long ago as that steam was seldom used on the Sound; and the little trip, taking about forty-eight hours, was made in a packet sloop. It is well known how very rough the navigation occasionally is on the Sound; and such a time it was now. My brother said the invalid was excessively sea-sick, but bore all without complaining. And now, by evening on the second day, having arrived in the city, he hastened to the appointed place to inform the brother of Adeline's arrival. But he was *not yet come*—unavoidably detained for a day or two longer. What was now to be done? Adeline was much distressed, but named a well known merchant of the city as her cousin. Him my brother sought; but he had departed for his country residence for the night. And now did poor Adeline, with many blushes and a full heart, make the humiliating confession that she *could not pay her passage*, having expected her brother to do it for her. My brother besought her not to discompose herself, for it was not the smallest inconvenience for him to do it for her. The sum wanted was ten dollars; so proffering her the other half of a twenty dollar note, he begged her to accept it. "Do, dear Adeline," said he, "because you are sick. I make the loan for ninety-nine years, and will never mention it until then, if you will but keep it." But no; Adeline was peremptory in her refusal, thanking him, and saying if he would only settle her passage for her that her brother would repay him. God bless the kind heart of my brother! how

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often, in his days of fullness, has he given much greater sums than this with as much simplicity as another would cast a shilling! But, in relating this instance, he could never command either his voice or his tears. So Adeline was conveyed to a ladies' boarding house.

Early in the morning the merchant, having found the note left for him, called and took her to his residence in the country, where she was kindly cherished until she embarked. Also, he insisted on handing over to my brother the money for her passage. So poor Adeline found friends at her need.

In a few days her brother and family arrived, and all took ship for their Atlantic voyage. I suppose, at that date, no steam had ever been used on the ocean. So their voyage by ship took five or six weeks—made now in hardly more days.

In due time came a letter to the anxious family from Adeline's self, saying that she had had the best of attendance during the voyage from her sister's woman; and that she had hardly got off soundings before her cough left her; and that other symptoms of disease were disappearing; and that she believed herself in a fair way of recovery—thanking God for all his goodness to her—adding, "Give me all your prayers, that my soul with my body may be renovated."

What a boon—what a cordial was this letter to the stricken and anxious hearts of her parents and sisters! No wonder these things went far in constraining that piety which, in former years, they had so much neglected. The little family at home grew happier. One of the younger sisters now married a respectable physician; and the world seemed brightening upon them. And the measure of prosperity which was now vouchsafed them they accepted with thankfulness, as from their heavenly Father, who, having chastened them enough for their good, was now shedding gifts of mercy upon them. Soon a second sister made a respectable and happy marriage with a brother of her sister's husband; and the family seemed in a fair way of being provided for.

One of the most striking features of their character was that firm bond of family affection, which, whether in suffering and disaster, or in prosperity, still pervaded them. And what is more beautiful than this? Like charity, it is twice blessed. The giver and the receiver are both the better for it. This is a principle which should be early inculcated; and, like any other germ of piety, it will sooner or later find its growth. He was a wise father who learned his children, each night, to place their hands upon each other's heads and "bless them."

Adeline spent one long, happy year in the lovely climate of south France. Her letters home were frequent; and she failed not to make great improvement by her opportunity—as, indeed, what, like traveling and seeing the world, enlarges and informs character? She gives many details of French life—and many traits they possess, which it requires a domestic view to appreciate, and which it would be to the honor of an American, or a citizen of any other nation, to imitate—their cheerfulness, their contentment, and their ready acquiescence in disaster, amongst others. We accuse them of frivolity; but "*vive la bagatelle!*" is an adage better understood, in its extent, and its limitation, by them, probably, than by us.

At the expiration of twelve months, Adeline, perfectly recovered, took passage for her homeward voyage. She returned in the same packet ship in which she went out. And the captain, a fine, liberal, whole-hearted son of the ocean, having witnessed Adeline's disposition and deportment under trying circumstances, made a tender of his hand and heart—a proposal readily accepted. So Adeline returned to comfort and aid her family. And now literally their sorrow was turned to rejoicing. Nor did they forget the Giver.

A few years subsequently, Mr. M., the father, who, in his extreme indigence, had outlived his persecutions, but yet could never get re-established in any business, departed to his rest in the grave. And the family, the mother and the two eldest sisters, found each a home in the houses of the three married daughters—an independent home; for where one so placed chooses to be useful, how indispensable can she become amidst a family of children!

And thus are they all situated. None of the families affect the dissipations of fashionable life, though still retaining the consideration of their own set. But, wisely, they are training their children to avoid those rocks, and shoals, and quicksands of dissipation and folly on which themselves once made so fatal shipwreck.

C. M. B.

GOD'S LOVE.

The following exquisite little gem of poetry was written for a recent celebration in Boston, by M. H. Wetherbee, a hard-working stone-cutter.

God's Spirit smiles in flowers,
And in soft summer showers
He sends his love.
Each dew drop speaks his praise,
And bubbling fount displays,
In all their lucid rays,
Light from above.

The tiny waves that creep
Along the ravines steep,
Obey his nod.
The golden orb of day,
And ocean's crested spray,
To him due homage pay,
Creation's God.

Thus friendship wears its bloom,
And smiles beyond the tomb
In its own light.
O may that love be ours,
Which guides life's darkest hours,
Cheering like smiling flowers
Hope's deepest night.

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Original.

THE EMIGRANT.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

The emigrant from New England, as he leaves his native home for a residence in the west, experiences some strange and hardly definable feelings. His home has become endeared to him by the associations of childhood, of youth, and of manhood. There is the sloping hill-side on which he gathered the violets of spring, and the lilies of summer. There is the little brook, among whose shady bowers he spent many a summer hour. There is the woodland plain, over which he rambled in autumn, when the leaves were falling around him, and every wild flower had disappeared before the chilling frost. There is the old orchard, whose ripe fruits he had so often gathered up—the meadow all waving with grass—the pasture with its glades and dells all grown over with brakes and ferns. There is the old elm, planted perhaps by the hand of his grand-father, with its long branches overhanging the house; and there is the pine, planted by his own hand, with its evergreen tassels sighing to the wind. In the distance are the blue hills, which have formed the background of the landscape on which he has looked from infancy; and nearer are the silver lakes from whose mirrowy surface he has so often seen reflected the sunlight of morning.

The old cottage in which he was born and nurtured, and which has also been thus far the nursery of his own little children, has charms for him, which the princely palace might not equal. Its image, with the scenery around it, is indelibly stamped on his soul. Let him become a wanderer in distant lands—let new and startling scenes everywhere meet him—let him make a new home wherever he may, the impress of his childhood's home will still lie too deep in his memory ever to be effaced. Wherever his waking thoughts may be, his dreams will still linger about this spot.

The emigrant, before he leaves this sacred spot, calls his children once more around him. Once more they kneel before the old family altar, and offer up their devotions to a protecting Providence. Then they walk together once more about the orchard and garden, instinctively bidding good-bye to each flowret and shrub. Returning, they cast a "longing, lingering look" at their cottage halls, and close the doors, to open them no more for ever.

Slowly and sadly the emigrant proceeds on his weary way. From the topmost ridge of some long hill, he catches the last glance at his cottage home. The carriage stops. The family, little children and all, fix their eyes, full of tears, on that loved spot. There it is, in quiet, silent beauty, embowered in shrubbery, and rendered still more enchanting to the sight by the soft blue tinge which distance throws around it. A moment more—one other look, and the carriage moves on, and the cottage disappears for ever.

Not yet, however, has every familiar scene gone from the emigrant's view. There is yet about him the scenery of his native state. These farms, these neat villages, these lakes, these crystal streams, he has seen before. One by one, however, every familiar scene fades away, till the last hill of his native land sinks below the horizon. The whizzing steam car bears him on, and he stands on the summit of the Alleghanies. Here he stops again, to take one more look at the world he is leaving. He stands on the boundary line between the east and the west. On the one side is the world which he has long known and admired—on the other is, to him, an "undiscovered country." He looks back, and there rushes on his soul the thrilling memory of the past—the memory of incidents, and scenes, and friends, which he had long since lost in oblivion. Philosophers tell us that there is reason to believe our thoughts and feelings imperishable; that relics of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, and may all be brought up whenever any stimulus, sufficiently exciting, acts on the mind; and that, therefore, there are occasions when there is brought before the mind the collective experience of its whole past existence. Such an occasion occurs to the emigrant, as he stands on the Alleghanies, and looks back, over hill and dale, toward his native home. Scenes long since faded away—incidents long ago forgotten—friends long since followed to the grave—all come up before him as vivid and as bright as though the events had just occurred. His eyes swimming with the recollections of the past, he can look no longer. He closes them; but yet he sees painted on the living canvass of his soul the land of his birth, with its mountains and vallies, its lakes and streams, the cottage where he lived, with all its rural attractions, and the friends he had long known and loved.

Gathering up his energies, the emigrant opens his eyes, and looks before him. At his feet he sees a range of hills, lower than that on which he stands, succeeded by another, lower still, and still another, continually diminishing as they recede, till far away, near the distant horizon, he sees spread out, in quiet beauty, tinged with the sunlight of evening, the illimitable plains of the west.

The emigrant's heart is glad. He winds his way down the mountain side, and presses on his journey. On the banks of the Scioto he again looks back. The last hill has faded away in the east. He looks forward, and there sees before him the fertile plains of western Ohio, of Indiana, and of Illinois. To him it appears one vast wilderness, without habitation or cultivated field—a dead level, varied by no elevation or depression, and enlivened by no rippling brook. Wending his way, however, westward, he perceives what he supposed a level plain to be an undulating surface, intersected by many a meandering stream, and covered with corn, wheat, grass, and forest trees, in such abundance and magnitude as to defy all his former calculations of the productive powers of nature. Pursuing his way, he reaches the Wabash, flowing through the most fertile valley ever wet with the dews of heaven, or warmed

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by the rays of the sun. Here there appears before him a variegated landscape of woodland and prairies, exhibiting a scene of beauty, to which, even in fair New England, his eye had never been accustomed. Still moving toward the setting sun, the emigrant soon finds himself on the interminable, tenantless, homeless, treeless prairie. Day after day he moves on, nor meets one human face, unless some traveler like himself may cross his path, and then all is loneliness again. The sense of loneliness is one that must oppress him, wherever he may make his journey through the interior of the great west. The dense and continuous forests, the prairies, and even the immense fields of corn, all tend to make him feel lost in the vastness of the scenes with which he is surrounded. He stands on the bluff and looks down on ten thousand acres of corn, all in one continuous field. He looks on the cultivated prairie, waving for miles with the golden wheat, all ready for the sickle. He goes into the forest, and the prodigious trees overwhelm him by their size, and make him dizzy by their height. The calmness of the atmosphere, the stillness that everywhere prevails, oppress him with emotions of sadness. He feels like the shepherd king of Palestine when he looked on the heavens in their grandeur, and then thought on the frailty of man.

In some retired spot, surrounded by primeval beauty, the emigrant makes him another home. The forest is cleared away, and the fields grow green with corn. Soon the little white cottage, resembling as much as possible his former home, erects its modest front. Up its walls climb the woodbine, the jessamine, the eglantine, and the honeysuckle; and around it cluster the sweet-brier, the almond, the lilac, and the rose, exhibiting the same beauty, and emitting the same fragrance as those around his home on the Atlantic hill. His cottage halls now again echo with the merry laugh of childhood. Tiny hands gather up the dandelions of spring, and little feet bound over the decorated landscape. The little ones—rambling from nook to nook, and dell to dell, gathering wild flowers of every hue, walking hand in hand along the garden avenues, admiring the shrubbery and flowers, and listening to the mocking-bird, the sweetest of all songsters, and unknown in the north—earnestly inquire of their mother if she supposes their old place can be so pleasant. Then is the emigrant's heart glad. The cloud of sadness is dispelled from his soul. He is lonely no more. He meets not, it is true, the familiar faces of his old friends; but he is content with the society of his own household. He misses the excitement and the stirring scenes with which he was once surrounded; but he heeds it not—he learns to find sufficient interest and amusement at his own fireside. He dreams of his old home; but his new home has, in his waking hours, sufficient charms to remove the sadness of his dreams. He looks in vain for the church of his native village, with its spire pointing to the blue sky; but he still may worship with renewed zeal at his own family altar. The pealing organ he hears no more; but sweet voices around his domestic hearth chaunt the morning and evening hymn of thanksgiving and praise. Wherever the loved ones are, there is *home*—wherever home is, there may be peace, and content, and happiness.

TO A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

Witney, Oct. 16, 1771.

It is no fault to be grieved at the unkindness of those we love: only it may go to an excess; so that we have need to watch in this, as in all things, seeing the life of man is a temptation upon earth. And it is no fault not to grieve for the censure we must often meet with for following our own conscience. Of those little ones you cannot be too tender or too careful; and as you are frequently alone, you may teach them many important lessons, as they are able to bear them. But it requires immense patience; for you must tell them the same thing ten times over, or you do nothing.

A higher degree of that peace which may well be said to "pass all understanding" will keep, not only your heart, but all the workings of your mind, (as the word properly signifies,) both of your reason and imagination, from all irregular sallies. This peace will increase as your faith increases: one always keeps pace with the other. So that on this account also your continual prayer should be, "Lord, increase my faith!" A continual desire is a continual prayer, that is, in a low sense of the word; for there is a far higher sense—such an open intercourse with God, such a close, uninterrupted communion with him as G. Lopez experienced, and not a few of our brethren now alive. This you also should aspire after; as you know He with whom we have to do is no respecter of persons.

John Wesley.

AFFLICTION.

It is a worse sign to be without chastisement than to be under chastisement.

Two things should comfort suffering Christians, viz., all that they suffer is not hell; yet it is all the hell that they should suffer.

Afflictions are not so much threatened as promised to the children of God.

To be a Christian, and a suffering Christian, is a double honor.

By affliction God separates the sin which he hates from the soul which he loves.

The more a man fears sin, the less will he fear trouble.

Afflictions are of God's sending, but of sin's deserving. Sin is the poison, affliction the medicine.

When God is humbling us, let us endeavor to humble ourselves.

If the servants of God are ever so low, yet his heart is with them, and his eye upon them.

God takes it unkindly when we grieve too much for any outward thing; because it is a sign we derive not that comfort from him which we should.

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PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.*

BY JESSE T. PECK.

The elements of pleasure to the fancy are chiefly vivacity, beauty, sublimity, and novelty.

Vivacity exists primarily in the thoughts, and it is much more easily understood than defined. It is that kind of definiteness, spirit, and energy, which gives distinctness to the view. With this distinctness the mind is always pleased and interested. A degree of impatience, amounting to resentment, is instinctively felt when the mind, encouraged to expect a treat in the development of well-defined ideas, is perplexed with dark and ambiguous sayings—dull, trite, and stale thoughts; or dry, abstract, and impracticable theories. But if no labor is required—no conjecture necessary to unravel the mystery of confused thought or unintelligible language—if the idea, clear and well-defined, arrests the attention, rivets the soul instantaneously, leaving no room to doubt—presenting at one view the relations and dependencies of vigorous thoughts, sprightly and pertinent illustrations, and sound indubitable arguments, the mind is delighted and the hearer is a captive. This is *vivacity*. * * * *

But man's susceptibility to emotions of beauty must be regarded in an attempt to please. This susceptibility is original with mind, and hence it is intuitive and universal. He whose wisdom produced it, has benevolently furnished the materials of its gratification, in the greatest abundance and variety. Nature is little else than an assemblage of beauties, addressed to every organ of sense. Delightful odors perfume the air—delicious flavors gratify the taste—graceful forms, gentle resistance, soft breezes, and genial warmth play upon the feelings—sounds of sweetest melody and ravishing harmony thrill the ear—and gorgeous paintings and sunlight dazzle the eye. Nor these alone. The principles and relations perceived by the intellect; the vivid conceptions of past mental states, and the novel, bold, and brilliant creations of imagination, are all elements of the beautiful, furnishing additional materials for the gratification of fancy. * * * *

Sublimity is another element of pleasure to the imagination. The emotion of beauty, swelled by the idea of vastness, power, or fear, becomes an emotion of sublimity. The mountain rill is beautiful—the rolling river is grand; but the vast ocean is sublime. When the storm-cloud gathers blackness in the heavens—when

> "Along the woods, along the moorish fens
> Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;"

and

> "Men look up
> With mad disquietude on the dull sky;"

when

> "Thoughts rush in stormy darkness through the soul;"

and

> "Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
> Leaps the live thunder,"

the feeling of awful sublimity almost suspends the power of self-consciousness. Indeed, the scenes of sublimity in nature—in moral principles, relations, and actions; and in the world of towering intellect, are actually inexhaustible. But from all these scenes the orator may draw his power to astonish and delight his auditors. There may be a sublimity in his thought, a sublimity in his descriptions, illustrations, and appeals, which is actually irresistible.

But here we must not fail to urge that the occasions for the sublime in oratory are rare and transient. He who feels himself under obligation to be sublime in every description, in every effort at public speaking, whatever is the occasion, or whatever the state of feeling in his audience, greatly mistakes the genius of oratory, overlooks the philosophy of mind, and, in the most significant manner possible, proclaims his own incompetency to the functions of the orator. As in the case of beauty, the occasion of sublimity must be seized when it exists. It cannot be created by art for purposes of effect, nor invoked as the servant at will of the specious declaimer. The orator must rather be the servant of sublimity. He must be the victim of its feeling—the agent of its power. He must lose himself in its sweeping current—bury his language in its rolling wave; and stand out of the way till its dashing surges have passed over its audience and disappeared for ever.

The only remaining element of pleasure to the imagination which we shall consider is, novelty. The desire of novelty is a wise provision of our nature, nearly identical with curiosity. The mind is so formed as not to remain stationary, not to be satisfied with present knowledge or attainments. It is for ever on the stretch for new truths, new relations, new elements of gratification. It is to this fact that we are primarily indebted for the development of mind—for the endlessly progressive movements of our race. Hence it is that in attempts to please, the orator must know how to accommodate this universal law of our nature. But to know how to do this is comparatively easy, if he only possess the means of doing it. If the speaker has nothing new to present, then, of course, however much he may gratify other feelings of the soul, he can take no advantage of this one. But if he has *nothing* new, it may well be doubted whether he can establish his claims to consideration as a public teacher. This remark, however, must not be misinterpreted. It is by no means intended to assert that no thought is valuable, or deserves to be repeated, or is adapted to excite pleasure, unless it is new. There are a vast many truths which are intrinsically valuable, and their frequent repetition does not diminish their power to please.

* Extracted from Article II, in the Methodist Quarterly Review for October

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Hail Temperance, divinely fair!
How precious all thy blessings are:
How rich, and yet how free!
Sure all the world will soon thee love,
And prize thy blessings far above
The treasures of the sea.

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Original.

THE VISIONS OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

It has been said by one who was eminently qualified to judge, and who, doubtless, had been well taught in the school of experience, that

"All men are dreamers from the hour
That reason first asserts her power."

To test the truth of this remark, we have only to look into our own hearts, and commune for a season with the secret monitor within. Life has been fitly called a dream. The strangeness of its incidents, the diversity of its scenes, and the rapidity of its flight amply establish its pretensions to the name; and the experience of all, though unwillingly, must confirm the fact, that the loved and cherished ones do pass away as a vision of the night. Standing as we do, allied to the eternity passed, and the eternity to come, if we turn our gaze in either direction, in order to find the true position which we occupy in relation to both, the thought must, at times, strike the mind that we are but as passing shadows on the stream of time, and our fondest and dearest pursuits are fleeting and transitory as the empty pageants of a dream.

But do we wish to turn our gaze from the world within to the world around us, and see if the pursuits of the busy myriads of earth are calculated to produce the same conclusions as our silent communings? or in other words, will the busy scenes of life answer in the same manner the question, Is man a dreamer, and is life a dream? Where are the great, the noble, and the mighty—the rulers of the bodies and minds of men? where is the aspirant after earthly power who would bound his dominions by the last habitation of human kind? where the devotee who poured forth his adoration at the shrine of wisdom, and deemed her treasures beyond all price? where the true son of high-born genius, whose heart was the shrine of every lofty thought and ennobling emotion—who scaled fame's loftiest summit, and won a name that shall never die? As our brightest visions fade with the gray light of morning, and all our bright fancies pass away, they have all vanished, though memory and affection may still linger around the moldering urn. Shall we bring to our aid the light of history and tradition, in order to impress our minds more fully with the evanescent nature of earthly things? Let us, then, look down the ever-receding stream of time, and learn from the past the follies of the present. Where are now the lordly monarchs, the mighty conquerors, the barbaric pomp and magnificence which once surrounded the proudest and noblest of our race? Where the trophied column and the triumphal arch, with all the pageantry of human pride? Gone glimmering in the dim twilight of the past—they have almost receded from our vision—like a dimly remembered dream they have passed away. Let us attend to the sage admonitions of our own experience, and by the light of memory retrace the past of our own short existence. Far, far down in its shadowy vistas the scenes of brighter days appear, like dim shades, softened by distance, and mellowed by time, or as the half forgotten faces of those we loved. And are these the objects which we once esteemed as "the real"—which we deemed so durable that time himself would effect no change, but that the pleasant sunshine of prosperity and the chill blasts of adverse fortune would alike strengthen and secure to us their possession? But is it so? In relation to the guardians of childhood, the partakers of every youthful delight, the hours of joy, pure and unmingled, which the heart in its spring-time of innocency loved to cherish, and which we fondly hoped would ever attend our path, we have to ask the mournful question, "Where are they?" Oft in the still twilight we look for the forms which have faded, and listen for the voices which are silent. We see—we hear them not. Tears! fancy's own creation—the recollection of them falls upon our memories like the lengthening shadows of eve. The dark mantle of forgetfulness is fast closing round them; and thus fade our early dreams. Is the future bright before us? Is it a scene of promise, which seems to mark the past, and makes life appear what it has not been, and what it may not be? Have cherished pleasures lost their attendant pains, and are the roses of life now unsurrounded by thorns? In this respect surely, with the experience of the past behind us, and the future in view, the extravagances of our nightly visions are put to the blush by the dreams of the day. What are our fondest pursuits? Will they ever be realized? Do not their hues fade as we approach them, and does not all their fancied loveliness depart? Yes, like the dreamer, all around us seems to bear the resemblance of unalloyed bliss—to us all things seem but as the bright reflection of enjoyment. Pleasure inspires each drowsy pulse, and our thoughts assume the glowing hues of the scenes by which we are surrounded. These are but mockeries. The vision of life, like our dreamy revels, will soon vanish away—every earth-bound joy will fade—the spell will be broken, and man will be mingled with his kindred dust.

TEMPER.

There are certain vices of character upon which the possessor plumes himself. Hauteur of temper is one of these. Allied as it ever is with a spirit of domination, it over-masters the weak, and imposes on the timid and the young; and, gaining on to station, the world presently concedes to it the respect of high place. It may carry its imposing assumptions into all but the Christian character; but here it is at a nonplus—for who ever heard of a *high humility?* Christ had none of it.

Thomas à Becket, Richelieu, and Wolsey, with all their devices for the sake of worldly preferment—with serge, and tonsure, and the washing of others' feet—could not either of them conceal beneath all this the cloven-foot of their own character.

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Original.

WESTERN FOREST SCENERY.

"Ah! who can paint like nature!"

Dear H——,—Well do I remember, in the days of our young enthusiasm, how often we have together admired the rich beauty of the Atlantic forests in autumn, and how often we wondered that nature had so few worshipers at her gorgeous shrine at this season. Here in the west the scenery is still more striking and beautiful—the trees attain to a much greater height, and all the productions of the vegetable kingdom are of a more luxuriant and enlarged growth. My chamber has a full view of the Kentucky hills on the opposite side of the Ohio. But yesterday every vine, and shrub, and tree, wore one bright hue of emerald green; but last night "there came a frost"—a "killing frost;" and I would that you could now behold the change. I know that your heart would still thrill with a spontaneous gush of enthusiasm; for the Claude Loraine picture is before me. Had the many-hued Iris descended amidst these sylvan haunts, her foot-prints could hardly have been more gorgeous. The scene is more like the colored effulgence of some magical deception, than any thing I have ever before witnessed in nature. Wherever the eye is turned, it beholds the whole landscape glowing with prismatic beauty.

Yonder stands the superb crimson maple, dying "like warrior clothed in blood." A little further on, conspicuously placed, is a large, solitary tree, of the hue of the amethyst, reminding one of a stately emperor, robed in Tyrian purple, profusely intermixed as with sapphires and carbuncles, with here and there a sweet, refreshing *ever-green*, which the action of frost cannot destroy. *They* may be likened to the few pure, devoted spirits still to be found in this lower world, who, while all things around them are changing, Abdiel-like, are still "faithful, found amid the faithless." And although our substance may have been wrecked by misfortune, and perchance our hearts chilled by adversity, they still cling to us unchanged, "through good report and evil report," even unto death. Next stands a cluster of golden and silver birch, shining, as it were, with a light of their own, and looking as though they caught the sun-light, although they stand under the shadow of the hill. They beautifully typify a little band of humble, cheerful Christian pilgrims. Although clouds and darkness rest upon their pathway, yet the light of the indwelling Spirit seems to shed its effulgence upon them. And all this panorama of nature is reflected in the "river of beauty"—to-day as peaceful and placid as a silver lake, but which often, in its turbulence, would remind one of the "swelling of Jordan."

But, dear H——, how much do I wish that you could see all this, and *feel it;* for really, at this season of the year, one perceives sensibly the harmony betwixt external and internal nature—the ideas are more vivid, more imaginative, and changeful, and the heart is subject to sudden emotions both of delight and of sadness, which admirably correspond with the outward changes of nature. The intellect and the heart are more alive than either at a warmer or a colder season, and all tends to impress upon us a deeper sense of piety, at once soothing and salutary.

"These are *thy* changes,
Mighty Father, thine."

Augusta.

Cincinnati, October 23, 1843.

Original.

THE "CHRISTIAN PATTERN."

This is the richest little book I ever read. The original larger work I have never seen. This is Wesley's selection and abridgment. It depicts, and, as it were, imparts, in the perusal, a true knowledge of all of which it treats—and it treats of the whole course of Christian experience upon a most gifted mind and character. The promises of Scripture here seem verified and approved to the recipient Christian disciple; whilst, by its process, the heart, the mind, the apprehensions, and the soul, have all ministered to those spiritual thirstings which are here portrayed to the life by that exceeding unction of grace which maketh eloquent unto wisdom. It seemeth, too, the very exponent and ensample of all secular morality, as of all benevolence, and, following after these, of all genuine good breeding and politeness. And so judicious and excellent is it, that whilst the most fastidious taste rejoices in it, the most spiritual aspiration is satisfied with it.

In short, Thomas à Kempis hath bequeathed to his human brethren of all succeeding ages, a book, surpassing all other books, save the Bible alone—of which, indeed, it seemeth part and parcel. And no other uninspired performance will probably ever effect more good. Yet why should we call that uninspired which was so produced, and which contains so much of perfection? C. M.

Original.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Afloat, though young, on life's rough sea,
In sunshine and in storm,
Whom wilt thou choose to pilot thee,
And guard thy craft from harm?

Peril awaits thee, hour by hour—
Tempt not the deep *alone.*
In drenching spray, or driving shower,
Amidst the night-bird's moan,

How sweet to hear thy Savior's voice
Say to the winds, "Be still!"
And see, at once, the rising wave
Crouch, and obey his will!

May every thought and power of thine,
Lent by thy Maker's love,
In holy strife, by grace divine,
Pursue the things above!

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THE HIDDEN LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR UPHAM.

PERHAPS it is not well understood, but it is certainly true, that one of the greatest evils to which we can be exposed in our present fallen condition, is to have A WILL OF OUR OWN. It is not meant by this, that we may not have a will different from that of our fellow men; nor is it meant that we may not have a strong, energetic will; but that it is one of the greatest evils, perhaps the very greatest to which we can be subject, to have a will of our own, in distinction from and at variance with the divine will. In this last sense, he who approaches nearest to an annihilation of his own will, approaches nearest to the state of perfect union with God. The prostration of our own will, in such a sense that it shall not in any respect oppose itself to the will of God, seems to be the completion or consummation of those various interior processes by which the heart is purified. The moment our faith in God wavers, that moment we begin to form our own plans and to set up our own wills. The moment we cease to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and to desire earnestly a conformity to the divine image, that moment we begin to see the movements of a will operating in its own way, and throwing itself out of the line of God's blessed wisdom. So that we can have no hesitancy in saying, that a will perfectly coincident with the will of God, is at the same time the natural result and the highest evidence of a sanctified heart. When the will in its personal or self-interested operation is entirely prostrated, so that we can say with the Savior, "Lo, I come to do thy will," then the wall of spiritual separation is taken away, and the soul may be said, through the open entrance, to pass into God, and to become one with him, in a mysterious but holy and glorious union. Then, and not till then, can it be truly said that the warfare has ceased, and a perfect reconciliation taken place, enabling those who have arrived at this blessed state to exclaim, with the Savior, (perhaps in a modified but still in a true and most important sense,) "I AND MY FATHER ARE ONE."

"The highest mystery of a divine life here," says the learned and pious Dr. Cudworth,* "and of perfect happiness hereafter, consisteth in nothing but mere *obedience to the divine will.* Happiness is nothing but that inward sweet delight that will arise from the harmonious agreement between our wills and God's will. There is nothing contrary to God in the whole world, nothing that fights against him, but SELF-WILL. This is the strong castle that we all keep garrisoned against heaven in every one of our hearts, which God continually layeth siege unto; and it must be conquered and demolished before we can conquer heaven. It was by reason of this self-will that Adam fell in paradise; that those glorious angels, those morning stars, kept not their first station, but dropped down from heaven like falling stars, and sunk into this condition of bitterness, anxiety, and wretchedness, in which they now are. They all entangled themselves with the length of their own wings; they would needs will more and otherwise, than God would will in them. And going about to make their wills wider, and to enlarge them into greater amplitude, the more they struggled they found themselves the faster pinioned, and crowded up into narrowness and servility, insomuch that now they are not able to use any wings at all; but inheriting the serpent's curse, can only creep with their bellies on the earth. Now our only way to recover God and happiness again, is, not to soar up with our understandings, *but to destroy this self-will of ours.* And then we shall find our wings to grow again, our plumes fairly spread, and ourselves raised aloft into the free air of perfect liberty, which is perfect happiness."

Wherever there has been this entire prostration of the will, a great and effectual work has been accomplished in the soul. And it will show itself in a number of important particulars.

(1.) In the first place, the person whose will is entirely subdued, so as to be one with the divine will, will discover an unruffled meekness and quietness of spirit, when called in the Divine Providence to endure the smaller and more frequent inconveniences and vexations of life. Nor is the evidence which is thus presented of an entire subjection of the will, to be regarded as inconsiderable and unimportant. It is truly sad and humiliating to see many who, in the comparative sense of the term, are good Christians, that are, nevertheless, uneasy, and are inwardly and outwardly vexed, on many trivial occasions. Some little disappointment in business, an unfavorable remark which is scarcely worth notice, some small and perhaps accidental inattention on the part of others, disturbs and agitates the soul, not only to its own injury but to the pain and injury of beholders. A soul that is at rest in God by the real subjection of its will, easily surmounts these trials. Such an one moves spiritually in too high a sphere, is too much occupied with the infinitude of the great object of its love, to regard as an insult every small neglect of the forms of politeness. It has neither time nor disposition to require an explanation of every idle word that may admit of an unfavorable import; nor will it suffer itself to be thrown into peevishness and ill-humor at the many little jarrings and frictions, on whatever occasions they may arise, which are almost inseparable from the machinery of human life.

(2.) The same meek and subdued temper of mind, the same subjection of the will, will show itself, in the second place, in connection with what may properly be called AFFLICTIONS. The man whose will has passed from its own unsafe keeping to the high custody of a divine direction, has no disposition to complain, when God, in his holy providence, in depriving him of health, of property, and friends, has laid waste his fairest earthly prospects. He has perfect faith in God that he will do

* Cudworth's Criterion of the true knowledge of Christ; a sermon preached before the English House of Commons, March 21, 1647.

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all things well, and so far from indulging in repinings and murmurings, he blesses the rod that smites him. This remark will apply not only to the loss of health, property, and friends; but will apply equally well to the loss of intellectual gifts, to the loss of the powers of reasoning, of language, and the like. We know that the Christian virtue, to which we now have reference, is exercised to some extent by Christians who fall far short of the grace of sanctification; but it is exercised perfectly and in the highest degree, only by those whose wills are entirely subdued.

(3.) We remark, thirdly, that the entire subjection of the will is seen in the quietness and silence of spirit, with which misrepresentations and persecutions are endured. That the people of the world should be greatly agitated, and should find in themselves the movings of a rebellious and belligerent spirit when their motives are aspersed and their characters injured, is entirely natural. And, unhappily, when persecution arises, we see too much of this unquiet and rebellious spirit, even in those whom charity requires us to recognize as Christians. Not so with those Christians of a higher grade, whose wills act in perfect harmony with the divine will. That they are afflicted, when they are subject to unjust persecutions, is true; but they are not rebellious; they are not disquieted; and although they are afflicted, they are not unhappy. They connect with the instrument which troubles them, the hand of God, which permits the agency of that instrument. Strong in a faith which has become habitual to them, they see every thing in its relation to the divine mind. They regard the persecutions they endure as the lot which God has appointed to them; and as such they rejoice in it. But this could not be, if their wills, renouncing all private and selfish modes of action, did not move harmoniously with the divine will.

(4.) A perfect subjection of the will, will discover its good fruits, in the fourth place, by entire meekness and submission under God's interior and spiritual dealings with the soul. There are certain spiritual gifts, which God in his unspeakable mercy has pledged himself for Christ's sake to give to his people; and which they may always have for the asking, if they will ask in the spirit of consecration and faith. God will never under any circumstances withhold from his people purity of heart, the spirit of submission, forgiveness, and love; nor any of those pure and lovely traits of temper and disposition, which characterized and perfected the nature of Jesus Christ. But there are other spiritual gifts, which are rather of an intellectual than an affective character, and belong rather to the head than the heart, such as the gifts of knowledge and of ready expression, and the mere perceptive or cognitive manifestation of heavenly things, which might gratify the curiosity more than improve the affections. These things God gives or withholds, as he pleases; catching one up, like the apostle Paul, into the third heavens, where he sees and hears unutterable things; and keeping another, in respect to illuminations of this kind, in the dark and low valleys of the earth. Nor is this all. He oftentimes mingles bitterness in the cup of those to whom he has given the purest and holiest affections. The Savior himself was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. And for wise reasons, especially that they may learn the great and indispensable lesson of walking wholly by faith, he often leaves his people not only to sorrows from without, but oftentimes to heavy sorrows within. But the Christian, whose will is entirely subdued, will drink this portion also. All he asks, and what he feels he *must* have, is HOLINESS; and if with this cup of God and of angels, his heavenly Father sees fit to mingle some ingredient of bitterness, to remind him of his former sinful state, and to teach him more fully the way of submission and faith, he cheerfully accepts it. God may take from him all mere intellectual manifestations of spiritual things; he may even deprive him of the ordinary intellectual powers, and reduce him almost to a state of idiocy; he may pour into his heart the deepest amazement and grief, and yet his language is, "Not my will, O God, but thine be done." He knows, notwithstanding his afflictions, that he is dear to God; that his name is written on the heart of infinite love; and he would not even now, though thick darkness is around his path, exchange his place for that of angels.

(5.) Finally, as embracing nearly the whole subject, the man who has experienced the practical annihilation of his own will, does every thing and suffers every thing precisely *in the order of God's providence*. It is the PRESENT MOMENT, considered as indicating the divine arrangement of things, which furnishes the truest and safest test of character. Holiness requires the fulfillment of our whole duty; and our duty necessarily has relation to the facts which God's providence presents before us. If our whole soul goes forth in obedience to what his holy providence now imposes on us, then, and not otherwise, are we acceptable in his sight. It is necessary, therefore, to keep our eye fixed upon God's order of things. We must do this in relation to our place and situation in life, whatever it may be; not murmuring at our supposed ill lot; not giving way to any eager desires of change; but remaining quietly and humbly just where God has seen fit to place us. We must take this course, also, (which is sometimes a more difficult thing,) in relation to our duties. We must not only do the right thing, but must endeavor to do it in the *right time*; which is not *our* time, or that which mere human wisdom would suggest, but God's time. It is one of Satan's artifices, not merely to prevent the discharge of duties, but when this fails, to prevent the performance of them at the right time; for instance, by infusing in us too great eagerness of spirit, and leading us in our hurry to anticipate the divine order. When he makes us do this, he secures his object in a considerable degree at least; because, if we do the precise thing which God requires of us, we nevertheless sin in the *manner* of doing it. It is of the highest importance, therefore, that we should keep our will in complete subjection to the divine moment, the moment of God, which is the present moment. The question

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which should be ever present, is, what does God require of me NOW? And we are to remember, that God makes known his order in *parts*, and not as a whole; he has *his own* plan and not ours; and he reveals it in his own time and degree, and not in ours. We must receive it, therefore, humbly and submissively, just as he presents it to us; though, in the view of our limited understandings, nothing but clouds and darkness may rest upon the future. It is a mind in this position which God is pleased with; which sees the divine developments in every thing that takes place; and which, in every situation, walks in the simplicity of naked faith.—*Guide to Christian Perfection.*

Original.

THE FIRST PSALM.

BY GEORGE WATERMAN, JR.

NEARLY three thousand years ago an obscure but pious shepherd boy, whose flocks were pastured upon the plains of Bethlehem, was led by his skill in music and poetry to the court of an Oriental monarch. By a remarkable series of providences he was brought from one step of advancement to another, until he reached the throne of one of the most powerful kingdoms of those times. While tending his flocks his leisure time was spent upon his harp. To the sweet vibrations of its strings he was accustomed to pour forth the overflowing feelings of a pious heart. The picturesque beauty of the surrounding scenery, together with the occupation in which he was engaged, were sufficient to draw forth every power of his imagination, and excite within his breast those emotions of beauty and sublimity which constitute the soul of true poetry. Possessing a mind capable of being excited by such scenes, and a heart filled with religious devotion, it is not surprising that the delightful vale of Bethlehem, or its beautiful hills and plains should often be made vocal with the praises of Jehovah, as the voice and harp of the Hebrew minstrel mingling with the distant murmurs of the Kedron bore their part in the general anthem of nature. Nor did these devotional feelings forsake him in the trials through which he was afterward called to pass, both before and after his assuming the sceptre and the diadem. To the royal poet and musician of the Hebrews has the Church in all subsequent ages been indebted for many of her sublimest songs and devotional pieces. Religion and its happy fruits, as exemplified in the righteous, or the sad consequences of its neglect, often afford an ample theme for his hours of devotional meditation. Of this character is the first psalm in the collection of sacred songs which bear his name.

That this psalm was written by David, appears evident from the almost unanimous testimony of antiquity, as well as from the fact that in several of the earlier copies of the Septuagint translation it is distinctly attributed to him. Some writers, however, of a comparatively recent date, have ascribed it to Ezra, who, as they suppose, wrote it as an introduction to the Book of Psalms when he collected them into their present form. We choose to refer it to the sweet singer of Israel rather than to any writer of later times. Many who have adopted the same opinion with reference to its author, have labored much to ascertain, if possible, the time and occasion of its composition. As the psalm itself contains nothing which could indicate these, they have sought for circumstances in the life of David which would justify such an expression of feeling. This has led to an almost endless diversity of opinion, some referring it to one period, and some to another. As none of these, however, seem satisfactory, we would venture to refer it to the time when as a shepherd he watched his flocks in the valley or upon the plains of Bethlehem. The stately palm under whose shade he might have reclined while watching some rustic neighbor in the distance thrashing his harvest, would be sufficient to suggest to his pious and imaginative mind, such a train of thought as is developed in the psalm under consideration. All the imagery is strictly rural. You can see every part as if it were just before you. Besides the whole psalm breathes that spirit of quiet, peaceful meditation which such a situation and such circumstances would be most likely to inspire.

The general design of the psalm seems to be to show that the righteous will be blessed with prosperity and peace, and the wicked punished with calamity and vexation even in the present life—much more in that which is to come. Verses 1, 2, and 3, portray the character and blessedness of the righteous; verses 5 and 6, the character of the wicked and its consequences. The last verse contains the cause of both, viz., that the Lord observeth their ways and will reward them accordingly. With this brief analysis, we shall now enter upon a more full exposition of its contents, translating each verse anew as we proceed.

Verse 1. "O the happiness of that man who walks not in the counsel of the wicked, who stands not in the way of transgressors, nor sits in the seat of the mocker."

This verse contains a beautiful specimen of what is termed *gradational parallelism*, in which one line rises above the preceding in the form of a climax. The verse is one of singular construction, containing a triplet to each succeeding member of which the exclamation at the beginning belongs equally with the first. In the triplet itself each line consists of three members, and the lines gradually rise one above another, not only in a general sense, but especially throughout the correspondent members. Thus, to *walk* with one may imply casual intercourse; to *stand*, more constant and intimate; and to *sit*, a fixed communion. The *wicked* are those who simply neglect God; the *transgressors*, the openly vicious and profane; and the *mockers*, those who ridicule every thing serious and make God and his worship a subject of mirth. Hence, to walk in the *counsel* of the wicked, is to follow to any extent the purposes and maxims of worldly, selfish men. To

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stand in the *way* of transgressors, to become associated with them in their acts of sin and open violation of God's law; and to *sit* in the seat of the mocker, is not only to be a participant in his guilt, but to encourage him therein.

Thus in this verse are included every species of wickedness, every method of its development, and every class of wicked men. The downward progress of the sinner is also clearly marked. He who at first ventures to follow the selfish maxims of the world, is next found in the company of the openly profane, and finally takes his place with the contemner of God and despiser of religion. Thus while the path of the just is as the rising light, shining brighter and brighter until the perfect day, the path of the wicked recedes constantly from the light, and ends finally in the total darkness of perdition. "For the light of the wicked shall be put out."

Verse 2. "But behold his delight is in the law of Jehovah, and upon his law will he meditate day and night."

The man of God not only does not in any way identify himself with the wicked, but his interests are altogether of a different kind; his thoughts—his feelings—his purposes—his actions are directed to an entirely different object. While the wicked either neglect, or transgress, or mock at the law of God, his character and worship—in these the righteous finds his chief delight. He loves to reflect upon the character of God as revealed in his word and works—in the broad field of nature to learn his greatness and majesty, his goodness and his immutability. He loves to send his thoughts forward to that eternal world of which he expects at no distant day to be an inhabitant—to that world where this holy law is perfectly obeyed, and where he shall know even as he is known. Not only during the day, but even through the silence of the night does his spirit hold intercourse with the unseen world. This constant communion with God and eternal scenes not only gives him infinite delight, but tends to strengthen his mind, and give him that stability of character described in the following verse.

Verse 3. "For he is like a tree planted by the streams of water, which yields its fruit at the appropriate season, and whose leaves shall not fade, and whatever he does prospers."

By the streams of water, are meant the canals which the Orientals cut for purposes of irrigation. In that country, where no rain of consequence fell for many months at a time, it was necessary to resort to the Egyptian method of irrigation, by small, but numerous canals, intersecting each other at short distances, and fed either by the Jordan or some of its small tributaries, or from reservoirs of water caught during the rainy season. Fruit trees planted upon the banks of these canals feared not the drought of summer, their fruit never failed, nor did their leaves fade. The tree referred to in this verse was most probably the palm—a tree most beautiful in its appearance, and one, according to Pliny, whose limbs were never 'destitute of foliage. A green tree, flourishing and fruitful, was a favorite simile with the Orientals of a man prosperous in all his undertakings. This stability of character arises directly from the constant communion with those things which are unseen and eternal. Like the evergreen and flourishing palm, the righteous may ever be joyful, producing the fruits of holiness. Like it, when the storms of life arise with violence, he may defy their power; or should its aged leaves fall, they only make room for those more green and beautiful. Beneath his shade others may take refuge, and his fruit shall endure for ever. From the contemplation of a subject so full of pleasure, the poet turns in the next verse to the opposite side of the picture.

Verse 4. "Not so the wicked; but they are as chaff before the wind."

The Septuagint translation of this verse differs somewhat from the Hebrew. "Not so the wicked—not so; but they are as the dust, which the wind takes up from the face of the earth." The figure in the Hebrew is derived from the Oriental method of thrashing grain, and is certainly more beautiful and expressive than that of the Alexandrine translation. The Eastern farmer, when his grain has been separated from its envelope by thrashing, throws it against the breeze that the chaff may be carried off and the grain prepared for use. A gentle breeze is sufficient to effect his purpose. Such is the figure to which the wicked are compared. They have no stability in themselves. The righteous become firm by communion with God. But the thoughts, feelings, and purposes of the wicked are conversant only with the things of this world, which are evanescent and fading. In time of trouble they have no God to whom they can go as a father and friend. And while the former, like the stately palm, can resist the fiercest storms, these are carried away by the lightest breeze, like the chaff of the summer thrashing floor.

That this is a true picture and not a fiction of the poet's imagination, we have evidence before us constantly. Who in earthly afflictions are calm? Who when "storms arise and tempests lower" can exercise feelings of confidence and trust? Who looks behind the cloud and sees the hand of a kind father seeking only his good? The Christian! He alone can feel that all these things *do* work together for his good, that they are only preparing for him a crown of unfading lustre which he shall for ever wear in the kingdom of his Father above. But whose peace is destroyed by the slightest difficulties? Who are overcome by the trials and afflictions incident to this probationary existence? Who are without solid comfort while they live, and in death have no hope? The verse before us answers our question, and the uniform testimony of the world confirms it!

Verse 5. "Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, nor transgressors in the assembly of the just."

If we are to understand this verse as referring *only* to this life, it must be understood in a restricted sense. The wicked do not always receive the just reward of their transgressions here. On the contrary, they fre-

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quently escape, while the righteous are in affliction. But if, with the Chaldee paraphrase, we understand by the term judgment the day of universal judgment and final retribution, the language may be taken in its most extended sense. When the universe shall be gathered before the judgment seat of Christ, the wicked shall not stand or be acquitted. And when the vast assembly of the just shall be collected together at Christ's right hand, the transgressors shall have no place among them. The reason is given in the following verse.

Verse 6. "Because Jehovah knoweth the way of the just, but the way of the wicked shall wander."

The word translated *to know*, in this verse contains also the idea of approval and assistance. God not only knows the purpose of the righteous, but he approves it and assists them in its execution. But not so the wicked. Their way shall wander. This is a most beautiful Orientalism, illustrating the deceptive course of the wicked and its end. The way they pursue is represented as being lost and wandering about, whither they know not; yet they continue therein until it terminates in disappointment and final ruin.

If then we would secure a mind at ease, calm amid the storms of life, safe in every danger, with the delightful anticipations of a blessed immortality, we must make God our friend and portion, identify our interests with his, and seek only a conformity to his will. Then shall our peace be as a river while we remain below, and when heart and flesh shall fail,

Hope shall end in blest fruition,
Faith in sight, and prayer in praise.

Original.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY BENJAMIN T. CUSHING.

How beautiful is earth, when lightly springing
Upon her bosom, opes the blue-eyed flower;
When through the forest, silver-toned, is ringing
The gay bird's voice, imbued with thrilling power!
How beautiful, when wide her graces throwing,
The queenly rose expands in Summer's ray—
With blushes comes from Night's embraces glowing,
And gemm'd with dew-drops woos the kiss of Day!

How fair are hills the purple light is wreathing!
In tranquil bliss the grassy valley lies;
And through the wild wood, tender odors breathing,
The wanton zephyr murmurs as he flies!
The soul, deep draughts of happiness receiving,
Is filled once more with vigor, hope and truth;
And glad, as erst, in Fancy's dreams believing,
Regains its own, in Nature's glorious youth!

But O! how sadness broods, when these decaying,
Fade from the upland and the lowly heath;
Leave the sweet path in which our feet are straying,
And yield their fragrance to the blast of Death!
When the cold wind a funeral dirge is sighing,
O'er beauteous children of destroying Time;
And bright-hued songsters from the grove are flying,
To fold their pinions in a sunnier clime!

Then moistened eyes upon the landscape gazing,
Seek for the blossoms prized and loved, in vain:
No more their brows 'mid tender verdure raising,
With splendor robed, they decorate the plain!
No more afar the golden harvest bending
Waves like an ocean ruffled by the breeze;—
No more the rill, its quiet music sending,
Glides, like a silver thread, beneath the trees!

All, all is gloom: the forest branches spreading,
Clad in their garments of unnumbered dyes,
(Varied as those calm Eve delights in shedding
With changeful lustre on hesperian skies,)
Quiver, as spirits of the storm are wailing
Among the leaves, that rustle as they go;
One moment borne upon the tempest sailing—
Then strewn neglected on the earth below!

The sky itself in desolation weeping—
Draws o'er its face a dim and hazy vail—
And the broad sun far to the southward sleeping,
Robbed of its beams, shines tremulous and pale!
Around the mountain slow the mists are curling;
And in the glen the cataract sweeps by,
Adown its fall the broken fragments hurling—
Their echoes mingling with the raven's cry!

How sinks the heart with joyous pleasure bounding,
And thrilled with rapture in a happier hour,
When Sorrow's chant, thus mournfully resounding,
Is all the song that lingers in its bower!
How backward turns it through the moments fleeting,
Since first it learned to prize immortal love;
And how it trembles in its journey meeting,
Forms that have long since trod the courts above!

They come before our eyes, the dear and cherished,
And as in life they greet us with their smiles;
Recalling joys that in their absence perished—
Amid life's billows green and beauteous isles!
They come like star beams when the spheres are glancing
With mild effulgence from the arch of night;
Around us fondly throng the band entrancing—
An instant stay—then vanish from our sight!

Such, Autumn! such the spectres ever coming
'Neath thy dread empire, and thy frowning brow;
Thus, through the past, our spirits ever roaming,
Call back each pleasure lost with bitter woe!
For ah! as flowrets late their scents bestowing—
As birds whose anthems fill a happier shore;
So from our hearts the treasured ones are going
Whose presence gave us all our bliss before!

But Spring again shall come with gales inspiring,
And other roses crimson in the light;
And all forget, their gorgeous charms admiring,
The myriad ones thy presence touched with blight,
Yet still the soul, in loneliness reposing,
Mourns o'er departed shapes, and longs to fly,
Where they, in full perfection now unclosing,
Bathe in the glories of the upper sky!

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Original.

MESMERISM.*

BY ALFRED M. LORRAINE.

On a former occasion we were so incautious as to say we owed our congregation a talk on animal magnetism. Since then we have thought that it might be dispensed with. But as some have, with Shylock voracity, pressed the demand, and have laid much stress on our confession of judgment, and as, moreover, an apostle has said, "Owe no man any thing," we will endeavor, in the fear of God, to discharge our debt. We would, however, premise that we are too modest to decide authoritatively the truth or falsehood of the science, so called, especially as some of our citizens, who are wise, and, what is far better, truly pious, have already pronounced on this point.

The sole position that we will assume, is, whether true or false, the practice of it is abominably wicked. Were we to admit either its truth or falsehood, we might be laid under obligations to bring forth our arguments, pro or con; and so the hour might be wasted, without even touching the point which we are most anxious to grapple, to wit, the moral character of the thing. And we presume that no gentleman or lady in this assembly can be so deeply mesmerized by the charm as to deny that the minister of the Gospel has to do with moral questions. In this matter we act not without precedent. Holy and inspired men of old stopped not to argue concerning the truth of such things. You find no labored argument in the Bible against the pretensions of astrology; but, admitting that the conjurers of Egypt wrought miracles with Moses, day in and day out, yet the holy prophets denounce it all as an accursed thing. The law of God does not stop to confirm or confute the claims of witchcraft, but simply says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." We do not pretend to say that there is no science connected with these matters. None could successfully practice astrology but those who were deeply versed in the elevated science of astronomy. Nor do we believe that ancient witchcraft was that mean contemptible pretense that is practiced now by shriveled dames, who have long since dropped the last shred of character they ever wore, and with whom even the notoriety of witchcraft has become a desideratum devoutly to be sought for. No, those who practiced in days of yore were doubtless persons of superior knowledge, and well qualified to deceive. And they were applied to by

"The kings and awful fathers of mankind."

It is well known that the mysterious influence of the load-stone, which has, in modern times, been so successfully applied to navigation, and other useful purposes, was once basely perverted by jugglers and wizards. They made artificial ducks and geese, with metallic points concealed in their bosoms; and placing them in a large tub of water, by the secret aid of magnets in the cuffs of their sleeves, compelled them to swim in every direction, and by unnoticed movements of their hands, made them dive and flounce about with all the apparent agility of birds of life.

But to the moral point. Is the practice of animal magnetism right? The general answer—the overwhelming argument of its advocates here is, it is right to practice it, because it is a science. The destruction of human life is also a science. Military science has been studied by the nations of the earth time immemorial. And although it required wisdom almighty to make man, yet a child, with a bare bodkin, may dissolve the mysterious union of soul and body, and send his fellow into a world of spirits. But is it right to murder men, because we know how to do it? Men have also learned the cruel science of so torturing the richest bounties of Heaven, by chemical process, as to make a ruinous liquid that can madden human society. But shall we, because we understand the science of distillation, set the moral world on fire? On our part, we say that animal magnetism, taken as a whole, with all its prescience, prevision, and blasphemous claims, is desperately wicked. Even admitting that it can qualify a blind-folded fool to pry into the liver and lights of another—admitting that it can send one a thousand years into eternity, to feel his final state, as has been attempted here—admitting that it can ransack the bureau of heaven, and expose the secrets of God on earth—admitting it can do all this, yet is the practice of it wrong—morally wrong; because,

1. The will of God should be our chief rule. To be lost and swallowed up in the will of God is the highest climax of Christian perfection. How can he who prays daily, "Thy will be done," deliberately renounce God, by resigning his soul and body, for the time being, to the will of a wicked magnetizer? What is it that an unholy alien might not do with you? He might will you, for his own sport, to blaspheme the God who made you—to crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to open shame. While your own will is thus enslaved, suppose death should come! A pious Christian once said that he would not apostatize *one moment* for all the treasures of earth; "for," said he, "who knows but that very moment might be the one that should determine the bounds of my habitation?"

2. The Christian is represented as the temple of God—"know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost? If any man pollute the temple of God, him will God destroy." What Christian can give his body and soul into the hands of an unprincipled buffoon, to be made to act the elephant, the dog, the monkey, for the sport of a mixed multitude of uncircumcised Philistines? Can you expect that you will still be the habitation of the Spirit while you thus degrade yourselves beyond all that is called human?

3. We should glorify God in all that we do. Can any man show that the practice of this thing can glorify God? We are aware that those who would impose on you profess a high regard for religion. And,

* A lecture in "Auburn."

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truly, a man would be a very fool to attempt to blindfold, or ensnare the pious citizens of sweet Auburn, without bringing *some* religion with him. Who does not know that your faith, as a Church, is spoken of throughout our state? Do you not recollect that a few months since the famous conjurer and fortune-teller, Dr. J., came along? and you know he had a *little* religion. He was a church-going man. He was deeply imbued with that popular kind of charity which loves all Churches alike. He would attend the Presbyterian church on one Sabbath, and the Methodist church on the next, because he could tell the fortunes of all. He had gathered up between four and five hundred dollars in these "diggins;" and his confessional was crowded. You remember the last Sabbath he worshiped with us, and what particular attention we paid him, while we preached, "The works of the flesh are these—WITCHCRAFT." On Monday his office was abandoned. On Tuesday, seeing that the hope of his gains was gone, he took the northern stage, and away he went, cursing and swearing, lakeward, as though hell sent him on end. Alas! alas! His religion was like the morning cloud, and the early dew. Those transient visitors of ours commonly bring *some* religion with them, but always carry off more of the *Dei Gratia* in their *pockets* than the *grace of God* in their *hearts*.

Again, you remember a few weeks since we were visited by a horse-thief. And he brought a glorious plenitude of religion along with him. Religion! yes, indeed, they must have religion before they can even steal horses in sweet Auburn. Yes, he came limping along the road, until overtaken by a traveler, who was riding one horse and leading another. He told his sorrowful tale—he had an appointment to preach in town that night, but was so lame he was afraid the congregation would be disappointed. The unsuspicious traveler gave him a lift. Who would not? He must be an irreclaimable infidel, indeed, who would not help a preacher on, especially to preach to the church-going people of Auburn. The preacher was well pleased with the gait of the horses, and pre-determined that they should be his before the rising of another sun. Arriving early in town, and finding there was no particular appointment out, he visited the jail and devoutly prayed, and exhorted the prisoners, telling them, as he retired, that he might probably return in a few days, which promise he did most sacredly keep; for in a few days he was safely anchored in limbo; and he is now a *stationed* preacher; and although only a yearling, he has a fair prospect of being stationed soon in the capital, with the extra privilege of three years.

4. God has forbidden us to attempt to pry into futurity by any unnatural and ungracious means. He has forbidden it, because all such pretenses are productive of evil practices. If animal magnetism were true, in all its claims, what an awful auxiliary of crime would it be! What frauds, what murders, what extensive robberies might be committed through it! Some have been a little hurt by a former expression which we made in regard to those who had swallowed "the whole horse, hoof and mane." We did not intend this to apply to all who have witnessed its exhibitions; for the public were moved by various motives. We *did* mean that those who believed it, with all its presumptuous claims of *clairvoyance*, *prescience*, and *prevision*, had swallowed the whole horse, hoof and mane; and we now add, by way of apology, collar and harness, rough-shod and steel-toed; for he who has a credulity that can digest it, might well thrive and fatten on aqua fortis soup seasoned with scupper-nails.

Finally. We will say, if this science—here let us pause while we exclaim, WONDERFUL SCIENCE! for M. Deluce, one of its ablest advocates, says, "The way to understand it is to magnetize;" and he charges us particularly not to *reason* for three weeks before we undertake the study—wonderful study! All other sciences call into operation the whole mental laboratory of humanity; but THE SCIENCE claps a sovereign quietus—a royal gag on the whole *posse comitatus* of man—the soul! But to resume—if this science be true, it is a more fearful prognostic of the world's end than all the premonitory signs and symptoms of Millerism; for if it has come to this, that ungodly men can elude the vigilance of heaven, and pass unseen the angelic guards, and traverse a thousand years into futurity—if blindfolded villains may lurk through the aromatic groves of paradise, yea, eve-drop around the throne of the Eternal, surely the earth is groaning for her final torch. The post-diluvian fathers, it is true, aspired to heaven. The thought itself was unmixed blasphemy. The means, however, which they proposed was sterling industry. They attempted to build a stair-way of brick and mortar. But animal magnetism, the most accomplished Ginney Quockison that ever figured in the nineteenth century, presumes to rush to heaven without a rope or rat-line, foot-hold or hand-hold, faith or works! And well may we exclaim, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" but animal magnetism is *powerfully* great!

Some who are deeply pious have been afflicted to see the works of darkness triumph; but, brethren, be not dismayed. There hath no temptation befallen you, but what has been common to the Church at sundry periods. The oppressed Israelites were highly elated when they heard that Moses had confirmed his mission before the court of Egypt by signs, and wonders, and mighty miracles. But they were much depressed again when their sneering masters answered, "Our magicians did the same." However, patience had her perfect work. Moses carried them all beyond their soundings. Egypt acknowledged the finger of God, and Israel triumphed. In the days of Saul, the pious of his army were afflicted and greatly dismayed to hear that their apostolic king had sought for information at the mouth of a witch, and sought successfully. But, at the same time, the devoted David, their future sovereign, sought legitimately at the hand of God, and received the most direct oral answers.

Let nothing shake you from your steadfastness. If one should come, and, in our public square, should bring

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down fire from heaven, in the sight of all the people, remember it is nothing more than what God has foreseen—nothing more than what God foretold in the isle of Patmos. Religion is unalterably the same, and the saints of God shall live, and sing, and shine, and shout, while the devil and all his works shall welter in the blackness of darkness for ever and ever. Amen.

Original.

SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITURES OF WOMAN.*

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

YEARS had passed away since Rebekah went forth from her native Haran with tabret, song, harp, and train befitting the betrothed bride of Abraham's heir. The simplicity which characterized the manners of the inhabitants in her girlhood's days still reigned there, and the Syrian maidens yet watered the flocks of their sires beside the well at evening tide. Laban, the son of Bethuel, was now the father of a family, and his younger daughter, Rachel, kept his sheep. Again a traveler approaches the place where the shepherds were gathered together; but he comes not attended by a lordly escort. An exile from the house of his parents, bearing with him the curse of an offended brother, from whose vengeance he flees, a solitary pilgrim, is that wearied youth. He introduces himself to Rachel as Rebekah's son, and the varied emotions of his heart, as he reflects upon the endearments of his forsaken home, his recent lonely wanderings, and his present meeting with one of his mother's kindred, seek relief in tears. His cousin hastens home to inform her father of the professed claims of the young stranger to his hospitality, and Laban goes eagerly to meet him. Well might his affections yearn toward the child of his long parted sister; and, doubtless, his tenderness triumphed over his avarice when, on being informed by Jacob of the cause of his removal from his own country, he said, "Surely thou art my bone and my flesh;" thus intimating his willingness to receive him as a resident in his house. But ere the lapse of a month he discovers that the services of his nephew exceeded the trifling donation of his board; and, in order to be just to him, as well as to insure continued emolument to himself, he proposes a bargain of mutual interest. A transient association had sufficed to render the abode of Laban attractive to Jacob. He loved Rachel, and in the fervor of his devotion, exclaimed, "I will serve thee seven years for Rachel, thy younger daughter." Nor did the rate at which he valued her ever appear, to his cooler judgment, as exorbitant. Although, as we learn from his subsequent indignant and eloquent appeal to his dishonest and penurious father-in-law, the period of his service was one of surpassing toil and hardship, we are told, also, by the inspired penman, that it "seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had unto her." What female reader, in the perusal of those significant words, does not exclaim, in reference to Rachel, "Happy woman, to have been the object of such unmeasured affection!" And, after such an annunciation, who can restrain his anger toward the culpable Laban at the imposition practiced on an attachment so disinterested and enduring, in the substitution of Leah for his promised bride? The part that the sisters took in the deception has always been a subject of perplexity to my mind. I cannot suppose that Leah was a willing partner in her father's fraud. I have rather imagined her expostulating with him on the reprehensibleness of his purpose, and the victim, not the abettor of his unjustifiable duplicity. I have marveled that Rachel, on being made acquainted with the intention of her father, did not devise some means of informing her lover of it, and thus guarding him against its accomplishment. But the distinguishing characteristic of woman, in that age, appears to have been submission, and Laban's daughters were probably condemned to silent acquiescence. Even if we suppose that Leah was not reluctant to avoid the disgrace which the custom of the country seems to have attached to the elder sister if the younger were given in marriage before her—even if we regard her as voluntarily acceding to the request of her father, yet her subsequent afflictions must excite our sympathy. The indifference of her husband, though a just punishment of her dissimulation, must have made her life a very sad one. How often must her heart have been pierced and wounded by his neglect; and if he refrained from direct upbraidings, we must give him credit for remarkable forbearance. Her most rigid censurer can scarcely fail to be touched by her reproachful remonstrance with her sister—"Is it a small matter that thou hast taken away my husband?" Nor was Rachel much happier than herself. Though blessed with the love of her husband, she envied her sister the title of mother, a relation particularly coveted by the matrons of Abraham's race. And when we consider the dim, yet darling hope they cherished of giving to a ruined world its expected Savior, we are prepared to commiserate the feelings of Rachel, and to rejoice with her when she acknowledged the goodness of God in the birth of Joseph. Little, indeed, could her brightest and most sanguine anticipations have predicted the illustrious destiny of her son; yet we may almost fancy some vague token of his future greatness haunted her vision, and created her eager yearning for the epithet of mother. But she lived not to witness the dawning of his after glory. Who can ponder, without emotion, the brief recital of Rachel's death and burial? During the progress of a long and tedious journey, while "there was yet but a little way to come to Ephrath," a town afterward so renowned in the history of her posterity, the beloved wife of Jacob breathes her last; and he who had so tenderly regarded her, and purchased her of her father at the price of fourteen years' servitude, "set a pillar upon her grave," a memorial of his affection, and of the spot where her form was left to molder

* Continued from page 304.

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And modern travelers tell us that pillar still remains. Thousands of years have gone by, commotions innumerable have rocked the world, and hardly a trace can be found of the proud cities and nations which have since sprung into existence and passed away for ever; yet is the eye of the pilgrim through Palestine directed to the tomb of Rachel, designated by the simple stone erected by a husband's love. And how perseveringly was that love exemplified through the successive years of Jacob's after career in the preference at all times bestowed on the children of Rachel. The sons of Leah were well acquainted with this fact, and Judah urged it in behalf of Benjamin, when pleading for his life with the unknown governor of Egypt. "His brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him." Leah seems to have survived her sister some years, but we have no farther history of her, except that she was buried in the cave of Machpelah.

LOVE.

"And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her," Genesis.

Twice seven years that suitor wrought,
To win that maiden's hand,
And yet to his impassioned thought
So precious was the boon he sought,
They seem'd a light demand.

Consum'd by drought throughout the day,*
And by the frost at night,
While others wrapt in slumber lay,
He chas'd his weariness away,
And watch'd till morning light.

Her covetous exacting sire,
Sordid and selfish too,
Ten several times had chang'd his hire,†
And oft provoked his manly ire,
And robbed him of his due.

Yet patiently he bore each whim,
When most severely tried,
His was a love no cloud could dim,
The boon he asked was more to him
Than all the world beside.

And when deception came to cheat
His treasured hopes at last,
His hatred of the foul deceit,
Could not forbid his love repeat
The years of toil he'd past.

Hath such a love its radiance thrown,
Reader, across *thy* road?
Whatever sorrows thou hast known,
Call not thy lot an adverse one,
But render praise to God.

I would not yield the priceless sign
Of love as strong as this,
In barter for Golconda's mine,
Or brightest crown that fame could twine;
But deem it richest bliss.

How many persons spend their time and strength in obtaining something in the prospective, which when in their possession but poorly repays them for their trouble.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying as the placid joys at home!

See the traveler—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle! The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned toward home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also, that the tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." O! the joyful re-union of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brow—leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush that hath a father's heart,
To take, in childish play, a childish part;
But bends his sturdy neck, to play the toy
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."

Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, by whom he resigns his ears; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him of his toil; and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again, and retires to rest! and, "the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of this lowly dwelling! who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house!—*Rev. Wm. Jay.*

LUTHER.

In a collection of autographs at Vienna, which was sold in the year 1838, there was a letter of six pages quarto addressed by Martin Luther to the Elector John, and dated July 9th, 1530. This bijou was bought for two hundred florins by the Grand Duke of Lucca. A letter from Swedenborg, written with his blood in his prison at Dresden, was also purchased by the Grand Duke for fifty florins.

* See Genesis xxxi, 40. † See Genesis xxxi, 41.

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Original.

'TIS AUTUMN.

BY MRS. M. B. HARLAN.

'Tis Autumn, the wither'd leaves are spread
All o'er the desolate plain,
But I never shall walk through the cooling shade
When the summer returns again.

I no more shall see the green grass spring,
Nor the vernal flowrets bloom,
But the birds of the snowy time shall sing
Their matins around my tomb.

O dark would it be to my spirit to know
That my years are all number'd here—
That I leave behind all I lov'd to go
To a country I know not where.

But I go not to visit a stranger land,
I go to my Father's home,
I shall clasp a departed brother's hand
Who is waiting for me to come.

And well-known faces shall meet mine eyes,
And well-known voices mine ear,
When I greet the dear friends in paradise
Who left me in sorrow here.

For I know they are there on Elysian plain
'Neath the bowers that bloom for the blest—
They weep no more—their sorrow and pain,
Are lost in a Sabbath of rest.

And the leaves wither not on that summer shore,
And the flowers are always fair,
For the blight of the chilling wind is o'er,
And Autumn comes never there.

Original.

THE LOST IS FOUND.

Why echo now the harps of heav'n
Unto a sweeter strain?
A wand'ring sinner has return'd;
The lost is found again.
The angels saw the bitter tear
Fall from the rebel's eye,
And now they tune their harps of gold—
To tell it in the sky—
They cry, "a wanderer returns
From sin and folly's maze;
Behold he leaves the paths of sin
To walk in virtue's ways."
Harp, raise thy voice, prolong the strain!
He seeks a nobler prize;
Casting the joys of earth away
He aims to gain the skies—
He seeks to join that blissful throng
Whose garments shine so bright—
Who wash'd them in the crimson flood,
And now are cloth'd in white.
Our God receives him for his son,
His sins are all forgiv'n,
He longs to pass from earth away,
And join our songs in heav'n.

Original.

OBLIVION.

BY MRS. M. B. HARLAN.

Oblivion! come like some dark blast,
Bend here thy sway and sweep
Remembrance of the gloomy past
To thy unfathom'd deep.

O there are scenes for ever flown
Whose memory wounds me yet,
And gloomy hours that I have known
'Twere mercy to forget.

For there were partings, not to meet
Again upon the shore—
Yes, broken ties, and 'twould be sweet
To dream of these no more.

And the false friends that I have met,
Have worship'd, lov'd the most,
And found so false! O to forget
That they betrayed my trust!

And O the suffering and the grief
That I so long have known,
'Twould give my lonely heart relief
To have their memory gone.

But there were scenes too bright to last,
Whose memory transport brings—
Choice fragments of the gloomy past
Round which my fond heart clings.

Could I forget the soothing tone
Of that sweet voice and soft,
That whisper'd bliss when I was lone,
And sooth'd my heart so oft?

Could I forget the friend so true,
The smile, the tear long past,
The parting kiss when well I knew
That it must be the last?

Could I forget the face so fair
Of her who pass'd away—
The love of him who slumbers there
Beneath a weight of clay?

Could I forget the days that were,
When gladness deck'd my brow,
And roses on my cheeks were fair,
Though they be pallid now.

No, brilliant scenes, though pass'd away
I love your memory yet—
Oblivion, bend not here thy sway,
For I must not forget.

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NOTICES.

WOMAN AN ENIGMA; *or, Life and its Revealings. By the Author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest." New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a tale of earlier times, which, like others from the same pen, may do both good and harm. Its moral is well intended, and its "revealings" of character are doubtless claimed as just. Not disputing either point, we must repeat that every person who reads a novel runs the hazard of erring in her estimate of real life and character; and if she escapes that danger, she cannot escape the formation of too strong an appetite for fictions. A woman whose days and nights are spent in reading novels, may afford to be the wedded of a dissipated lord. Rum and romances are just about equal in their power to intoxicate and stultify their victims. We are afraid that this honest declaration may rob us of coming favors from the publishers of books. But we can conscientiously add—hoping that it will secure us from this misfortune—that the author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest" is one of the charmed novelists of the age, and that whoever reads such works should make haste to purchase these. The following introductory will assure our readers of the general aim of this little work, and of the writer's skill in the use of language.

"The inconsistencies of woman! What a fruitful theme has this proved to the playwright, the novelist, the satirist! Under all changes of climate, government, religion, she is represented as constant only to her inconstancy. In the sunny south, under the sway of the refined, luxurious, yet despotic Augustus, and while the tasteful mythology of Greece still bound earth's choicest spirits in its witchery, the poet exclaims, '*Varium et mutabile semper femina*;' and in the frozen north, among the free and sturdy Scots, and under the influence of the strictest of all Christian sects, an artist, at once faithful and chivalric, depicts her as

'Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quiv'ring aspen made.'

"But have the authors of these portraitures investigated the philosophy of the subject they were illustrating? Have they discovered from what sun the picture caught its dazzling lights—from what clouds its dark shadows?

"The wind, the wave, the cloud, capricious as seem their changes, move obedient to law. Is it not possible that even woman's fitful moods are not without a governing principle? and may not this principle be detected by noting her varying aspects, and the influences under which they have been exhibited? Removing, as it were, fold by fold, the wrappings with which conventional forms have concealed her heart too often even from herself, let us lay bare its sources of thought and feeling. In these pristine elements of being we may, perchance, find harmony, consistency, unity; one spirit pursuing one aim, yet, like the 'delicate Ariel,' by means changing with the characters to be addressed, the impression to be created, or the resistance to be overcome."

MODE OF BAPTISM: *A Correspondence between Rev. Howard Malcom and Rev. N. L. Rice. With Remarks by the latter. Lexington, Ky.* 1843.—The correspondence in this pamphlet indicates haste and forgetfulness on the part of Mr. Malcom. Zeal for little things, which have almost an exorcising virtue in the opinion of their advocates, is apt to degenerate and become superstition, which all know to be dim-sighted. Mr. Rice observes much dignity in the discussion. We regret that he was compelled to decline a "banter," offered consistently by a man of the world, but conveyed with ill grace through a Christian minister. The "Remarks" in this pamphlet are a valuable summary of arguments in favor of the Scriptural sacrament of baptism and of its modes. We refer to these Remarks on our next page.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—Numbers 14 and 15 of this work have reached us from Harper & Brothers. The series of valuable works which these gentlemen are now publishing in numbers, are so cheap that all can afford to purchase them. It is desirable that their worth and low price may be generally understood. A valuable library may be obtained in this form for a very small consideration.

DEATH; *or, Medorus' Dream. By the Author of "Ahasuerus." New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The young poet—we suppose him to be young—has given us here a book of musings, upon which, as a whole, we cannot pass sentence. We leave that serious office to the critics. But we can say that some passages in it are, to us, highly poetical, And we doubt not the volume will interest those who have a relish for bold imaginings and high-wrought description.

The plan of the poem is as follows: Medorus laments the reign of Death, and views with sadness the multiplication of his victims. He exclaims—

"'Darkness still,
Impenetrable darkness, ever hangs
Like a thick curtain round my fainting soul,
While, as an hideous omen, Death sits there,
And points me ever, with a moldering hand,
To his sad, eyeless aspect. Let me weep,
Let blist'ring tears roll always down my cheek,
Let me sit here in solitude and sigh,
And count the hours that bear me to the tomb,
Where Silence black, and cold Oblivion's power,
For ever hold their wan and stirless reign.
O, let me weep and moan at man's drear lot—
Smiles are for angels only, tears for men.'"

Thus he complains till at last

"Sleep came upon the wooing winds, and breathed
Upon his lids, singing his heart to rest.
Then Fancy, sweetest spirit of the skies,
That timid starts from Reason's chilling gaze,
Though ever ready she, with sunny stores
Unseen, to comfort man, flew swiftly down
From out blue heaven, upon her rainbow wings,
And sat beside him on the silken turf—
Then held her magic mirror to his mind,
And bade Medorus wake to realms of bliss,
Unto the light of knowledge and of love."

He wakes, and "ecstatic blisses quiver in his soul."

"Then Fancy touch'd Medorus' brow, and quick
His soul leap'd forth in disembodied bliss,
And like an angel lay upon the air.
* * * * * *
In that deep trance of immortality,
Beyond the reach of mortal words to speak,
Beyond conception's ever-active power,
Long had Medorus lain in speechless joy.
* * * * * *
If from his dreams
The spirit had not roused him with soft words,
As gentle as the sweet Æolian winds
That sing the rose to sleep—
Spreading her wings
To catch the liquid breeze, she bade him mount
Up through the balmy ether, there to bask
In sunset's vermeil hues; and there behold
The sun's last rays flash through the amber air,
And gild with golden fire the shadowy moon,
Whose silver crescent o'er the eastern hills
Faint gleams upon the sight."

In the flight and pauses, by various manifestations Medorus is instructed that Death is a change or a development of life. The spirit says

"'That life is not one form, or phase, or part,
But an harmonious whole,
Whose ever-shifting scenes and acts display
New beauties unto time.
Life passes not with youth, nor manhood's prime,
Though wonderful the change;
But wiser age advances with pure thoughts,
More happy for the soul.
Time passes not with morning, nor with noon,
Though many shadows fall;
But evening comes, with its far-struggling beams,
And with its twilight mists:
Yet still, Medorus, angel-minds perceive

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As much of beauty in yon setting sun
As in meridian day.
Spirit fraternal! O, how hapless man,
If in dark passions and in erring flesh,
Unchanging he should dwell.
In tedious struggle through the loathsome world,
With life a ling'ring curse,
With furrowed brow, and feverish, grief-bent form,
He'd pass his lengthen'd years—
And what God's mercy makes a glory now,
A burning pain would be.
If but the light of knowledge could shine through
Man's darkened mind—
If but the fire of sacred truth could touch
His stagnant heart,
And melt the chains that curb its swelling tide,
Then would he know
That in the hour the fluttering breath shall leave
His trembling lips—
That in the hour his senseless frame shall lie
A mass of dust—
In that same hour his being takes new form,
And wings her way to a far happier clime
Than earth can furnish here.'"

The following passage is very happy:

"Beneath their feet, slow wheeling on its path,
Waking seraphic strains of starry song,
Earth circled on its calm, harmonious way,
Array'd in all those verdant, those abundant charms,
Which God, when light from gloomy darkness sprang,
With ever-graceful and full-bounteous hand,
Around her lovely form then freely cast.
First, as they look'd, there rose upon the sight
Long, waving chains of happy-smiling hills,
Uprising gently from the sloping vales,
As if to woo the rustling noon-tide winds:
Next, wide-expansive, music-making seas,
Across whose placid, soft-suspiring tides
The playful breezes fly, on tireless wings.
Then, 'neath their wond'ring eyes at once display'd,
Behold, in one far-sweeping, lovely view,
The broad green vesture of the quick'ning sod
Trembling with heat, and glowing into life
Under the warm sun's vivifying beams;
The desert's thirsty plains gemm'd with their green
And cool oases, bright mid barren sands;
Rivers whose pearly tides stretch'd far away
Through fertile lands to ocean's emerald brink,
And lakes that seem'd, in their transparent depths,
The crystal eyes of earth. Here mountains, hills,
And winding dales, fair seas, and shining lakes,
And silvery streams, gay-blooming boughs, and flowery turf,
Conspire, in all their loveliest power, to make
The warm, the fresh, the pure, and beauteous form
Of this enamell'd world."

If we mistake not, Mr. Tyler, a son of the President, is the author of this poem.

PREPARATIVES OF ELOQUENCE. *An Oration pronounced before the Genesee Lyceum, at the Annual Exhibition of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1843. By Rev. Joseph Cross.*—This author is (*imperium in imperio*) eloquent on eloquence. We cannot dwell on the performance, but if any would have an idea of what eloquence is, let him procure this address, and he will have the thing in description and in *life*. Rhetoric, History, Mental Philosophy, the Use of Language, Poetry, familiarity with the best *Models*, and a Good Elocution, are well laid down as "Preparatives of Eloquence." Under the head of *Models* Mr. Cross speaks thus of the living and the dead:

"Beecher's intellect is gigantic, and his oratory overwhelming. Channing's eloquence, like the majestic river that widens and deepens in its seaward course, was a steady flow of golden thought, gradually accumulating power and pathos to the end of the discourse. Beecher is like the plunge of Niagara. His mighty strokes are sudden and startling as a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky. They come like the fitful blasts of the tempest, like the bursting of a cloud upon the mountains. His eloquence is emphatically 'logic on fire.' He climbs the Olympian heights of argument, and thence hurls down upon his adversary Demosthenian thunder."

The following beautiful paragraph closes this admirable address:

"Humanity is never so divine as when it ascends to this sovereignty over mind. The orator, the orator, *he* is the king! To his sceptre bows the subject-soul! The minds of millions own his empire! His art is second only to the voice of God! He is able to unchain the mightiest impulses of thought, and guide the blended sympathies of earth and heaven! Hail, God-like man! who canst rouse, at will, the indignation or the pity of congregated thousands; inspire their spirits with the storm-like rage of war, or transfuse their glowing hearts with the power and blessedness of the love of Jesus!"

FAREWELL ADDRESS, *delivered July 20, 1843, before the Students of Amenia Seminary, on the Occasion of Resigning the Office of Principal of that Institution. By Rev. D. W. Clark, M. A.*—Mr. Clark is a well known and valued contributor to the Methodist Quarterly Review; and to his useful pen we are indebted for an article in this number of the Repository, which is a favor highly prized, and the frequent repetition of it is greatly desired. His "Address" is sober and practical on the subject of education.

AN ORATION, *delivered in Natchez, on the Fourth of July, 1843. By William Mason Giles.*—This is a respectable production, and contains many interesting references to those times which tried men's souls.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

BAPTISM.—We present our readers, in this number, a "Question and Reply" on the above subject. We have before received letters containing important questions in regard to the doctrines and morals of religion. They were, however, for the most part anonymous. In the present instance the real name of a highly respected member of the Church accompanies the communication. While we cannot pledge ourselves to reply to all who shall in this open manner interrogate us, we feel that it is proper to pay more regard to queries thus propounded. Indeed, we know not but that, within certain limits, our readers may claim this at our hands. The "answer" was written in great haste; and as it was the last article "set up" for this number of the Repository—for we do not always print the signatures, or forms, in successive order from the first to the last—our space was limited to less than two pages. We may resume the subject hereafter.

In the meantime, we add in this Table the following extract from the pamphlet, "Mode of Baptism," noticed in the preceding page. It is the language of Rev. N. L. Rice, than whom no western divine is probably better qualified to speak on this subject. He says—

"I cannot believe that the Baptists only have correctly understood the meaning of the Greek word *baptizo*. Mr. Carson says: 'My position is, that it always signifies to dip; never expressing any thing but mode.' But he further remarks: 'Now, as I have all the lexicographers and commentators against me in this opinion,' &c. I think I may safely leave the unprejudiced reader to decide whether it is more likely that Mr. Carson is wrong, or that all lexicographers and commentators have mistaken the meaning of this word. Many of our Baptist brethren, however, admit that it also means *to overwhelm*. But *overwhelm* is not a word of mode. When, therefore, it means overwhelm, it is certainly a general term, expressing the thing done, but not the mode of doing it. But still they are against the lexicons and many of the best translations of the Scriptures, which make the word mean *to wash, cleanse*. I think it altogether likely that the lexicons and translations are right, and our Baptist brethren wrong."

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